

THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.—TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1855.—NO. IV.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC CELEBRITIES.

No. VI.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Familiar as a household word, to all who possess the most superficial knowledge of Anglo-Saxon literature, is the name of Thomas Chatterton—

*"The marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride."*

Though eighty-five years, however, have barely elapsed, since his attenuated remains were consigned to the churlish shelter of a pauper's burying-ground, comparatively few, there is reason to conclude, are, at the present day, acquainted with the short but striking annals of the "brilliant forger's" earthly curriculum. His creations are admired on credit, his fate deplored on trust. Need we add another word, by way of prologue to this paper?

Thomas Chatterton, the posthumous son of "a singing man of the Cathedral of Bristol," and "master of the free-school in Pyle-street" in the same city, was born on the 20th of November, 1752.

Touching the ancestry of our author, one of his biographers, the Rev. G. Gregory, D.D. thus writes:—

"The family of Chatterton, though in no respects illustrious, is more nearly connected with some of the circumstances of his literary history than that of most other votaries of the Muses. It appears that the office of Sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol, had continued in different branches of the family

for more than one hundred and fifty years, and that John Chatterton, the last of the name who enjoyed that office, was elected in March, 1725, and continued Sexton till his death which happened in the year 1748." This John was grand-uncle of our celebrity. Soon shall we have occasion to refer more specifically to the church of which he was a functionary.

The "singing man" died without leaving a shilling, no uncommon catastrophe—and, lacking metallic ballast, young Thomas was roughly tossed about at the commencement of his life-voyages. Indeed, for that matter, few, and far between are the pages of his log which chronicle sunny or genial days. Little else was written therein except lamentations, and mourning, and woe.

When the fatherless boy had attained the age of five years, he was sent to the school in which his sire had once wielded the ferula, where, however, his sojourn was but brief. Either his faculties were as yet dormant, or the pedagogue wanted the skill to discern and foster them, and after the lapse of a few months he was sent home to his widowed mother as a dull boy, incapable of improvement. What a precious nugget was wrapt up in that seeming lump of despised and useless clay!

Ere long the gold began to shine, though but dimly, through the crust of earth.

Ranging about the house in search of pabulum for amusement, the moral waif and stray lighted upon an ancient French musical manuscript, adorned and "decorated" with illuminated capitals. With this the-

sauros he incontinently "fell in love"—to use his mother's expression, and the anxious matron took advantage of the passion to indoctrinate him with a knowledge of the alphabet. A black-lettered Bible next lent its attractions, and from its antique typography the stripling soon learned to read. Thus "coming events cast their shadows before!"

When we next get a glimpse of Thomas, it is as a pupil of Colston's Charity-school, a status which he attained during the currency of his eighth summer. From the following particulars it will be seen that a more unpropitious nursery for a bantling of the poetic Muse, than the academy in question, could not well be imagined:—

"This seminary (says Jeremiah Milles, Dean of Exeter, and one of Chatterton's commentators) founded by Edward Colston, Esq., is situate at St. Augustine's Back in Bristol, and is much upon the same plan with Christ's Hospital in London—the only plan, perhaps, on which a charity-school can be generally useful—the boys being boarded in the house, and taught reading, writing and arithmetic. The rules of the institution are strict. The school hours in summer are from seven o'clock till twelve in the morning, and from one till five in the afternoon; and in winter from eight to twelve, and from one to four. The boys are obliged to be in bed every night in the year at eight o'clock, and are never permitted to be absent from school, except on Saturday's and saints' days, and then only from between one and two in the afternoon, till between seven and eight in the evening."

It is not strange that under such a "wet-blanket" system, Chatterton, during the first two years of his residence at Colston's school, did not manifest any inklings of idealism. One little incident, however, detailed by his sister, demonstrates that even then, he felt the incipient heavings of the indwelling afflatus.

When very young, a manufacturer promised to make Mrs. Chatterton's children a present of some earthen ware. On asking the boy what device he would have drawn upon his—"Paint me (said he) an angel, with wings, and a trumpet, to trumpet my name over the world!"

About his tenth year Thomas acquired a taste for reading, and voraciously did he feed his new appetite. Every trifle which he could scrape together was expended in a neighbouring circulating library, and ere his twelfth year he had written a catalogue of the books he had perused, amounting to the number of seventy. This document has not been preserved, but his sister states that the works mainly consisted of divinity and history.

Chatterton began to write and read contemporaneously. Amongst his earliest productions was "A Hymn for Christmas day," of which the subjoined stanzas are a specimen;—

"How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn;
When the Archangel's heavenly lays,
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hail'd Salvation's morn!"

"A humble form the Godhead wore,
The pains of poverty he bore,
To gaudy pomp unknown:
Though in a human walk he trod
Still was the man Almighty God
In glory all his own.

"Despis'd, oppress'd the Godhead bears,
The torments of this vale of tears;
Nor bid his vengeance rise;
He saw the creatures he had made,
Revile his power, his peace invade;
He saw with mercy's eyes."

These lines were composed when the author had barely passed over the threshold of his eleventh year. We question much whether the most precocious of our anthologists, ever, under similar circumstances, produced an ode of equal dignity, and cognate correctness of versification.

On the 1st of July, 1767, Chatterton left the charity-school, and, so far, as amenity of sphere was concerned, passed from the frying-pan into the fire. He was bound "thrall" or apprentice to one John Lambert, Attorney, of Bristol, for seven dreary years, to learn the art and mystery of a scrivener! Alas! poor poet!

Anent the aforesaid Lambert we have been unable to expiscate any note worthy memorabilia. Upon the whole he does not appear

to have been a bad man, for an Attorney. He exercised some supervision over the morals of his serf, and on one occasion "corrected him with a blow or two" for engendering a satire upon his (Chatterton's) ancient pedagogue. In all probability the Bristol Attorney, like George II. hated poetry because "there was no use in it!"

From Dr. Gregory we derive the following items:—

"The apprentice fee was ten pounds; the master was to find him in meat, drink, lodging, and clothes; the mother in washing and mending. He slept in the same room with the foot-boy; went every morning at eight o'clock to the office which was at some distance, and except the usual hour for dinner, continued there till eight o'clock at night, after which he was at liberty till ten, when he was always expected to be at home."

Though an attorney's office can hardly be regarded, in any point of view, as a viaduct to the hill of Parnassus, young Chatterton's lot might have been worse than it proved to be. He was much confined it is true, but still he enjoyed no small modicum of leisure. The business of his Czar did not, upon an average, engage him above two hours *per diem*, and during the balance of the time he sustentated his mind with viands derived from the circulating libraries of Bistol.

In the month of October 1768, when Thomas had been upwards of a twelve month under the domination of Attorney Lambert, there appeared in the columns of *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal* (a print which is still extant) an article hugely provocative of the antiquarian appetite. It purported to be an account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge introduced by a letter to "the printer," intimating that—"the following description of the *Fryers passing over the old bridge*, was taken from an ancient manuscript." To this communication was appended the signature of "Dunhelmus Bristolensis."

Of the document which so "strangely stirred" the "*dry-as-dusts*" of that day and generation, we annex a transcript.

"On Fridai was the time fixed for passing the new-bridge. About the time of tollynge the tenth clock, Master Greggoire Dalbenye mounted on a fergreyne horse, informed Master Mouer all thynges were prepared,

when two Beadils went first streying stre. Next came a manne dressed up as follows:—hose of gootskyne crinepart outwards, doublette and waist coat, also, over which a white robe without sleeves, much like an albe but not so long, reaching but to his hands. A girdle of azure over his left shoulder, rechede also to his hands on the right and doubled back to his left, bucklynge with a goulden buckle dangled to his knee, thereby representinge a Saxon earlderman.

"In his hands he bare a shield, the maistre, of Gille a Brogton, who painted the same, representing Sainte Warburgh crossinge the foord; then a mickle strong man in armour, carried a huge anlace, after whom came six claryons and six minstrels, who song the song of Sainte Warburgh. Then came Master Maire mounted on a white horse dight with sable trappynys wrought about by the Nunnes of Sainte Kenna, with gould and silver, his hayre braded with ribbons and a chaperon with the auntient armes of Bristowe fastened on his forehead. Master Maire bare in his hande a goulden rodde, and a congean squire bare in his hande his helmet, waulkinge by the syde of the horse. Then camethe earldermen and city broders, mounted on sabyeli horses dyght with white trappynys and plumes and scarlet caps and chaperons having thereon sable plumes; after them, the preests and frears, parish mendicant and secular, some syngyng Sainte Warburgh's songe, others soundinge clarions thereto, and others citrillies.

"In thilke manner reachyng the bridge the manne with the anlace stode on the fyrst top of a mounde, yreed in the midst of the brydge, than went up the manne with the sheelde, after him the minstrels and clarions; and then the preests and freares all in white albes, making a most goodly shewe, the maier and earldermen standinge rounde, they songe with the sound of claryons, the song of Sainte Baldwyne, which beeng done, the manne on the top throw with great myght his anlace into the sea and the clarions sounded an auncient charge and forloyne. Then they sang againe the song of Sainte Warburgh, and proceeded up Christians hill to the crosse, where a Latin sermon was preached by Ralph de Blunderville, and with sound of clarion theye againe went to the

brydge and there dined, spendynge the rest of the daye in sports and plaies, the freers of Sainte Augustyne doing the play of the knights of Brystow meekynge a great fire at night on the Kynslate-hill."

As we observed above, the appearance of this relic of by-gone days produced no small ferment amongst the book-worn tribe, and multiform were the inquirers at Mr. Farley for a sight of the original manuscript. The honest printer was unable to quench this thirst of curiosity. After making diligent inquiry, however, he discovered that the "copy" was brought to the office by a youth between fifteen and sixteen years of age, answering to the "caption" of Thomas Chatterton.

The stripling having been "hunted up" he was sharply catechised touching the matter, the inquisitive *quid nures* looking upon him as a mere child, and treating him accordingly. Offended at this mode of doing business, Thomas mounted his high horse, returned haughtiness for imperiousness, and point blank refused to give any information on the subject.

A gentler tone having been adopted by the querists, Chatterton professed his willingness to tell all that he knew anent the premises.

His first story was that he had been employed to transcribe certain ancient manuscripts by a gentleman, of whose name and whereabouts, however, he could give no distinct or reliable account.

Constrained to abandon this position, our author declared that he had received the paper in question, together with many other manuscripts from his father, who had found them in a large chest in the upper room over the chapel, on the south side of Redcliffe Church.

That certain antique documents were actually discovered in the above mentioned location, was no unverity. Jacob Bryant in his "Observations on Rawley's Poems" gives us an account of the occurrence.

Over the north porch of St. Mary Redcliffe Church, which was founded, or at least rebuilt, by Mr. W. Canynge, an eminent merchant of Bristol in the reign of Edward the Fourth, there is a kind of muniment

room. In this chamber there were deposited six or seven chests, one of which by excellence, was called "Mr. Canynge's cofre." The aforesaid ark, it is said, was secured by six keys, two of which were entrusted to the minister and "procurator" of the church, two to the Mayor, and one to each of the churchwardens. During the lapsation of time, however, the six keys were lost, and about the 1727, a notion became engendered that some title deed and other writs of value were contained in Mr. Canynge's cofre. The upshot was that an order of vestry was made, that the chest should be opened under the inspection of a "black brigadesman," and those writings which appeared to be of consequence, removed to the south porch of the church. The locks were accordingly forced, and not only the principal chest, but the others, which likewise were conjectured to contain "fructifying evidents," were broken open. A selection being made of the deeds immediately relating to the church, the remainder of the manuscripts were left exposed to the manipulations of all and sundry, as of no moment or value.

Our authors' story now begins to be connected with the muniments of St. Mary Redcliffe.

Considerable depredations had, from time to time, been made upon the neglected documents; but the most voracious of these plunderers was the father of Chatterton. His uncle, as we have seen, being sexton of the church, allowed him free "ish and entry" to the sacred premises, and seldom did he retire empty-handed from these visits. He carried off, from time to time, parcels of the parchments, and on one particular occasion, is known, with the assistance of his disciples—the "singing man," it will be remembered, was likewise a "doup-duster"—to have filled a large basket with the antique spoils.

The ravished relics were devoted to mean and ignoble uses. They were tossed into a cupboard in the school, and employed, from time to time, in covering copy-books. On one occasion, the parson of the parish having presented the boys with a score of Bibles, Dominie Chatterton, in order to conserve the binding of the donated volumes, covered them with some of the abducted parchments.

When the "singing man" died, his widow being necessitated to "flit," carried the remainder of the fragments to her humble messuage, where they were treated with the same scant ceremony which had been accorded to them in school.

We shall now cite the narrative given to Dr. Glynn of Cambridge, by Mr. Smith, a very intimate acquaintance of our author's family—

"When young Chatterton was first articulated to Mr. Lambert, he used frequently to come home to his mother, by way of a short visit. There, one day, his eye was caught by one of these parchments, which had been converted into a 'bread-paper.' He found not only the writing to be very old, the characters, very different from common characters, but that the subject therein treated was different from common subjects.

"Being naturally of an inquisitive and curious turn, he was much struck with their appearance, and, as might be expected, began to question his mother what those thread-papers were, how she got them, and whence they came. Upon further inquiry, he was led to a full discovery of all the parchments which remained."

Thomas carefully laid up the precious fragments, and seldom permitted any person to handle, or even to look upon the same. The account which he gave of their contents was, that the bulk of them consisted of poetical and other compositions, by Mr. Canynge, and a particular friend of his, named Thomas Rowley, whom Chatterton at first called a monk, and afterwards a secular priest of the fifteenth century.

"Nearly about the same time (says Dr. Gregory), when the paper in *Furley's Journal*, concerning the old bridge, became the subject of conversation, as Mr. Catcott of Bristol, a gentleman of an inquisitive turn, and fond of reading, was walking with a friend in Redcliffe Church, he was informed by him of several ancient pieces of poetry, which had been found there, and which were in the possession of a young person with whom he was acquainted. This person proved to be Chatterton, to whom Mr. Catcott desired to be introduced. He accordingly had an interview; and soon after obtained from him very readily, without any

reward, the *Bristol Tragedy*, *Rowley's Epitaph upon Mr. Canynge's Ancestor*, with some other smaller pieces.

"About this period, Mr. Barrett, a respectable surgeon in Bristol, and a man of letters, had projected a history of his native city, and was anxiously collecting materials for that work. Such a discovery, therefore, as that of Chatterton, could scarcely escape the vigilance of Mr. Barrett's friends. The pieces in Mr. Catcott's possession, of which some were copies and some were originals, were immediately communicated to Mr. Barrett, whose friendship and patronage by these means our young literary adventurer was fortunate enough to secure."

By the above-mentioned gentlemen the boy was supplied with a variety of works, which he could not have obtained in the common circulating libraries, and diligently did he avail himself of the advantages which thus fell to his lot. Mr. Thistlethwaite gives us the following account of his studies during the years 1768 and 1769:—

"One day he might be found busily employed in the study of heraldry and English antiquities, both of which are numbered among the most favourite of his pursuits; the next discovered him deeply engaged, confounded, and perplexed amidst the subtleties of metaphysical disquisition, or lost and bewildered in the abstruse labyrinth of mathematical researches; and these in an instant again neglected and thrown aside, to make room for music and astronomy, of both which sciences his knowledge was entirely confined to theory. Even physic was not without a charm to allure his imagination, and he would talk of Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus, with all the confidence and familiarity of a modern empiric."

It is hardly necessary to state that this wondrous youth dug deeply in the mine of antiquities. We are informed by Milles and Bryant that with a view of perfecting himself in these favourite studies he borrowed Shiner's *Etymologicon* of Mr. Barrett, but speedily returned it as useless, most of the interpretations being in Latin. Benson's *Saxon Vocabulary* was abandoned on the same account. Much pabulum, however, did he extract from Kersey's *Dictionary* and

Speght's edition of Chaucer, the glossary to which latter work he carefully transcribed.

We shall now bring our narrative to a temporary halt, for the purpose of laying before the gentle reader a few specimens of the lyrics which Thomas Chatterton *discovered* on the parchments taken from "Mr. Canynge's cofre."

In "Ælla, a Tragycal Interlude," we meet with the following sweet "songs," which Dan Chaucer might have fathered without a blush:—

"FYRSTE MYNSTRELLE.

"The boddyngge flourettes blosches attē the lyghte;
The mees be sprenge wyth the yellow blue;
Ynn daisyed mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;
The nesh yonge coveslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;

The trees enlefed, yntoe heaven straughte,
When gentle wyndes doe blowe, to whestlyng
dynne ys broughte.

"The evenyngge commes, and bringes the dewe
alonge;

The roddie welkynne sheeneth to the cyne;
Arounde the alestack Mynstrells synge the
songe;

Yonge ivie round the door poste do entwynne;
I lay mee onn the grasse; yet to mie wylle,
Albeytte alleys fayre, there lackethe somethynge
style."

"SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

"So Adam thoughtenne, whann ynn Paradyse,
All heavenn and erthe dyd hommage to hys
mynde;

Ynn womman alleynne mannes pleasaunce lyes;
As instrumentes of joie were made the kynde.
Go, take a wife untoe thie arms, and see
Wynter and brownie hylles, wylle have a charm
for thee."

Would that every bachelor in Christendom
was obliged to recite the above lines at ves-
pers and matins! Under their potency the
hearts of the miserable and self-excommuni-
cated crew could hardly fail to be melted
into humanity and happiness!

There is wealth of tearful tenderness in
the subjoined stanzas, derived from the
above mentioned "Interlude." Niobe, her-
self, could not have poured forth a more im-
passioned plaint.

"MYNSTRELLE'S SONGE.

"O! synge unto mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare with me,
Daunce ne moe atte haillie daie,
Lycke a reynynge ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to his deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

"Black hys *hair* as the wyntere nyghte,
White hys *skin* as the summer snowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cold he lyes in the grave below;
Mie love is dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

"Sweet hys tynge as the throstle's note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte can bee,
Defte hys laboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lyes bic the wyllowe tree.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

"Hark! the ravenne flappes his wynges,
In the briered delle belowe;
Hark! the dethe-owle loude doth synge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to his deathe-bed,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

"See! the whyte moone sheens onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true love's shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenyngge cloude;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

"Heere, uponne mie true love's grave,
Schalle the barren fleurs be layde,
Not one hallie saint to save
Al the coldness of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

"Wythe my handes I'll dente the brieres
Rounde his haille corse to gre,
E/yn fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
Heere mie boddie style schalle bee.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe-tree.

"Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorns,
Drayne mie hartys bledde awaie;

Lyfe and alle ytte goode I scorn,
 Daunce bie nete, or feaste bie daie.
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
 Alle underre the wyllowe-tree.

"Waterre wytyches, crownede with reytes,*
 Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.

I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.
 Thos the damselle spake and dyed."

The words in the above lament which are printed in italics, we have substituted for the more abstruse originals, in order that the pleasure of the un-blacklettered reader might be stinted as little as possible.

One other specimen of Chatterton's lyre we shall cull for the delectation of our clients, rendering the same into modern language. It forms part and portion of—

"AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE,
As wroten bie the gode Prieste Thomas Rowleie,
 1464."

"The sun was gleaming in the noon of day—
 Dead still the air, and eke the welkin blue,
 When from the sea arose, in drear array,
 A heap of clouds of sable sullen hue,
 The which full fast unto the woodland drew,
 Hiding at once the sun's beauteous face,
 And the black tempest swelled and gathered up
 apace

"The gathered storm is ripe; the big drops fall;
 The sun-burnt meadows smoke, and drink
 the rain;

The coming ghastliness doth the cattle pall,
 And the full flocks are driving o'er the plain;
 Dashed from the clouds the waters fly again;
 The welkin opes; the yellow lightning flies,
 And the hot fiery steam in the wide lowings*
 dies."

Is there anything more graphic "than the above in the whole compass of English poetry?"

We dare not cut and carve with the next three stanzas. Their spirit will not brook translation into modern Anglo-Saxon:

"Liste! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge
 sound

Moves slowly on, and then embollen clangs,
 Shakes the bie spyre, and lost, dispended,
 drown'd,

Still on the gallard eare of terroure hanges;

* Water flags.

† Flames.

The windes are up; the lofty elmen swanges;
 Again the levyne and the thunder poures,
 And the full cloudes are burst attenes in stonen-
 showers.

"Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,
 The Abbote of Seyncte Godwyne's Convente
 came;

His chapournette was diented with the raine,
 And his penete gyrille met with mickle shame;
 He aynewarde told his bederoll at the same;
 The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,
 With the poore almes craver neere to the holme
 to bide.

"His cope was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne,
 With a gold button fasten'd neere hys chynne;
 His autremette was edged with golden twynne,
 And his shoone pyke a loverd's mighte have
 binne;

Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no
 sinne:

The trammels of the palfrye please his sighte,
 For the horse millanare his head with roses
 dighte."

Dull, indeed, would be the limner who could have any difficulty in transferring to canvas, the be-drenched and be-draggled Abbot of Saint Godwyne's Convent. Every detail stands forth as clear and distinct as if with the "fleshy eye" we beheld the dignitary,

"Spurring his palfrey o'er the watery plain!"

To Mr. Mathias Smith, an intimate acquaintance of Chatterton, we are indebted for the following sketch of the lad, as he was manifested at this period of his history:

"He was always extremely fond of walking in the fields, particularly in Redcliffe Meadows, and of talking about these (Rowley's) manuscripts, and sometimes reading them there. "Come," he would say, "you and I will take a walk in the meadow. I have got the cleverest thing for you imaginable. It is worth half a crown merely to have a sight of it, and to hear me read it to you! When we arrived at the place proposed, he would produce his parchment, show it and read it to me. There was one spot in particular, full in view of the church, in which he seemed to take a peculiar delight. He would frequently lay himself down, fix his eyes upon the church, and seem as if he were in a kind of trance. Then

on a sudden, and abruptly, he would tell me—"That steeple was burnt down by lightning: that was the place where they formerly acted plays."

Soon were those genial and sunny "trances" to be superseded by the cold, grey, churlish realities of unimaginative every-day existence!

[To be concluded *quam primuni*.]

CAPTAIN TODLEBEN: OR, THE IMPERIAL ENGINEER.

A TALE OF THE PRESENT WAR.

BY JOS. WILSON.

VII.

The apartment into which Captain Todleben was ushered was but a moderate sized one, yet the first glance around would satisfy the most fastidious person that the owner of it had the advantages (in furnishing it) of both rank and riches. For the brilliant coat of arms which was splendidly emblazoned on each alternate oaken panel, and on the large brazen shield which was suspended opposite the folding doors, would satisfy him that he was the possessor of the former; while the thick velvet carpeting that covered the polished oaken floor; the dark crimson window drapery that fell in numberless and graceful folds to the ground; the crimson velvet cushions that were piled within the deep recesses of the colored glass windows; the light but elegantly carved furniture, and the stained glass lamp that was suspended from the vaulted ceiling by a beautifully wrought silver chain—all would convince him that he was possessed of the latter also. The general—a fine looking man, with a weather bronzed countenance and dark grey hair and moustachios, was seated at a portable writing table, on which lay his plumed and embroidered chapeau and golden hilted sabre, and also a bundle of closely written manuscripts, in which he seemed to be deeply immersed. His costume was of the most simple kind, consisting of a plain military cloth surtout, without any epaulettes or ornament whatsoever, with the exception of one brilliant star fastened on the left breast. Standing at the other end of the apartment examining a beautiful oil painting, was an

aid-de-camp in the splendid uniform of the huzzars. When Captain Todleben approached, the general raised his eyes from the documents he was perusing, and bowing, with a smile he pointed to a seat, saying, "Well, Todleben, how are you after your absence, eh?"

"I am well, your lordship, thank you. I have come to express the great obligations I am under to your lordship, and to thank you for recommending me at head quarters in such very flattering terms, to which I know I am indebted for my Captaincy."

"Phoo, phoo," said the smiling General, "I don't require thanks at all for what I did, for, Captain, I may say without flattery, that your merit is so well known at head quarters, that, even did I not recommend you, you would have received your commission just as soon."

"I am proud your Lordship thinks so highly of any little talent I possess," said the young Captain, bowing, "and I trust I may venture to hope that as I have a request to make of your lordship, that it will be granted."

"Well, mention it," said the kind General, "and if I am at liberty to grant it, why I'll do so, provided it is for your own good."

"It is this, your lordship. I read in this morning's general order, that any of the officers of the second and third division of imperial engineers at present in Sebastopol, can join Prince Menschikoff's army, which is soon to march towards the Alma, as volunteers, on receiving permission from the general officers of their respective divisions. Well, your lordship, I would wish to receive permission from you, as commanding officer of my division, to join the Prince's army, especially if there is any probability of active service, for your lordship knows—"

"Tut, tut, tut! Todleben," interrupted the General. "I cannot, nor will not grant you such a request, for I see plainly that you will have a far better chance of being promoted by remaining here in Sebastopol, than by joining the army under the Prince. Why, Todleben, if you look seriously into the matter yourself, you will see that I am right. In a few days we will begin to erect new fortifications about here. Well, (we

will suppose this only, you know, Todleben;) well, you are appointed by the Head Engineer of Sebastopol to the command of a party who are about to erect a certain work. You commence it, use all your energy and knowledge to forward it, and finally it is erected; and there it stands for many a long year, a monument of superior engineering and great talents, and you are consequently promoted. Well, on the other hand, you join the army, which certainly has to march to some given point. Now, every time that that army moves along, why those defences and entrenchments which you have formed with such skill and labor have to be levelled with the earth, leaving no trace whatever of the important works that once stood there. Bless me, Todleben," said the old veteran triumphantly, "it's as clear as that two 2s make four."

"But, your lordship—" began the Captain.

"Now, now, Todleben, you will take my advice," said the General, "Won't you? and I assure you that whenever I can get you promoted I will."

"I am certain of that, your Lordship," said the young soldier, bowing, "and I will take your advice; and I assure you, my lord, that I am deeply grateful for the great interest you take in me. But perhaps I am detaining your lordship from hearing my brother officers, so I bid you good evening."

"Good evening, Captain; good evening, Lieutenant," turning to the aid-de-camp, "desire Major Valstorki to attend me immediately."

VIII.

It was a most beautiful morning in Sebastopol. The sun had hardly recommenced its diurnal task of ascending the deep blue vault of heaven, ere the hoarse voice of the cavalry trumpet, the shrill squeak of the fife, and the deep, sullen roll of the drum, announced that the soldiers were preparing for the grand review of all the troops stationed in and about Sebastopol, appointed to take place on the spacious heights of Inkermann—afterward the theatre of the bloody struggle which struck awe in the hearts of the greatest European states, and which was near deciding the fate of empires. Soon afterward the principal streets were crowded with huge

masses of Russian infantry, as they marched past in solid columns, making the very air resound with their heavy, measured tread. Then came the jingling of spurs and the clanking of sabres, and the cavalry, in their splendid uniforms, all plumes, embroidery and gold and silver lace, trotted slowly past in the same direction. They were followed by the dull, heavy sound of cannon, as they were dragged along the ground, and the grim messengers of death, that afterwards discharged many a shower of iron hail into the serried ranks of the allied armies disappeared on the same route. For nearly two hours the same sounds smote the ear, mingled with the hoarse voice of the officers shouting their orders, and strains of martial music, as the huge tide of armed soldiery rolled onward towards the field of parade. About mid-day, what a magnificent spectacle was displayed before the delighted eyes of numberless spectators! What a splendid panorama! There, stretching away along the grassy heights of Inkermann in warlike array, were marshalled twenty-five thousand stalwart troops. Motionless and firm as walls, dark masses of Russian infantry—their burnished arms and glistening bayonets reflecting the bright rays of the sun—dotted the green sward. Far away to the right the horse and foot artillery were drawn up in three solid columns, with their guns ranged before them. To the left were stationed the Polish lancers in their gay uniforms, the light and heavy dragoons, with their plumed helmets and well-burnished carbines and sabres, the huzars in their light blue silver-embroidered jackets and cross-hilted swords, and mounted on their graceful, mettlesome chargers, and the redoubtable Cossacks, bestriding their little hardy horses, and armed with their long poled lances; and a little to the right of the cavalry were the engineers, the most effective and the best regulated arm of the Russian military service, as the siege of Sebastopol, unfortunately for the allied armies, gives ample testimony of. The interesting panorama was completed by the large white marquee of the commander-in-chief, which was pitched upon the summit of a little grassy knoll, and around which his large, brilliantly accoutred staff was loiter-

ing in careless conversation. The bands of several regiments of the line, stationed at intervals along the heights, were performing the national air, the melodious strains of which were wafted across the brow of the hill by the cool, refreshing breeze, when the prince, accompanied by his staff, mounted their chargers and rode slowly along the front of the line towards the right, where the review was to commence, and disappeared among the battalions of infantry. All eyes were immediately turned in that direction, when suddenly a puff of white smoke arose slowly from the centre column of the Russian artillery, followed by the sudden boom of a field piece, announcing that the review had begun. The echoes had not yet died away in the distance, when a broad sheet of lurid flame issued from the cannons' grim mouths, and was followed by a succession of tremendous reports, as whole troops of artillery discharged their field pieces at once, which reverberated again and again through the deep ravines and the valley of Inkermann, and made the very earth tremble with the shock. Volley after volley was fired in such quick succession, that the reports seemed as one continued peal of thunder, and in a short time the whole of the right wing was obscured from sight by an impenetrable veil of white smoke, which hovered lazily above and around it, and which was only disturbed when sheet after sheet of flame issued again and again from the grim muzzles of the dread harbingers of death. After about ten minutes of incessant cannonade, the fire began to slacken, and now and then a solitary flash only could be discerned amid the glare of the noon-day luminary. Suddenly, however, the deep cloud of smoke which hung over the right wing like a funeral pall, was put in commotion, and a few moments had hardly elapsed ere the staff of the commander-in-chief, and at the head of which rode the Prince himself, emerged from it, and halted a little to the right of the cavalry; and in a short time it was whirled again into innumerable eddies by several troops of horse artillery, as they came down at a brisk gallop towards the centre, wheeled their guns into position on the brow of a slight eminence, and opened fire. The in-

fantry, after forming into several solid columns, charged with the bayonet up the eminence, took the guns, and afterwards drove off the artillerists, upon which a regiment of dragoons dashed after the retreating foe, (the artillerists,) completely routing them. Both the cavalry and the infantry then went through their respective exercises, charging with the bayonet, the sabre and the lance, resisting charges, forming into squares to receive cavalry, deploying into line and into companies, forming into columns and skirmishing. After which the inspection of the imperial engineers took place. The commander-in-chief, a noble looking man, dressed in a gorgeous uniform, the breast of which was almost blazing with the numerous and magnificent orders, crosses and decorations which nearly covered it, accompanied by his splendidly attired staff, among whom were the venerable Hetman of the Don Cossacks, General the Count de Osten Sacken, General Liprandi, and Lieutenant General B—, the head engineering officer of the Crimean army, dismounted from their chargers, in order that they might examine the men more accurately. The Prince walked slowly along the line, addressing questions and observations to the several generals. When he arrived nearly opposite to Captain Todleben's post, he turned suddenly to General B—, (Head Engineer,) saying, "By the bye, General, I neglected to ask you a question which I hope you can answer me now, as I have deferred it an unnecessarily long time, or rather, I should say, forgotten it. How long would it take you to place Sebastopol in such a state of defence as would ensure the raising of a well conducted siege?"

"Well, your highness," answered General B—, after deliberating for a few minutes, "I consider that it would take me about—yes, about two months to do so!"

"Two months?" exclaimed Prince Menschikoff in astonishment, fixing his eyes closely on him as he spoke, "Why, would it take you such a length of time, eh?"

"Why, yes," replied General B— again, "I consider it would take that length of time at least. To erect curtain and earth works, manufacture gabions, dig trenches and rifle

pits, and do a score of other things, consume a great deal of time."

"Yes, certainly it does; but," remonstrated the commander-in-chief, "could you not manage to do it in a shorter time than that, eh? Why, that will be too late!

"No, your highness," responded the General, "I really could not."

"If your highness would do me the honor of placing me in command of the engineering department of Sebastopol for the present," said a voice from the ranks, "and provide me with a sufficient number of men, I will engage to form defences in two weeks around Sebastopol, that will keep any army at bay;" and as he spoke, Captain Todleben, with a flushed and anxious countenance, stepped forward from the ranks, and raised his hand to the salute.

"What?" exclaimed the Prince, hastily turning round and surveying the young man in astonishment, while exclamations of surprise broke involuntarily from the officers of the staff. "What! in two weeks, eh? Why, who are you, sir?"

"Captain Todleben, may it please your highness."

"Captain Todleben, eh? Recently promoted, I believe?"

"Yes, please your highness."

"And you would take this responsibility upon yourself," said Prince Menschikoff, "a young man as you are?"

"Yes, your highness, if you would be pleased to permit me."

"But," said the Prince, "if you did not perform your engagement faithfully, perhaps your life would be the forfeit, especially if the place would fall into the hands of the enemy, at least until we could get up plenty of reinforcements. It is a heavy responsibility, young man, and although I heard you mentioned in extremely flattering terms at head-quarters, by the war minister, still I am afraid to trust such a heavy burden to you. What do you say, General Osten Sacken?" he continued, turning to that individual, "What do you say to this offer?"

"Well, your highness, answered that General, "I would advise you to embrace it at once; and I think that these other gentlemen," turning to the other general officers,

will advise you to do the same, for you know—"

Here they all drew aside, and conversed anxiously together for nearly a quarter of an hour, at the end of which time they returned. Captain Todleben's chief advocate, (General Osten Sacken,) smiled encouragement to him, while Prince Menschikoff addressed him thus:—

"I have been consulting my different general officers on the subject of placing you for the present at the head of the engineering department of Sebastopol, and have been induced, sir, on account of your great merit and experience, although you are but young, and also by the strong reasons that my companions in arms give me to appoint you as commanding officer of engineers in that fortress. As much money and as many men as you require shall be placed at your disposal immediately. I can only say for my part, young man, that I heartily wish you may be eminently successful in this great enterprise. I need not, I am certain, assure you, that if you are as successful as the assertions of my generals, and my own hopes lead me to anticipate, his Most Imperial Majesty will most liberally reward you; but whether successful or not, Captain Todleben, you may rest assured that I entertain the same sentiments towards you—those of friendship and admiration, the latter inspired by your bold and promising conduct of to-day."

Saying which, he shook the young captain's hand cordially, and then, turning to his staff, he said—

"Now, gentlemen, let us mount."

IX.

Twelve days had passed away never to return—twelve days of fatigue and trouble to young Captain Todleben; but during that time, short as it was, he reaped such a plentiful harvest of honor and rank, that the same could not be achieved (not to mention surpassed) by the most talented engineer living. He had commenced the gigantic undertaking (which several talented officers had predicted would never be accomplished) on the day after the grand review, and after remaining up whole nights, depriving himself of rest and sleep, arranging his plans. After remaining whole days without any

food or nourishment, directing and superintending the formation of the works. After, in short, harassing his mind and body to an alarming degree, his unexampled genius, ardor and talent had triumphed, and the almost impossible undertaking was completed; yes, and completed to the admiration of the numerous distinguished officers who flocked to see and accurately examine the subject of his great effort and glorious success. What a day was that for him, which was to be the memorable epoch of his reward and recompense! What emotions filled his soul, and made it expand with rapture, as the moment of his long-expected triumph drew nigh! What joyous feelings flitted through his lightened mind as his thoughts wandered to his happy home—to the old never-to-be-forgotten house in the little town of Mankeroff, as he pictured to himself his kind old father, sitting contentedly in the corner beside the cheerful coal fire, conversing about him with that gentle and loving bride, whom by his genius he was about to restore to the arms of her relations, to the peaceful fireside of her home, and to what he valued above aught else on earth—her own happiness. He imagined to himself the eagerness with which they would skim over the paragraphs in the morning papers, and their speechless astonishment and overwhelming joy on perusing that headed:—"Sebastopol fortified by M. Todleben, lately a junior captain of imperial engineers, but now a knight of the honorable order of ———, and promoted to a full colonelcy in the third division."

From them his thoughts reverted to old DeMalery, seated in his library, puffing away lustily at his old meerschaum, and staring sorrowfully through the clouds of smoke with which he was enveloped, at the distinguished specimen of the masculine gender. He then thought of the tumultuous joy which would fill the old man's breast, when the conviction would rush upon his mind that he could again clasp his daughter to his heart without violating his rash but solemn oath. But hark! the trumpet sounds! The troops are already assembling to witness the bestowal upon him, by order of his sovereign, of the star of his knightly

order. * * In the largest square in Sebastopol, about mid-day, was marshalled in bright and warlike array the troops forming the garrison, cavalry, infantry and artillery. Mounted on their chargers, and opposite the soldiers, were General the Count de Osten Sacken and a large and brilliant staff, conspicuous among the officers of which was young Todleben, now no longer a junior captain of engineers, but a colonel, as his splendid uniform and his familiar air with the other officers amply testified; and although his face was pale and his looks sickly, yet there was a bright flash in his dark eyes, that told that the moment of triumph was at hand. The General was conversing in a low tone a little aside with him, when an aide-de-camp, under the escort of a troop of lancers, dashed up, and delivered into his (the General's) hands a small velvet covered case, inlaid with gold. Osten Sacken opened it carefully, and took from thence a star, beautifully formed with brilliants and jewels, and delivering the case into the hands of one of the attendant aides-de-camp, he and Todleben, accompanied by the officers of the staff, advanced to within a few yards of the serried ranks, when, turning to the latter, he addressed him thus:

"Colonel Todleben:—During the necessitated absence of Prince Menschikoff, the general-in-chief, with the main body of the army, I, as commander-in-chief of the garrison of Sebastopol, received instructions from His Most Imperial Majesty, Nicholas I, which I gladly fulfilled. They were to bestow upon you, as a small recompense for the great service done His Imperial Majesty and the whole Russian population by you, a gift of 80,000 silver roubles, as a token of His Imperial Majesty's favor, and the titles and privileges of a full Colonelcy of Imperial Engineers, and to confirm you in your office of Commanding Engineer of the fortifications of Sebastopol; and now it has again come to my lot, as representative of our sovereign, to confer upon you another honor, and a mark of his personal esteem and favor; but the one yet to come is far superior to that already bestowed. It is to bestow upon you the distinguished honor of knighthood.

I therefore, knowing that you prize the honor according to its just worth, and that you do possess in an eminent degree the two greatest qualities necessary to a true and chivalrous knight—honor and bravery, do hereby confer upon thee, Edward Todleben, a Colonel in the Imperial Engineers of Russia, firstly, in the august name of the almighty and true God of heaven and earth; secondly, in the name of His Most Imperial and Gracious Majesty, Nicholas the First, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias; and thirdly, in the name and title of the whole Russian population, the star of the honorable order of the ———, and hereby dub thee a knight of the same;" fastening as he spoke, on the left breast of Colonel Todleben, the glittering star of the order, and striking him gently thrice on the shoulder with the flat side of his unsheathed sabre. Turning then to the troops, he pointed to the newly knighted colonel, saying—"Soldiers, I present to you Colonel Todleben, commanding officer of the Imperial Engineers in and around Sebastopol, knight of the most noble and honorable order of the ——— and extra aide-de-camp to His Imperial Majesty.

X.

CONCLUSION.

Not much more is required to be said to end this short but truthful story. Our last scene is laid in a large, commodious-looking building, facing on one of the most fashionable streets in the splendid capital city of Russia, St. Petersburg. What a magnificent apartment! All velvet carpetings, silk draperies, crimson, velvet-covered ottomans and lounges, inlaid tables, and massive sideboards. What costly paintings, too! So beautifully furnished. But in the name of the Czar, what brought that thing there, eh? No, it cannot; by Jove! it is, though. It is the distinguished specimen of the masculine gender, hanging, too, in the most conspicuous position in the room, and there, also, gazing complacently at the ceiling, through the dense cloud of smoke with which he is enveloped, through the agency of that venerable piece of antiquity—the meerschaum, is old D——, whose name a few short weeks ago was mentioned in a Cronstadt journal as being on the retired list of merchants. Seated

on an ottoman on the other end of the apartment, was Madame Todleben, holding in the one hand an open letter, while with her pocket handkerchief she wiped away a few tears that were overflowing her large dark eyes, and gliding down her blooming countenance, which was beaming with a bewitching smile, as she turned to old De Malery, saying,

"So, dear father, my Edward is now a General!"

"Yes, deary, he is, and a good general he will make."

"Oh yes, certainly he will; and he is knighted also, eh!" looks very gravely at the distinguished specimen, as if she wished to have the news confirmed from the lips of that personage; but the gentleman addressed not even deigning to put out his tongue, nod his cranium, or give some other token of attention to the querist; but, on the contrary, remaining, as before, with his eyes fixed firmly and unflinchingly on the wall opposite the old man, proceeded,

"Oh yes, he's a knight and extra aide-de-camp to his Imperial Majesty, too, ha, ha, ha! Little I thought, you young fairy, that you would ever take captive one who, in a few short months, was destined to become a General. Ah, Maria, that will be the proud day for me when you are to be presented at court. The lady of Major General Todleben, as the Court calendar will say in a few days, ha, ha! who attended the fete given at the Winter Palace last evening, looked remarkably well, and was dressed in so and so gewgaws, &c., eh, you little creature! Won't that sound well? Ah, I believe so! Oh, there you are now! Although I've only given you one-half the scolding I intend to give you for running away from me the wife of a Lieutenant of Engineers, and returning in six months, and your husband a Major General, still you're already trying to bring tears up into your eyes, and make yourself appear a martyr. The fact of it is, Maria, that you are getting quite incorrigible," he continued, as the wicked little creature pouted her rosy little lips, and tossed her pretty little head in an affected anger with him for supposing such an absurdity. "And I will be compelled to chastise you, and advise Edward to do the same, if you—"

"Hollo, you sir. What is it, eh?" This question was addressed to a liveried servant, who at that moment entered hurriedly with a note, which he handed to the merchant, saying,

"I hope you will pardon me for intruding, sir, as I know I am; but I was instructed by my lord, the Count de Pauloski, to deliver that note into your hands without delay, and therefore I could not wait for the servant to do so."

"Who is it you say sent it?" asked old De Malery, examining the handwriting on the envelope.

"The Count de Pauloski, sir?" responded the servant.

The merchant tore it open, and glanced over the contents, and then, while a smile lit up his countenance, he seated himself at a small desk, and penned a brief answer, and having sealed it, he slipped a silver rouble into the man's hands, and giving him the note, desired him to deliver it to his master without loss of time. The servant bowed his acknowledgements and withdrew. The old gentleman stood looking at the note in his hands for some time, with the air of a man who has at length arrived at the climax of his desires; but at length went over to his daughter, who was deep in the re-perusal of her loved husband's letter, and touching her gently on the arm, said smilingly,

"Well, dear, we are going to have an Imperial visitor this evening."

"An Imperial visitor!" exclaimed Madame Todleben in astonishment, looking up from the letter, "Imperial! why, father, you surprise me; but I know that you're only joking."

"No, no, Maria, I declare I am not. Look at that," handing her the note. "It is from the Count de Pauloski, who says in it that the Grand Duke Constantine, accompanied by General Prince Czackoroff, are going to pay us an unceremonious visit this evening, and that the reason the Grand Duke did not acquaint us with his project, was because he knew we would be making preparations to receive him, and he does not want to put us to any trouble. The Count could not mistake, I am certain, for he is one of the nobles

in attendance on the Grand Duke. Well, are you satisfied now, you unbeliever?"

"Yes, father, I confess I am satisfied, but I am also greatly astonished that his Imperial Highness would condescend to—"

"Tut, tut! Maria, why should'nt he condescend to visit the lady of one of the cleverest generals in the Imperial army, eh? Why should'nt he, eh? Answer me that question? Pho, I expect that you and the Grand Duke will soon be on the most intimate terms. But, dear me," he continued, looking at his watch, "we have not much time to make preparations. Come, Maria, we will commence at once," and the old gentleman bustled out of the room in great haste, and in a short time the domestics of the establishment were hard at work preparing for the suitable reception of their illustrious visitors. An hour had slowly flown past on the wings of time, and found old De Malery and Madame Todleben ready to receive their much watched for and anxiously-expected visitors with becoming ceremony. The old gentleman was getting nervous, and commencing to fidget about, now staring at the lazy hands of the clock, as they moved slowly along on their tedious round, now throwing up the window sash, and popping out his head, to see if he could get a glimpse of the Imperial carriage, and always popping it in again disappointed; but never any attention did he pay to the distinguished specimen of the masculine gender, nor he! He did'nt even glance at him, and that gentleman, very justly indignant at the neglect and inattention of old De Malery, stared as sullenly and unflinchingly at the beautifully painted wall opposite, as if the impudent varlets of servants had not been kicking up a hubbub about his poor old canvasseurs for the last three quarters of an hour with their dusting and arranging, and erecting—all for the reception of a Grand Duke—only a Grand Duke—and he then, he—descended from the long line of the kings of the boundless empire of Chick-ochock-daw. And no attention paid to him, no, not even by a retired corn-merchant. Augh, the idea was disgusting, and the old gentleman stared sullenly at the wall opposite, at the thought of the disgraceful manner in which he was treated; the old gentle-

man, we say, was getting nervous, and, in fact, felt peculiarly uncomfortable; when suddenly the tramp of horses' feet was heard in the distance. Nearer and nearer it came, until the brilliant uniform of a troop of Polish lancers could be easily discerned, escorting a plain close carriage, emblazoned with the Imperial coat of arms, and at each side of which rode two aide-de-camp. A short time afterwards the cavalcade halted opposite the house. The cavalry immediately formed in line, and the aide-de-camp having dismounted and opened the carriage door, a tall, fine-looking young man, dressed in a General's uniform, and accompanied by a General of division, stepped out, while the lancers presented arms. The Grand Duke Constantine, for it was he, with General Prince Czackoroff, and the attendant officers, were received at the door by the old merchant and Madame Todleben, when the former, stepping forward, and bowing with uncovered head, addressed his Royal visitor thus—

"Your Imperial Highness, and those honourable and noble gentlemen, we heartily greet and welcome you to this our home, and we assure you, my lord Duke, that we are deeply sensible of the great and unexpected honour done us by this gracious and condescending visit."

"I thank you, monsieur, for welcoming me and those officers in such a kind manner," said the young Duke, shaking the merchant by the hand, "but I do not consider it a mark of condescension on my part for to visit you. On the contrary, I think it my duty to do so, in order to show my respect for the father-in-law and bride of one of the most distinguished Generals in the Crimean army, and to let the world see that it is neither rank, nor titles, nor money can procure admittance to the higher circles of society in St. Petersburg, nor rank in our army, but merit—real unvarnished merit;" turning then to the blushing and embarrassed Maria, and taking her soft little hand gently within his own, he continued, while a smile played about his finely-chiselled mouth, "I congratulate you, Lady Todleben, on possessing in your noble husband a man of such distinguished merit, talent, and bravery. One whom I expect

to see at the head of the chivalrous profession he has chosen to follow through life, and of which he is destined to become such a bright ornament. I am no longer surprised," he continued, gallantly raising her fingers to his lips as he spoke, "I am no longer surprised that General Todleben proffered his services so eagerly to superintend the fortifying of Sebastopol, or that he finished the great achievement in far less time than he expected, when I think that in so doing he was not unsuccessfully, I am certain, exerting himself to place a coronet upon your fair brow, and I know that he would fully concur with me (if he was here) when I say that a smile of thankfulness from your fair lips, lady, beaming on all around, is far preferable than all the honours and titles capable of being showered down upon him by the monarchs of the earth. Ah, I neglected to introduce you, Major General Prince, Czackoroff, Lady Todleben. Madame, my aides-de-camp, Major the Count De Pauloski, Captain Count Taloroff, Captain Larospi, and Lieutenant Gniteroff. Gentlemen, Monsieur Todleben."

When the ceremony of introduction was over, the Grand Duke offered his arm to the blushing lady, and, accompanied by the officers and M. Todleben, the latter of whom led the way, they ascended the large, beautifully carpetted staircase, and entered the magnificently-furnished drawing-room, with its large gilded pier-glasses, matchless draperies, downy-cushioned ottomans, and, in fact, all that money could purchase or man invent for his own luxury and comfort.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the Grand Duke, smiling, as his quick eye travelled around the room, and rested on a silken, gold, embroidered banner, on which appeared the arms of his family, and on the wreaths of flowers encircling the Imperial banner of Russia; in the centre of each of which was the initial letters of his name. "Ho, ho!" he repeated again, smilingly, as his eye rested on his four aides-de-camp standing in a group, but particularly on the Count De Pauloski, who attempted to appear studiously grave, but which rash attempt ended by his smiling outright. I see that I've had traitors near me, eh! Who has shared my confidence,

too? Oh, yes! Now, by the Czar of Russia, gentlemen, I'll try and find this person who has abused my confidence, and I instruct you to do the same, and if we are happy enough to light upon him, I'll—I'll— What punishment does he deserve for his temerity, Lady Todleben?"

"I am greatly honoured by your Imperial Highness asking my opinion as to what punishment should be inflicted on the culprit (if he is ever discovered), for the unpardonable offence of breach of your Imperial Highness's confidence," said Maria, raising her eyes from that wicked, little shoe of her's, to the fashion and quality of which she seemed to be paying great attention, and glancing mischievously at the Count, "and if my humble opinion will have any weight to influence your decision, my lord Duke, I would advise you to promote him to a Coloneley immediately, as I believe that whoever holds that rank in our army has enough of responsibility resting on his shoulders to harass him continually, and I think that that would be but a just punishment for the offence he has committed."

"By Jove! Lady Todleben, your advice will even be acted upon," said the smiling Prince, "and I assure you, gentlemen, it is the best advice I've ever received! Don't you think so, General?" he asked of Prince C.

"Well, yes, your Imperial Highness, I think it very good advice, if he is fit for the commission. But suppose he cannot be discovered?"

"Oh, don't fear," said the Duke, laughing. "It will not take long for us to find him, I think, eh, Lady Todleben?"

"No, your Highness, I don't think it will."

"And then, as to his not being fit for the office, why, something tells me that he is fit for it, in fact, that he should have received his commission long ago. Oh, yes, he'll get a coloneley;" then turning to the Count de Pauloski, he said, while a sly smile flitted over his countenance, "Major, have the goodness to make a memorandum of this. Call on me to-morrow, at nine, and bring the person with you, remember, as I want to get the commission filled up to bestow on him. I dare say, Major, that it will not take you long to find this gentleman, so be certain,

and attend. By the bye, Lady Todleben," he continued, turning to Maria as he spoke, "I was near forgetting one of the chief objects of my visit. I want to have a few words in private with you. Will you allow me now, if you please?"

"Certainly, my lord Duke," responded Maria, "will you please to walk in here?" and she opened a door that led into a very comfortable apartment. They both entered, and the Prince having conducted Maria to an ottoman, and taken a seat himself, addressed her,

"Have you received any communication from your husband since his promotion, Lady Todleben, or is it only from an official source that you heard the report?"

"Oh yes, my lord Duke," replied Maria, "I received the first intimation of his being promoted to a Major-Generalship on this morning by a letter from my Edward."

"Ah, I am gratified at that, as I thought that you did not feel certain as to the veracity of the report, for if you did, I could—"

"You could what, my lord Duke?" asked Maria.

"I was saying," returned the Grand Duke smiling, "that a General has just arrived from the Crimea, who is a great friend of your husband, and knows how to prize his talents, at he accurately examined all the plans and specifications drawn up by General Todleben upon fortifying Sebastopol, and I thought that you might wish to see him, as he may have some message from your husband. If you do wish it, I will send for him at once."

"Yes, my lord Duke, I would like very much to have an interview with him, if you would do me the favor of sending for him."

"I shall be very happy to do so, indeed," said the Prince. "Here, Gniteroff," he continued, opening the door, and calling one of his aide.

"Well, your Imperial Highness."

"Go and tell that General—he that arrived from the Crimea this morning, you know.—that I request him to attend immediately here;" he then added in a low tone, "he is down in my carriage."

"Yes, your Royal Highness," and the aide-de-camp disappeared.

The Prince, while an unaccountable (to Maria) smile played about his finely-chiselled mouth, took two or three turns up and down the room, but at length turned towards her, and saying,

"I feel certain, Lady Todleben, that you will conceive a great regard for this gentleman, when you see him. For he is so— Ah, here he is."

And as he spoke, footsteps were heard approaching the door. It was thrown open, and a tall figure, muffled up in a large military cloak, and wearing a plumed chapeau, entered. In a few moments the large mantle was thrown aside, and displayed to the eyes of the astonished and delighted Maria her own Edward, dressed in the gorgeous uniform of a Major General of Engineers, and on whose breast sparkled a brilliant star.

"Dearest Edward!" broke from her lips, and in another moment she was clasped in his arms.

We drop the curtain before the scene.

A PARABLE.

The sun has risen—the night her course has run;
The birds sing sweetly upon every tree;
The sparkling dew-drops glitter in the sun:
And nature all around laughs merrily.
Again with book in hand I sally forth,
And wend my devious course where'er I please;
And muse, as I survey from south to north,
On all the pleasures of retired ease; sees!
What bliss in solitude to roam, where no rude stranger
Behold the massive trunk of that huge oak,
That, like a mountain, towers above the rest,
That could resist the lightning's fiery stroke.
To sit beneath its shade methinks is best;
Not that I dread the thunderbolt or flash.
The day looks bright—there is no cause for fear;
But it is better I should not be rash;
Therefore I shall recline in safety here;
I need not fear to fall asleep, while that huge oak is near.
My eyes grow heavy, and I sleep at last,
And dream of happy days long since gone by.
My dream is broken by a thundering blast,
Which warns me now, that I must quickly fly.
This giant oak which erst so powerful stood,
Behold it now—how tottering and frail!
No longer can it shelter from the flood,
Nor from the lightning, or the pelting hail;
And now, alas, good cause have I my folly to bewail!
And now the thunder howls above my head:
The storm roars loudly in the blackening sky;
The mountains and the forests quake with dread,
And not a sheltering spot can I descry.
The boughs are wrenched from off the giant oak;
The hurricane its weakness seems to mock;
Its roots are torn up by the thunder-stroke.
I rush: and scarcely reach a sheltering rock, shock!
When, trembling and collaps'd, it falls beneath the mortal
Such is the life of man! his morn is bright;
In ease and negligence he wanders forth;
He sleeps, and puts his trust in what, ere night,
Turns out to be valueless and nothing worth;
He sees his peril, when almost too late,
Remembers, too, that death is sinners' wages;
He rushes wildly from the realms of hate,
And finds protection, as foretold in sages,
In God, the sheltering Rock, in Christ the Rock of Ages!
E. M. S.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The following narrative is true, in its minutest details—the two persons who sustain the most prominent characters in it, from an easily understood delicacy, decline to place themselves ostensibly before the public. The names of Marcel and Cassan are fictitious—the facts are scrupulously correct.

Everybody knows that in the time of the French revolution the Chateau of Maulevrier, once the residence of the great Colbert, was burned to the ground, and that the incendiaries danced madly and joyously round the fire which they had raised.

Near the scene of destruction, a young republican officer was seated under an old tree, contemplating, with folded arms, and tears in his eyes, the excesses which his soldiers were committing.

He was thus wretchedly looking at desolation and destruction, which he could neither check nor prevent, when a staff officer galloped up to him and delivered him a letter.

He broke the seal and read the contents—too easily alas!—by the light of the flames which were annihilating a mansion which a thousand associations ought to have rendered secure.

"Tell General Kleber," said the Captain, "that in less than an hour my company shall be on the march, and that his instructions shall be punctually obeyed."

The aide-de-camp galloped away again, and the young Captain having buckled on his sword, which lay by him on the grass, walked towards the crowd of revolutionists, who were performing a sort of wild and savage saraband about the falling beams and timbers, which were crackling over their heads, and crackling under their feet, and gave orders to beat to arms.

The roll of the drum instantly collected the soldiers to the point; but they were drunk, and the subalterns were absorbed in that sort of fearful delight, which we are told animated Nero, even unto fiddling, while Rome was burning. They reeled under the weight of their arms, and drink, stumbling over the burning embers which lay about them; but the word "Forward," delivered in a firm voice, produced a general advance, (intended for a march,) "*haud passibus*

equis," in the direction indicated by the Captain.

Whither they were going they knew not—this, militarily speaking, "signifies nothing;" suffice it to say, that they arrived at their place of destination at five o'clock in the morning.

They had sung, almost perpetually on the way, the "*Marseillaise*," probably to keep themselves in breath; they had sworn, blasphemed, cursed and done a variety of equally laudable things, by means of which they had, to a considerable extent, overcome their drunkenness. But in the midst of the difficulties which assailed them, from the intricacy of the road which they were obliged to take, lest they should suddenly come upon the advanced posts of the royal army, the Captain spoke not; he marched on—watching, as it were, over a herd of debased men, whom his country had committed to his care.

The first word which passed his lips was "*Halt!*" and the troops were at that moment in front of one of those convenient and charming residences with which the groves of La Vendee are so thickly studded. No wall defied admission; it was surrounded by a simple hedge. Peace seemed to dwell in its confines—all was calm and quiet, as if the asperities of civil war had not yet reached it, and that its owner had nothing to fear from the frantic disturbers of public tranquillity, to whose assaults it might at any moment be obnoxious.

"Shall I beat to arms, Citizen Marcel," said the drummer, who was a few paces in advance of the Captain.

"No," said Marcel, "I have a special duty to perform. I go alone into this house."

He passed the hedge, and knocking at the house door violently, cried, "Open—in the name of the Republic—open the door."

The demand was speedily answered, and an old female servant gave him entrance to the peaceful abode, and led him to a room, not merely comfortably, but luxuriously furnished.

"Citizen," said the Captain, "General Stofflet and his staff have passed part of the night in this house. If they are yet here, in the name of the law I call upon you to

give them up. If they are gone, I command you to tell me whither."

The old woman turned pale—her lips quivered—her countenance wore an expression of mingled grief and surprise; but her tongue—which a woman can command when she cannot control her looks—was still—no word of either wonderment or fear passed her lips.

"Sir," said she, (she called him not citizen,) "before Heaven I can swear that there is no human being in this house, except those who have a right to be here."

"Well," said the Captain, "to prevent worse things happening, let all persons under this roof present themselves to me immediately."

The old woman went to do as she was ordered, without betraying any emotion, leaving the Captain to contemplate the delightful arrangements of the *salon* in which he was ensconced.

In about a quarter of an hour an elegant, handsome lady, of about one or two and forty years of age, accompanied by two beautiful young girls, made their appearance.

One word, *par parenthese*, of Captain Marcel. He was a Parisian born; his father was an obscure workman in one of the most obscure parts of the town, and the son followed the paternal trade; and there he would have remained till the day of his death, in all probability, had not the revolution called forth his energies in a very different sphere.

He joined the revolutionists, young, generous and enthusiastic—his patriotism thirsted not for blood after having been excited by drink. Neither was he one of the *sans-culottes*, who anticipated nothing in the overthrow of a legitimate government and the establishment of a republic, but their own aggrandizement. Marcel was possessed of courage, single-mindedness, simplicity, and nobleness of character. The revolutionary excesses by which Paris was outraged "grieved his heart."

His disgust at the bloodshed and executions constantly in progress in the capital, led him to seek his fortunes in the field; he was a volunteer at Valmy—again at Fleurus an order of the Convention sent him into La Vendee, whither he went full of grief for

the calamities which were accumulating upon the people, but still encouraging the hope that he might, to the full extent of his power, lighten their sorrows, and alleviate their miseries. This disposition and this character obtained for him the confidence of General Kleber, and hence the orders which carried him to the house at which we have just noticed his arrival.

The appearance of the lady and her two daughters, their countenances full of solicitude, and the dread which the sight of a military uniform in those days of terror inspired, affected him much. He was conscious of the feeling his appearance in their peaceful abode had excited—it was his anxiety to soothe them.

"Citizens," said he, in a manner sufficiently respectful to reassure them, and dissipate their apprehensions; I am merely fulfilling my prescribed duty as a soldier. It is stated that General Stofflet and his staff passed the last night in this neighborhood—your house is pointed out as the only one in which he could have obtained shelter. I am gratified in its having fallen to my lot to investigate this matter, as I hope to be able as much as possible to moderate the rigour of the orders which I have received."

"We are here alone," said the lady; "my daughters and myself. We live as retired as possible, and wholly apart from the tumults inseparable from a state of civil war. If you doubt my word—there can be no difficulty in searching my house."

Marcel's fine countenance in an instant expressed his repugnance to the idea that he was there as a spy, or an agent of police.—Madame de Souland saw and appreciated that expression; her unwelcome visitor, however, contented himself with telling her that her statement was of itself sufficient.

"Perhaps," added he, "under the circumstances, I might venture to ask you to give a few hours' shelter and some refreshment to the men of my company, who are with me—we have been marching all night, and they require a little rest."

"These rooms are at their service," replied the lady, "I will give directions that they be accommodated as comfortably as we can manage it. I presume," continued the

lady, "there will be no objection to allowing my daughters and myself to retire to our own apartments during their stay?"

Captain Marcel graciously indicated his accordance with her wishes, and in less than five minutes after their departure from the *salon*, it was filled by the hungry soldiers of the republic, who rushed into it pell-mell, and lost not a moment in seizing with unmitigated eagerness the abundance of cold meat and wine, which were served to them with an unsparing hand, until they had satisfied their appetites and thirst. One of them, who was universally believed to be a secret agent, commissioned by Carrier and some other representatives of the people, threw himself into a magnificent velvet armed chair, and stretching his legs, cased as they were in dirty dusty boots, upon another, exclaimed—"This is all vastly agreeable, and rather fine into the bargain, and we have been making ourselves uncommonly comfortable at the expense of these *ci-devants*; but business must be looked to—the meat and the wine, essential to life, don't tell us anything about Stofflet. Your orders are peremptory, Captain, eh?"—this suspected house is safe—it ought to be burnt."

"My orders," said Marcel, "are strict enough; but they refer to the finding of Stofflet, and it is our duty to sacrifice every thing to get hold of him, and deliver him up to the Republic; but here are three innocent women living in this house—it is quite impossible that they should have answered me in the manner they did, if there were the slightest grounds for the General's information. No no—they have treated us well—we are all fresh and ready for a start, so let us get into marching order."

"No, Captain, no," said the suspected agent, "not just yet. Do you think, Captain, that all this fine breakfast with which we have been so kindly regaled, was got ready for a middle-aged lady and her two daughters? Somebody else was expected—What do you think of *that*, Captain? At the same time tossing him a letter from the Abbe Bernier to Stofflet, which he had found lying open on one of the tables in the room dated three days since. "Captain," added the fellow, "What does it say? that Madame de

Souland, the aristocratic 'lady' up stairs, would give it to Stofflet himself, the moment he reached her house; what do you think of that, Captain! Why, that he was here last night, and that she did give it to him. Perhaps he saw from that window the flames of our last night's triumph—the destruction of the house of his former masters; they served him as a warning—he fled, and he is yet before us. Comrades!—human feelings are not to be considered—the country's welfare is paramount to all. It is our duty to take care that the tyrant should never again be able to take refuge in this asylum."

The republican soldiers, half drunk as they were, too aptly comprehended the meaning of this heartless monster's words, and too quickly put his implied orders into execution. In two minutes they were dispersed throughout the whole house—some rushed into the upper rooms, others burst into the cellars—every part of the building was rummaged and ransacked. Oaths the most blasphemous—songs the most vulgar and disgusting, were yelled within its walls. The wretched Madame de Souland and her trembling daughters heard the horrid sounds even in the remote room in which they had shut themselves up: above—below, tumult raged. The daughters, who had already witnessed much of the horror of civil war, endeavored to encourage their exemplary mother to bear up against the dreadful affliction.

"We shall soon be houseless, said the elder one; but in our wretchedness and exile, we shall have the happiness of knowing that the last act of our prosperous life was sheltering and saving one of the noblest supporters of the royal cause." Madame de Souland clasped her children to her bosom, while tears streamed from her eyes.

All at once a yell was raised amongst the bloodhounds, and the cry of "Burn the house!—Serve it as we served Maulevrier last night!—Smoke the fox from his hiding place!" was universal.

In an instant they rushed from the building, and lighting torches made of the broom growing round about it, set fire to it in various places, and having done so, withdrew in such order as to surround it so that no

human being could escape from the blazing ruins before them.

The moment the flames curled round the walls, the wretched Madame de Souland rushed into the balcony over the door, her two daughters clinging senseless to her arms, screaming for help—for mercy.

"In the name of heaven raise a ladder! not for me—not for me—but my poor children. Oh, save them!" and in an agony of despair she lifted up one of her beloved girls, as if to excite the compassion of the incendiaries.

The agent of Carrier smiled.

"Captain," said he, "I should like to have a shot at those royalists."

"The man who fires dies by my hand," said Marcel, in an agony of despair and disgust.

At that moment two shots were heard, and in an instant two of the three victims in the balcony, which had just taken fire, lay drenched in blood.

Marcel rushed to the Man of the People, who had done this deed, and crying out, "Miscreant! you have realized your dreadful intention—I fulfil mine!" At which words, placing the barrel of his pistol close to the barbarian's head, he pulled the trigger, and the murderer was a corpse.

This was a desperate step—the coolness and firmness of Marcel, and the sight of the fallen monster, had their effect upon the soldiers—they gazed with astonishment, but murmured not.

"There were three," cried Marcel, "two only have been butchered. Citizens, they are women—help me to save the third."

An affirmative shout of willingness was the answer. The balcony was sealed—Marcel leading the party who joined him—he rushed past the bleeding bodies of the poor innocents who had fallen, into the midst of the house; the rafters glistened in the fitful breeze, and the beams crackled under his feet—amidst the dense smoke which still filled the more remote parts of the building, he forced his way—a dreadful crime had been committed, and Marcel had sworn never to leave the burning ruins, unless the unhappy girl, now become an orphan, was the companion of his return. In vain he sought

—he could find no trace of her; the flames were towering up; every moment added to the perils of his position. Still he flinched not, failed not, till at the very last instant of hope, at the end of a corridor, of which the flames had only just seized hold, he saw a female figure stretched upon the floor. At one bound, he reached the spot where she lay; she was senseless and cold as death, but she yet breathed. Marcel raised her up, and placing her in his arms, retraced his hurried steps along the burning floors till he again reached the balcony. His precious burden was happily unconscious of the work of horror going on. The flames were already devouring the blood-stained bodies of her mother and sister over which he had to tread.

The ladder by which he had ascended was steadied by the men below, and Marcel brought the rescued innocent safely to the ground. Then did his noble heart overflow—then did gratitude take the place of intrepidity, and tears fell from his eyes.

“Let us, my friends,” said he to the soldiers, “complete this act of expiation which has been so well begun—let us protect this helpless girl, who now has nowhere else to look for protection.”

The appeal had its effect—the unfortunate creature was no longer an aristocrat—a royalist; she was an orphan, whose mother and sister had been killed—a countrywoman, whom their captain had rescued from death. The sentiment expressed by Marcel was unanimously adopted.

The generous-hearted victim to political phrenzy, watched over his youthful charge with a fraternal solicitude, and suggested to his comrades the absolute necessity of removing her from the dreadful scene of her distress and her bereavement before she recovered sufficiently to be aware of what had happened; expressing his opinion that the right course to pursue, would be to place her in security at the first farm-house which they might reach—a proposition only rendered questionable by the fact, that the active operations of the revolutionists in advance had left scarcely a farm house standing in their line of march. It is true that the houses of the *ci-devant* nobility and

gentry had been specially marked for destruction by the levelers, and the axe and the fire-brand had amply fulfilled their duty; but when the bettermost dwellings were gone, the mad fury of popular desperation, which no argument can check, or no reasoning control, fell upon the farms and cottages. At Marcel's suggestion, a sort of litter was constructed, upon which the poor sufferer was gently borne along; nor was it for a considerable time that she evinced any symptom of returning consciousness. The moment at length arrived—the moment which Marcel, who had never quitted the side of the litter, so anxiously expected, and so deeply dreaded.

In that moment a confused recollection of all the horrors to which she had been exposed flashed into her mind; she raised herself on the litter—she gazed about her—she found herself the prisoner of the men by whom she was surrounded—she gave another wild look around, and hiding her face in her hands, one word only forced itself from her lips.

“Mother—mother!” cried she, in an agony of doubt and fear.

“Young lady,” said Marcel, “assure yourself that you are in perfect safety—compose yourself—be calm.”

“But where?” cried the unhappy girl; “where is my mother—where is my sister? Oh! give them to me—bring them to me—why am I alone—whither are you taking me—why am I deserted—why unprotected?”

“You are neither,” said Marcel, in a soft and tender voice; you have a protector near you, who, from this day, will never desert you; who will be ever ready to sacrifice his life and his fortunes for you—a friend whom misfortune has raised up to you. I am that friend—do not tremble—you have nothing to fear.”

“But my mother! my sister!” repeated the distracted girl, scarcely conscious who it was to whom she was speaking.

“Alas!” said Marcel, “a heavy blow has fallen upon you—your mother and sister are no more—your peaceful home exists no longer—you have been preserved by almost a miracle. I swore to save you, and I have done it. I have need of all my firmness to

keep these men in order—for your own sake do not unnerve me by the sight of your sorrow; dry your tears—suppress your sighs. We have yet many difficulties to encounter—that we conquer them depends upon your own resolution.”

Mademoiselle de Souland was very young, but yet aware of the wisdom of the Captain's advice. She struggled hard to conceal the agonies of grief which she was suffering, but again burying her face in her hands implicitly yielded herself to the council and conduct of the stranger, who appeared to be so deeply interested in her fate.

The first place at which they arrived, in which he could hope to find anything like a suitable asylum for his fair charge, was Chatillon-sur-Sevres, which had already been taken and retaken twice by the Vendéans, and the troops of the much dreaded Westermann. Marcel looked forward anxiously to reaching this point, inasmuch as he had, some time before, been quartered in the house of a widow, one of its most respectable inhabitants.

He lost not a moment in confiding Mademoiselle de Souland to the care of this exemplary woman; and having told her all that had happened, succeeded in creating a warm feeling of sympathy in her heart for the young lady—not the less readily excited by the fact that the widow herself had suffered, sadly and deeply, during the civil war. Here the gallant Marcel left her—nor was it till time developed to the poor young lady all the dreadful circumstances connected with the death of her mother and sister, that she could duly appreciate the noble conduct of her preserver and protector. Time, also, soothed and softened the sorrows of her heart, and the grief with which she continued for some months weighed down and oppressed, was not unfrequently chequered with feelings of solicitude concerning her gallant and disinterested preserver.

Constantly engaged in the various campaigns in which “regenerated France” was perpetually engaged—ordered from one place to another—either to attack or defend—Marcel had no opportunity of seeing the orphan for many years; but she was never absent from his thoughts—the scene of devastation

was constantly before his eyes. He contrasted in his mind the death-like paleness of the unhappy girl, as he bore her, at the peril of his life, amidst the crackling ruins of her home, with the graceful gentleness of manner, and sweetness of expression, which distinguished her when she, so short a time before, had joined her mother in welcoming him to their roof. In point of fact, throughout all the eventful scenes of active life, even in the breach, or the battle-field, the thoughts nearest his heart, and dearest in his memory, were those of Mademoiselle de Souland.

Time wore on, and the fortunes of war again brought Marcel into the neighborhood of Chatillon; but he was no longer a captain—he had risen to the rank of brigadier, the reward of many meritorious services. The moment he had made the necessary disposition of his troops, he hastened to the house of the widow—the asylum of his beloved. In that humble dwelling, in her simple mourning he found her, more lovely than even he had ever fancied her, even in his brightest dreams. He approached her with mingled respect and tenderness, and tears filled her eyes as she extended her hand to welcome him.

“Ah!” said she, endeavoring to conceal her emotion, “how truly grateful I am for this visit! It was not until after we had parted that I was fully aware of the extent of my debt of gratitude to you for your noble conduct to me, and your endeavors to save those who are gone; believe me, the recollection is engraved on my heart, and never will be obliterated.”

“Those events,” said Marcel, are equally impressed upon my mind, and neither time nor space can efface them. In the dark hour of death and danger, I swore to be your protector—that oath is registered in Heaven! You see before you a brother, who desires only to know your wants and wishes, to supply the one and realize the other. All I ask is, that wherever fate or fortune may lead or drive me, your thoughts may be with me. Confide to me your sorrows and your hopes, and if fate should deny me the happiness of sharing them, it will be the first object of my life to secure your com-

fort and tranquility. The events of that one dreadful day have linked us to each other inseparably."

Tears fell from the bright eyes of Mademoiselle de Souland, and Marcel, if he wept not, felt as deeply as she did. She pledged herself to take no step in life without consulting him, and to keep him always acquainted with her circumstances and proceedings. He was delighted with her ready compliance with his wishes, and in the midst of vows and promises of friendship and esteem, forced himself away from her; the impression being strong upon his mind that they should never meet again.

A few days afterwards, Colonel Marcel was ordered to join the army in Italy.

Time wore on, and neither the royalist lady nor the republican soldier forgot their vows. Whenever an opportunity offered, they corresponded with each other; these opportunities, however, grew more rare as the war advanced.

When tranquility was re-established in La Vendee, the orphan daughter of the murdered Madame de Souland was put into possession of her patrimonial estate; the revolutionary government not having the power to order its sale, inasmuch as she, the representative of her family, had not emigrated. Hersuit, however, had been zealously pressed by Marcel, who had become one of the most distinguished officers in the army of Italy, possessing in an eminent degree the favor and confidence of the First Consul, who readily gave his consent to the restitution, which not only placed the young lady at her ease as to wordly circumstances, but promised peace and tranquility for the rest of her life.

Marcel followed his chief from Italy to Egypt, from Egypt to France; he was honored, dignified, and decorated, but his elevation did not in the slightest degree weaken or change his feelings with regard to Mademoiselle de Souland.

His efforts to restore her to her property, with all his acknowledged nobleness of heart and generosity of character, might perhaps have been strengthened by a feeling of a tenderer nature than a mere sense of justice, and he might have looked forward at some

future day to share the happiness he had secured for her. Certain it is, that the greatest delight he enjoyed during his long and hard-fought campaigns, was derived from the perusal of her letters, expressive as they were of her purity of heart and ingenuousness of mind. Time and absence seemed to have increased and even changed the character of his affection for the amiable orphan, and he resolved the moment that circumstances permitted it, to avow his love for her, and solicit her hand.

That moment arrived sooner than he expected, and after a separation of eight years, he availed himself of a temporary cessation of hostilities, caused by a hollow treaty of peace entered into with the enemies of France, to hasten to the object of his devotion and esteem.

He reached her residence—all was calm and lovely—no vestige of the old house remained—a new and picturesque villa occupied its site—no sign was there of death, or blood, with which the scene had from the fatal day, too well remembered, associated in his mind. The trees were covered with blossoms—the birds sang sweetly—the air was redolent of perfume—all seemed gay and happy.

The moment the name of "General" Marcel was announced, the mistress of the house flew rather than ran to greet and welcome him—she threw herself into his arms, and with an emotion to which sterner hearts than his are liable, he clasped her to his breast.

"I promised," said he, when he could speak, "I promised to return to you, and here I am; fortune has smiled on me, fate has been propitious—I have risen to the head of my profession—I am rich and prosperous—so am I changed:—but as for *you*,—I am the same as I was when we parted at Châtillon, or as I was in the hour which we must endeavor to forget."

"And truly worthy," said Mademoiselle de Souland, "are you of the honours you have required. Come—come—into *my* house—the house which you have restored to me, and where your life was risked to preserve mine.

The General placed himself by her side, and gazed with delight upon those beautiful

features, to which time had given a sweeter and tenderer expression, as he thought, than they even possessed at an earlier period of her life; he took her hand, pressed it to his lips, and drawing her closer to him, said,—

"For eight years I have delighted myself with a bright vision of happiness.—You alone can realize it—my future comfort depends on *you*, for those eight years I have loved you, dearly, devotedly."

"Oh General!" said Mademoiselle de Souland, "do not deceive yourself—do not mistake the interest which the peculiarity of my circumstances may have awakened in your mind for any other sentiment."

"Assure yourself," said Marcel, "mine is Love—pure, honest, and sincere."

"Oh! do not, do not, say it," sobbed the agitated girl, "let me love you as a sister, let me look upon you as my kindest brother—as you *have* been and *are* my dearest friend thanks to your interest and power I am rich: my family property is restored to me; but listen—hear me—a cousin of mine to whom I was engaged to be married, in the time of our prosperity, who fought, and who has bled in the cause of the loyalists, has returned from a long exile, a beggar—he comes to claim me. A few hours before my beloved mother's death, she implored me to fulfil my pledge to him—*then*, little thinking how many years were to elapse before it would be possible for me to do so. Her words still ring in my ear—can I break the promise I made to *her*—the vow I pledged to *him*?"

"No!" said Marcel, as firmly as he was able; his cheeks were pale, his lips quivered, and tears stood in his eyes.

"Beloved woman!" said he, "be happy—to secure that happiness was the object of my life—I *had* hoped to contribute to it—to share it—that is over, let me remain your dearest friend. Having said which his countenance assumed another expression, and with a forced gaiety he added.

"But upon one condition; I must be presented to my rival—your marriage must take place immediately—let me at least have the satisfaction of giving you to him; let him receive the blessing at the hand of the brother whom Providence has given you."

The struggle was too much for the generous Marcel, the tears fell from his eyes. Mademoiselle de Souland wept bitterly.

"Come, come," said the General, "do not let us be childish, *my* sacrifice is made—sorrow for me is useless—for *you* there is none. Now tell me where I can find the happy object of your affections—we must be friends."

It is not to be supposed that this (heroic, it may be called) request was uncomplied with—within two hours the distinguished General was at the door of the emigrant royalist.

"Sir," said he, as he entered the largest room of one of the smallest imaginable houses, "I ought not, perhaps, to be entirely unknown to you; I am General Marcel. Mademoiselle de Souland, whose life I saved in the midst of the horrors and bloodshed in which her mother and sister perished, and whom I love better than my life, tells me that you are betrothed to her; with me whatever she says is a command. Yes, sir; even upon this important point, which utterly overthrows my hopes of future happiness and comfort. Here I am, for the purpose of entreating you to decide the question, which, if left in suspense, I am sure I should not have strength of mind to endure."

"Sir," said the favoured lover, "your history, so wonderfully and intimately connected with that of my cousin, has been long familiar to me—your noble frankness of manner demands a similar ingenuousness on my part. All her letters to you—all yours to her, since my return to France, have been read by me; she consulted me; I advised her; I was charmed with the nobleness and disinterestedness of your affection for her; what has just occurred only proves the justice of my opinion of you."

"Well," said the General, "under these circumstances you can have no wish to postpone your marriage. Why was it delayed so long?"

"Because," said the lover, "till she had seen you, and told you all the circumstances, she did not feel herself at liberty to take so decisive a step without your consent. Will you indeed, General," continued he, "add

this blessing to the other benefits you have conferred upon her family?"

"I will," said Marcel, with great emotion; "but it must be done quickly—I have made up my mind. Come with me to her house. My sacrifice is made, but I cannot dwell upon it. Come—come—let it be to-day, hear her consent, and I will stay to see it ratified."

They walked together to the house of the lady; nothing remained to the completion of the happiness of the young couple, but the celebration of the ceremony. In less than a week, Marcel led Mademoiselle de Souland to the altar—not as a bridegroom but a brother. He bore it calmly and firmly—there seemed no struggle of feelings in his mind until the pair were married—actually married.

"You will be happy," said he, as the ceremony ended, his heart beating, and his eyes again wet with tears; "you must be happy—it is the dearest object of my hopes, the sincerest of my wishes—farewell! I have seen you established—I have seen you united to the man of your choice—adieu!—but sometimes think of the unfortunate Marcel."

Monsieur and Madame Cassan—for Madame Cassan had Mademoiselle de Souland now become, clung round their noble benefactor. He embraced them affectionately, but the sight of their happiness he could not long have endured. He rejoined the army.

Eleven years passed after this noble sacrifice and painful separation. Eleven years of hard fighting. Marcel was everywhere in the thick of it—from West to North—from Austerlitz to Saragossa—from Vienna to Moscow. His influence with the upstart usurper gradually increased, and he was named General of Division. The assumption of Imperial authority, by the man who became what he was by clambering over the ruins of royalty, produced for him, besides his decorations, a title; and the obscure workman, raised into notice at a period when the destruction of the nobility was the first object of the wretches with whom he was linked, became, under the Napoleon usurpation, Count Marcel; during which eleven years, such were the occupations of the ennobled mechanic, that very few letters passed

between him and Madame Cassan; those, however, which he did receive, gave him great pleasure, as announcing the happiness of the wife, and the gratitude to him of the husband.

All the glories of Count Marcel and his master, however, were destined to be dimmed, and finally, extinguished, by Wellington, the invincible; the British army defeated and defeated over and over again all the array of troops—gallant and experienced as they were, which the *soi-disant* Emperor could bring to face them. What the French call the long unsullied purity of their soil was violated, and the tramp of the stranger was heard in its plains, its villages and its cities.

All these reverses agitated Madame de Cassan only inasmuch as they might affect the Count Marcel. She had shuddered at the perils he had encountered amid the snows of Russia, and in the inclemency of Beresina; but she dreaded much more the effect likely to be produced upon his mind by the overthrow of the Emperor, by whom he had been honored, elevated and decorated, but in whose downfall her loyal heart could not fail to rejoice.

The Imperial throne, based on usurpation and injustice, fell; but Count Marcel was one of those conscientious and consistent persons who boldly stuck by the wreck, even while the ship was sinking. He did not quit Fontainebleau, until no Emperor remained in France.

During the eleven years which had passed since the day on which General Marcel made the noble sacrifice we have recorded, his character had undergone an extraordinary change. Love no longer occupied his heart. His friendship, his esteem for Madame Cassan were as warm and intense as ever, but the current of his thoughts, the course of his ambition, were changed. He began to feel the approach of age, accelerated by the effects of the wounds he had received; he became grave and thoughtful, and his mind adapted itself to pursuits not purely military. In fact, his ambition was to become one of the leading men in the empire. His hopes were realized, and when his master fell, he was as highly placed as subject well could be.

When the fall occurred, and he unwillingly and tardily quitted Fontainebleau—all his greatness gone, his rank and titles gone—his thoughts naturally reverted to the only two living beings in whom he had any interest. But what had happened? The throne of France was filled by the king whose restoration they had so long and so ardently desired. The head of that house, for which, in sorrow and adversity they had suffered even unto the death, had been welcomed to his capital by the cheers and shouts of rejoicing millions, enraptured to be freed from the tyranny inherent in a liberal government. Marcel—the great, although fallen Marcel—determined never to disturb the quietude and happiness of Madame Cassan and her husband, and resolved neither to visit nor write to her again.

The calm which followed the joyous restoration and return of the Bourbons, was, as everybody knows, soon broken by military disaffection, and the escape of Bonaparte from his burlesque exile at Elba. It may easily be imagined, that Count Marcel, favored as he had been by the Corsican chief, flew to welcome his eagles again on the shores of France.

In the meantime, and before Bonaparte's escape—if it could be called an escape from a place in which he never was watched—Monsieur de Cassan, the husband of Marcel's love, had been sent for to Paris; and by an impulse of gratitude, not always felt by very great personages towards very small ones, had been rewarded for all the sufferings he had undergone, and all the fidelity he had evinced, by a somewhat important office in the capital. Then came the hundred days; then came the glorious triumph of England, under Wellington, at Waterloo; then followed the surrender of General Bonaparte, and his consequent banishment; then what happened to General Count Marcel, wounded and conquered like his master—who, however, was conquered without being wounded. Count Marcel was suspected and accused of having been concerned in a conspiracy, to the nature of which we need not here refer, but the effects of which France may long lament.

The moment that Madame de Cassan had

heard that her protector—he to whom she owed her life and fortune, was compromised, her heart told her how to act. Her husband was established in his responsible office in Paris; she was living in the country, engaged in the education of her children, regardless alike of the troubles or pleasures of the capital. But her dearest friend—the man to whom she was indebted for her existence, her competence and her husband, was in danger. All thoughts—all considerations, gave way to her resolution to serve him at all hazards. Quitting her tranquil home, and tearing herself away from her beloved family, she started for Paris. The moment her husband saw her, he knew the motives of her hurried and lengthened journey.

"General Marcel," said he, "is seriously implicated—you have come to rescue him—I will assist you; but I tell you he is as seriously implicated as either Ney or Ladeyere. He has some bitter personal enemies in the present government. I need not assure you that he may reckon at least upon one friend."

Madame de Cassan could only reply to this generous speech of her husband by pressing his hand. Her feelings for Marcel's safety were seriously aggravated by the intelligence which she had received of his position, and she resolved to lose no time in endeavoring to discover the object of her solicitude. This, however, was no easy task; her applications to his ancient companions in arms were coldly received; her entreaties for advice how to act with the greatest probability of success, produced no replies; until at length, and when she had begun almost to despair of being useful to him, one of his late aides-de-camp, still devoted to his chief, and convinced by her earnestness and solicitude, of the sincerity and purity of Madame de Cassan's views and intentions, disclosed to her the name of the person, who, in spite of the vigilance and frequent visits of the police, had ventured to afford the fallen favorite an asylum for the last few weeks. It required great caution, as well as trouble, to find out his retreat; at length she succeeded.

The moment the Count beheld her, as she

entered the door of the garret in which he was concealed, he started from the wretched couch on which he was sitting, and running to meet her, exclaimed with a countenance full of hope and joy.

"Fate cannot injure me now! I care for nothing more. You have not abandoned me, and I am satisfied."

"Nay," said Madame de Cassan, "What have I done for you? I came not here through flames and peril—I have not rushed amidst death and danger to serve and save you, as you did for me on that fatal night. I am here to endeavor to pay a debt of gratitude; are you willing to trust your life to the woman who owes her life to you?"

"Angel of goodness!" said the General, falling on his knees; "to you—to your care—to your zeal—to your judgment, I gladly commit myself."

"Then come with me," said Madame de Cassan; "this moment come—in another hour it will be too late—Fouche's police are already aware of your hiding place."

"But whither am I to go?" said the General, astonished by the energy of his companion.

"To my house—to my husband's house here in Paris," replied she, "for a time, and then with us to the quiet scenes of your noble devotion to my interests; there you will be safe. Ney, Labedoyère, and the others, who have taken part in recent events, are awaiting the decrees of justice. I come to shield you from a culprit's death; it is my duty—it is my right; you belong to me, for you are unfortunate; and I shall exercise that right for your preservation, as you, in other days, exerted yours for mine."

Count Marcel, overcome by the unqualified avowal of his friend's determination, followed her implicitly. Her husband's carriage, which was waiting in an adjoining street, conveyed the anxious pair to his house. M. de Cassan received him warmly, embraced him, and by the shelter of his name, the credit of his office, and his unquestioned devotion to the House of Bourbon, protected his political opponent in perfect safety, until, after passing a feverish life in the capital for some time, the opportunity arrived for

his removal to La Vendée. Then, under the shade of M. de Cassan's white cockades, the conspirator of the 20th of March accompanied his intrepid protectress and her husband to the beautiful retreat, which she owed to his influence with the government now overthrown.

Within one hour of Madame de Cassan's visit to the place of Marcel's concealment, whence she forced him, Decazes was aware of its locality. It was visited, searched—one hour too late.

After all their cares and anxieties, the delight may easily be conceived with which they breathed the fresh air, and enjoyed the bright sunshine of nature, in scenes connected with a deep and thrilling interest to all the party. Marcel by degrees recovered his serenity of mind, and in the character of a distant relation to the mistress of the house, who had returned to France on the restoration of her legitimate king, he remained a resident there until a new change took place in the government. His name was then included in the amnesty which was spontaneously granted by an act of royal goodness and clemency. But when the events of 1830 brought into power those who were rejected in 1815, Marcel (whose services Charles X had accepted,) refused all offers of employment which were made to him.

He still lives—advanced in years, but weighed down more, perhaps, by the effects of his numerous wounds, than by age alone. His time is passed chiefly amidst Madame de Cassan's growing family, in whose society his happiness consists; and often do these excellent friends think upon the events of their earlier lives, while contemplating the scenes in which at one period the revolutionary soldier saved the life of a royalist lady, and which, at another, witnessed a proscribed Bonapartist borne to the hospitable roof of a minister of the Bourbon government for shelter and protection. These thoughts bring tears into their eyes; but strange as the events may be to which they thus recur, they serve to prove that there exists in this great and busy world something better and brighter even than glory—compassion for the unfortunate!

THE WIND'S MESSAGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY H. L.

Go, gentle wind,
 Swift o'er the sea,
 Where thou a wind shalt find
 Sad as sad may be,
 Who long hath wept and sorrowed silently.
 Go, gentle wind,
 Haste o'er the waters free,
 And tidings bring;
 That mourner fair
 Thou'lt know her by a ring
 She still doth wear.
 A ring engraven with a dove,
 I gave in secret grove,
 Then left her weeping there.
 Say, o'er the main
 Sailing I come,
 Never to roam again
 From her and home.
 Her cottage window holds a myrtle spray,
 And then in passing, say,
 Myrtle, spring forth and bloom.
 The light wind arose,
 The cot he came near,
 Where the green myrtle grows;
 Then whispered clear—
 Tell me, dwelleth the maiden here,
 On whose finger shows
 The ring with a dove so dear?
 For tidings glad
 I bring her true,
 Soothing her spirit sad
 With joy anew;
 And thou, spring forth and bloom apace,
 The marriage-crown to grace;
 I'll join the dance with you.
 No more the maid
 Mourns here, O wind!
 'Neath the dark yew shade
 Her resting place find;
 Tears are spent, her wreath is twined,
 There dance, but leave unsaid
 Tales that comfort not the dead.

THE GERMAN AND HIS CHILD:

A TRUE STORY.

BY FRIEDRICH GERSTACKER.

CHAPTER I.

With the "swift sailing and well-formed barque 'Rose Bertram,'" as the advertisement stated in the *Hamburg News*, which sailed from that city for New Orleans on the 15th of April, 1839, a poor family, consisting of father, mother, and two children, emigrated, to find in the country of their hopes and dreams that which their own home was no longer enabled to offer them—a calm and comfortable existence, and a security for the

future. The voyage was a tolerably pleasant one, for as soon as they had left the English Channel, and arrived in a more southern climate, the sky grew perfectly serene, so that, under the auspices of a favourable wind, they reached within eight weeks the seven mouths of the Mississippi in the Gulf of Mexico, and were hence towed by the "Hercules" tug up to the "Queen of the West," as the Republicans are wont to call their capital, New Orleans.

Our German, Hermann Schwabe, was not a little astounded when he found in America—a country he always fancied to be one immense wilderness, with a few scattered farms—a city larger than any he had yet seen. Rows of buildings extended along the bank without any visible termination, which was again begirt by an uninterrupted chain of every description of vessels; while on shore omnibuses and countless drays seemed to traverse with dangerous rapidity a heaving mass of busy people. Spite of this throng of fellow-beings, however, he felt very desolate and solitary; not a single face in the whole multitude did he recognise; no hand was outstretched to give him kindly greeting, and all passed him coldly and unsympathizingly. This made a really melancholy impression upon him—an impression which cannot be described, but must be felt; and although the busy movements of the southern city opened a pleasing prospect, and all that surrounded him here was new, strange, and consequently interesting, still he made haste to get away again as soon as possible, and reach the spot where he expected to find friends, and where, indeed, he had relations, through whose letters he had been induced to sell all his little property in Europe, and so pay his passage out.

This relation, a distant cousin of his, lived in Cincinnati, and Schwabe looked, in the first instance, for a steamer to carry him up the Mississippi and Ohio. But there was no difficulty in this matter; at this season, before the commencement of the yellow fever, five or six boats go daily up the river, and two or three are surely bound for the Ohio. He therefore soon had all his arrangements made, though with no slight difficulty, as he did not understand a word

of English; and on the same afternoon the emigrants were clearing their way through the yellow, rapid current of the "Father of Waters." They shot past exquisitely-situated plantations, whose gray shingle roofs gleamed pleasantly through the thick groves of orange-trees and pomegranate bushes, past broad fields of sugar and cotton, where unhappy gangs of slaves were exposed to the scorching beams of the sun, and doing their long day's work under the upraised whip of the overseers. As they went further up, however, the open plantations gradually grew rarer; the forest, which till then had been driven back several miles by cultivated ground, drew nearer to the bank, and finally the gray floating moss hung down in long gloomy strips from the widely-extending branches, and danced in the breeze. But this also ceased; flat, monotonous swamps covered with gigantic trees, and only here and there broken by a little town or an isolated wood cabin, formed the scenery of both banks. After passing the mouth of the Ohio, the landscape assumed a very different character; and the clearer waters of the "beautiful river" being inclosed by hills and mountains, the Germans on board almost fancied themselves carried back to the banks of Father Rhine. They rapidly passed through the canal, which has been cut near Louisville to go round the Rapids, and arrived at Cincinnati on the afternoon of the eighth day.

Here, again, they found busy, active scenes. Many splendid steamers lay along the quays, and little ferry-boats, with their puffing, panting machines, were crossing between Newport and Covington, on the Kentucky side, and Cincinnati. Piles of goods lay heaped up on the bank, and the crews of the different vessels were busily engaged in loading or discharging their freights to get their boats ready for another voyage. Our German, however, though this would have been interesting at any other season, could not stay long to notice it, for evening was drawing on, and he had yet to seek a shelter for the night. Before all things, he must find his relative's house, and his address was written clearly enough in the letter they received from him—"Fürchtegott Wagner,

Stadt Müncheon Coffee house, No. 41, north-east corner of Seventh and Sycamore Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio." There could be no mistake. The letter had, besides, been his safe conduct all the voyage; and he once again read the lines with silent satisfaction. "Only come to America," it said; "you cannot fancy how soon a poor fellow can get on here. You know I left home with scarcely anything, and now I've a coffee-house in one of the largest cities in America, meat three times a day, and am my own master; and how long did it take me to do all this?—a year and a-half; so long I worked on the railway, at sixteen dollars a week wages, and now I'm sitting at my ease in Cincinnati, and have little to do."

"A coffee-house already!" Schwabe thought. "What a lucky fellow he must be. How long would he have been obliged to beg and pray in Germany before he could even get a license. How glad I am that I'm in America. Now I'll work a couple of years on the railway, and do just the same." With this laudable design, he had left the steamer to look for a drayman to carry his luggage up into town, for he intended to put up at his cousin's, for there would surely be room enough in a coffee-house for him and his few traps. He soon found a countryman, who speedily recognised him by his manner and dress; and Schwabe, with his wife, who carried the baby, and his boy, walked slowly up the steep Sycamore Street, which runs up from the quay, behind the dray. Schwabe, who naturally could not decide which was the north-east corner, after passing Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Streets, soon had his eye attracted by a handsome brick house, which appeared most corresponding to his ideas of an American coffee-house. It could not be either of the other corner houses, for two of them were shops, and the third—but, gracious! on the little white shingle cabin was a large black board, on which was painted, in white letters—was he awake or dreaming?—"Stadt München Coffee-house." The letters themselves permitted no doubt; the half English, half German, belonged to a countryman, and this board cabin was the expected asylum.

"Is that the whole of the coffee-house?"

he stammered almost involuntary, and seized the arm of the drayman, as if, by stopping him, he could defer his fate.

"All right," the other replied drily, and seemed to find nothing extraordinary in the exterior of the building. "This is the place, and the gentleman will probably be at home;" and with this laconic remark, his long whip whistled round the ears of the horse, which, partly through this, partly through a long "whoa!" backed towards the door and suddenly stopped.

"Strangers!" the drayman then shouted, and opened the little low door. "Shall I carry the boxes in?"

Schwabe was still standing, almost incapable of deciding, in the street, and could not remove his eyes from the black sign-board. This, then, was an American coffee-house. The mother drew her child closer to her, and seemed to have, probably for the first time, a foreboding of what would be the possible result of their wildly formed schemes. In the doorway appeared, at this moment, no one else than the actual writer of the eventful letter; and instead of standing there ashamed and annihilated, and ready to sink into the earth—as Schwabe had fully expected since his first view of the coffee-house—he hardly recognised the Germans before he stretched out his arms in delight towards them, embraced the wife, and gave them a hearty welcome. Schwabe had no time to express his surprise or disappointment; he found himself, baggage and all, in the little room, and so assailed with inquiries about their old home, that he was at last glad when he could breathe freely. But then he delayed no longer, but looked round the little unpretending room; and the most natural question which now rose to his lips was, "and you call this a coffee-house?"

"Yes!" the somewhat Americanized cousin replied, very calmly, "that's the fashion here; as long as you've a few glasses, and bottles of brandy and whiskey behind the bar—just as you see here—for I've nothing else. But don't let that trouble you; you thought wonders of a coffee-house, and it's the same with all you Germans who come. But now you need only work bravely, and

not let your hands lie idly in your lap, and the rest all comes of itself."

Wagner was perfectly in the right. Many things appear to us at home in the same light, and when we get there we are ready to cry—"Oh! that's all false—that's not a coffee-house: it's only a common cabin!" For the moment, and according to our own views, we are right; but as soon as we have become settled, and removed the dust of prejudice from our eyes, we regard the matter in a very different light, and suddenly find that it really is a coffee-house; or, that at least we can soon make it one, if we only have the firm will to make it so. But I am wandering from my story, and prefer returning as soon as possible to the Stadt Münchener Coffee-house.

Here the Germans sat in the meanwhile very comfortably—not over a cup of coffee, for that could only be procured in the morning for breakfast, but over cups of Cincinnati beer, and talked over their mutual prospects. Wagner had certainly been correct in all he had written his cousin. Through his own handiwork he had earned a little sum, and employed it, as the Germans only too often do in all the cities of America—more especially in Cincinnati—in opening a little grog-shop, which was called, without any fault on his part, a coffee-shop. The earnings at present were certainly, in consequence of the immense rivalry, not so large as formerly; still he gained his livelihood, and, as he was not one to spend much on comforts, he could always lay by a trifle. As regarded his present abode, which was so confined that they were forced to sleep the first few nights in one room, he was just about taking a larger house, and proposed to Schwabe and his wife to remain with him for the present, and assist him in the business. In return, they should receive board and lodging, and a little sum of money. Wagner was quite right again in saying that they must not expect to earn much at first, for they were commencing an entirely new mode of life: and every one, be he who he may, must pay for learning.

Schwabe, who, after the first sorrowful glimpse of the house, had fancied matters much worse than they now proved to be,

readily assented; and on the next day their labours in removing commenced, in which both husband and wife worked willingly, and so were on the best possible terms with their relations.

In this way six months passed, and nothing disturbed the amity and affection subsisting among them. Their active life left them no time to think of anything but their work; but things changed materially, when the new shop had been properly arranged, and the quiet, monotonous life recommenced, which did not afford sufficient to do for all to be equally engaged. Now, little unpleasant scenes occurred between the two women, and bitter words were exchanged. At first, this soon passed over, a reconciliation was either not considered requisite or soon effected; and the thought that they owed much to their relations, which they must strive to requite, kept the Schwabes quiet for several weeks in a position which would have been probably less burdensome to them, had they not continually said to themselves, "These are our relations, who are now playing the grantees, while we must work as servants."

Schwabe now occupied the post of bar-keeper, while Wagner sat at his ease and drank his own beer; and Mrs. Schwabe, who had to nurse her little girl, was forced to wash and iron, sew and mend, and perform all the domestic duties, while Mrs. Wagner, as she now liked to hear herself called, seldom put her hand to anything; and, what was still more painful to her cousin, frequently assumed the manner of a mistress, instead of her former friendliness. They would have left long before, and tried their fortune in the wide, strange land alone; for many prospered, and why should they not also succeed? One thing alone had till now kept them from taking such a step, and bound them to a spot where they began to feel very uncomfortable—their child—their little Louise, now two years of age, and the affection which Madame Wagner really appeared to feel for her. She treated her almost like her own child, and the mother fancied she could put up with much, so long as her little one was well treated. Carl, their boy, now ten years of age, caused them much

less anxiety. He was earning the bread he ate through a thousand light jobs he performed, or errands he ran, and would assuredly not be a burden to them, when they assumed an independent position.

In this manner they remained a whole year in the house, which, as the proprietor's circumstances improved, assumed a more magnificent title, and advanced from the "Stadt Müncheon" to the "City of Munich." But with this increase of prosperity the internal peace became, especially during the last months, more fragile and untenable. The Wagners probably felt this themselves, and could not help perceiving what it was that really caused the Schwabes to remain in this painful position; and Mrs. Wagner at last had so little tact as to meet her cousin half way. She offered one morning to educate her little daughter for her, as she was herself childless—of course that was if the Schwabes ever left them—and to take care of her until they were in better circumstances, and able to undertake the charge themselves. At first the mother could not make up her mind to leave her child, although aware she would be well provided for among strangers, as it were; but at last external and unfavourable circumstances gained the victory. Schwabe spoke openly with his cousin about that which burdened him; the latter took no special trouble to dissuade him. And within a week, after taking a very melancholy farewell of their child, and warmly recommending it to the care of its new foster parents, they were steaming down the Ohio, to the State of Louisiana, where a favourable offer had been made them by a German, who had been stopping for a short time in Cincinnati.

For many years things went on in this fashion. Schwabe found in St. Francisville, a little town not far from the Mississippi, and opposite the settlement of Point-Coupée, good and well paid employment. His son grew up a powerful young fellow, who soon furnished him material assistance; and through his wife's industry and frugality his circumstances gradually improved, and he was at last enabled to think about making a start on his own account, in order to go through the world without constant manual labour. His cousin's example may have

done much to confirm him in his design—the opportunity also appeared favourable. There were very few coffee-houses in St. Francisville, and he was soon enabled, when he walked up the other side of the street, to look up with especial delight at the great blue board on his own house, which announced, in golden letters, not merely that Herrman Schwabe had a coffee-house here, but also cold and warm drinks, fresh and pickled oysters, gingerbread and pork pies; but besides all this, “a dépôt of ready-made real Boston boots and shoes, and Penitentiary hats.” What he had commenced with his own hard toil, he carried out by the help of some cautious, but well-judged speculations; and he was speedily regarded as a well-to-do, if not rich, citizen of the little town. Now, however, a long repressed wish was aroused in the parents to take their child, their little Louise, of whom they had heard nothing for a terrible long while, again to their hearts. Letter writing was, certainly, one of Schwabe’s weak points; he would sooner cut down a tree four feet in diameter, than scrawl a single page. It had always been his determination to go up to Cincinnati himself and fetch his child. Pressing business, and a sudden illness that attacked his wife, at last compelled him either to defer his journey, or else write. But how could the girl come in safety all among strangers all the way to Francisville? Could they dare intrust her to one of the captains? American parents would have done so immediately but the Germans were too timid, and Schwabe really feared that his long-nursed wish must remain unsatisfied, when, quite unexpectedly a capital opportunity offered itself, which both himself and wife joyfully took advantage of.

A young German, living at Bayou Sarah, scarce a mile distant from them, was accidentally going about this time to Cincinnati, to meet some relations who were arriving from Germany, and bring them back with him to Louisiana. A better opportunity for restoring the young girl to her parents could not be desired. Schwabe, therefore, seated himself immediately, and at last composed, with an immensity of labour, a tolerably comprehensive letter, informing his cousin

of all he had hitherto gone through, thanking him for his past kindness to his daughter and begging him to send her back to them by the bearer. Wellbauer (such was the young German’s name) started the same evening up the river, and Schwabe awaited in joyful impatience the arrival of his daughter, who had now been separated from him for thirteen years. Wellbauer, however, could scarcely be back before the expiration of three weeks, for the distance by water between Bayou Sarah and Cincinnati is 1,350 miles; but the parents employed this interval in preparing a little pleasant room for their expected child, that she might feel, at the outset, comfortable and at home beneath the paternal roof, and procured everything that they fancied would afford a pleasure for their dear child, who had so long been parentless. The appointed time was at length past, but Wellbauer had not yet returned; even a fourth week slipped away, without a letter or any news from the person so anxiously expected. Schwabe, who till now had only begged his wife to be patient, as they could not tell what had delayed the return of the young man, began himself to grow timid, and went down two or three times a day to Bayou Sarah, to hear what boats had arrived, and what were expected.

CHAPTER II.

At length, in the fifth week, the long looked-for man arrived; but—Schwabe started, when he saw him, and grew deadly pale—he was alone; *his* child was not with him; and the trembling father already apprehended the worst. Wellbauer, however, soon calmed his fears to the welfare of his young daughter—he had found the girl healthy and cheerful; she had grown rapidly, and looked fresh and pretty—but the letter would tell him the rest, which he had brought him as answer, instead of his daughter. Schwabe now almost guessed what the letter contained. In the last few days, when they were so anxiously expected, all sorts of melancholy and painful thoughts had crossed his mind, which he had really been afraid to impart to his wife, because he did not wish to terrify her with, probably, unfounded suppositions. He now quickly opened the

letter, and saw his worst apprehensions confirmed. It ran thus:—

"Dear Friend and Cousin,

"I was very glad to hear that you are doing well, and that you have made money by your industry and economy, which is the only way of getting on in America. We are doing well, too, and better than when you first found us in the little house at the corner of Sycamore Street. I have opened a boarding-house; and though I'm making money fast, I've so much to do that I hardly know how to set about it.

"As for your daughter, Louise, she has grown a fine and industrious girl; but my wife has become so used to her, that she cannot think of parting with her. Don't be angry, then, if I don't fulfil your wishes and send her to you. In fact, you cannot be angry with us justly. We have had all the bother with her, when a child; and now when she is grown up, and is able to repay us for our labour and outlay, you want us to part with her. My wife treats her as if she was her own daughter. We send her to school, and are giving her a good education. What do you want more? But my wife cannot part with the girl; and we therefore beg you earnestly to leave her with us.

"With the hope that all are well in St. Francisville, and that you think of us sometimes, I subscribe myself your faithful friend and cousin,

"FURCHTEGOTT WAGNER."

"Postscript—Louise sends her best love, and wishes you all health and happiness. How's the price of butter with you? It went up here yesterday two bits; but pork has become much cheaper than when you were here last."

The letter was confused, but its contents were simple and plain; and Schwabe walked for half-an-hour thoughtfully up and down the jetty. Should he tell his wife the story in the same blunt manner? But, then, how could he keep it a secret from her, for would she not fancy at last that something had happened to her child? Besides, the suspicions he began to entertain about Wagner were now confirmed by Welbauer. The latter person, as he had promised the parents to bring them their daughter, and had found

such unexpected resistance, had inquired into the circumstances and mode of life of these people. He then learned that they certainly treated the young girl well, but did not send her to school nearly so regularly as Wagner had stated in his letter; on the contrary, the poor girl was obliged to be on her legs from morning till night, while Mrs. Wagner had entirely retired from business, and played the lady. Louise was invaluable to them through her indefatigable industry. If they sent her back to her parents, they must hire a strange housekeeper, and not merely pay her a heavy sum, but also trust everything in the house to her charge, which is especially dangerous in America, where folk come no one knows whence. With Louise, on the contrary, who scarce remembered her own mother, but regarded the Wagners with all the affection of a real daughter, the former was not necessary, and the latter they need be under no apprehension about. Hence it might be naturally assumed that they would do all in their power to retain their adopted daughter till the expiration of the legal date, or till she had reached her twenty-first year.

Schwabe could not take any legal steps, as Wagner was well aware, with any prospect of success, for no contract had been drawn up; and when it came to a suit, the defendant would either have a lien upon the girl till she came of age conceded to him, or the plaintiff would have to pay a sum of alimony, which would swallow up more than his present fortune. Neither would it do to make a secret of the matter to his wife; sooner or later she must be told of it, and together they could better arrange what steps should now be taken for the best. He therefore returned without delay to St. Francisville, showed her the letter first, and then let her hear from Welbauer all she felt anxious to know. At first, she was nearly distracted, wished to "go to law" at once, and said no law in the country could keep her child from her so unjustly and tyrannically. Schwabe had by his thirteen years' residence in America learned the manners and laws of that country pretty correctly, and feared, not without reason, that by a suit he would first lose his money, and, secondly, not be suc-

cessful. At last he came to the decision that he would go himself to Cincinnati. They could easily say "no" to a simple letter; but if he went as a father asking for his own child, they would not have the heart to refuse her to him, even if the law justified them in so doing.

He had by this time completed all the business which had prevented his journey previously; he therefore quickly made up his mind, calmed his wife by sacredly promising to bring his girl back with him, even if obliged to steal her, and cheerfully prepared to set out for Ohio. "Be of good cheer, mother," he laughed, while making his slight preparations. "What matters, after all? if they won't give me my girl willingly, I'll pretend to yield, but come to a private arrangement with Louise, take her on board the steamer, and really run off with her. Afterwards, they may prosecute me if they will; but no law will condemn a father for stealing his own child."

Before his departure the mother gave him one trifle, which she had intended many a year for her child, but which she had hitherto delayed sending—her portrait. A young German artist, who had lived with them for several months, and had been seized with illness in their house, had, in gratitude for the kind treatment he had received at their hands, painted both their pictures, and left them behind as a memento. The mother now sent her own to her daughter. Why? She did not know herself, for she expected her in a few days; but still she told the father not to omit to give it; and it seemed that she grew calmer from the consciousness that it would soon be in her Louise's hands, and she could await the future with greater equanimity.

Schwabe went up in the first steamer to Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio, there took another which was taking in cargo for Pittsburgh; and in nine days re-entered the city in which he had stopped fourteen years before, a poor houseless emigrant, and had found shelter and roof. Strangely his heart now beat, as if he had committed or intended to do some wicked deed; and yet he wanted nothing, nothing in the world, except to restore his darling child to the arms of her

loving mother. This painful feeling increased indeed, as he strode up the steep quay, and at length reached the Market-place. He was forced to stop once or twice and gasp for breath. Very different feelings, however, usurped the place of this timidity, when he had once entered the house, and embraced his darling, long absent daughter. His old courage then returned, the blood again coursed freely and boldly through his veins; and he was about to give vent to the feelings which threatened to burst from his chest, when he perceived that tears stood in his eyes—were running brightly and clearly down his embrowned cheeks. The strangers, who flocked into the house, and were now surrounding him, needed not to see this. He tore himself away by a great effort, pressed his hat more firmly on his brow, and drew Wagner away into an up-stairs room—he was ashamed for people to see him shed tears, and hoped he should have more command over himself later.

A private conversation with Wagner, which he had first hoped, was not, however, allowed him, for Mrs. Wagner, who asserted that this was a matter in which she was most concerned, immediately joined them, and interrupted Schwabe's introductory remarks, by openly announcing the object of his visit. In one respect this was good, for Schwabe, in his embarrassment, had not known well how to begin; on the other hand, it afforded him the far from satisfactory conviction, that a friendly arrangement was perfectly impossible with the lady, for Mrs. Wagner roundly asserted that the girl should not leave the house with her consent; and without this it could not be thought of. At the same time she gave the poor father to understand, without compunction, how kindly both himself and his own family had been treated by them, what care she had afterwards devoted to a child, who had caused her, until very recently, nothing but trouble, expense, and anxiety. Now, however, at the moment when this child had reached an age when they might expect to reap what they had sown during so many years, he, the father, who had not even inquired after his child for so long a time, now wished to take her away without any further ceremony—but that

should not be, as long as law and justice existed in the country; and as long as she had a tongue to speak with, or a hand to prevent it, it should be prevented—"unless," she added in a sarcastic tone, "Mister Schwabe had a trifle of 3500 francs at his command, to pay for the board and education of his daughter; then he might have her; and if the girl really went and left her, who had been more than a mother, at least than *her own* mother, to her, she would think that she had nursed an ungrateful viper in her bosom, and would learn to bear it, though with a bleeding heart."

But what did Louise herself, whose future happiness or unhappiness depended on the verdict, say to all this? To which side did *her* heart incline, and how did she greet her father, whose arrival surprised, nay, even terrified her? What could the poor girl say? From the time when her mother had left her, a little child incapable of reflection, she had been accustomed to regard Wagner's house as her parental one—at least as her *home*. Here she was indeed at home; but more and more estranged from her actual parents, in proportion as the recollection of former scenes gave way to fresh and livelier impressions in her youthful mind. Even the name of mother she had forgotten; and only at times when she heard it uttered by other children, it passed over her soul like the distant peals and chimes of bells. That was the remembrance of the time, when she had herself lisped the dear name upon her mother's neck; but it was only like a distant chime, and the sound was too gentle, too indistinct, to enable her to invest it, with a form she could recognise.

Wagner himself had lately, and especially since Welbauer's visit, not neglected to let the poor ignorant child understand, less by distinct words than with innuendoes, that a far more pleasant life awaited her at home, for nowhere would any one love her so dearly as was the case here in her real and only home. Mrs. Wagner, too, had become much more cordial and affectionate to Louise; called her frequently child and daughter, made additions to her wardrobe, which, though scanty, was very clean and tidy; and permitted her much more liberty than had

formerly been the case. For all that, the poor girl's heart beat violently when she heard that her father wished to see her. Had she not heard before that her parents desired to take her back; and had he not probably come for that very purpose to Cincinnati? Her pulse beat feverishly, and a terror fell upon her, as if some terrible misfortune were about to occur to her, which she could not perceive approaching, but could not escape.

Schwabe, in the meanwhile, after his conversation with Wagner, left the house very despondingly and sorrowfully, walked slowly across the market towards the Catholic Church, and thought, with a very heavy heart, over the angry woman's parting words, "that she would regard Louise like a viper which she had nursed in her bosom." Ungrateful! The reproach cut deeply into his honest soul; and he walked slowly along the broad sunny street, with his eyes fixed upon the pavement.

"Why, Schwabe! as true as I'm alive, and in deep thought?" a loud, friendly voice at this moment addressed him. "Have you become a bank director, that you cut such a serious face, and, in your calculations, don't know your old friends?"

Schwabe looked up quickly, and recognised, to his great delight, an old acquaintance and fellow-traveller, who had emigrated with him from Germany, and had remained in Cincinnati, established a brewery there, and was now very well to do.

"But, now tell me, old fellow!" he asked the downcast man, when the first greetings were exchanged, and he had taken his arm, "you look very miserable, as if some terrible misfortune had happened to you: what's up, and where are you going now?"

"Nowhere," Schwabe answered. "I was walking along in deep thought—but what it is——"

"Then we'll turn back at once,—we've nothing to look for out there, and my brewery is in the town; there you must confess, my boy; and when the disease is not too deep-seated, we'll soon give you advice."

Schwabe, who was not disinclined to have his gloomy thoughts dissipated for a while, as well as to have some one to whom he could open his mind freely, willingly turned back;

and now told his newly-discovered friend whose house they speedily reached, his whole story, the obligations he owed Wagner, his present decision, and the despair his wife would feel if he now returned without his child. The brewer listened attentively, did not interrupt him once, and only took protracted pulls at the beer-glass. At last, when his guest had ended, and mentioned, besides, that the reproach of being ungrateful hurt him as much, and rendered him unsettled what to do, the brewer struck the table so violently that the window-panes rattled again, and cried, "That Wagner is a rogue, and I'm ready to give it him in writing. But now, I'll prove it to you that, if any one had a reason to be grateful, it was only Wagner, who has possessed a real treasure in the girl for many a year." And then he proceeded to tell the father that the child, ever since her eighth year, had worked hard, and had managed the business almost solely; and for all that had not been sent to school, but kept almost wholly at home, in order not to disturb Mrs. Wagner's comfortable position. If, therefore, any one ought to feel grateful, it was the Wagners; and as for their taking the child at that early age, it was done more from selfishness than kindness; for, childless as they were, they were delighted with the cheerful little creature, while it was so painful to the parents to leave her behind.

"The rest on one side," the brewer continued, and drew closer to his friend. "There is one more reason, about which we have often spoken in the city, although it did not concern us, and which alone would be sufficient to render it your *duty*, Schwabe, to take your child away."

Schwabe listened attentively, but the other continued, lowering his voice to a whisper--

"Were I a father, I would remove *my* child, and especially a girl, from a house where she can learn nothing good. How has Wagner so suddenly become a rich and prosperous man? From his bar, perhaps? No one must tell me that. No: from the private gambling-room which he has in his house, so cleverly concealed, that the police cannot find it out, though they have made

three different attempts. The poor girl—for he dare not entrust the secret to a strange bar-keeper—must sit up every night till twelve or one with these rough fellows; and even if Wagner remains in the room, still she must hear—for how could she help it?—all the coarse remarks of a class of men who degrade themselves below the brutes in their passion for play. The poor child, as she has been accustomed to it for years, of course knows no better; but, were I her father, she should not remain an hour longer in the house."

"But my very dear, good friend!" Schwabe said, though thus freed from his first apprehension, but with a new, even heavier one upon his mind, "how can I get her away? If I summons the fellow, he'll make me out an account, which I shall not be able to pay; so much I heard from his wife."

"No it must not come to that!" the brewer quickly replied: "at least you must try to gain the advantage beforehand; and that is, possession, which Wagner now has. When you've once got anything in America, it's very difficult to have it taken away again. If, then, you've once possession of your daughter, and Wagner reclaims her, or demands a sum of money paid to him as compensation, he must be the plaintiff; and when you're once in St. Francisville, you can draw up an account for the services she has rendered him."

"Then there's nothing left me but to steal my own daughter?" cried Schwabe.

"Quite my view!" the brewer said, and emptied the pitcher at a draught; "quite my opinion," he repeated; "and there's nothing easier. I was on the quay this morning, and spoke with the captain of the stern-wheel-boat the *Raritan*, who assured me he should leave Cincinnati to-morrow morning, precisely at eight o'clock. She's only going as far as the mouth of the Arkansas, but that's no consequence. Two or three boats, bound down the river, call there every day; and you can both be in Louisiana within a week."

"But how shall I get Louise out of Wagner's clutches without his perceiving it?"

"Louise! You'll go away quietly together, for Wagner is never visible down

stairs before nine o'clock; he's obliged to sleep till then, as he sits up so late at night; and the poor young girl must get breakfast ready by six o'clock, make her purchases at market, and get through a lot of business. You'll contrive to find an opportunity of speaking to your daughter to-night, and leave the rest to me; I'm well known in the house, and will arrange all the rest. But now, not to awake any unnecessary suspicion, or to remove any already excited, do you go back to Wagner's and say that you beg them once again to consider your request; tell them how grieved the mother will be—of, course that will be of no avail, but it will make them secure—after that, tell them you intend to stop three days in Cincinnati, and request a decisive answer by the expiration of that time; but you'll only tell them that when you're alone with them—you don't require any witnesses. By the way, have they asked you to stop at their house?"

"No. They don't know how long I intend to stay."

"All the better; if they do so now, tell them you had already given me a promise. To-morrow morning, then, you'll only have to fetch your girl. As soon as I receive a signal from below that the steamer's ready to start, a carriage will be waiting for you in Main Street, and I'll take care the boat shall not start without you."

Schwabe now returned to Wagner's; but however much he tried to speak to his daughter alone, if only for a few minutes, he could not succeed; nor did he like to ask for a private conversation, for fear of exciting suspicion. He had scarcely time to exchange a few hurried words with his daughter; but this they had foreseen, and had already made their arrangements. The brewer, in case of the father not being successful, was to spend the evening at Wagner's, and take the first opportunity to prepare the daughter for the morrow's flight. They put entire confidence in Louise's cleverness, and felt that they had arranged matters most excellently. But, however honest and worthy our brewer might be, and however well he meant it in this instance, he was anything—and that could not be gainsayed—rather than a diplomatist; and very seldom gained his point, when any craftiness was requisite, but gene-

rally only when he could make an open attack. Thus, then, he had tried for at least an hour to no purpose to make Louise comprehend that he wished to say a couple of words in private to her. In vain he remained in the centre of the room, in the way of all the guests, in order to address her as she passed—in vain did he bar the entry with his broad shoulders: she would not come out; and he was at last pushed on one side by the united exertions of the bar-keeper and the black cook, and told this was the very last place where they liked to see him. He already began to attract the attention of the guests, and decided on following a less hazardous, but more certain, plan.

CHAPTER III.

True to his project, the brewer seated himself in a remote corner of the room. By this he had the advantage of being able to watch all present without turning his head; and as soon as he found himself unnoticed, he struck the snuffers against his pewter pot, which he was well aware would bring Louise to his side in a moment. The young girl bounded rapidly towards him, and stretched out her hand for the measure, in order to fill it again; but the brewer held it firmly with one hand, while he seized her arm with the other, and leaning over to her, whispered hurriedly, "Don't be frightened—he'll come to-morrow morning."

Louise, however, started at this sudden warning, and almost as much at the extraordinary gesture the brewer made, to such an extent, that she uttered a half suppressed cry. The effect this had on the brewer was most peculiar. At the same moment the guests looked round, and naturally fixed their eyes upon the person seated in the corner; but he suddenly drew back his hands, pursed up his lips, and assumed such an indifferent and unmeaning look, that Louise, who saw this extraordinary change take place with such rapidity, burst out into a loud laugh, in which several of the guests joined. The brewer, however, was not disconcerted with such a trifle; but the whole plan of attack was spoiled for the moment, and he was obliged to let half an hour pass before he dared make a fresh attempt.

When he struck his measure the second

time, Louise looked quickly round towards him, but hesitated; and the brewer's instant and strangely distorted face recalled the dimples to her cheeks, for she could not conjecture that these terrible gestures were meant to give any intimation to her. And still it was so. The brewer gave himself all possible trouble to produce an effect upon her; and the half-cunning, half-timid side glances which he cast at the same time round the room, were so irresistibly comical, that the person for whose benefit the man usually so solemn was undergoing all these contortions of the facial muscles, at last drew her relative's attention to them, in the firm conviction that the brewer had really been "drowning his thirst," and so had destroyed the cleverly-devised plan of our beer manufacturer. Wagner soon seated himself by his side, and the brewer quitted the "City of Munich" an hour later, angry with himself and the whole world.

Through this it had been rendered impossible for the allies to properly prepare the daughter, in order not to lose too much time on the next morning. Nevertheless, they made all the requisite preparations; and especially bought several articles of clothing—for Louise was not on any account to take with her the things given her by the Wagners; the rest they could purchase at Louisville, while waiting for the other steamer. The morning, which Schwabe awaited with such anxious impatience, at length dawned; and below, the firemen and deck hands of the "Raritan" were busily engaged in washing and holy-stoning the decks. In the fifth street the bar-keeper had opened the shutters, cleaned the bar, and then went to his usual morning's task of arranging the gambling-room, which usually occupied him till ten o'clock. Louise was, in the meanwhile, busied in the bar, in washing the glasses, filling the little bottles with Staunton bitters and essence of peppermint, and was so engaged that she did not notice that a man had been standing for several minutes in the doorway, thoughtfully, but attentively watching her several movements.

But many sorrowful and serious thoughts were passing through the poor girl's mind. Had not, as Mr. Wagner told her, her father

arrived; and did he not wish to remove her from her present beloved home, and take her to pass a sorrowful and cheerless life elsewhere? Was she compelled to obey him, or might she stay, if they refused to give her up? Yes. Dare she really remain in that case, or did her duty as a child force her to follow him, who had by nature the first and most holy claim upon her? Ah! who would help her out of these doubts? What honest, sincere friend would advise her as to what she ought to do?

"Louise!" a gentle, tender voice at this moment said, "my child—my daughter!"

And Louise, when she heard the familiar sounds, started, and let a glass, which she was at that moment wiping, fall from her trembling hands. She turned round with lightning speed; and before her stood, with his arms stretched out lovingly towards her, her father! The poor girl turned deadly pale, trembled in all her limbs, and could not utter a syllable: but Schwabe seized her hand, drew the girl closely to him, and whispered, as he gently smoothed her hair—

"My child, my dear, good child! you will not suffer me to return alone to your mother? She would break her heart about it. But no, no, you will never leave me again. We will remain together, and, my daughter, you will go with me to Louisiana—to your mother!"

"But will Mrs. Wagner let me go?" the poor girl murmured in her fear and indecision; "will she——"

"They are wicked persons who strive to keep you from your parents," replied the father. "You are in danger in this house. The brewer has told me all. But more of that presently. Now time presses. In a few minutes the steamer will start: the hawsers are taken in; they are only waiting for us."

"Now?" cried Louise in terror, and trying to free her arm. "Must I go now—fly secretly?"

"To the arms of your parents, Louise—to your own family, who will treat you like a daughter, as they have longed to do for so many years."

"And I must go away from my parents—from this house—without saying good-bye?" urged the poor girl, growing more and more

nervous. "There is no one in the store. They treated me like their own child; they love me so dearly; and I—and I——"

A sharp knock at the window pane again startled her; and soon after a little negro lad thrust his head in at the open door, and cried, in his shrill voice, "the Raritan's off directly, massa: the steam's been let off—so much—the carriage is ready at the corner."

"You hear, my child—all is prepared," the father whispered, and drew his daughter towards the door. "In a few minutes we can be on board the steamer, and start for our home. Come, come, Louise!"

"I cannot, and dare not, escape like a thief from the house which has protected me for so many years. I would gladly go with you, father; but not—not in this way."

"Louise, my child!" the father implored once more, and the violence of his feelings seemed almost to suffocate him, "you must not, and dare not, suffer me to return alone to your mother. You must go with me. I order you, as your father!"

"Oh, pray, pray, father, you are hurting my arm terribly. I dare not go away, indeed."

"Hallo there! who's going to force you?" a rough, menacing voice suddenly shouted, and Wagner suddenly entered the room, with sleepy eyes and unkempt hair. As soon as he saw that Schwabe, on his appearance, loosed his daughter's arm almost involuntarily, and suddenly turned towards him, he continued, in a sarcastic tone, "So, sir, you are trying to rob the persons who nursed and took care of your child for so many years of her services, just when she is beginning to become useful? I had better go to the police at once, and get them to interfere. I'm a citizen here, and would like to know if the law cannot maintain me in the possession of my own property."

"Wagner," Schwabe muttered, and still kept his gloomy glance fixed on his child, who was leaning over the bar, and weeping as if her heart would break, now that her fate was about to be decided. "Wagner, may heaven pardon you for refusing a child to its parents. You are well aware I cannot pay the sum you demand; but you know, at the same time, that you don't deserve the

money, and that my daughter has worked harder in your service than her food and clothing have cost you. God alone can see into human hearts, and He knows well the method you have employed to turn her young mind against us. That I intended to take my child away privily I will not deny, and if you had prevented me, I should have felt deeply grieved; but she herself refuses to go with me; she will not know anything of her parents, and that is hard. I had not expected it; and that pains me more than a word from you could do, Wagner. So now, farewell all of you. I shall return to Louisiana; but you, my child, my beloved daughter," and the tears that burst forth rendered his words indistinct, "my wishes for you are, that you may never feel, never comprehend, what pain you have caused your parents, who were forced by circumstances alone to leave you so long among strangers. Farewell! and may God bless you! I cannot be angry with you. But stay—take this: your mother sent it you. I fancied once that I should have no need to give it you; but it was right so—it was meant to be so—your poor mother!"

He walked up to his daughter, laid a little packet upon the table near her, then pressed her closely in his arms, kissed her brow; and before Louise was aware that he left her, he had quit the house. How he crossed Main street, and mounted the carriage awaiting him there, he was ignorant. Pressed into a corner, with his hands convulsively clasped over his face, he only felt the light vehicle tearing down the steep street, and speedily stop before the puffing and snorting steamer. But there he again regained his senses when the brewer tore open the door, and stood in dismay when he saw his friend alone. But there was not much time for reflection; the impatient shout of the captain, who had displayed extraordinary politeness in waiting so long for him, drove him on board. "She would not come with me!" the sorrowful father said to his friend, as he tore himself from him, leaped on board, and the steamer started on its passage down the stream.

And Louise?

The poor girl was scarcely able to attend

to her duties during the day; her forehead was burning feverishly, and she seemed to be constantly in a dream, from which she must be awakened at any moment. Her father! That had been her father, who wished to take her to her mother. Her mother was living, but far from her; a mother who probably loved her and expected her; and *she*? Oh! how the poor girl's head throbbed, and her eyes were terribly painful. She could only keep upright with difficulty; and Wagner, who noticed the change in her, sent her to her room at night-fall. When she reached it, she was about to throw herself on her bed, but her eye fell on the little packet her father had given her on leaving. She lighted her lamp, and by its pale light she undid the string which fastened it. Ha! a little portrait met her glance, and a closely folded letter fell at her feet. The portrait! Yes, that—that must be her mother—her mother who smiled on her so affectionately with her honest blue eyes. And these eyes—would they not be filled with tears—hot, burning tears—when the father returned without his child, and told the mother that her daughter would have nothing to say to her—had refused to accompany him? She leaned her head on her hand, and regarded the dear features long and thoughtfully, to which she had looked up lovingly when a child, and lisped the name of *mother*. Her eyes were filled with tears. At this moment she noticed the letter, took it up, and unfolded it.

"My dear child," thus the contents ran, "I cannot write myself, for, in the first place, I never learned, and now I am very weak and ill, through my longings to see you; but our bar-keeper has done me the kindness, and written these few lines. If I had been able to write, oh! how often you would have heard from me, dear child. But now it is of no consequence. You will soon be with me, and then nothing in the wide world shall separate us again. Oh! you cannot imagine how I long to see you! I fancy I should die if I was not to clasp you in my arms right soon. I have left you a long while without any news from me; but I'm sure you are not angry with your mother on that account, and I will now repay it you

tenfold. The enclosed is my portrait—it is very like me. I have given it a thousand kisses for you, which it must return to you until I can press you to my heart. But now good bye, my dear daughter, and may you soon arrive well and happy. Thousand and thousand loves from
YOUR MOTHER."

Louise sat long, long upon her bed, and looked at the portrait. Again and again she read the letter, pressed her burning brow between her hands, and then lost herself again in the perusal of the lines which so bitterly reproached her. At last, her sorrow could be no longer suppressed; she seized the portrait, raised it to her lips with a gush of burning tears, and then sank upon her bed, with a sorrowful exclamation, "Too late—too late! All is past, and I have lost my mother for ever?"

We will pass over five months, and I must beg my readers once more to accompany me up the steep but short hill which leads from Bayou Sarah to the first houses of the little town of St. Francisville. There, to the left, as we come up, where the broad, strong rack invites the passing planter to fasten his horse, and have a cool draught, the pleasant little house still stands, with the jalousies and broad verandah, with the low roof and the hospitable bench before the door; but the sign—where is the sign which bore the name of our worthy German in gigantic gold letters? where is the long, narrow board, which recounted all the dainties to be had within? Ah! my dear reader, all looks wild and desolate in the house; the signs have been torn down from their iron hooks, and the walls are bare. Where the comfortable little sitting room once was, straw now lay, and pieces of canvass; while the lower rooms were being scrubbed and cleaned, just as if one family was leaving, and another was coming in. And such was the case, for melancholy changes had occurred in the self-made home of our German.

When Schwabe returned without his child, and the poor mother gradually heard the terrible news, grief and sorrow for what she had lost threw her on a sick bed, and a violent nervous fever menaced her life. Although her powerful constitution at length gained the victory, her cheerful temper was

gone, and she went about the house, pale and melancholy, more like a ghost than a living, feeling being. Schwabe, too, became daily more sorrowful and desponding. He neglected his customers and his business, for it caused him no pleasure; but he sat for hours gloomily, with his eyes fixed upon one spot. This he endured for a couple of months. His wife's illness busied him too much at first for him to think of self; but at last he saw that things could not go on in this state. Here—yes, here, he had a nice little property, which supported him; things went well, and nothing was wanting for their corporeal comfort; but what good was all this, if, spite of all, a never-dying worm was gnawing at his heart—if he must see his wife die away through her longing for her child, and reproach herself, and perhaps justly, for the past! For, had they not for many years neglected their child? and could it serve to silence their own conscience that they fancied their girl would be better off with their relatives than she would have been with themselves? No! for the conviction which Schwabe had acquired through the brewer's remarks told him that his Louise might be corporeally well off, but mentally by no means so, when she was only employed to save the expense of a housekeeper, and be of as much service as possible to her guardians. And he, the father, had not alluded to this for so many years, and strangers must first draw his attention to it!

But still there was one method left to repair his error—he had money—and at the thought he felt cheerful for the first time for many a long day—for it was the produce of his own industry. His determination was soon formed. It was to expend this sum of money which he possessed, and from which he could part, to secure his wife's peace, and purchase his child's return. What more was it, after all? He need only resign what he had acquired—a comfort, which by use had become, in some measure, a necessity. And now, when the deed could follow the will immediately, he could scarce comprehend how it was possible that he could have hesitated for a moment, and not sacrificed all long before, when the first painful blow struck him; and, indeed, it could hardly be

called a sacrifice, when the happiness of his whole family was at stake.

He had not deceived himself—his wife seemed to gain new strength by her husband's decision. This opened a prospect of regaining her child, whom she had bewailed as one dead to her; and from this moment she seemed to shake off gloomy thoughts. Hope had once more returned to the mother's heart, and with it her love for life again flourished—her confidence in that Heavenly Father, whom she had neglected in her late heavy sorrow. Had they, however, required any pressure from without to spur them on to carry out their design, it came some four months after in the shape of a letter from our old friend the brewer, who earnestly warned Schwabe to make a second attempt to recover his child, if he did not wish her to be utterly ruined in her present situation. The gambling at Wagner's had now assumed such a dangerous character, that he knew certainly that the magistrates were only waiting an opportunity to interfere; and Louise must be taxed beyond her strength, for she looked pale and wretched, and her eyes were always red from weeping whenever he looked in. Schwabe saw from the whole letter that there was no time to lose; he, therefore, pressed the sale of his estate, and sent his son, at the same time, to the western part of Canada, where he intended to settle as an honest farmer. Carl was to look out a good spot, and build a little cabin; so that they might at least find a shelter when they arrived.

But even in these preparations the old spectre of fear and uncertainty rose before him—his child might not wish to have anything to do with her parents—she did not love those who had left her so long among strangers—she would not even return home with her father, though she knew she would break her mother's heart by it. But the mother assuaged all these apprehensions. "It was only natural she could not place confidence in you all at once," she said, smiling through her tears: but if I go to her, when she has once been folded in her mother's arms, she will not leave her again, were you even to try and compel her. Do you only settle the money matters with

Wagner, and I'll promise we shall leave Cincinnati as happy and contented as if we were going to find a fortune.

The wish is ever father to the thought, and Schwabe hurried on his business. His house was soon disposed of, and, at the same time he received a letter from his son that he had found a good piece of land in Canada, which was only awaiting the plough. The luggage they intended to take with them was all ready, and Schwabe heard that a fast steamer would call at Bayou Sarah this very day for Cincinnati. They intended to go on board. Their stay in Ohio would not be a long one, and in a short time they would be settled in their new and peaceful home in Canada. His wife seemed quite delighted at the prospect, and was busily engaged in making those little preparations which would render their voyage more pleasant, when they suddenly heard a bell ringing on the river, which startled them. If this was their boat, how should they get down in time with all their luggage? for the captains of these steamers are not wont to wait long even for cabin passengers, much less for those who intend to go on the lower deck.

Schwabe put on his hat, hurriedly gave directions to carry the boxes down, and ran off to stop the boat, if it were possible. But he had scarce reached the end of the village, when he noticed the steam of the vessel puffing out through the 'scape pipe; soon after the bows were thrust off from shore, she turned, and went down the stream. "Thank goodness!" Schwabe gently ejaculated, and slowly returned to his house. "I really fancied we had missed her, and should have to stop a couple of days longer." The goods, however, he sent down straight to the quay, in order that they might not be too late when the steamer arrived. The dray had turned the corner, but the Schwabes were still within doors, partly to see if they had forgotten anything in their first hurried start, and partly to take a quiet farewell of the spot, which till now had been their home, and which they were going to quit for ever. Their hearts bled, it is true—for we do not know how dearly we love an object till the moment when we are forced to part from it; but the thought of their child,

whom they would regain by this sacrifice, robbed such feelings of all their bitterness. They spoke not a word; they only stood long and silently side by side, and pressed each other's hand cordially and affectionately, when Schwabe at length gave the signal for starting. "Come, then, my dear wife," the German observed, and drew her to the door; come, and don't feel gloomy at parting; remember, that we only give up all this to live united with our child."

"Gloomy!" the wife said, half joyfully, half tearfully; "don't think that, Schwabe; it is not any gloomy thoughts which bring the water in my eyes. No; I am glad that I can quit so cheerfully and quietly a spot which I had hoped to retain to my dying day. I am proud of it."

She heard a noise in the lower part of the house.

"'Tis nothing—probably the draymen returning," said Schwabe.

"They must be up stairs," said a neighbour of Schwabe's to some stranger, who had entered. "I saw them not a quarter of an hour ago, and they have not left yet."

A gentle reply was heard, and soon after the wooden stairs creaked. Schwabe turned to the door, which was opened at this moment. A young girl came in.

"Heavens!" the German cried, and started back. "Louise!"

"Louise!" the mother repeated, in a scarcely audible voice—"our child!"

"Mother, mother!" the daughter cried at this moment, and flew into the arms outstretched doubtfully towards her. "Mother!—oh, my mother!"

What pen could describe the feelings of the mother—the exquisite sensations of these now happy beings? For a long while they could not find words, but were joined in a close embrace. At last, after the fond interchanges of affection and congratulations, Schwabe inquired what had brought her to Louisiana, and how Wagner had been induced to let her go? The parents' astonishment may be conceived, when they heard that their child had been the whole long distance alone upon the steamer, among strangers, among the rough denizens of the 'tween

decks. But we will let her speak, and describe her flight.

"Ah, father," she said, "how my heart bled when you left me that morning! At the moment when I saw you hurry away, and was witness how roughly and unkindly cousin Wagner treated you, I felt for the first time how wrongly I had behaved in not accompanying you to my mother. And when I found your picture, dear mother, and your letter, and thought how you would grieve because I did not return with father, I cried all that night, and many a night after, and had no one to advise me, to whom I could open my whole heart. In consequence, I may have neglected my duties, for I thought of nothing but you; and Mrs. Wagner scolded me, and Mr. Wagner grew cross, too, for he thought the guests in the back room would not let me wait on them if my eyes were always red with crying. Among those guests, though, there were some very wicked men, who drew their knives now and then on each other; in fact, one was carried away for dead, and Mr. Wagner threatened me frightfully, if I dared to utter a syllable about it.

"I fancied I should grow mad if I stopped there any longer, and still I did not know what to do. Some eight days ago, a lady came to see us from Columbus, and stayed the night. The steamer started at ten in the morning, and I had to carry her carpet-bag down; but she had been a little too long in dressing, and we scarcely reached the quay in time—the gangways were being pulled in. I carried her bag up into the cabin, then ran back, and wanted to go on shore. Then, mother, then I fancied a voice—your voice—entreated me to stay. The thought of you—that this boat would bear me to you in a few days, crossed my mind; and, hesitating, undecided, I stood, and hardly knew whether to go back or remain, when the bell rang for the last time. At the same moment the sailors pulled in the plank; the engine began working, and a few minutes later I found myself borne from my late home, and on the bosom of the majestic river.

"Spare me the description of all I suffered among the strangers for the first few days. They were angry with me because I

could not pay the passage money directly; but, fortunately, I wore a little gold cross, which Mrs. Wagner had given me after nursing her through a fever. This the book-keeper sold for me in Louisville, paid my passage, and gave me a dollar, with which I could buy food. I passed a very wretched time; but now—now all is well. I have you, my parents! and you will not be angry with your child for preferring to live so long among strangers."

Why need we prolong the story? The happy family found the time pass with lightning speed, and the steamer arrived. But they did not now intend to go to Cincinnati. Without further delay they set out; their luggage was already on the bank; they went on board, and, a few days later, reached the frontier, from whence they reached their new home within four-and-twenty hours.

An entirely new spirit had now come upon the happy father, who worked with indefatigable zeal, not only for himself but for his beloved, long-lost child, for whom he was raising a new and comfortable home. Here he found full scope for his untiring energy and industry; and German frugality and temperance soon converted a desolate and terrible wilderness into a terrestrial paradise.

OTHELLO.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILLIAM HAUFF.

The theatre was crowded; a singer who had been recently engaged, was to play Don Juan. The pit heaved like a restless sea, and over the dark mass were seen sparkling the brilliant plumes and head dresses of the ladies. The boxes had never exhibited so splendid a display, there having been at the commencement of the season a general mourning, which had been succeeded by the dazzling colours of rich turbans, waving plumes and variegated shawls. The diadem of that brilliant circle, however, was an elegant and lovely girl who, with kindness and affability in every look, now graced the royal box. One regretted that her lineage was so lofty, for that fresh bloom—that bright, serene brow—that inviting mouth—those pure, mild eyes, were all formed for love, and not for cold respect. Her whole mien

was in perfect keeping with her simple natural beauty. She seemed to have resigned all artificial ornament to the haughty circle that surrounded her.

"What sprightliness and beauty!" said a stranger to the Russian ambassador, who stood near him, and was looking at her through an opera glass; "and yet can all this be but a mask—can she feel, feel bitterly—can she possibly," continued he, while he addressed the lady of the ambassador, "can she at this moment be suffering under ill-starred love?"

"Believe me, what I told you is true. She loves, loves passionately, one beneath her own high station. Why do you wonder that a princess, reared from her youth to have a strict regard to appearances, should be artful enough to conceal so improper a *penchant* from the eyes of the world? Her favorite is now not far distant from her."

The overture was drawing to a close; the notes pealed louder and louder from the orchestra, and the eyes of the spectators were directed with intense interest towards the curtain, to catch the first glimpse of the new Don Juan. The stranger, however, in the box of the Russian envoy, had no ear for the music of Mozart—no eye for the splendor of the scene. He saw only the lovely girl, who was now more interesting to him than ever, since he had been informed that her bosom was not altogether a stranger to secret love. The eyes of Sophia roamed through the whole extent of the crowded theatre. "What if she is looking out for her beloved?" thought the stranger; "what, if her eyes thus glance along the benches to greet him with a stolen smile, a gentle inclination of the head—any one of the thousand tokens with which secret love knows so well how to bless and bewitch a favourite object?" Suddenly, a slight blush passed over Sophia's features, she moved her chair a little towards one side, and more than once threw a rapid glance at the door of the box. It was thrown open; a tall, handsome young man entered, and took his station by the side of the mother of the princess. Sophia looked with well feigned indifference at him through her glass; but the stranger shrewdly read in her eyes lan-

guage which revealed that the person who had then entered the box was the happy man. He could not see his face, but the figure and air of the young man were not, he thought, unknown to him. The princess was drawn into conversation by her mother; the young man turned round, and the exclamation, "My God! Count Zroniensky!" burst involuntarily from the stranger. The ambassador started with alarm, whilst his irritated lady seized her guest by his hands, and as she pulled him down upon his seat, whispered into his ear—"For heaven's sake, don't affront us—every one stares at us." The stranger kept his eyes intently fixed on the royal box. He saw the Count engaged in conversation with the princess and the other ladies. Ever and anon he stole glances at Sophia, which she eagerly met and returned. The curtain rose, and the Count retired from the box. The stranger whispered to the ambassador that he had served with the Count in the Polish Lancers, and that he knew him to be a brave soldier and a distinguished officer. The ambassador was silent; indeed, neither party seemed inclined to prolong the conversation. The ambassador proposed conducting the foreigner to the royal box, for the purpose of introducing him to the royal party. In passing along the corridor, the latter felt his blood move more rapidly at the thought of being in the immediate presence of one whose love-story was so interesting to him. He was received most graciously by the duchess, who presented him to the Princess Sophia. The name of "Larun," which she now heard, was familiar to her ears. She recollected that she had heard of his having served in the French army. She kept her eyes steadily fixed on the Major, who at once understood her meaning, and that she must have received her information from the Count.

"Pray be umpire betwixt my daughter and myself," said the duchess; you are a stranger, and therefore must be impartial. Say, then, may there not be some secret power in nature, which requires but to be called forth in wantonness of spirit to prove fatal? Listen to the facts. There is a very beautiful opera, 'Othello,' which I once saw performed abroad, but here we cannot have

it represented, on account of an absurd story, which nobody now-a-days thinks of believing."

"Don't talk in that way," said the princess; "I know the facts, and I shudder when I think of them."

"Othello," continued her mother, "was first performed about fifteen years ago. There was a tradition—nobody knows its origin—that, on Othello being performed, some terrible event would take place. The play had not for a long time been represented, and nothing occurred. Ultimately, however, it was again brought upon the stage, and again it was followed by a shocking catastrophe. Then the drama was cast as an opera; but the Moor was deaf to the charms of music. The opera was performed, and with the same dreadful result."

"I can give you," said the major ironically, "an instance of a similar kind from my own personal history. I had an old maiden aunt, and a very disagreeable, mysterious sort of personage she was. In childhood we called her our 'plume aunt,' because she wore a large black feather in her bonnet. Well, there was a tradition in the family about the lady, precisely as there is in your own about Othello, that whenever our 'plume aunt' made her appearance, one or other of us should fall sick. To be sure, we laughed and joked—but still the sickness came."

The princess smiled. "I must," said she, to the manifest dissatisfaction of her mother—"I must once more hear Desdemona's dying notes, although I myself should be the sacrifice."

The introduction to the second act was now begun. The stranger quitted the box. He looked round for the ambassador, but he was gone. He was standing in the passage, uncertain which way to turn, when he felt some one grasp him warmly by the hand. He looked round, and recognized the Count. A shade of deep melancholy clouded his handsome countenance, there was a wild and shifting glance in his eyes, and his lips were compressed as if in agony. His frank and winning smile had been exchanged for a sullen, discontented expression of countenance. The most striking feature was one

of dark suspicion; and the faint streaks of red that still colored his cheeks were but the faded tints of the bloom of youth. But in spite of these ravages of time and misfortune, there was quite enough of attraction left to justify the partiality of the princess.

"Why gaze so closely?" said he, after a pause; "do you expect to trace the events of old times in the lines of my countenance? 'Tis all in vain. I have changed with the color of my life. My heart—why, I only know that I have a heart from this dreadful throbbing."

"Nay," continued his friend, in a jocular tone, "what connexion is there between this throbbing and the charms of a certain lady, the favorite daughter of the house of —?"

The count instantly changed color. He pressed the hand of his old friend closely in his own. "Hush!" he whispered, "silence for heaven's sake—not a syllable on that subject—let us step aside. Is the *liaison* suspected, major?"

The major repeated the hints that had been thrown out at the opera by the wife of the ambassador.

The count stood motionless and mute for some minutes. He was obviously laboring under a violent internal struggle. By an effort he recovered his self command. He begged the loan of a hundred napoleons. His request was instantly gratified. It was not till the following morning that the count communicated to his friend the promise which he had made to the princess, to use all his influence to have Othello once more performed. More funds were necessary for that purpose, which were cheerfully advanced by the major, who agreed to accompany the count to the manager of the opera. "His abode," continued the Count, "is not far distant—round the corner there stands his dwelling—that little green coloured house with the balcony in front."

The manager of the opera was a short, haggard-looking man, who, having acquired reputation in his earlier years as a singer, was now, in his old age, reposing on his laurels. He received the two friends with a peculiar professional hauteur and dignity, the effect of which, however, was not a little destroyed by the singularity of his dress.

He wore a black Florentine cap, which he never laid aside, except on the occasion of his arranging his peruke at a glass, before walking out. There were strikingly contrasted with this convenient attire of the old man, an ample modern frock fitted tightly to his body, and breeches that hung about his limbs in a series of folds. Everything about the manager showed that, in spite of the threescore years which he had seen, he was not altogether dead to the vanities of the world. He wore large fur shoes. He glided round the room without having the appearance of moving his legs. He seemed to move, as it were, on skates.

"I have already been informed of the wishes of the royal family," said the manager, after the count had explained to him the object of his visit. "My only object, I assure you, is to afford entertainment and delight to the royal family; but I must beg to be allowed to substitute some other piece for that which has been suggested."

"Why not Othello?" said the count.

"God forbid!" interrupted the old man; "that would be an open attempt upon the life of one of the royal family. No; so long as I have anything to say in the matter, that fatal play shall never be performed."

"And are you, then," continued the count, "the slave of such vulgar superstitions?" Why, your celebrity has reached my ears in foreign lands. Pray destroy not the image I had formed of you by such a foolish conceit."

The old man was flattered. A complacent smile played upon his wrinkled features. He squeezed his hands into his pockets, assumed a consequential air, and glided several times up and down the room in his fur slippers.

"Superstition! said you? I should be ashamed to be the sport of any superstitious dreams; but where we have facts, superstition is not the proper word."

"Facts?" exclaimed the friends in one breath.

"Yes, gentlemen, facts. You cannot have been long in this town or neighbourhood, if you know not that matters are exactly as I have stated them to be."

"Why, I have somewhere or other," said

the major, "heard of such a tale as that to which you allude—that whenever Othello is performed, there is a conflagration."

"Conflagration! God forgive me, I should rather have one incessant blaze. Fire may be extinguished—insurances may be effected—but death—that is a much more perilous affair."

"Death! say you? who is to die?"

"That, alas! is no secret," replied the manager; whenever Othello is performed—*eight days thereafter one of the royal family dies.*"

The friends started in horror to their feet, so appalling was the prophetic, judgment-like tone in which the old man pronounced these words. However, they instantly resumed their seats.

"You will perhaps allow me," continued the manager, "to show you the chronicle of the theatre, which has been written by the successive prompters during the last hundred and twenty years."

"By all means, old man," said the count, who seemed inclined to turn the whole affair into ridicule: "let us have a look at the chronicle."

The manager glided very rapidly into his own chamber, and immediately produced a large folio volume, bound in leather and brass. He put on a massy pair of spectacles, and turned over the leaves of the chronicle.

"Now mark what follows," said he. "Here it is written—Anno 1740, Dec. 8th: the actress, Charlotte Faudauerin, was smothered in this theatre. The play of the evening was the tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice, by Shakspeare."

"How so?" interrupted the major, "how is it possible that Shakspeare's Othello could have been performed here in 1740? Throder was the first, if I mistake not, and at a much later period, to introduce that play of Shakspeare into Germany."

"I beg your pardon," replied the old man; "the duke, during his travels in England, saw Othello performed in London, and being struck with its beauties, he subsequently had it translated, and brought out here. But my chronicle proceeds thus:—'The above mentioned Charlotte Faudauerin has performed the character of Desdemona, and has

been barbarously suffocated by means of the coverlet, with which she was to have been killed in the play. God have mercy on her poor soul! The story of her murder runs thus:

"Charlotte was very beautiful. Duke Nepomuth, who cherished a passion for her, was then at the head of a licentious court. She was shocked by the fate of others, whom he had, after a few years, forsaken and left to pine away as miserable outcasts, and therefore for some time repelled his advances. At last, however, having made the Duke sign a certain contract, she yielded. The fate of Charlotte was precisely that of his other victims. He gradually became estranged from her. She held out a threat of making public the contract into which he had entered. The fury of the Duke knew no bounds. He had in vain attempted to cut her off by poison. At last he bribed a tragedian to have the play of Othello performed. He recollected that Desdemona is suffocated by the Moor. The actor's performance proved too true to nature—Charlotte never woke. The duke interfered to prevent inquiry; he took the actor into his service. Eight days afterwards, however, his only son, a prince twelve years of age, died."

Here the old man turned over a few leaves of his book.

"The next entry is, '28th September, 1742, Othello, the Moor of Venice;' and on the margin we find this note—'Extraordinary! the Princess Augusta expired on the 5th of October, exactly eight days after the performance of Othello. So died Prince Frederick, two years ago.'"

"Chance," exclaimed the major, "'tis all chance."

The old man read on: "The 6th of February, 1748, 'Othello, the Moor of Venice.' Horrible! Prince Albert died suddenly on the 15th. Again—'16th of January, 1775, for the benefit of Mad'le Koller, Othello, the Moor of Venice.' The doom once more. Alas! that the good Princess Elizabeth should have died so early, 24th of January, 1775. Coming down to more recent times, we find that Othello was privately performed at the country palace, on the 16th of Octo-

ber, 1793; and on the 24th of the same month the Duke died. I can give you a more recent instance still. I myself performed the character of Othello, in Rossini's opera. The theatre was crowded to the ceiling. The count was present. But a spirit of evil omen seemed to be breathed over us, when Desdemona began to chant her simple air. It was the same house—the same stage—the same scenes that had stood there when Charlotte's life had been brought to a close. I felt a tremor steal over me during the murder scene. With strange emotions I beheld the beautiful, happy beings in the royal box. For six days no thing was heard of sickness at the palace; the seventh day passed over peacefully; on the eighth, however, Prince Ferdinand was killed in the chase. Here is the passage in the chronicle."

The count read—"Othello, an opera, by Rossini, 12th of March." And on the margin these words appeared, three times underlined—"On the 20th, Prince Ferdinand was killed whilst hunting."

The parties looked at each other in silence; they would have laughed, but the grave aspect of the old man, and the striking coincidence of these terrible events, produced a deeper impression than they were willing to acknowledge. The count, however, insisted that the opera should be performed—that the command of the court must be obeyed. The old man crossed himself, and fairly wheeled round upon his slippers, as he muttered, "Good God! what if the lovely Princess Sophia were to be the next victim!" The two friends descended the stairs, laughing heartily at the prophet of the opera, with the Florentine cap and fur slippers."

There were hours in which the major found the count gloomy, absent, peevish, and impetuous in his replies. It was on such occasions that he burst forth into paroxysms of fury. He raged—he cursed in every European tongue—he wept. Having once described the progress of his passion to his friend, he exclaimed—"I must forget—I shall go mad if I do not forget. Wine here, comrade! my soul is parched—flames are raging within me—let me drown all remembrance of my guilt."

"Hush!" interrupted the major, "some one knocks. Come in."

The old manager glided into the apartment. "Othello must be performed," said he; "my remonstrances have proved in vain; and yet last night I beheld in a dream a long funeral procession, each man bearing a torch, as is the custom at the burial of one of the royal family. But the object of my visit is to invite you to the rehearsal."

The count and the major, not unwilling to escape, for a time, from themselves and from each other, cheerfully agreed to the proposal of the manager.

Everything was finally arranged for the performance of "Othello." Sophia was delighted at the prospect of once more hearing Desdemona's song. "When I die," said she, "it will be my sweet dirge." The major remembered the story of the spectre Desdemona—the forebodings of the old manager—his dream of the funeral procession—and Sophia's death-song. "What"—such was the idea that flashed across his mind—"what if the doom be again realised, and *she* should be the victim!"

Sunday arrived. The major and count rode out. On their return home it rained. The count invited the major to accompany him to his lodgings, that he might have a change of dress. The major, wearing a hat, and wrapped up in a great-coat of his friend, stepped out of his lodgings to go home. He passed along several streets, when he observed a stranger following him close behind. He was a tall thin man, with a threadbare coat. He put a note into the major's hand and instantly disappeared. It was embossed paper, richly folded, and the wax bore the impression of a beautiful cut seal. He opened the note on the street—his attention was at once fixed—he read on, and turned pale—he stuffed the letter into his pocket, hurried home, and retired to his own room. He called for a light, and there stood the accursed words, unequivocal and fatal.

"Misereant! darest thou to leave thy wife and helpless infants to pine in misery, whilst thou paradest thyself in pomp and magnificence before the eyes of the world? Why art thou in this town? Wouldst thou carry infamy into the royal circle? Begone!

By the time you have read this, the Princess Sophia knows the baseness of thy conduct."

The Major saw at once that he had been mistaken for the count. A tornado of passion was awakened in his soul. There were moments when he felt his hands upon his pistol to shoot the villain upon the spot. The hour arrived when the opera was to be begun. The major was pondering how he could most prudently put the princess on her guard, when the huntsman of the count was at the door. He was ordered in. He delivered a letter to the major, who impatiently tore it open and read—"Farewell for ever. The letter which, as I have been informed, fell into your hands a few hours ago, must plead my excuse. Spare me, I pray you, the innocent pain of seeing my name blazoned in the newspapers." The huntsman said that his master had no intention of departing that afternoon: he had talked of being at the theatre in the evening. "About five o'clock," continued the huntsman, "my master went out. Close by the Reformed church he was addressed (for I followed him) by a tall haggard-looking man. He asked my master if his name was Count Zroniinsky; on being answered in the affirmative, the stranger inquired if he had received a letter about a quarter of an hour before. The count said that he had not. The stranger then took him aside, and whispered into his ear. The count turned deadly pale, and trembled all over. He returned instantly to his lodgings, had some luggage packed, sent for post-horses, and drove rapidly down the street towards the Jonathan Gate."

The major went to the theatre. The overture had commenced. He took a seat from which he had a full view of the royal box. The Princess Sophia, attired in all the charms of loveliness and grace, was seated by the side of her mother. The play being the celebrated "Othello," boxes and pit were crowded. Sophia raised an opera glass to her eye, and looked anxiously round the audience. She dropped the glass: a cloud of disappointed hope and melancholy lurked beneath her auburn ringlets; her beautiful arched eyebrows were contracted, and revealed a slight, a scarcely perceptible wrinkle of displeasure.

The major often confessed afterwards that one of the most horrible moments in his life was that in which he stepped into the royal box at the end of the first act, and heard the princess whisper, "One of our allies has unkindly proved a truant."

"The count regrets that he has been unexpectedly called away."

"Called away!" echoed Sophia, as every spark of red fled from her cheeks. "Come, come, 'tis a joke upon me. Now I know from whom a certain little note came." An awful presentiment arose in the mind of the major. "A very pretty little note," she continued, playfully showing the edge of a letter which was placed with great care beneath the bracelet that encircled one of her lovely arms—"a right mysterious note, and you are in the conspiracy. I long to retire to my own room, that I may open it."

"Pray give me that note," said the major, racked with the most excruciating agony; "it was not intended for your highness—it must have fallen into your hands by mistake."

"So much the better," replied Sophia playfully; "it may be a clue to the secrets of some folks; it was clearly intended for a lady, and it was, of course, but fair that it should fall into my hands."

The major returned to his own box, and covered his eyes with his hands, that he might not see the unhappy girl. Once, however, he looked towards the royal box, and felt the certainty of the approaching doom. The diamonds on the clasp of her bracelet were glittering in a thousand brilliant rays, which entered his soul like so many arrows. Desdemona struck her harp—she raised her voice—she warbled forth her dirge. With what wondrous power did these plaintive notes strike every heart—so simple is the song—and yet how fraught with the highest tragic power! A strange power creeps over one; the murderer is, as it were, heard stealing in the distance; one is conscious that the inevitable power of destiny is drawing nearer and nearer—it is rustling around her, like the pinions of death. She has no misgivings. Gentle and innocent the sweet girl sits by her harp. Sorrow swells her bosom, and its accents tremble upon her lips—accents burst-

ing from a full and lovewarm breast, for which the dagger is already drawn. He comes, not to embrace her, but for her murder. Desdemona prays for him—blesses him—and in return receives a curse.

Othella stepped upon the stage. The attention of Sophia, who had been weeping over her favourite ditty, was now more intensely than ever fixed upon the opera. She glanced at her bracelet, and played with the clasp of it. A pensive smile chased away her melancholy. The major had his eyes fixed upon her. Good God! She draws forth the fatal note, and conceals it in her dress. He sees her secretly breaking the seal—in desperation he rushes along the passage—is hurried on, he knows not why, by some invisible power, to the royal box—a tumult is heard without the theatre—the royal household is bursting backwards and forwards in all directions—a murmur is heard—"the Princess Sophia has suddenly fallen into a swoon."

A few days subsequent to this event, Major Larun was sitting in his chamber in a state of deep melancholy. His forehead rested upon his hands, his countenance was wan, his eyes half closed; tears trickled silently down his cheeks. He saw all the fine threads of impending doom—invisible to any eyes but his own—that were now doubled and interwoven with each other, to be thrown over one gentle ill-starred heart. Ineffable regret was mingled with these mournful reminiscences, when he thought of the lost honour of an old companion in arms, and when the image of the heart-broken Sophia rose before him.

One of the ladies in waiting of the royal family was introduced to the major. She communicated the tidings that the princess continued seriously ill—that the physician to the household held out no hope of recovery. The oil in the lamp of life was exhausted, and the flame was about to expire. The morning of the eighth day dawned. About noon the patient rallied. She heard from the lips of the major, who had been summoned in her presence, a confirmation of all she had dreaded relating to the count. A relapse soon followed. As the evening advanced, the anxiety of the inmates of the

palace became more intense. About eleven o'clock she fell into a gentle sleep. From that sleep, however, she never awoke. The doom was about to be fulfilled. The spirit of the murdered Desdemona again hovered over the house of——. The Princess Sophia expired a few minutes before twelve on the night of the *eighth day after the performance of Othello*.

“STANZAS TO MADALINE.

What's in a name? O! there is much,
And Shakspeare well its magic knew,
When he, with more than Raphael touch,
Such lovely living portraits drew.

What's in a name? O! it is sweet
To name the name I love so well;
Around it all the Graces meet,
Within it all the Cupids dwell.

'Tis Music's self, and Song's bright soul,
To hear that name I love to hear;
Oh! Passion's rage it does control,
To name that name to me so dear.

'Tis sweet as her who it does claim,
Enough all men to lovers make;
And did you know my fair one's name,
You'd almost love her for its sake!

What's in a name? Go ask the flowers
What's in the sun when it does shine;
Or ask this lovely world of ours,
What were it but for Madaline?

EMILY; OR THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

It would be a waste of time to endeavor to describe the personal charms of the amiable and accomplished girl who is destined to be the heroine of this brief story. Let the reader embody her attractions, and bring them to his view, by imagining her the very counterpart, or *fac-simile* rather, of his most esteemed favored. Having established this standard of beauty in his imagination, he has only to give her—to use a jeweller's phrase—a mind and accomplishments “to match,” and he will have formed a tolerably fair estimate of the qualities and qualifications of Miss Emily Langley.

To say—which please recollect is the truth—that Emily Langley and her mother placed far above those cares of this world, which are incidental to poverty, or even a state of very moderate competence, lived in the neigh-

bourhood of a prosperous and well-populated country town, in a “cottage of gentility,” with no sorrows to afflict, or difficulties to excite them, in an exceedingly lady-like manner, is but to speak truth. Their residence would have afforded a popular auctioneer of highly imaginative powers, ample matter for his eloquence; their carriages were well appointed; their house *bien montée*; and, as the most competent judges in the neighbourhood decided, the wines were even better than those with which the cellars of widow ladies are usually stored.

These last words may lead to a discussion which would, perhaps, be here somewhat premature—they infer that Mrs. Langley was a widow. Now, strange as it may appear, intimate as were the terms upon which this aimable lady and her daughter lived with all the best families in the neighborhood, nobody—not even the apothecary of the village knew whether she were a widow or not. Her carriages were perfectly plain, her plate bore merely a cipher; but as she herself never volunteered any information on the subject, and as her neighbours were quite satisfied that every thing was right and proper—not only because Mrs. Langley was exceedingly agreeable, and was constantly giving particularly pleasant parties; but because, very soon after her arrival in the neighborhood, the Bishop of Bridgewater and his wife, and the four Miss Langshawes—their tall, pale, thin, and accomplished daughters, paid her a visit, and retained her guests for five days, nobody, upon the plea of either friendship or candor, or good nature, ventured to make any enquiries upon the subject.

The moment the Bishop of Bridgewater became her visiter, the rector of Busfield was too happy to make Mrs. Langley's intimate acquaintance. The curate was most attentive; and a few contributions to a fancy fair, held for the purpose of raising funds for repairing the church, rendered her and her daughter exceedingly popular with the quieter and more sober portion of the neighboring population.

Her daughter—there again—*was* Miss Langley her daughter? Emily was exceedingly fair, Mrs. Langley remarkably brown;

one had blue eyes that seemed to melt in all the softness of Knellerism; the other black sharp orbs, that seemed to dart into one as she spoke.

"Garrick, sir," said some one to Wewitzer, the actor,—"Garrick's eye can pierce through a deal board."

"I presume, sir," said Wewitzer, "that is what is called a gimlet-eye."

Now, although Mrs. Langley's eyes were equally removed from the Garrick and the gimlet, there is no question but that her eyes were "piercers;" and when occasion served, she seemed any thing but a tyro in the management of them. It was in this feature, especially and peculiarly, she differed from her daughter; but in the drawing-room, over the fire-place, there hung the portrait of a gentleman, painted, as it should appear, some five-and-twenty years ago, in whose countenance the visitors at Beaulieu Lodge contrived to trace a resemblance to the daughter; for although, as I have already said, every body was perfectly satisfied of the propriety and respectability of the ladies, especially with a bishop as a guarantee, it was not in the nature of things that people could go and call, and dine, and sup, and dance at Beaulieu, without feeling a little anxiety to know something more about its inhabitants.

One day Miss Scoop, a maiden lady in blue silk, made a desperate dash as regarded the picture; for, having got Emily all to herself, standing before the fire-place, over which it was pendent, she all at once, and *apropos* to nothing, said,—

"Is that your 'pa's picture, Miss Langley?"

"Oh dear no!" said Emily, bursting into a fit of laughing, violent enough to induce Miss Scoop to fancy she had done something exceedingly ridiculous; so she just twisted her neck, and poked out her chin, and drew it back again, and said, "umph," in a tone meant to be expressive of pleasure and self-satisfaction. Emily turned from her and walked away, and Miss Scoop's next little grunt was unequivocally indicative of her belief, that Miss Langley, after all, was an exceedingly ill-bred miss; besides, murmured the immaculate scare-crow, "if it

isn't her 'pa, I should like to know who it really is."

The reader can hardly suppose it possible that, moving in society as Emily did, surrounded as she was by all the *agremens* of life, fair and accomplished, too, she should, even if unwon, have, up to this period of her existence, remained unwooed. Oh! dear no. She counted several suitors in her train, several of whom were officers of the regiment quartered in the neighboring town; and one or two sons of county gentlemen, whose names, unknown to London fame, stood exceedingly high in their own district: but Emily seemed indifferent to all—gay, kind, and agreeable, she dispensed her smiles equally, sang the songs she was asked to sing, danced with all who asked her, without preference, favor, or affection, and in short, was a general favorite—her own playfulness and ingenuousness of manner keeping all of her followers at an almost equal distance.

In the midst, however, of this guity and good-humor, it was not difficult to perceive that one person who visited at Beaulieu was preferred before all others; but *he* was not to be found or numbered amongst the gay bevy most in the habit of flirting and fluttering about the house. Mrs. Langley was aware of this preference—so was its object—and strange to say, as the conviction of its existence strengthened in his mind, the rarer became his visits to the lodge.

Emily, who had no disguise from her mother, and who saw no cause, and knew no reason why she should conceal her feelings of esteem for the person in question, spoke upon the subject to Mrs. Langley, and told her that she thought it exceedingly strange that Alfred Sherwood came so seldom to see them.

"Emily," said Mrs. Langley, "'thy wish was father to that thought.' I have watched—I have seen you, when Alfred has been here—he knows I have—nay, Emily, I have spoken to him on the subject——"

"Spoken to him!" said Emily.

"Yes, dearest," said Mrs. Langley; "it was my duty—my most important duty Of all men living—of all created beings—Alfred Sherwood is the last—the very last,

on whom you should bestow a thought."

"What!" said Emily; "has he committed any crime? Has his conduct been dishonorable?"

"No," said Mrs. Langly, shaking her head sorrowfully.

"I thought not," said Emily; "I was sure he could have done nothing to disgrace or degrade himself. Besides, is he not the constant companion of those whose honor is as dear to them as life?"

"True, true," said her mother! "but there *are* secrets, Emily, in all families, Sherwood is aware of the reason which exists for your separation. Hence his lengthened absence."

"Did my father——"

"Hush, hush!" said Mrs. Langley, laying her finger on her lip, as if to command the silence of the animated girl; "I have told you, dearest child, that you shall know all. Each hour as it flies brings you nearer to the discovery of the mystery which hangs over you. Every day I expect to receive the intelligence which will empower me to tell you everything, and so as you know, dearest, the release will be to me a happy one."

"I care for no discovery," said Emily, "if it involves my eternal separation from Alfred Sherwood. Do not suppose, my dearest mother, that the affection I feel for him is that of a giddy girl, fallen, as the phrase is, in love with a young officer. No, indeed. My regard for him is founded on an esteem for his high qualities—the nobleness of his character—the variety of his accomplishments—the sweetness of his temper—I feel towards him as a sister."

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Langley. "My child, no more of this. The day will soon come—all will be explained. Here, here are visitors. Come, come, let us go and meet them; but let me implore you, do not let us recur to this subject until I propose it. Rely upon me, it shall not be long first."

Emily felt, of course, bound to obey; but, as the promise that she should "know all" had frequently been made before—although not with reference to Alfred Sherwood—she did not give quite such implicit credit to the maternal assurance as to the brevity

of the time to come as it might have been quite dutiful to do.

Swift says, "It is a miserable thing to live in suspense—it is the life of a spider." Poor Emily Langley was well qualified to judge of the aptness of the figure; for there is no denying that everything connected with her seemed involved in mystery. Even the portrait over the fire-place was to her a mystery; and when she burst into the wild, hysterical laugh which shocked Miss Scoop so much, it was rather by way of avoiding an explanation which she could not give, than snubbing an inquiry to which she was able to make any satisfactory reply.

That Mrs. Langley's words and manner—especially the latter—upon the occasion just noticed, sank deep into Emily's mind, there can be no doubt. In fact, interested as she was about Alfred, and everything connected with him, she resolved—mutinously, perhaps—to avail herself of the very first opportunity of speaking to him upon the subject of the hurried conversation which had taken place between her and her mother.

The casual visit of the neighbors, whom Mrs. Langley saw approaching them, occupied more of Emily's time than attention—her thoughts were not with them, and to appear interested in their conversation required a considerable effort; it seemed to her as if they never would go, and yet amongst them were two of her female friends. So that it was clear that Alfred Sherwood was an object of greater importance to her than she would have believed half an hour before the mysterious warning of her mother and induced the apprehension of losing him.

In the evening of this day there was a public ball given, as the phrase goes, at so much per head, at the Town-hall, and where, of course, Emily was expected to be present—in fact, Mrs. Langley was one of the ladies patronesses and it would be impossible for her or her daughter to be absent—never before, this day had Emily staid to consider whether she would meet Alfred—never before did she feel apprehensive of encountering him;—that she liked him, esteemed him, enjoyed his society, and ad-

mired his accomplishments, she was conscious; but, until she was told there was danger in their association, she never properly estimated the sacrifice which the relinquishment of his company and conversation involved.

After the protracted visitation had actually ended, and the friends were gone, Emily and her mother were again left together alone. The poor, anxious girl, who would have given the world to bring back the conversation to the only subject which now engrossed her thoughts, saw with pain, that of all topics in the round of remark or observation upon which Mrs. Langley seemed ready to touch, that was clearly the very one which she not only wished, but was resolved most scrupulously to avoid; this studied evasion was not lost upon the daughter, who rather contented herself, under the circumstances, inasmuch as, although her undisguised avowal of a preference for the young gentleman had caused an exclamation on the part of mamma, and an abrupt implied prohibition against speaking of him again, nothing had transpired on the part of her anxious parent, which could be construed into a mandate not to speak to him, and knowing her mother's character and conduct too well to apprehend for a moment, that she would run the risk of causing a "scene" in the ball-room, Emily satisfied herself with the resolution to treat Alfred as she had always treated him, and dance with him as usual, if, as usual, he should ask her.

All these resolutions, however judiciously framed, were nevertheless destined to be of no avail. The ladies went to the ball, and there were all the moons of the neighbourhood—as the Persian Princes call our ladies, and all the dandies, rural and military, even the curate was there, but no Alfred Sherwood; in vain did Emily's eyes wander over the motley group; in vain did they glance towards the door of the room, which opening, or rather closing with a weight, fully announced the entrance of each new coming visitor in the most inharmonious manner. Midnight came, but not the one she watched and wished for.

Every officer of the distinguished corps to whose safe keeping the respectable inhabit-

ants of the town, in the hall of which they were assembled in peace and security, was present, and each in his turn solicited the honor of Emily's hand; but no, her head ached, besides, she had sprained her ankle in stepping out of the carriage; in fact, she could not dance.

This disinclination and refusal were not lost upon her mother, who endeavoured to persuade, and then rally, her out of her laziness, or indifference, or ill-nature, but who with difficulty assumed the gaiety necessary to the performance of the part which she had assigned to herself; in fact, the hours seemed longer than hours ever were, until, at last, the supper was announced, which, with a considerable number of the company, was the most agreeable part of the evening's performance.

This occurrence would have been a charming opportunity for the escape of the ladies, but the carriage had not been ordered till the usual time, and poor Emily was forced to undergo the persecuting civilities of a Capt. Lillycrop, who, having failed in all his efforts to induce her to dance, endeavored to get her into good humour by loading her plate with the wing of an adamantine chicken, and filling her glass with gooseberry wine, furnished to the guests as champagne. All, however, was vain; the captain's assiduities were all wasted; and the moment escape was possible, the sorrowing, disappointed girl hurried away from what was a scene of gaiety to others, but which, in her mind, was associated with other days or nights, too painfully to be endured even with indifference.

As Emily and her mother returned homewards, both ladies appeared particularly taciturn—a very brief observation on the dullness of the evening, the smallness of the party, and a sweeping censure upon all the accessories, such as lights, supper, and music, constituted the conversation. Mrs. Langley did not inquire why Emily had decline dancing; nor even whether the sprain of her ankle, of which the effects were not visible as she stepped into the carriage, was better; in fact, there was a gloom hanging over them—a sort of mistrustfulness. One thing alone was certain, neither the cause of Alfred Sherwood's absence from the ball, nor

even his "once familiar name" was mentioned during their drive.

The mother and daughter separated for the night, not as they usually separated; hitherto, although Emily had been for several years aware that, at some period of her life, disclosures were to be made to her which would conduce to alter her position in society very considerably; still, as her mother's conduct was invariably kind and affectionate, and she had been given to understand that the change to be operated by the development of the secret with which she was mixed up, whatever it might be, would be advantageous to her in a worldly point of view, she never allowed herself to be agitated or irritated, or even anxious upon the point; but Mrs. Langley's mysterious exclamation, as alluding to Alfred, *did* prey upon her mind—what it could mean, or by what particular feeling it was excited, she could not imagine. But, after a long consultation with her pillow during a sleepless night, she resolved to terminate this new solicitude, and know the worst at once. Yes; the next noon should not pass away without an appeal to her fond, indulgent parent upon the subject.

Our poor heroine—if Emily Langley may lay claim to such a character—tired out with thinking, and wondering, and wishing, and hoping, and fearing, and doubting, and imagining, at length fell asleep; nor did she awake until the clock had struck eleven. Her faithful abigail had more than once ventured on tip-toe into the bedroom, but her young mistress heard her not, nor did the soubrette deem it prudent to disturb her after the fatigues of the preceding evening.

At length the well-known bell summoned Grindle to her lady's toilette, and Emily's first question was whether mamma was up, or had breakfasted; to which Grindle replied in the affirmative, and added to her answers a bit of information which not a little startled the young lady.

"Your 'ma has breakfasted," said Grindle, "and had a visitor to breakfast with her."

"A visitor," said Emily.

"Yes, miss," said Grindle, "and such a visitor as never did I see in this house. He was here by half-past nine, brought a letter

which 'must be,' as he said, 'delivered instantly to Mrs. Langley.' I took him for a watchman, and Elkins fancied he was a bear. He was wrapped up in a huge thick coat, with fur all over it. I never saw such a man in my born days."

"And did he breakfast with mamma?" asked Emily.

"Yes, miss," said Grindle, "the moment she had read the letter, she desired to have breakfast prepared directly. Up she got, dressed in no time, and in less than half an hour after the arrival of the visitor, there she was, walking up and down the terrace, talking to him like anything. Then, however, he had taken off his greatcoat, and looked a great deal less like a bear than he did before.

"But," said Emily, "you had better bring me my breakfast here, Grindle. I do not want to intrude myself upon mamma's visitors. You can tell her, afterwards, that I am up, and have breakfasted in my room, so that if she desires my company, I shall be ready to attend her, and if she does not, why, I need not present myself."

"Very well, miss," said Grindle. "Who the stranger is, I, of course, don't know, and cannot guess; but since he has been here, your 'ma has sent off two messengers in different directions. I tried all I could to find out where they were gone to, because I thought, miss, you would like to hear; but I could not succeed."

"Well," said Emily, "I can do exceedingly well without you; so go and get the breakfast, and I shall be ready to go down, if I am summoned."

Grindle lost no time in obeying these commands, and Emily was left to fancy who the stranger could be, and what his business. It was certainly not unnatural, as she was aware that her future destiny was clouded in mystery, that she should associate the new arrival with circumstances connected with herself.

While finishing her toilette, and thinking over everything that she had ever heard her mother say, in order to account for the arrival of this "rugged Russian bear," she passed near one of the windows of her dressing-room, and happening accidentally, almost mechanically, to look through it, beheld, to her utter astonishment, Alfred Sherwood

himself, pacing backwards and forwards upon the lawn immediately beneath.

This sight startled her infinitely more than the news Grindle had imparted with regard to the stranger. What on earth could Alfred be doing? Surely he had not taken the desperate resolution of avowing an affection for her, which she scarcely doubted that he felt. No—that could not be. Why, if so, absent himself from the ball? She drew back, so as to remain unseen, but still commanding a view of the promenade which he had selected. She was not destined to observe him for any length of time; he was almost immediately summoned into the house by one of the servants, and vanished from her sight.

"Why, Grindle," said Emily to her maid, as she entered the room with the breakfast. "Mr. Sherwood is here!"

"Yes, miss," said Grindle. "I found that out. He was sent for. One of the messengers went after him. Only think!"

Emily *did* think. A thousand thoughts filled her mind. It was impossible but that she must be somehow mixed up in this extraordinary movement. Breakfast was out of the question, her whole anxiety was to have her readiness to make her appearance down-stairs, whenever desired, announced as soon as possible. She could not doubt but that a crisis was at hand.

To the message thus transmitted, mamma's answer was, that she would see her directly, if she would come down into the breakfast parlour. She did not long pause before she obeyed the invitation.

When she entered the room she found Mrs. Langley alone, evidently labouring under considerable excitement. Emily ran to her, and kissed her cheek as usual, and her kiss was returned warmly and affectionately.

"My love," said Mrs. Langley, "you must prepare for a journey immediately, at least for what would have been called a journey, even twenty years since, before those wonderful annihilators of time and space, railroads, were invented."

"A journey?" said Emily.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Langley, "you will require very little luggage; our stay where we are going will not exceed two days—give directions to Grindle, who will go with you,

and then return to me; you will find me on the terrace."

Emily did as she was bidden; but she could not help wondering whither they were going at so short a notice, and at the absence of any observation on the part of her mother, as to the arrival of the stranger or the proximity of Sherwood. Having given her orders, she proceeded to the terrace, as she had been desired, where, seated on a bench under the verandah which opened upon it, she beheld her mother and an elderly man; gentleman she could scarcely call him, although the relative position to her parent which he occupied gave him a claim, if not a right, to the distinction.

As she approached, the stranger started up, and, raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed, "What a likeness, 'tis she herself."

"This, my dear," said Mrs. Langley, presenting her daughter to the visitor, "is a very old friend of our family—Mr. Slangerman: he remembers you an infant."

Emily blushed and looked confused; the old man took her hand and pressed it to his lips, respectfully but fervently—he, too, was evidently overcome by his feelings.

"I never saw any resemblance so strong," said he, after the lapse of a few minutes, "never?" and the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Emily," said Mrs. Langley, seemingly anxious to remove her from a scene which she feared would be too exciting for her nerves, "go, dear, and hurry your maid; we must be punctual, I will come to you in a moment."

Emily obeyed; but, as she passed along, her eyes in vain roved in search of Sherwood. Was he to be of the party? Who was she so like? Who was the old gentleman? Where were they going, and why?

To some of these questions she was destined very soon to obtain replies. She had scarcely reached her room, when Mrs. Langley was beside her.

"Where in the name of wonder, mamma," said Emily, "are we going to?"

"Our present journey is to Liverpool," said Mrs. Langley; "our stay there will be short. Oh! Emily, my beloved Emily, the moment has arrived—I knew it must—I ought to have been prepared—but I know,

I am sure, quite sure, I shall not be loved the less."

"Oh! mother, mother!" sobbed the agitated girl, terrified at the emotion of her affectionate companion, "What does this mean?"

"Emily," said Mrs. Langley, gazing steadily on her features, and endeavoring to exert all her energies, "I am *not* your mother."

These words, uttered with firmness and solemnity, struck deep into poor Emily's heart.

"Not my mother," said she, almost unconscious of the repetition.

"No," said Mrs. Langley; "let me implore you, be firm, be calm—we shall never be separated—you will know all this afternoon. Come to my heart, my dearest girl, and be henceforth the kind, affectionate, dutiful child I have ever found you."

"But tell me," said Emily.

"Nothing more here," replied Mrs. Langley. "He that must tell you all, is sick and ill at Liverpool, just landed from America, where for thirteen years he has lived a life of pain and sorrow. You are destined to be happy, let that content you—I can tell no more."

Emily stood like one bewildered—the necessity of action roused her from her amazement, and the hurrying and bustling of Grindle afforded her a sort of equivocal relief from the tumult of her brain.

Hurrying, as she was directed to do, she saw the carriages driven round, which were to take them to the station whence they were to embark on the railroad; she hastily locked her writing desk and jewel-case, and having cast a hasty look round her room, hastened down the stairs, at the foot of which she encountered Alfred Sherwood, looking as pale as death, and absolutely trembling with agitation.

She held out her hand to him—he took it, but in a manner so different from that which had before marked his feelings towards her, that she could not but enquire the cause of the alteration.

"What is the meaning of this?" said she.

Before Alfred could reply, Emily found herself gently withdrawn from the spot where

she was standing, and, on turning round, found the old stranger holding her by the arm, saying, in the mildest tone—

"The carriages, Miss Emily, are waiting."

The surprise which this "manual exercise" caused her, seemed likely to produce something like a remonstrance; but Mrs. Langley, who was close behind her, put an end to all further parley, by observing that "indeed they should be too late."

"Mr. Sherwood," said the venerable stranger, "you can go on the box."

Alfred bowed obedience to the suggestion, which sounded exceedingly like an order, and brought up the rear of the procession, which moved across the hall to the door, a spectacle of amazement to the servants, both those who were to be of the traveling party and those who were not.

"Remember," said Mrs. Langley to the butler, as she stepped into the barouche. "we shall dine at seven precisely on Thursday; we shall be eight."

These were her parting injunctions; by her side in the barouche sat Emily, opposite them the stranger, and although the fourth seat was vacant, Alfred mounted the box as he was directed. The pony phaeton followed with two maids and one footman, and the luggage, which, as the party were in "light marching order," was not exceedingly cumbersome.

Away they went. There was not much conversation in the barouche—the stranger was not aware that Mrs. Langley had broken one part of the great secret to Emily, upon whom his eyes continued riveted during the drive. Emily, informed of one fact connected with herself—the most important and astonishing, without preparation, explanation, or qualification, could think of nothing else; except, indeed, the equally inexplicable appearance of Alfred, and the treatment which he seemed to endure.

Thus wrapped in meditation, the party reached the station: they were in excellent time; they debarked from the carriages, which were ordered to be there to receive them at six o'clock on the Thursday, and such is the admirable punctuality of the railroad arrangements, that within one minute or less of the appointed time, the almost

vital breath of the impetuous engine was heard snorting through the air, and in less than a quarter of an hour from their arrival at the station, the whole of the party, agitated as they were by a thousand contending feelings, were flying through the air at the rate of 23 miles an hour.

During this rapid progress, Mrs. Langley resolutely refused to enter into any conversation on the subject of their journey, well assured that it would be productive of the worst effects upon Emily, in a place, and under circumstances, where she would be without the means of soothing or reviving her. The stranger still gazed on the beautiful girl, and Alfred, who was seated next Mrs. Langley, appeared in some degree to have recovered his spirits, although his eyes remained downcast and his brow contracted.

The speed at which they proceeded seemed to excite in the stranger an anxiety to address the fair girl who evidently absorbed all his attention; and at length, after an apparent struggle with his feelings, he laid his hand upon hers, and in a subdued tone of voice, said—

"Dearest, best-beloved of human beings, a few short hours will restore you to him who—"

At this moment, a noise louder than the crashing of thunder, burst over their devoted heads—a shout of horror, the screams of agony and fear filled the air, and in an instant a concussion, irresistibly violent, shivered the carriage in which the anxious travelers were seated, into atoms, and whirled the passengers down the precipitous embankment on which they were traveling, into the depths of the valley below. Fourteen of the vehicles shared a similar fate, and the green sward was covered with the mutilated bodies and scattered limbs of the unfortunate victims. Nor was this the extent of the mischief. He to whom the unhappy creatures were hurrying to relieve his mind, too anxious to reap the harvest of happiness which was ripe and ready for his hand, and finding himself better in health, had quitted Liverpool in the hope of anticipating their departure from Beaulieu. By some unaccountable circumstance connected with the switches, or the rails, or the sleepers, or some-

thing else, the up train had come in contact with the train traveling downwards; each set of carriages suffered nearly in an equal degree, and by this "unexpected meeting," the reader, in common with the inhabitants of the village in which Beaulieu stands, and of the town which it overlooks, and the rest of the world universally, are left in total ignorance of the history of Mrs. Langley, and of all the circumstances connected with it.

This is to be deeply lamented—but still, as far as the accident itself goes, there is every reason for consolation. No "blame whatever could be attached to any person connected with the railroad;" and moreover, the mutilated remains of the respective ladies and gentlemen who suffered were carefully collected, and interred the following day in the catacombs of one of the popular joint-stock company cemeteries, which "commands a beautiful view of the surrounding country, and to and from which there are omnibusses going and returning every half-hour in the day—fare sixpence, inside."

CHARADES.

Sir Geoffrey laid in his cushion'd chair
Nursing his gouty knee:—
The Lady Dorothy, tall and spare,
Was mixing his Colehium tea;
And Beatrice, with her soft blue eyes,
Was teaching her poodle to jump at flies!

Sir Geoffrey mutter'd—Sir Geoffrey moan'd
At each twitch of his ancient foe,—
Aunt Dorothy grumbled—Aunt Dorothy groaned,
'Was there ever so red a toe?'
That poor old knight!—when it twinged him worst,
To the hatchet had willingly yielded 'my first!'

She smooth'd his pillows—she mix'd his draft,
No doctor was half so clever;
He swallow'd the pill, and the dose he quaff'd,
But that toe!—'twas as red as ever.
Oh! a maiden lady of sixty-three,
Makes 'my second,' but ill for a gouty knee!

But Beatrice came with her tiny hand,
To where the old knight lay,
And a single touch, like a fairy's wand,
Hath banish'd his plague away.
And Sir Geoffrey uttered nor cry nor call,
While blue-eyed Beatrice smooth'd 'my all!'

I've read of Sir Benjamin's far-famed skill
At setting a broken bone;
I've swallow'd Sir Antony's marvellous pill,
When Sciatica twitch'd my own;
But I never could hear,—among rich or poor—
Of so wondrous a thing as Sir Geoffrey's cure!

For all your doctors, with all their brains,
Might write till their pens ran dry:
But they ne'er could have banish'd Sir Geoffrey's pains,
Shall I tell you the reason why?—
Old Galen's pages have quite left out
A young maid's cure for an old man's gout!

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

Nine o'clock had just struck at the Imperial Palace at Fontainebleau. Napoleon, seated by the fire-side with Marie Louise, was enjoying that freedom of conversation and familiarity he was so fond of. Never had his noble and antique features assumed so joyous and so natural an expression. He laughed, he chatted, he joked; and a stranger entering by chance, would have much difficulty of recognising the Emperor in that little stout man, lolling with so much *nonchalance* in an arm-chair.

He poked the fire with the tip of his boot, rubbed his hands with glee, and with playful and tender sallies, provoked Marie Louise to venture upon some French phrases as yet strange to her, which she disfigured with a German frankness so irresistibly droll, that Napoleon burst into fits of laughter.

The Empress, half angry, half smiling, came and sat upon the knee of her husband. At the same moment the door opening, the soldier-like face of Duroc presented itself.

"Sire," said he, "the Italian artist is arrived."

"Conduct him here immediately," replied the Emperor, at the same time pushing back his arm-chair, he left a space for the new comer between the Empress and himself.

The visitor, on entering, made a profound bow to the two illustrious personages into whose presence he was admitted; and at the desire of Napoleon, took a seat near the fire.

"Welcome to France, my dear Canova," said the Emperor, in one of his kindest accents. "But how pale and thin you have become since I last saw you. You must certainly leave Rome and come to reside in Paris. The air of the capital will restore you to health and vigour. See how well we are," continued he, taking in his hand the fresh and rosy chin of Marie Louise.

"Sire, you must attribute my ill health to the fatigue of my occupations, not to the air of my country. To leave Rome altogether, would be impossible for me; indeed, it would be fatal to me."

"Paris is the capital of the arts. You must stay here, I desire it," said the husband of the pretty German, in a commanding tone, on a sudden assuming the Emperor.

"Your Majesty may dispose of my life: but if you wish it to be devoted to your service, sire, grant me permission to return to Italy as soon as I have finished the bust of her majesty, the Empress, which I am about to undertake."

"Devil's in the man," exclaimed the Emperor, "he refuses to remain with me! You see, Louise, he has no other ambition than to be the greatest sculpture in the world. He longs to leave us to return to Rome to resume his labours, and present to the world another such a work as his 'Terpsichore,' 'Pâris,' 'Les Danseuses,' 'Venus,' or the 'Magdalen.'"

The conversation then became more general: they talked of the "Excavations" continued by the Borghese family of Italian artists, of the "Colonne Vendôme," and a thousand other topics. Nothing was new to Napoleon, who conversed with a perfect knowledge of every subject, and a wonderful clearness of perception.

Canova could not contain his surprise and admiration.

"How is it possible for your majesty to divide your attention between so many different matters?" exclaimed he.

"I have sixty millions of subjects," replied Napoleon, with a smile; "eight or nine hundred thousand soldiers, a hundred thousand horse. The Romans themselves had not so many; I have commanded at forty battles. At Wagram I fired a hundred thousand cannon-balls, and this lady, who was then Archduchess of Austria, desired my death." At this he pulled the ear of Marie Louise, who answered with a droll imitation of her German accent. "Il être bien frai." "I think," said the Roman artist, "things now wear a different aspect."

"Oh! Cela est bien vrai," said Marie Louise, this time in the best French possible, kissing the emperor's hand tenderly, who taking the young creature by the waist, made her sit upon his lap, but as she blushing resisted, "Bah! bah!" said Napoleon; "Canova is a friend, and we don't make ceremonies with friends, besides he is himself of a tender and susceptible nature, and will be delighted to witness the happiness of an affectionate couple."

"Listen to me, Louise, and I will relate to you a romantic story, the hero of which you may easily guess; and you will then judge if those who love each other ought to feel restraint before Canova."

He kissed Marie Louise, and keeping her still upon his knee began. "In the province of Treviso there is a little village, called Possagno. In this place was born and reared the son of an architect, whose father died at the early age of twenty-seven, and whose mother married a second time, 'Sartori di Crapano.'

"At four years old, the child, by name Antonio, was intrusted to the care of its grandfather, who treated it with much severity. By him it was sent to Pradazzi, two or three leagues from Possagno, at the house of an Italian Senator, a friend of his, whose name was Faliero. The latter observing the intelligence of the little peasant, and pleased with the ability he evinced in carving stone, and shaping clay, placed him as a pupil with a sculptor called Toretto."

"What!" your majesty knows all these minute details of my private life?" exclaimed Canova in surprise.

"I know many more," replied Napoleon maliciously, and he continued.

"Toretto was a man of strict morals, but however narrowly he may have watched his favourite pupil, Antonio found means to escape from the Atelier now and then to go and dance at the village *fêtes*. He was then only sixteen. Amongst the gay throng of peasants assembled together during the vintage to dance the tarantella, there was one whose charms captivated his heart, Bettina Biasi, she was just fourteen. Her large black eyes sparkled with animation, her waist was so tapering two hands could span it, her hair, the loveliest that ever adorned a maiden."

A sigh escaped from the bosom of Canova.

The Emperor pressed the hand of Marie Louise, that she might remark that sigh, and without interrupting his recital continued—

"Antonio was enthusiastic, and in love. As for the grandfather, he was less moved by the fascinations, than by the marriage portion of Bettina, which was considerable,

particularly for the poor apprentice to a sculptor.

"The parents of both, formed projects of uniting them; arrangements for their marriage were drawing to a close, when Toretto and the Senator chanced to hear of it.

"They reflected that this union would destroy the prospects of their *protégé*, and determined to prevent it.

"One evening, they entered the chamber of Antonio, commanded him to follow them; and notwithstanding his tears, his resistance, and despair, carried him to Venice, where they confined him during a whole year.

"All endeavours to escape proved fruitless. The enamoured youth, finding his return to Pradazzi impossible, was compelled to seek consolation in the study of his favorite pursuit—sculptor.

"The talent and reputation of the young man soon spread abroad; his celebrity was established—he became rich—his society was courted by all, and the memory of Bettina Biasi was gradually erased from his mind.

"At the same time the arts and blandishments of another little coquette, Dominica, took the place in his affections. She was the daughter of the sculptor, Volpato.

"Proposals of marriage were made; but as Dominica was yet young, a postponement was agreed upon till the following year. Alas! before that time, Dominica bestowed her hand on Raphael Morghen

"The poor deserted lover was in despair at this new piece of treachery."

At this part of the recital, Canova fell into a deep fit of musing and melancholy, unconscious of what was passing around him.

"His health gave way. His physicians and friends recommended him to return and breathe the air of his native village.

"(Were Corvisart here, he would say this was a remedy the faculty do not believe in, but nevertheless it always succeeds.)

"Antonio set off on his journey.

"On his approach to his native place, the thoughts of Bettini Biasi, that charming, that lovely girl, so disinterested in her love for him rushed upon his imagination more fresh, and more engaging than ever.

"'Oh!' cried he, 'how ungrateful have I been to neglect and forget her.'

"Dismissing from his mind all remembrance of Dominica, he dreamt only of Bettini Biasi. He pictured to himself the delight he should experience in again clasping her to his bosom.

"His heart beat with hope and joy, and whilst he was resolving within himself to proceed next day without fail to Pradazzi, he perceived the village spire of Possagno before him.

"Too much agitated to remain in the slow 'vetturino,' he alighted and continued his journey on foot by a short road, until he arrived at the gate of the little town.

"At this moment a crowd of young men who are awaiting his arrival, and who perceive him approach, fill the air with shouts of welcome, surround and embrace him.

"He stands without the power of speech, his heart throbs within him, his eyes are filled with tears.

"The road is strewed with laurel branches and evergreens, all the inhabitants of Possagno, women, children and old men, in holiday costume line the road, and salute the celebrated youth.

"The venerable Toretto, the old master of Canova, folds him in his arms, weeping over him. At a distance approach the mother of Canova, his stepfather, and behind them a female bathed in tears.

"'Bettina! his Bettina!' cried Canova.

She stretched out her hand to him, he is about to speak, when the bells of the village sound a merry peal, salvos of musketry rend the air, and the curate at the head of his clergy, singing the 'Te Deum,' advances in his clerical robes, kneels down, and returns thanks to Providence for having granted to Possagno a child so renowned as Canova. The aged priest then passes his arm through that of Canova, his mother leans on the other, and the procession conducts the hero in triumph to his grandfather, whose infirmities confine him to his house."

"Ah! sire, sire! let me entreat you not to continue a recital which awakens such cruel and such sweet recollections," interrupted Canova, sobbing.

But Napoleon was too much pleased with

the impression he had made on his listeners to think of stopping. Marie Louise had several times wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Listen to the rest," resumed he, addressing the empress, "we are coming to the *dénouement*, which is well worthy of the rest of the story.

"The day following, as Canova was entering the little garden of his grandfather, he saw Bettini Biasi approaching him.

"Five years had diminished nothing of her beauty, except that she was pale, and resembled one of his own white marble statues.

"'Oh Bettina! Bettina!' cried he, 'will you pardon me my ingratitude, and confer on me a happiness I scarcely deserve. I had not yet seen you, when all the fervent and tender affection I once bore you returned upon me with increased strength.'

"'Listen!' said Bettina, whose voice trembled with emotion, 'listen! Antonio Mio—I suffered much when I learned that you were to be married to Dominica, but I felt even then, dearest friend, that the humble village girl of Pradazzi, the daughter of a peasant, the affianced of the apprentice, Antonio, could never be the wife of the celebrated Canova. Nevertheless, I refused several offers of marriage, and for five years I lived on the recollection of him I loved. But when I heard that you were about to return to Possagno—when I concluded, from my own feelings, that you would not be able to see me again without emotion—when I reflected that we might be both weak enough to renew intimacies rendered unreasonable by your present position, I was anxious to save us both, not only the possibility of yielding, but also the agitation and struggles we should have to undergo—I married.'

"'Married! you married!'

"'About eight days ago, to a deserving young man who has sought my hand for four years.'

"'Oh! that was a noble and worthy creature,' cried Marie Louise.

Canova had left his seat, and had gone to lean his head against the window to conceal his grief.

A knock came to the door, and the Minister of Police, the Duc d'Otrante, put in his plain but expressive head.

"Really, M. le Duc, you could not have arrived at a more opportune moment.

"See the effect I have produced, thanks to the information you brought me from Italy, within the last few days.

"Adieu, Canova," continued he, gently patting the shoulder of the artist. "Employ yourself in making the bust of my wife, and when you have finished it, if you still persist in returning to Italy, I suppose we must let you go.

"Good night! I have business with M. le Duc d'Otrante. Ah! it is a hard life that of emperor," said he, "it is not often I have an evening to myself, and a pleasant chat with my wife and a friend, near the fire.

"Now, come, M. le Duc." And he went out with the minister.

We must not omit to add, that this was the evening of the 11th October, 1810, and that the Emperor, Marie Louise, and Canova, were in the same room, and near the same fire place, where Napoleon signed his abdication on the 11th of April, 1814.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

Veiled in gray floating mists, before me stood
That vision of the guarded mount* sublime,
E'en as, in grandeur dim from ancient time,
It rose on fancy's legend-haunted wood.
And this, the Druid's hoar rock? In the wood?
Their mystic giant tomb. Did pilgrims climb
These heights re-hallowed, while the Christian chimed
Hang from the angelic watch-tower o'er the flood?
O change of human thought and nature's face;
But lo! in sunshine, frowning now no more,
The fair mount steppeth forth with gentle grace,
From Maraziti's low-polluted shore,
To the pure, glorious main's heaven-cinctured space;
Thus throned in beauty as in awe before.

H. L.

* Milton's Lycides.

† Carse lug, en kug—the grey rock in the wood, the Celtic name of St. Michael's Mount, which was also called the mountain tomb of the giants. It appears to have been formerly an inland rock, surrounded with woods.

BOAR-HUNTING IN INDIA.

BY THE OLD FOREST RANGER.

"I declare it is nearly ten o'clock! The sun is already hot enough to broil one's brains into an omelet, and still no sign of our scouts returning," said Charles, pulling out his watch, and returning it to his pocket with an impatient gesture, as he sat, on the following morning, lounging indolently under

the fly of the tent, the *kunnauts** of which were raised, and supported on bamboos, to act as a verandah, and to admit of a free circulation of air.

A substantial breakfast had already been disposed of. The horses had been visited, to ascertain that their feet were in good order after yesterday's march; that they had been well groomed, and that no water had been given them.—Saddle, bridles, girths, and stirrup leathers, had been carefully overhauled.—Spear-heads had been sharpened to the last degree of keenness; and our three Nimrods having now nothing further to occupy their attention, were waiting, in a feverish state of impatience, for the return of the scouts, who had been despatched, on the previous evening, to gain intelligence of the famous Boar.

The dense shade of the overhanging trees, tempered the heat of the land-wind, which sighed through the grove, rendering it cool and refreshing. But the straggling sunbeams, which here and there darted through the dense foliage, dancing and sparkling on the glassy surface of the tank, with intense, almost painful, brilliancy; the glimpses of the open country, which were caught through the stems of the trees, showed the parched earth glowing like heated copper, and the tall palm-trees twisted like gigantic snakes, in the fiery haze, bore ample testimony to the scorching heat of the tropical sun which blazed overhead.

A hundred *coolies*—almost as wild-looking as the animals for which they were to beat—all nearly naked, and many of them armed with rusty matchlocks, hunting-spears, or wood-knives were lounging about in picturesque groups under the shade of the trees. The old baggage-elephant, wearied with his long march, stood dozing listlessly under the shadow of a widely-spreading Banian, and fanning himself with the feathery branch of a palm-tree, to protect his skin from the stings of the buzzing insects which swarmed around him. And a group of smiling *Natch-girls*, encouraged to repeat their visit, by the handsome present of the previous day; and now having their charms set off to the best advantage, by all the glittering finery of

* Kunnauts—curtains, or canvas walls of a tent.

Indian Belles, with large gold rings depending from their noses, their necks loaded with jewels, massive silver bangles encircling their slender, well-turned, ankles; their braided hair, decked with wreaths of the sweet-smelling *Maugree*,† and their silken robes filling the air with the perfume of sandal-wood, were twining their graceful figures in the dance, and darting the most bewitching glances from their large voluptuous dark eyes, in the vain hope of charming the impatient sportsmen, whose minds, however, were too fully occupied by floating visions of panting steeds, blood-stained spears, and foaming boars, to be captivated by the charms of the fascinating Syrens.

The Doctor was lounging indolently in an arm-chair, with a cheroot in his mouth, as usual, twirling his thumbs, nodding his head approvingly, with the air of a connoisseur in such matters, as any particularly graceful movement of the Natch-girls, happened to meet with his approbation; and occasionally turning round to give some directions to Heels, who was busied, outside of the tent, in skinning the dead panther, Mansfield was amusing himself by giving a finishing touch to the keen edge of his favourite hog-spear, on a fine hone; when Charles, who was by far the most impatient and watchful of the party, started from his seat, with an exulting shout, which brought the performance of the Natch-girls to an abrupt conclusion.

"Hurra, lads, here comes our scouts, at last."

The Natch-girls, startled by the sudden exclamation, shrunk aside, and made way for two panting *Shikaries*, covered with dust and perspiration, who, advancing at a long, easy wolf-like trot, and, halting in front of the tent, announced with a profound salaam, that a large *souder* of hog, headed by the far-famed Boar, had been marked down, amongst the hills, a few miles from camp.

"Boot and saddle! spurs and spears! and hurra for the man that first draws blood from the old Boar," shouted Mansfield, starting to his feet, and brandishing aloft his light elastic spear—a faultless male bamboo from the jungles of the Concan, about ten feet long, tough as whalebone, and taper-

ing away beautifully to the smaller end, where it terminated in a keen glittering blade, about the size and shape of a laurel-leaf—a blade which had reeked with the blood of many a grisly boar.

"*Gorah lau!*"‡ was now the cry; and in less than five minutes, three snorting steeds, accoutred for the field, were pawing the ground impatiently, in front of the tent.

Mansfield's favourite hunter, Challenger, was the very model of a perfect Arab; a light iron-gray, with broad expanded forehead, deep jowl, fine tapering muzzle, wide nostrils, and beautifully-placed ears; his thin withers, well-placed shoulder, round carcass, compact joints, and long, sloping, muscular quarters, gave promise of uncommon strength and fleetness; whilst a full dark eye, mild as that of the Gazelle, but beaming with the latent fire and indomitable courage of a true son of the desert, belied him much, if his endurance were not equal to his speed. In short, his figure was perfect symmetry, with the exception of his legs, which, although perfectly sound, were, sorely disfigured by many a bruise and deep unsightly scar, which blemishes would have given great offence to an English eye; but, to one accustomed to the headlong pace at which the Indian Hog-hunter urges his horse over the rocky hills, and through the thorny jungles of the Deccan, those honourable wounds, the inevitable portion of every good horse, who has carried a good rider, excited no surprise, and but little regret.

Charles's horse, Lightning, a bright chestnut, had also sprung from Araby's best blood; but his clean, unblemished, wiry limbs, showed that he, like his master, had seen but little service in the field; whilst his fiery eye, restless ears, and fretful movements, together with the unusually long-checked bit, with which his bridle was furnished, led one to suspect, that his temper, like that of most horses of his colour, was somewhat of the hottest.

The sportsmen now mounted, without loss of time, and rode out of the grove, followed by their respective Horsekeepers, and the whole party of Beaters. Not a cloud appeared in the whole wide expanse of deep

† *Maugree*—a large species of jasmine.

‡ "*Gorah lau*"—Bring forth the horse."

blue sky to veil the splendor of the tropical sun, which shot down his almost vertical rays with an intensity of heat, that threatened to penetrate the brain, even through the thick hunting-caps, and damp towels, which the sportsmen had provided to protect their heads. A silence, deep as that of midnight, pervaded the land; for nature was faint with heat, and every living thing sought shelter from the merciless glare of an Indian noon; save the hardy hog-hunters, and the ever-ravaging vulture, which, soaring at an immense height, almost beyond the reach of human vision, swept through the air in wide extended circles, seeking his obscene food in the very eye of the blazing sun.

An hour's easy riding brought them to the place where the hogs were said to be marked down; it was a rocky hill, thinly clothed with stunted brushwood, and rising abruptly from a bare stony plain intersected by numerous dry *nullahs* or water-courses, and dotted, in the extreme distance, with clumps of palm-trees, and fields of sugar cane, to which the hogs were in the habit of resorting to feed during the night.

Having ascertained the nature of the position, by a rapid glance of his experienced eye, Mansfield issued the necessary orders to his Beaters, and then desired Charles and the Doctor to follow him to a small clump of date-trees, near the foot of the hill, where they, and their horses, might lie in ambush, till the hogs were roused.

Having carefully concealed themselves amongst the trees, and ascertained that neither they, nor their horses, were visible from the hill-side, the riders dismounted, and waited with breathless impatience for the first joyous shout of the beaters. Charles's heart beat almost audibly as he peeped through the leafy screen which concealed them, expecting every moment to hear the yell, which announced the finding of the mighty Boar, and to see the grisly monster, dash headlong down the rocky steep. But half an hour had elapsed, during which the deep silence was unbroken, and the excited feelings of the young sportsman were beginning to subside into something very like disappointment, when a distant shout came

faintly on his ear, from the opposite side of the hill. Mansfield, who had been smoking his cigar, and chatting carelessly with the Doctor, started at the well known sound. A grim smile curled his lip, and fire flashed from his kindling eye, as he bounded to his feet, grasped his spear, and sprang into the saddle. "Now, lads, mount!" said he, settling himself firmly in his seat, and grasping the reins. "Mount, and be ready; we shall have him afoot directly."

The others mounted in haste, and fixed their longing eyes on the side of the opposite hill, whilst every nerve tingled, with an almost sickening sensation of wild excitement.

"I see him, I see him!" said Charles in an eager whisper; at the same time tightening his reins, and closing his heels, with an involuntary jerk, which made the impatient Lightning snort and rear.

"For Heaven's sake, Charles! keep that fidgetty brute of yours quiet," replied Mansfield, in a chiding tone, as the gigantic Boar was seen to rise slowly from his solitary lair on the hill side, shaking his grey hide like a roused lion, and turning his head to listen to the approaching shouts of his pursuers.—"Steady, steady—not a move till I give the word, 'ride,' and then you may knock the fire out of master Lightning as soon as you like. That Boar will try his mettle both in running and fighting, else I'm mistaken."

The Beaters were, by this time, coming over the crest of the hill; and the Boar, apparently satisfied that his enemies were advancing in too great force for him to attempt resistance, began to steal away through the brushwood, stopping occasionally to listen, as if debating to himself, whether to make for the plain, and trust to his speed for safety, or to turn, and charge gallantly amongst his pursuers.

Charles, in the excitement of the moment, was several times on the point of raising a shout to inform the beaters that the Boar was afoot, and to urge them forward; but a glance from Mansfield's frowning eye immediately checked him.

The ground now becoming more open, the Boar increased his pace to a shambling trot;

and, the eager beaters having at the same moment caught a sight of him, a wild unearthly yell arose, as if a whole legion of devils were at his heels. The chafed brute stood for one moment with upraised bristles, churning the white foam between his jaws; then, uttering a short angry grunt, that seemed to announce his desperate determination of trying his speed across the plain, he dashed down the hill, and disappeared in the brushwood.

"Now we have him! Now for a glorious burst!" exclaimed Mansfield, grasping his spear more firmly, and shortening his reins, in the hope of seeing the mighty Boar burst gallantly from the belt of low jungle which skirted the foot of the hill. But no Boar appeared, and Mansfield was about to give vent to his feelings in a very unseemly oath, when a thick patch of brushwood, immediately below the Beaters, appeared in violent motion, and next moment, a whole *souder* of hog burst from the cover, and came scrambling down the hill; their round black backs rising and falling in quick succession, like a shoal of porpoises tumbling along the face of a giant wave. The excited Beaters redoubled their yells, and the terrified animals, dashing at once through the belt of jungle, took to the open ground without hesitation.

"Ride!" shouted Mansfield, in a voice clear as a trumpet-sound. And at that thrilling cry, the three horsemen, darting from their concealment, like lightning from a thunder-cloud, urged their snorting hunters across the plain at the very top of their speed. Charles's hot-blooded chesnut, tearing along with his head and tail in the air, and the bit in his teeth, as if determined that nothing should stop him till he was brought up, by running his head against a stone wall, or till he succeeded in breaking his own neck, or that of his rider, in one of the numerous ravines which lay so opportunely in the way. But this was no time to argue the point with a runaway horse, and Charles let him go to his heart's content. The Doctor followed at a less headlong pace; but, to do him justice, he plied the spurs, and made the old horse do his best.

"Now Charles, my boy—now for the spear of honour!" cried Mansfield, as he and

Charles rode neck and neck, at a racing pace, over the most terrific ground. "We are tolerably well matched as to speed, I see; and, if you can draw first blood, to dim the lustre of your maiden spear, you shall bear the palm, and welcome; but, by the Prophet! you must ride for it."

"Hurra! here goes for first blood then!", cried Charles in an exulting tone, at the same time shaking the reins, and driving the spurs into his fiery horse, already mad with excitement and lathered with foam, whilst the more temperate Challenger, although urged to his utmost speed, had hardly turned a hair.

Hurra! hurra! away they scour like falcons darting on their prey; the hard-baked earth ringing like metal beneath their horses' iron-shod hoofs, and a long train of dust rising like smoke behind them.

Although the two horses were, in fact, well matched as to speed, Charles's light weight soon began to tell, in favour of his horse Lightning, who gradually crept ahead of his antagonist, till, by the time they had got within a hundred yards of the hog, he was nearly half that distance in advance.

"Shall I try it?" exclaimed Charles, looking over his shoulder, and addressing Mansfield, as the leading Boar much to his astonishment, bounded with the agility of an antelope, over a yawning ravine, which happened to cross his path; a dry water-course, with rocky, half-decayed, banks, which looked as if they would crumble into dust under the light foot of a fawn, and as breakneck-looking a place, as the most desperate horsemen would care to ride at.

"Ay, ay! go along!" replied Mansfield. "A good horse can always follow where a boar leaps, but keep his head straight, and rattle him at it, as if you were in earnest—for, by mine honour, it is not a place that will improve by looking at it."

Charles, who was just in the mood to ride at the Styx, if it had come in his way, drove in the spurs, and went at the leap with the heart of a lion; but, just as he reached the brink, his violent brute of a horse, who had hitherto gone with his head in the air, and his mouth wide open, as if he neither knew nor cared whether there was any impediment

in his way or not, suddenly swerved, and wheeling round, with a loud snort, dashed off at right angles.

The well-trained Challenger, on the contrary, accustomed to Mansfield's resolute manner of riding, and knowing, from experience, that it was in vain to refuse anything at which he was put, cocked his ears, gathered his hind-legs well under him, and quickening his stroke, as he approached the ravine, cleared it in beautiful style, although the decayed rock, from which he sprung, gave way, just as his hind-feet quitted it, and rolled thundering to the bottom of the *nullah*.

Charles had, by this time, succeeded in turning his horse, and putting him once more at the leap, with head held straight, and the spurs goring his sides, the snorting brute went at it like a charging tiger, bounded high into the air, and cleared the ravine by several feet.

The race for the first spear was now resumed in earnest, Charles straining every nerve to recover lost ground, and come up with Mansfield, who, having singled out the leading Boar, was now pressing hard upon his haunches; the angry brute with foaming jaws and flaming eyes, uttering, from time to time, a short savage grunt, and swerving from side to side, as if to avoid the expected thrust of the deadly spear, which quivered, like a sunbeam, within a few inches of his heaving flanks.

Charles was now nearly alongside of Mansfield, and gaining upon him at every stride. Both horses were beginning to show symptoms of distress; but the gallant little Challenger still answered to the spur, and by one desperate bound, brought Mansfield almost within spear's length of the Boar. A long reach will do it now—and a grim smile of triumph passed over Mansfield's swarthy cheek, as he leaned over his horse's neck, and made a desperate lunge at the flying Boar. He has it! No! it was an inch too short—another stride will do it. Again the trusty Challenger bounded to the spur—again the spear was poised for the fatal thrust—another second, and the glittering blade would have been quenched in blood; when the Boar made a short turn to the right, and dashed across Charles's horse. The terrified animal

made a bound to clear the hog, and as he did so, Charles thrust his spear awkwardly forward, without aim or direction; the point, however, went true to its destination, and passing through the Boar's brawny shoulder, buried itself in the earth. The horse, at the same instant, stumbled over the wounded Boar, and came to the ground with a tremendous crash, depositing his rider in the position of a spread eagle, some ten yards beyond him, and shivering the tough bamboo shaft of the spear in a thousand pieces. But the spear of honour has been fairly won, and who cares for broken bones! Hurra!

The wounded Boar scrambled to his feet, with the splintered lance still sticking in his flesh, and uttering a savage grunt, was about to rush upon the prostrate Hunter, when Mansfield, coming up at speed, speared him through the heart, and rolled him over in the bloody sand as if struck by a flash of lightning.

Whilst Mansfield and Charles were thus engaged, the Doctor was not idle; following in the wake of his companions, he had fallen in with a little half grown hog, technically termed a *squeaker*, which, having been unable to keep up with the rest of the *sunder*, now appeared in a fair way of falling a victim to the Doctor's prowess, although he still made a good race with the old horse across the plain.

Charles, having gathered himself up, and ascertained that neither he nor his horse were materially injured by their fall, was heartily congratulated by Mansfield, on his good fortune in taking the spear of honour; and the two young men, having loosened the girths of their smoking hunters, now awaited, with much interest, the issue of the struggle between the Doctor and the unfortunate *squeaker*. The Doctor soon proved victorious.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mansfield, as the Doctor dismounted, lighted his ever ready cigar, and seated himself on a stone, "I shall give you five minutes to let your nags recover their wind after this little brush, and then we must have another heat for the Great Boar. This is mere child's play to the work we shall have, if we can only get him to break cover."

As soon as the horses had pretty well recovered their wind, the sportsmen remounted, and rode slowly back towards the hill, from whence the sounder of hog had been driven. The Beaters had already assembled on the plain, leaving a few experienced *shikaries*, perched upon commanding eminences, to prevent the possibility of the old Boar, which had not broken cover, from stealing away unobserved. Mansfield had just selected a tough and well-poised spear, from amongst the spare weapons carried by the Horse-keeper, and was explaining to Charles the proper manner of holding it, showing him how the other had been broken in consequence of his stiff manner of carrying the weapon, tucked under his arm, like the lance of a dragoon, instead of being lightly poised in the right-hand; and consoling him with the assurance, that even supposing his horse had not fallen, the spring of the bamboo, from being so confined, would in all probability have lifted him out of the saddle; when a shout from one of the look-out men attracted his attention, and, on looking up, he beheld a native perched upon a pinnacle of rock, waving his *puggarie*,* and pointing, with eager gestures, down the side of the hill, opposite to where they stood.

"By heavens he's off!" exclaimed Mansfield, putting spurs to his horse, and starting at a hand gallop. "Follow me, gentlemen; but do not press your horses too hard at first, we shall want all the wind they can spare, when we get to the other side of the hill."

The belt of jungle, which skirted the base of the hill, obliged the horsemen to make a considerable detour, and, by the time they reached the opposite side, the crafty old Boar, who had availed himself of a quiet moment to steal away, as he fancied, unobserved, now appeared like a mere speck on the surface of the plain, making direct for another rocky hill, about two miles distant.

"Now, my lads, go along," said Mansfield, giving Challenger his head, and urging him at once to the top of his speed. "He has got a tremendous start, and nothing but hard riding will avail us now; for, if once he gains yonder hill, our horses, blown as they

must be will stand but little chance of bringing him to action."

The Boar, finding himself hitherto unpursued, had been cantering along, at an easy pace, so that his pursuers gained upon him rapidly at first; but, no sooner did he hear the clatter of hoofs behind him, than he turned half round, as if some faint idea of doing battle had crossed his mind, and then, uttering a gruff grunt, bounded off at a pace, which, had he been able to maintain it for any length of time, would have rendered pursuit hopeless.

"Now is the time to press him," cried Mansfield, urging his willing horse to still greater exertions, although the poor brute was already straining every nerve to the utmost. "If we can only keep him at this pace, for another half-mile, we shall force the sulky brute to show fight, whether he will or no: and then, Charles, my boy, we shall have a first spear worth contending for."

They were now nearing the hill fast, and, as they approached it, the ground over which they rode, neck and girth, at such headlong speed, assumed every moment a more terrific appearance. In fact, it appeared almost miraculous that horses should be able to cross it at all; for, independent of the yawning ravines, and rocks, and thorny bushes which impeded their progress, the ground was so completely broken up by holes and fissures, just sufficiently concealed, by stunted grass, to prevent the rider seeing them, till his horse was in the act of flying over them, that, even at a foot's pace a horseman would have found some difficulty in picking his steps over it. Still, they pressed forward with undiminished ardour, and, save a few desperate tumbles, no accident had yet occurred.

The Boar was evidently sinking fast, and the horsemen gaining upon him. Mansfield was already sufficiently near to mark the malignant twinkle of his little grey eye, as he glanced suspiciously over his shoulder, measuring the distance, and calculating whether he had better turn upon his pursuers, or make one more desperate effort to gain the shelter of the hill. But still the foaming brute kept beyond reach of his spear.

"The devil take him, he'll beat us, after

* Puggarie—a cloth worn on the head as a turban.

all," exclaimed Mansfield, driving the spurs madly into the flanks of his gasping horse, lifting him with both hands, and throwing him bodily forward—his heart smote him as he did so, for, even in the wild excitement of that moment, he could feel the gallant brute reeling under him with fatigue.

"Bravely done, my trusty Challenger," cried Mansfield, in an exulting tone. "One more such stride, and the spear is mine."

True to the last, the high-spirited creature once more answered to the spur; but it was like the bound of a wounded deer. His trembling limbs gave way under him, and horse and rider rolled upon the ground. Next moment the Boar had reached the gaol; and now, considering himself safe from further pursuit, began slowly to scramble up the rugged ascent, his lolling tongue, foaming jaws, and staggering gait, bearing ample testimony to the severity of the chase. Charles, whose once fiery horse was now so effectually blown, that he no longer answered to the spur, except by a faint groan, seeing that the case was desperate, raised himself in the stirrups, and hurled his spear after the Boar; but the weapon fell harmless amongst the rocks, and the excited boy, throwing himself from his reeling horse, stamped upon the ground with rage and vexation.

The well-conditioned horses, although effectually blown by the severity of the first burst, soon recovered their wind, and the horsemen, remounting, began to climb the steep ascent, picking their steps with difficulty, and clambering amongst rocks and loose stones, where it appeared hardly possible, even for a goat, to find secure footing. Yet the hardy and sure-footed little Arabs persevered; and after a toilsome scramble, the hunters succeeded in driving the Boar over the crest of the hill, and had the satisfaction of seeing him fairly on his way towards the plain.

Here Mansfield reined up his horse for a moment, to let him recover breath; while he glanced his keen eye around, to discover the most practicable place for making a descent. Then, sitting well back, and grasping the reins firmly, he put spurs to his horse, and dashed at speed down the rocky hill-side,

which, although much less precipitous than the one they had ascended, was still sufficiently so to have scared any other horseman than a desperate hog-hunter with his blood, as we said before, at the boiling point; and even for him to attempt it, on a tried horse, appeared little short of madness.

But, the two horsemen reached the plain in safety, not a hundred yards from the Boar's haunches; and the gallant Macphee, fired by the sight, and forgetting in a moment all his prudent caution, dashed in the spurs and joined in the chase, with as much eagerness as if he had no neck to break.

The Doctor's horse, being comparatively fresh, now managed to keep pace with his companions: and the three horsemen were riding abreast as the hunted Boar approached a deep and wide stream with precipitous banks. This the Doctor fancied must either bring him to bay or force him to alter his course, which, in consequence of a bend in the river, would have the effect of bringing him to close quarters. An idea suddenly flashed across his mind that, by making a desperate rush at this auspicious moment, he might immortalize himself by taking the spear of honor from the renowned Mansfield. Fired by this magnificent thought, the excited Macphee darted in the spurs, brandished his spear and uttered a war-whoop that made the old horse bound under him, as if he had been electrified. But to his astonishment the Boar, instead of turning, plunged from the high bank without ever looking behind him; and—oh! horror!—his two wild companions, far from hesitating, only urged on their horses to the desperate leap with redoubled fury.

The Boar reached the opposite bank before the horsemen were half way across; shook the water from his dripping hide, and casting one malignant glance at his pursuers, trotted on sulkily for a short distance; then, as if aware that any further attempt at flight over the wide expanse of plain which lay before him, would only be wasting his energies to no purpose, he wheeled suddenly round, erected his bristles, and stood resolutely at bay.

Mansfield at this moment emerged from the water, dripping like a river-god, and see-

ing the warlike position assumed by the enemy, he uttered a shout of triumph, put spurs to his steaming horse, and charged him at speed, which, by the way, gentle reader, is the only safe manner of approaching a Boar at bay. The savage brute having now made up his mind to fight to the death, uttered a fierce grunt, and dashed forward to meet him. Mansfield's well-directed spear entered his chest, and passed out behind the shoulder; but, in spite of the severity of the wound, he still rushed forward, shattered the bamboo, and dashed under the belly of the unflinching Challenger, before Mansfield had time to wheel out of the way, succeeded in inflicting a deep and deadly gash, from which the bowels protruded in a shocking manner. Charles now dashed forward to despatch the wounded monster; but such was his strength and ferocity, that he rose staggering from the ground, rushed at the horse, knocked his fore legs from under him, and rolled him over, inflicting a cut across the shank-bones as clean as if it had been done by a razor. While he yet stood tottering, and meditating further mischief, the Doctor dashed up to him in the most gallant style, and shouting at the top of his voice, "That's second spear, onyhow!" plunged the glittering blade into his heart. The frantic brute made one desperate effort to bite through the tough bamboo; but in that effort a stream of black blood, mingled with foam, gushed from his mouth; and uttering one shrill scream, in the weakness of expiring nature, he sank slowly to the ground and died.

Loud and long was the death halloo with which the exulting Doctor proclaimed his victory. But poor Mansfield had not the heart to join in it. For him the victory had been too dearly purchased. Sitting on the ground, with the head of his dying horse resting on his knees, he watched his glazing eye and quivering limbs with the solicitude of a mother hanging over a sick child. The faithful and beautiful creature had been his companion in camp and in quarters, in battle and in the hunting-field, ever since he was a colt; he had shared his master's tent, and fed from his master's hand, and exhibited towards him all the affection of a dog.

Smile not then, gentle reader, nor call it weakness, when we tell thee that a tear rolled down the weather-beaten cheek of the hardy soldier, as his highly-prized and almost faultless steed, fixing his large mild eye upon his face, stretched forth his stiffening limbs, and sighed forth his last breath in a deep groan.

"He has died nobly," cried Mansfield starting to his feet, and dashing the unbidden tear from his eye. "But never, never shall I forget the hunt—that has cost me the life of my incomparable Challenger!"

SONG.

Once more, in this lone hour,
Dear fancy, lend thy wing;
Shine, sun of my youth, with early power:
Sky, smile like the sky of spring.

There's a gush from the springs of thought,
Which flows with glancing waves,
In the channel by ceaseless memory wrought:
Sad memory, filled with graves.

But one hour let me dwell
Where love and passion cast
O'er all my life the glorious spell
That binds me to the past.

Oh let me look once more,
Though my eye should fill with tears,
On the spirit form my heart adores,
Long fled with boyhood's years.

Oh let my sad ear strain
To catch one spirit tone,
Of that sweet voice, that ne'er again
Will answer to my own.

Call back the moonlight hour—
Call back a single sigh
Of the maid I loved; then let the power
Of the past I live for, die. B—.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.—ABSENCE OF MIND.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Youth, thoughtless and inexperienced, sees in the oddities of a stranger, nought but food for ridicule; but some little knowledge of the world and its vicissitudes teaches a man of feeling to regard with melancholy the eccentricities of old age. Sorrow often leaves fantastic traces of her fatal visits, and the peculiarities which excite mirth are frequently the indications of a bewildered mind, and of a broken heart, which has done with mirth for ever.

Having business to transact in the city, I once remained for a few days at the much frequented hotel where the coach stopped which conveyed me to London. The old-fashioned coffee-room was still fitted up with those compartments or boxes, which, though expelled from hotels of more recent construction, secure to the traveller some little feeling of seclusion and independence; and I in mine, to the right of the fire place, having finished my late dinner, sat endeavouring to take an interest in a newspaper, which I had already sifted to its last advertisement. On the opposite side of the fire, in the private box corresponding with mine, sat another solitary person. He was tall and meagre, his countenance pale, his hair thin, and perfectly grey; his age I should have guessed to be between sixty and seventy. My attention was attracted towards him by the wild and painful expression of his large clear light-blue eyes.

His movements were so quick and eccentric, that it was with difficulty I could conceal my risibility; to restrain it was beyond my power. I had not then been taught the forbearance which I would now suggest to others.

I still held my newspaper before me, pretending to be occupied with its columns; but all the time I cast furtive glances at my neighbour, unable to account for his extraordinary gestures. For some minutes he would clasp his forehead with both hands, then he would start as if struck with a sudden recollection, and look round anxiously from side to side, until with a deep sigh he relapsed into his former position, or leant his brow disconsolately on the table before him; again he would look up, and with a stare of vacancy fix his eyes on me. I pretended to be unconscious of his scrutiny. Indeed, though his glance rested on my person, I doubt whether he was aware of my presence. Then something like a glimmering of intelligence passed over his wan countenance, and, half conscious that his manner had attracted observation, he assumed an attitude and demeanour of composure. Thoughtless as I then was, the effort of an insane person to conceal his malady was inexpressibly affecting. I had laughed at his eccentricities,—I

could have wept at his ineffectual endeavour to conceal them.

Suddenly he exclaimed, "Lost—lost!" and commenced an eager search for something. He looked anxiously round the box in which his table was placed, and then rose, and with hurried steps paced the room, peering into every corner where it was at all likely anything could be concealed. At length his attention was turned to me, and approaching me in haste, he said, "Sir, I beg your pardon—I have lost—*myself*. Have you seen *me* anywhere? I am anxious—miserable—" and then he darted abruptly from me, looked under the seats and behind the curtains, shook his head despondingly after each disappointment, and finally left the room.

The waiter informed me that, though occasionally subject to wanderings similar to that I had witnessed, the gentleman was generally perfectly tranquil and in his right mind. He knew little of him, except that he had been a lieutenant in the navy. I soon retired to my own room, and am not ashamed to confess that the recollection of the stranger kept me long from slumber, and haunted my pillow when at length I fell asleep.

It was late before I entered the coffee-room the next morning, and I was somewhat startled at seeing the lieutenant sitting quietly at his breakfast. He offered me the newspaper he had been reading; and, making some remark on the weather, inquired whether I had been a traveller during the night. I believe it was with some embarrassment that I replied, that I had arrived on the afternoon of the preceding day, and had spent the evening in the coffee-room. His cheek became flushed, and he looked at me eagerly for a moment. He then seemed inclined to speak; but, checking himself, he turned from me, and resumed his breakfast. Vexed with myself for the want of tact with which I had alluded to the preceding evening, I endeavoured to make amends by conversing on general subjects. His reserve gradually wore away, and we soon sat together talking more like old familiar friends, than strangers who had so recently met under circumstances so unpromising.

That night we were again the sole occupants of the coffee-room. Every trace of

mental excitement had vanished from the countenance and deportment of the lieutenant; and, although still melancholy, he evinced no disinclination to meet my social advances. On the contrary, we soon occupied the same box, sitting opposite to each other, and chatting with the frankness and familiarity of old companionship.

There are some men with whom on the instant we seem to get acquainted. An hour's accidental association in a stage coach, a steam-packet, or a hotel, does more towards banishing reserve and restraint than many months of daily communication with beings less congenial. They seem to suit us—we part from them with regret, and long afterwards, when their names are forgotten, we remember a pleasant fellow and a happy hour. It is not then that friendships can be made; but we may learn from this the advantage of unpretending good humour and frank benevolence.

I already felt deeply interested for my unhappy companion, and I every instant dreaded inadvertently touching some cord which might arouse the terrors of his now slumbering malady; still I was fascinated by his singular manner, and at all risks prolonged the conversation.

"You are in the navy, sir?" said I, inquiringly.

"I have been a sailor," he replied.

"Have been?"

"Yes," said he, with a deep sigh, "I have been a lieutenant, not in the British service, —in a merchant ship, the China trade. I ought never to have been permitted to assume command of any kind. I was afflicted with a malady which ought to have prevented it."

At this allusion to a "malady" I looked down, and changed colour.

"The malady I speak of," he calmly continued, "is not that which I believe you last night witnessed; that is the dreadful result of my having been intrusted with power. The cause of all my misery,—the malady which ought to have precluded me from all such responsibilities,—was an absence of mind, to which from my very boyhood I have been subject."

I said nothing; but secretly I could not help surmising that the absence of mind

which afflicted the boy, might have been the germ of that insanity which afterwards bowed down the spirit of the man.

"If you will have patience to listen to a sad story, I will tell you mine," said my companion.

"Do not agitate yourself unnecessarily," I replied, "by recalling the past."

"*Recalling the past!*" he mournfully exclaimed; "what an unmeaning phrase that is! To me, and to all who have so suffered, the past is ever present! Listen.—I was a lieutenant when I became acquainted with a young widow, who with one child, then two years old, resided at Brompton. My old malady had increased upon me, and a consciousness of my failing frequently occasioned me deep depression of spirits. The widow was kind to me,—I loved her and her infant boy,—and before a year was gone she became my wife; and the child, who had never known his father, learned to call me by that endearing name. No father ever loved a child as I did that sweet boy Frank. Whenever I returned from my voyage he was my pet, my constant companion; and, never having been blessed with a child of my own, all my paternal affections were lavished upon him. As he grew bigger, he learned to watch me in my absent fits; and, dearly as my poor wife loved me, I do think that the boy's attachment to me was even greater.

"At length nothing would satisfy him but to be permitted to accompany me to sea. I heard the proposition with delight; and though his mother wept bitterly, she could not censure his very natural bias towards my profession. She gave her reluctant consent, and the boy went with me.

"Often when my malady oppressed me most heavily, his watchful care concealed my deficiencies from others; and that which I had neglected to do was done by him before the omission was detected. How I doted on that dear boy!—it is not to be told! You could scarcely credit it; yet, when you hear the sequel, you'll say I must have hated him.

"His dear mother's health declined; and latterly, at the close of every voyage, she came on deck when we lay in the river to welcome us both, and to embrace and bless

her child. She loved me,—but she idolised that Frank, spirited, amiable, beautiful boy!

"The last time we sailed away together, how wildly she clung to his neck at parting!—how earnestly she urged me to cherish and protect him! He was then sixteen years old,—a merry midshipman. There was not a handsomer fellow in the ship, nor a better heart in the world. My wife lay insensible when we were forced to leave her; the hope which on former occasions had sustained her seemed utterly to have forsaken her. Was it a misgiving?—did she suspect *me*? No—she would have roused herself to gaze once again on dear, dear Frank!

"The ship sailed, and we had a prosperous voyage. The captain, for reasons I forget, nor do they affect my story, was anxious at a particular period to make observations of the position of some island, respecting which, and indeed of its very existence, there was uncertainty.

"One bright and beautiful night the captain had gone to his rest, the watch was with me, and finding myself in the very latitude indicated by my orders, I gave directions for a boat to be manned, ordered Frank to take the command of her, and briefly intimated to him the observations which he was expected to make.

"Lightly he descended the ship's side, took his place in the boat, waved his hand to me, and away they went,—a merry boat's crew, commanded by a happy youth of sixteen.

"How beautifully calm was the sea! The huge vessel seemed to rest motionless on the tide, as if conscious that she was to await the return of that frail pinnacle—a mother lingering for the coming of her infant! I never saw the deep blue sky so full of stars before! I gazed upwards, I know not how long, till a dreamy dizzy feeling oppressed my brain. I still leant over the side of the vessel, and my thoughts were of my wife and the home where we had often been so happy!

Another rose to take my place—my night's watch was over. I left my orders with my successor, and with my weary fellow watchers I descended to my rest.

"He who succeeded me had not long been on deck when a fresh and fair breeze arose.

We had gone on sluggishly for many days, often quite becalmed: and now that the wished-for impetus was given, every white wing was quickly spread, and we flew over the foaming waters. The breeze increased almost to a gale, and for hours we had pursued our rapid course, when suddenly he who had the watch, the man who had taken my place, *missed the boat!*

"Inquiry instantly betrayed the truth! They came to me—to *me!*—the father of that boy—his sworn father—the man who loved him, and would have died for him—and they found me asleep! O the agony of returning recollection! In my brain's lethargy I had forgotten the departure of the boat!—I had neglected to note it in the orders left to my successor. I heard the rushing of the wind, and the dash of the waves against the ship's side, and though with all speed she was put about, and we went in search of those we had abandoned, I had no hope—I felt that I was a murderer! I know not how long we cruised about—it was in vain—we never saw them more! Oh! what a dreadful death! Prepared for an absence of an hour—without food—without water! O God! what must the poor boy have suffered!

"I remember nothing after that until we anchored in the river, and then my wife came on board. Then they could no longer restrain me. I rushed to her, pale, feeble, helpless as she was, and briefly as words could tell it, I shouted in her ears the fate of her loved boy. I told her of his death; but I had not time to tell of my remorse, for she fell dead at my feet.

"You will not wonder now at what you saw last night. I left the ship,—but where was I to go? I had lost my poor wife, and my boy, my merry boy,—and now at times I lose myself. No wonder. Can you tell me where I am, sir? My senses—my brain—where can I be?"

The poor lieutenant took a candle, and, after anxiously searching every part of the room, he left me, and I saw him no more.

Kind reader, this is a *true* story.

The eagle looks upon the sun, and soars upward in freedom; man looks upon the earth, and cannot break the chain that binds him to it.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XL.

[Major, Laird, Doctor, Purser.]

LAIRD.—And that was the way, ye see, I recovered my ravished powny, Drumclog! Thanks to a strong arm, and “a grievous crab-tree cudgel,” as worthy auld Jock Bunyan hath it!

DOCTOR.—In plain English, you regained possession of the quadruped *vi et armis*!

LAIRD.—Ye may ca’ that English, and blate would I be to insinuate that ye are telling a lee! To my hamespun lugs, however, it has a strong flavor o’ Hebrew, French, or some other o’ the dead languages! A’ I can say is, that the back o’ Josiah Bennett brawly comprehended the tongue in which I conveyed my rebuke for the delict into which he had been seduced by the enemy! If ever an erring son o’ Adam had a skinfu’ o’ sair banes, I trow it was the surgeon, after I had concluded my expostulation!

MAJOR.—Leaving Veterinarius to mourn over the consequences o’ his transgression, deign to illuminate us, oh penance-inflicting agriculturalist, touching the memorabilia of your aquatic expedition to Kingston.

LAIRD.—Heard ever, ony body, sic an alarming spate o’ kittle words? I marvel, Crabtree, that ye are na’ visited wi’ an attack o’ lock-jaw! It would be a righteous, and weel-earned judgment for intrmitting wi’ the vocables o’ Philistia! However, rax me the Jamaica till I brew a glass o’ something stiff, and when that is discussed, I’ll gie you a swatch o’ my adventures. A mariner, you ken, can do naething till he has spliced the main brace!

PURSER.—

Lo, there is the greg,
And now for the log!

LAIRD.—Here it is.

DOCTOR.—As I am a graduate and a sinner, the bucolic Crusoe hath actually made a record of his pilgrimage!

LAIRD.—And what for no? What should ail me keeping a journal, as weel as ony other distinguished navigawter? On the morning that I set oot, I paid four shillings and ninepence for the book, to Maclear’s vice-roy, Maister Cope. I marvel, by the way, whether he can claim ony kin to the turntail general o’ that name, that ran awa in sic a hurry, frae bonnie Prince Charlie?

DOCTOR.—It strikes me pestilently that we are going to be treated to a chronicle of the rebellion of 1745, instead of a visit to Regiopolis!

MAJOR.—Call it *rising* and not *rebellion*, Sangrado, an you love me. The most precious heir-loom in my possession is a portion of the halter with which my revered great-grand sire was suspended at Carlisle, for his devoted adherence to the cause of legitimacy! More highly do I esteem that modicum of spun hemp, than I would the collar of the order of St. George!

DOCTOR.—If you had said St. Ketch, methinks you would have smitten the nail more pertinently on the sconce!

MAJOR.—Do you mean to insinuate, sir, that my ancestor did not die as noble a death as did Sir William Wallace?

LAIRD.—Am I to read, or am I no’ to read? Confound me if I sit here listening to the blethers and canglings o’ a couple o’ auld gowks, about a race o’ monarchs that has expired like a fardin cawale burnt to the doup!

PURSER.—Hoist your blue peter, skipper, and forge ahead!

LAIRD.—Be quiet, then, like guid bairns. I begin, ye must ken, at the beginning. [Reads.] Anno Domini—

DOCTOR.—Permit me to ask a preliminary question, Culpepper! Are we to have the whole contents of that obese folio inflicted upon us?

LAIRD.—May a mercifu’ Providence preserve me frae the sin o’ murder, this night! Though gentle as a lamb, and patient as a hen-pecked tailor, I would na answer for the

consequences, if there chanced to be a potato beetle or a poker within my reach!

MAJOR.—*Sit silentium*, Sangrado!

LAIRD.—It's easy to tell him to sit silent, but see if the mandate will be obeyed! If ye dinna get a muzzle and a gag for the reprobate, my shadow will soon cease to darken the door o' the shanty!

MAJOR.—The *museau* shall be forthcoming, if necessary, but in the meantime, proceed with your narration. I shall become bail for the medico's good behaviour.

LAIRD.—Noo that the loon is shut up, I may mention that it never was my purpose to gie you my adventures at full length. I am writing my life, to be published when the kirk-yard has gotten me for a lodger, and I intend to reserve the bulk o' the log for the benefit o' my posteriors!

DOCTOR.—A most wise and thrifty resolution! You could not, by any possibility, devote the document to a more congenial use!

LAIRD.—Some snake, doubtless, is lurking under this complimentary grass, if a body could only get sight o' the reptile!

MAJOR.—Come, come, Bonnie Braes, let us have no grievance-hunting! Permit me to replenish your horn, whilst you are selecting the tit bits intended for our delectation!

LAIRD.—Even behind your back, Crabtree, I ay said that you had a glimmering o' common sense! Stop! stop! you auld sinner, or you'll hae me as fou as a piper! A wee drap mair water! Mony thanks! The butler o' Bacchus could na' improve upon that brewing! Major and Purser, here's your vera guid healths, and here's reformation to somebody that shall be nameless!

PURSER.—And now, "take the cork out of your mouth, that we may drink in your tidings," as the fellow in the play observeth.

LAIRD.—*Anno Domini*, 1855, Monday, August 6th, 12 o'clock noon, lacking 14 minutes. The *Europa*, Harrison master, and Higginbotham supercargo, has just cleared out frae Browne's Wharf. What a noble craft she is to be sure! Houris might recline on the sofas o' her saloon, and never think that they were out o' auld Mahomet's Paradise; and Anacreon couldna desire a mair luxurious or genial howf than her bar.

Inspected the stores that I had laid in for the voyage. Everything, apparently, in guid order—tobacco, orangers, ginge-bread nits, snuff (half a pound), host lozenges, and "Sam Slick in Search of a Wife," that honest Tummas Maclear complimented me wi', when I was bidding him fareweel. The only casualty I can discover is the breakage o' half a dizen o' pipes. I was sure that some mischief was done when I fell up to the oxters through the hole in the wharf!

PURSER.—The condition of those aquatic viaducts is a crying disgrace to Toronto.

LAIRD.—Passed triumphantly a steamer that had sailed a quarter of an hour before us. I stood on the paddle-box, and cheered like mad, in the exultation o' the moment. Blushed afterwards, like an unpractised beggar at a bawbee, when reflecting upon my conduct. Thinks I to mysel', thinks I, is it no a bonny piece o' wark for a Christian man, and a ruling elder, to be sae uplifted at the back gangings o' his fellow worms? But sic is that thrawn, cross-grained thing, corrupt human nature? When we are taking our ease in a cozie room, wi' an easy-venting cuttie, and aiblins a grey-beard o' potent yill, what is it that adds a three-fold zest to our enjoyment? What but the thought that at that very moment there are scores o' puir, half-naked wretches shivering in the frosty east wind, that cuts like a rawzer, and lacking the means o' procuring the meanest shelter, or the wershest morsel o' meat! Bonnie Braes, says I, I am ashamed o' you, says I, and I'll just walk you down to the bar, says I, and fine you in a glass o' brandy and water, says I, to learn you better manners, says I!

MAJOR.—Brutus, dooming his brave, but disobedient sons to death, furnished but a faint type of that act of stern justice!

LAIRD.—Met a very loquacious Yankee, in the place where I was paying the penalty o' my backsliding. During the course o' five minutes he had pumped out o' me the history o' my life, frae my nativity, up to the time when I was elevated to the magistracy. At first I tried to give my gentleman the cauld shoulder, but an inch plank might as easily hae resisted the advances o' a gimlet!

He had me turned inside out, like a sark at the washing, before I could tell whaur I was!

DOCTOR [*Aside*].—A precious nugget did Jonathan get for his digging!

LAIRD.—When Maister Sardanapalus Jupiter Olympus Doolittle (for that was the name o' my inquisitor) had sucked me as dry as a squeezed lemon, he began to tell me a' about his ain antecedents. The following passages I deemed worthy of a place in my log. Sardanapalus came to Boston a young lad, and a puir lad, and opened a sma' store in the general notion line. Mony and sair were the struggles he had to mak' the twa ends meet, and sometimes he could na' manage to get them to meet at a'. For ae step he took up the bill Difficulty o' fortune, he would often slide down twa, and seldom a week passed in which the yells o' bailiffs, constables and sic like twa-legged wolves did na' disturb the sanctitude o' his dwelling.

MAJOR.—Though sufficiently tragic, the story of Jupiter Olympus cannot boast of much originalty.

LAIRD.—It so fell out that an extraordinary popular preacher cam' to hold forth in the meeting house where Sardanapalus sat, and Sunday after Sunday it was crowded to the very door. One forenoon, when the notion huxter was sitting in his pew, he beheld a queer-like auld wife elbowing her way up the passage. She had a lang hooked nose, a humped back, and was dressed in a gown that might hae been fashionable in the days o' guid Queen Bess. Naebody paid the slightest attention to this outre specimen o' antiquated humanity, except to laugh and sneer at the oddity o' her appearance.

DOCTOR [*Aside*].—Oh that some benevolent fairy would bring me my night cap!

LAIRD.—A kind heart and a considerate, had Doolittle, notwithstanding the heathenism o' his Christian names. He rose frae his seat, beckoned the daized and forlorn stranger to come forward, and installed her in the berth that he had just quitted.

PURSER.—Pass the materials, Major, if you please. The horn of Bonnie Bracs exhibits that nature-aborred thing, a vacuum!

LAIRD.—That's right, my braw lad! Ay attend to the comforts o' your seniors! But to continue. For a month or twa, Sardana-

palus Jupiter Olympus Doolittle continued to enact the part o' a philanthropic Samaritan, accommodating "Nosey," as the bairns used to ca' her, wi' sitting room, and receiving in return a grunt o' thanks, for the dame was unco costive o' her compliments.

MAJOR.—Did your republican friend, with the classic prefixes, see nothing of his Sunday guest during the secular balance of each week?

LAIRD.—Ane or twice she paid a visit to the bit store o' her benefactor, but little the better was he for the compliment. Some purchases she made, it is true, but sae pertinaciously did she beat down the prices thereof, that a very sma' fraction was sufficient to denote the profit realized upon the transactions. She was a meeserly creature, said Doolittle, a meeserly creature, that would skin a misskateo, and manufacture rushlights frae the tallow thereof!

PURSER.—Have I mixed the materials to your mind?

LAIRD.—Father Mathew, himsel', could na' find fault wi' the concoction!

DOCTOR.—A somewhat equivocal and watery commendation!

LAIRD.—In the meantime things got worse and worse wi' the luckless huxter. His sales were few and his bad debts plenty. Customers waxed scarce, and their company was supplied by troops o' importunate duns, wha made his life bitter as soot wi' their never-devauling croakings for cash! cash! cash!

MAJOR.—How dismal that diabolical slogan echoeth through the vaults of an empty exchequer!

LAIRD.—Chief among the lucre-craving tribe that haunted the forlorn domicile o' Sardanapalus, was a lawyer named Vulture Von Hawk, a Dutchman by parentage, and a pettifogger by nature and education. Von Hawk had purchased, at an enormous discount, a note of hand for two hundred dollars, executed by Doolittle, and which was now long past maturity, to use the jargon o' mercantilism. Hardly a week passed that the lawyer did not pay a visit to his victim for the purpose of threatening him with the pains and penalties of insolvency, and extracting from his shallow pocket a

bonus to secure a temporary respite. It was Doolittle's honest and candid opinion that the sums thus obtained had more than exhausted the debt, and yet still it remained in all its original grewsomeness, pressing upon his energies like a stud o' nightmares!

DOCTOR.—A Yankee version of the ancient legend of Sisyphus!

LAIRD.—I dinna ken naething about Cicey Fuss, but the Dutchman made a wearifu' fuss about his note! At length the unhappy debtor received intimation that nae mair indulgence could be looked for, and that unless payment was made by the end o' that current week, the Sheriff's attention would be specially directed to the business.

MAJOR.—With this poculum of brown stout, I quaff confusion to 'sheriffs of all sorts, degrees, classes and conditions! May they masticate dirt, and let their graves be tetotally defiled!

DOCTOR.—Whence, oh Crabtree, this sudden and emphatic outburst of furor?

MAJOR.—Tell me, Sangrado, was the sanctitude of thy altar and fire-side ever profaned by the sacrilegious heresy of an execution?

DOCTOR.—The benignant Fates, from that mishap have hitherto preserved me.

MAJOR.—Small marvel, then, that you contemplate my flashing eye, and clenched bunch of fives with such wonderment! If it should ever be your lot to behold your household gods—the portrait of your father, the snuff box of your grandmother, and the well-preserved bridal veil of the sainted matron who gave you birth, manipulated by Painim, bailiffs—if such, I say, should ever be your chance you will come to learn the meaning of the storm which hath just swept over the Atlantic of my soul.

DOCTOR.—Drink of this cup, old swell, and in the juice expressed from malt drown those felonious memories!

LAIRD.—I would like to ken hoo lang I am to be kept sitting here wi' my log book open, when you are hammering awa' at the fishers o' justice?

PURSER.—Silence in court! Proceed, Laird, with your theme.

LAIRD.—Saturday night cam round, and a swell and gousty night it was. Like a bed-

lamite in the ague, the east wind raged shiveringly up street and down lane. The mercury, as if seeking for shelter, denned itself at the very bottom o' the thermometer. The——

DOCTOR.—By Jove, sir, you are causing my teeth to chatter like a Spanish *castaneta* with your confounded hyperborean similitudes!

LAIRD.—In the wee bit counting-room at the back o' his shop, sat the spirit-broken Sardanapalus Jupiter Olympus Doolittle, striving, but in vain, to warm himself over the ghost of a fire. At every passing noise he started up in a tremor, like the tenant o' a condemned cell expecting the visitation o' the hangman to truss him for the wuddy.

MAJOR.—[Looking at his watch]. How fast the night is absconding!

LAIRD.—At last a chap cam' to the door, and Doolittle having opened the same, there entered a bonnie young lass——

DOCTOR.—So, so! The Yankee Sardanapalus, it seems, had his Myrrha!

LAIRD.—Her name might hae been Mirren or Meg for a' that I ken to the contrary. At ony rate though fair to look on, she had an unco wae and begrutten appearance. And sma' wonder. She and Doolittle had been engaged to be married for the better o' sax years, but poverty had ay intervened to forbid the banns. The maiden was an orphan, without plack or bawbee except what she earned wi' needle and thread, and what wi' sma' wages and hard wark her strength had dwindled down amais to naething. Morning, noon, and night she might hae crooned wi' sad self-application Tam Hood's sorrowfu' *Sang o' the Sark*!

PURSER.—And what brought the damsel to her knight's bower in such churlish weather?

LAIRD.—She cam' by appointment. If the lawyer carried his threat into execution, and seized upon the plenishing and gear o' her sweet heart, there would be an end o' a' their hopes on this side o' eternity. In such an event he had made up his mind that it would be better for them baith to end an existence which was sae miserably replete wi' the thorns and thistles o' misfortune.

DOCTOR.—I smell the savour of a Crown'er's quest!

LAIRD.—Hoot ye auld gowk, its only the savour o' your ain burning coat! I saw a spark frae Crabtree's pipe fa' upon it ten minutes ago, and better!

DOCTOR.—Unregenerate son of a sea cook, why did you not give me notice of the catastrophe!

LAIRD.—When I become your vally de sham, it will be time enough for you to abuse me for neglecting the care o' your wardrobe!

MAJOR.—Go on, Laird, in the name of all the Furies, or supper will be ready, ere we have got a book opened!

LAIRD.—Jupiter Olympus had a sair wrastle wi' his dearie before he could bring her to fa' in to his plans. Her religious scruples were strong, and lang she refused to quench the spark o' life that her maker had lighted. Born down, however, by the importunities o' her lover, she had at length consented, not only to share with him a dose o' laudanum, but to purchase the same at a druggists as she came to the trysting place, that cauld and comfortless night.

PURSER.—Why did Doolittle with the classic prefixes, impose this task upon the maiden all forlorn?

LAIRD.—Having nae laddie he couldna' leave the shop conveniently. In addition to that, it was impossible for him to show his face abroad without being dinned and deaved for sillar.

MAJOR.—Guy, Earl of Warwick, earned a perennial renown for smiting a dun cow. Had he turned his arms against udderless duns, more exalted would have been his fame!

LAIRD.—Sad and sorrowfu' was the confabulation o' the hapless pair. No' a single glimpse o' hope's sun, illumined the mirk horizon o' their prospects. The mair they contemplated their destiny the darker did it appear, and at length even the lass declared that there was nae alternative left them but to imbibe o' the death-engendering potion. Wi' trembling hand she took the phial frae her pouch, and set it down upon the table to be ready for use, and then she put up a prayer in behalf o' herself and her partner in tribulation.

DOCTOR.—Ghastly vespers, I must own.

LAIRD.—Hardly had Amen been sobbed out, when the sound o' wheels was heard in the narrow street, and presently the voice of Vulture Von Hawk became manifested calling upon the driver o' some vehicle to draw up. There could be nae mistaking how the land lay. The lawyer had determined to bring matters to an extremity, and had procured a conveyance to remove the body o' his debtor to prison.

MAJOR.—Most assuredly there was nothing far fetched in such a hypothesis.

LAIRD.—For only sake let me gang on wi' my story!

DOCTOR.—Why, who on earth is hindering you?

LAIRD.—Ye a' hinder me, and be hanged to you! Since ever I commenced I hae been impeded by a running fire o' comments and remarks, enough to drive a Solomon doited! Whaur was I at? Oo, I mind noo. Sardanapalus was determined that he should never leave his shop alive, and accordingly just as Von Hawk knocked at the door he swallowed the half o' the phial' contents, and the balance was promptly disposed of by the maiden.

DOCTOR.—Methinks——

LAIRD.—Shut up, ye incorrigible sorrow! After waiting for a minute or so the lawyer lifted the sneek and entered the chamber o' mortality. Deadly sick as Doolittle was with the draught which he had imbibed, he could not help being struck at the unwonted civility displayed by the man of parchment and red tape. He stood with hat in hand, bowing and scraping, and expressing oiltongued hopes that his very good and much esteemed friend was in the possession o' sound health and genial spirits. Jupiter shook his scone, and remarked that in a few minutes he would soon be removed from all care and trouble. "I hope you will—nay I am sure you will" observed Vulture, with a merry twinkle of his ferret eye. "Small care need the man have who can call himself master of half a million of doll'rs!"

PURSER.—Never did pettifogger speak a greater veracity.

LAIRD.—"Mr. Von Hawk," said Sardanapalus, "too many gibes and jeers have I already received from you, suffer me now to

lie in peace." "Stuff and nonsense with your dying!" cried the lawyer—"Listen to me like a rational and sensible man. Are you not aware that the wealthy heiress, Miss Deborah Trumpington gave up the ghost this morning?" "And who in the name of goodness is Deborah Trumpington?" listlessly rejoined Jupiter Olympus—"I never heard of the name till this blessed moment of time!"

DOCTOR.—I think I could make a shrewd guess touching—

LAIRD.—Guess awa', if sae inclined, but if ye dinna haud your jaw I'll close the log book, as sure as I am a ruling elder, a captain o' militia, and a justice o' the peace!

MAJOR.—For all our sakes, Sangrado, put padlock upon your erratic lips!

LAIRD.—To mak' a lang story short, Von Hawk explained that Miss Deborah Trumpington was an eccentric old maid, who having some feud with her kith and kin abandoned her natal place in one of the Southern States, to reside in New York. Though possessed of great wealth she was exceedingly saving in her habits, and lived as if her income was calculated by bawbees instead of thousands o' pounds. She was the personage to whom Jupiter had showed civility in the meeting house, and that civility had made him her friend for ever. "Miss Deborah, feeling indisposed," said the Dutch limb of the law—"employed me to make her will yesterday, and to you has she bequeathed all her means and substance. Most cordially I congratulate you upon your good luck, and humbly do I solicit the honor of your patronage and employment!"

PTER.—Dame fortune is not such a bad jade after all!

LAIRD.—What a bitter yell of remorseful sorrow did the miserable Sardanapalus give birth to, when he had imbibed this communion! How did he curse the luckless hour of his nativity, and with what ireful energy did he dash the empty phial of laudanum upon the hearth-stone! "Why, oh why, Vulture, did you not come an hour earlier!" he exclaimed—"If you had done so two lives would have been saved, but now it's eternally too late!"

DOCTOR.—Reach me the tobacco, Crabtree.

My nerves, unhinged by this Yankee version of Romeo and Juliet, call clamantly for a sedative!

LAIRD.—No sooner did the lawyer learn how the land lay, than he dispatched the cab in which he had driven to the dwelling of Olympus, to procure the services of the nearest leech. Before many minutes had elapsed the messenger returned with a doctor of the name of Melville, the same lad that used to visit the shanty, lang syne, and tell sic wonderfu' stories about the land-crabs in the West Indies!

MAJOR.—I mind poor Melville well. Here's his health in the distillation of Jamaica!

LAIRD.—When the doctor looked upon his patients, after having been told o' their predicament, he burst out into a hearty, and, as it sounded in the circumstances o' the case, an unfeeling, and savage guffaw. "Make your minds easy, my good friend," he said, "the dose which you took will do you no more harm than would so much butter milk! It was to me that this lady applied for laudanum, and observing something excited in her demeanour, I took the liberty of giving her some diluted tincture of rhubarb instead of the ticklish article which she demanded!"

DOCTOR.—And so Romeo and his Juliet were not parted after all!

LAIRD.—Die! a bit o' them! Sardanapalus is now a member o' Congress, and his wife, wha is as plump as a Christmas goose, rides to kirk and market in a coach as grand as the Lord Mayor o' London's. I must wet my whistle, however, before proceeding farther wi' my jottings.

MAJOR.—[Aside.] Sangrado, if our bucolic amicus goes on at this rate, we shall get no business done this night. What are we to do?

DOCTOR.—[Aside.] Push quietly over to me the knave's tumbler. There! If these few drops of a cunning narcotical preparation do not exile him to the land of Nod, ere many minutes have elapsed, never call me conjuror!

LAIRD.—Has ony body seen my goblet? Hoot I am bliu'! Here it's standing at my elbow! Hech sirs, but that Edinburgh yill is a shooblime invention! It elevates mortals far above the cares and crosses o' this

pragmatical pettifogging planet, denominated earth! If Mahomet had only stocked the cellars o' his paradise wi' sic a gracious beverage, instead o' that trashy seunnering tippie milk and honey, he would hae rendered the turban universally fashionable frae Dan to Beersheba! Sae canty has the draught made me that I must gie ye a stave o' my ain composing, before resuming the thread o' my discourse. [*Sings*]

GANG BACK THE GATE YE CAM'.

I.

Gang back the gate ye cam', bonnie laddie O,
Gang back the gate ye cam', bonnie laddie O.
Ye ken its nae place here,
For to come in courtin' gear,
Sae gae mount again your meer, bonnie laddie O.

II.

Oh mind na' ye the night, bonnie laddie O,
In yon glen, far out o' sight, bonnie laddie O.
When the moon was shinning fair,
How ye vow'd and promised there,
To be mine for ever mair, bonnie laddie O.

III.

Oh little did I trow, bonnie laddie O,
When list'nin' to your vow, bonnie laddie O,
Ye wad just rin aff and tell,
The nicest night, the hale your sell,
At the ha' down, by to Nell, bonnie laddie O.

PURSER.—The bonnie laddie richly merited the knout, for kissing and telling!

LAIRD.—Stop! There is anither verse.

I'll get a truer jo, bonnie laddie O
And never——

How sleepy I hae turned a' o' a sudden!
That yill must hae been extra strong!
Leask should really warn his customers
when sic is the case.

I'll get a truer——

I canna keep my twa een open! [*Snore, snore, snore, snore!*]

DOCTOR.—How musically soundeth the nasal clarion of the slumbering incubus! It proclaimeth a season of respite which we must be diligent to improve! Sinbad's old man of the sea was but a faint and attenuated type of our bucolical bore!

MAJOR.—Come, come Sangrado, be not too hard upon the sleeping beauty! No one knows better than yourself that lacking Bonnie Braes, the Shanty would be stale as

an open midsummer oyster, and *wersh* as a haggis without the concomitants of pepper, salt, and onions! As you observed, however, we must work whilst the breadstuff producer is in the embraces of Murphy. What volume is that in your hand?

DOCTOR.—An exceedingly amusing work by my old friend Captain Chamier, entitled, (or as the good people of Hamilton would say, "captioned") *Unsentimental Journey*.

MAJOR.—Any thing from Chamier's pen must be readable, unless, indeed, the ancient salt hath waxed stiff through senectitude.

DOCTOR.—No bankruptcy of vigour or elasticity have I been able to discover in the book under notice. You shall judge for your *nain sell*; however. Here is a lively little sketch:

THE MAN WITH HIS NOSE COCKED ALOFT.

"Amongst the society, we had a little man, who walked always with his nose pointing to the heavens, as if he smelt something disagreeable on earth. He was *at* everybody, with everybody, and belonged to nobody. He was small, active of step, solicitous to be acquainted with every little conversation, and with that open mouth of contended simplicity, which is the characteristic of the rustic—he was called, why or wherefore I never could divine, Mr. Pincher. The armadillo was a joke to him—he was eternally on the move. * * As I lay my length on the kind of Brighton down, on the top of the Jungfrau, which slopes into the valley, I had by my side two fatigued beauties, the Madlles. L.; and as they, with all the enthusiasm of the young, poured forth their exclamations of wonder and surprise, and dwelt with an ecstatic rapture on the magnificence of the scene, we heard a voice, now as well known as the raven's croak, interrupting the silvery tones of the ladies, with—'Well, I don't see anything wonderful in all this; the mountain looks like a huge wedding cake without its ornaments. I do not know anything more monotonous to the eye than eternal snow—a giant's head with white hair; in fact, turn it and twist it as you will, it is only snow.' "But, Mr. Pincher," replied the youngest girl, "do you see nothing wonderful in those mountains, which seem to rise, in defiance of clouds, to heaven, and their varied forms? Look at the Silber Hörner, although parts of the Jungfrau, see how they seem to envy the greater height of the parent! and the two giants, but a few hundred feet inferior in height! whilst that high mountain, the Peak of Terror, Schreckhorn seems fixed, like a needle's point, lost in the immensity of space! And listen to that tremendous avalanche!—see, there is another at this moment separating from the high mass, and tumbling headlong ground to powder, and roaring in its destruction!" "Mighty fine, in-

deed!" said Pincher, with a countenance as unchangeable as a deal plank, and with his nose cocked aloft. "But all these giants, and Mäachls and Wetterhorns, and Schreckhorns, are, after all, nothing but very high hills covered with snow; and as for the avalanche of which you seem in poetic raptures, it looks nothing more than a profusion of dirt, shot from a dustman's cart. There!—look!—what do you see now, but a tail of shingle, if you like it whitewashed, and tumbling down the side of the hill?" "Good gracious! Mr. Pincher," said the elder girl, roused to unusual excitement, "you have no soul—no heart—no feeling; you are as still in your emotions as the peak of the Finster Aarhorn!" "The extinguisher steeple at the bottom of Portland-place grown old! I can fancy nothing so wofully dull as lodging in the Hotel de la Jungfrau, and being condemned to look at that cold, inanimate huge hill painted white; rely upon it, you enthusiastic ladies would infinitely prefer the squeaking of two or three fiddles, and a polka with Count A. or the Earl of R., than to be placed at that window, in the calm solitude of this monotonous place, and made to gape at that sugar-covered cake of a mountain!" "Oh! Mr. Pincher, you really have no sentiment." "And hope I never shall have; now supposing I had the power of enthusiasm, and poured it forth in rapturous expressions upon living beauty, I should never cease in my praises of you, and you would soon find it a platitude. There don't blush, or you might make a man the sworn enemy to all humbug in words; liken you to the crimson rose, and that beautiful fresh skin to the envying lily." "Well done, Pincher," said the younger girl, "I begin to have some hopes of you. See, another avalanche!" "Ah!" replied Mr. Pincher, "I have seen enough of the white-washed gravel, and am far more disposed to look at the dinner of mine host of the Jungfrau; for he has a capital table-d'hôte, and that summoning bell has more charms to my ear than the roar of the dust-cart."

PURSER.—In the course of my wanderings I have met with a dozen Mr. Pinchers, on the most moderate calculation.

MAJOR.—A dozen, did you say? Why, man alive, every second son of Padre Adam answers to the description of that cynical worthy! If you doubt my word, just pay attention to the countenances of the pilgrims to the Falls of Niagara, the first time, you re-visit that extensive rivulet. In one face you may read "*pretty fair!*" In a second "*not so bad!*" And a third bears "*cui bono?*" as plainly as if the words had been written by a broad-pointed gold pen!

DOCTOR.—My next extract is of a graver complexion:

A FATAL PEEP INTO MOUNT VESUVIUS.

"Some Germans of good family had toiled to the summit of Mount Vesuvius, and after resting themselves on that sulphureous bed, they descended the steep incline to the mouth of the crater. There was little smoke that day, and the scientific gentlemen began to get into danger without being aware of it. The guides having had quite enough of soft ashes and hard work in the ascent, sat down on the upper rim of the crater, not feeling at all inclined for more exertion. So many people had gone to peep into this chimney of the infernal regions, day after day, without an accident, that these lazy guides preferred some sour wine, and a slice or two of lemon sprinkled over with salt, a very common comestible among the lower orders of Neapolitans, and a little siesta, to looking after the souls and bodies of those entrusted to them. One of the most adventurous of the Germans, finding he could bear the little sulphur which seemed emitted from the crater, resolved to penetrate further; but scarcely had he placed his foot upon an apparently solid projection, than the whole crumbled beneath him, and he was precipitated at least one hundred feet. The interior of the crater seems as soft as the exterior, for the first words heard from the unfortunate man were, that 'he was not hurt.' In vain he tried to extricate himself; whatever he grasped mouldered in his grasp; he could not regain his feet. Of this his companions above were informed; they seemed to have become more stupefied than the unfortunate victim; for instead of despatching the guides to the Observatory or the Hermitage for ropes or assistance of some kind, they stood listening to their friend below, who gave them the idea of going elsewhere than where they remained useless and spell-bound. There is everything at Naples but what is required; and at the Observatory, although ropes must always be in request, and, at least a precautionary utility—yet none could be obtained either there or at the Hermitage; and the guides were obliged to go to Resina for that which ought always to be on hand. In the meantime the sulphur began to operate upon the poor fellow in the crater, and he felt himself gradually sinking, not only in strength but in position; with a wonderful self-command he took leave of his friends, being perfectly certain he could not survive the natural dilatory delay of Neapolitans. For two long hours did he survive, when his voice got feebler and feebler—perhaps as he by slow degrees slid deeper and deeper into the crater, hope gradually vanished—until the voice was entirely lost. An occasional groan was heard, until after the expiration of the above time—then all was silent. The body was many hours after rescued by a guide, who descended two hundred feet before he found it. Of course, it was perfectly lifeless—the sulphur had suffocated the poor fellow."

LAIRD [*In his sleep.*—Weel, Girzy, I suppose we must put candles in our winnocks

like the laive! Sma' heart for rejoicing, however, hae I got! As a Briton, I rejoice, of course, in the fa' o' Sebastopol, but as a bit farmer, I dread the probability o' a consequent down-come in the price of wheat!

MAJOR.—Hear the dog! I have a strong inclination to smite him on the pumpkin with the poker!

DOCTOR.—Let sleeping dogs lie, and listen to another *serce* from Chamier:

THE MIRACULOUS RECOVERY OF A SAINT'S NOSE.

"We return to the Capucine monastery of St. Genaar, on the Solfatara, and listen to the handsome brother's description of the statue dressed for the reception of his Majesty. It must be remembered that the following account is not given from the lips of a lazzaroni, or an idle or frivolous woman, but from the mouth of a priest, standing at the altar of his God, with, at any rate, three heretics and a dozen of the Roman Catholic faith for his attentive listeners. 'This statue,' he began, 'is the real statue of the saint, made directly after his martyrdom, and supposed to be an exact resemblance. You see it testifies to the decapitation and the loss of the finger; and you will, moreover, remark that the nose has been broken off and replaced.

Here is the spot where the head was taken off; this is the stone on which the blood ran; whenever the blood liquefies in Naples, at the same moment drops of blood come on this stone!—(a light was put in between the wires and the stone with the blood color exhibited). 'The Signori doubtless know that the Neapolitans once showed the blackest ingratitude towards this their patron, and, forsaking him, treated him with contempt, and threw this statue into the sea, raising up St. Anthony as their protector, and doing great honor to that saint. After the great irruption, the horrors of the burning lava being turned into the sea by the marble arm of the saint being raised, St. Genaar, of blessed memory, was restored; and many fishermen went to recover this statue, which had been thrown into the sea. It so happened, however, that one pious fisherman, who would not desert the saint, went out in his boat on the night of the day when the statue was thrown into the water, recovered it, and kept it carefully preserved in his house; but when the statue was thrown into the sea, the nose was broken off, and the fisherman returned it to this monastery mutilated as you observe it was. The saint was placed upon the pedestal, as you see him now; but it was remarked that the color of the face changed occasionally, as if he were displeased; but on a conversation being held as to the necessity of getting a nose, the color changed to the natural marble. Orders were given to the statuary at Naples to make a new nose. The artist came and measured the face, that he might make one of proper proportions. In a few days the friars received injunctions to attend, in order duly by prayers and devout

supplication to worship the saint, and to ascertain if such a nose was to his liking; but great indeed was the astonishment of the brotherhood, for no sooner had the artist approached the statue than the head moved about—(as the head had been cut off, it had, of course, more facility of motion)—so rapidly, that it was found impossible to fix it on, and a clap of thunder soon warned the artist to retire. This miracle was soon known in Pozzuoli and Naples. In the first town the fishermen and divers set to work to find the nose, and in the latter city all the most celebrated artists made nose. The fishermen in their nets only tore them over the rocks, or brought on shore pieces of stone, which were immediately cast again into the sea. Every artist who came with either a Grecian or a Roman nose experienced great difficulties even in coming to the Chapel, and, when in, the statue positively refused to try on the nose. The cities were in great dismay, for the statue was again changing colour. The fishermen and artists renewed their labors with the same result; but one evening, when it was more than usually dark, a boat came into Pozzuoli after a wearied day's exertion; there were a very few fish, and some loose stones. The fish were soon landed, and some children got in the boat, and commenced throwing the stones overboard, when suddenly a child of only six years of age, held up a small piece of marble, and said, 'This is the nose of St. Genaar.' The words were re-echoed through the town; a vast concourse, with torches, singing hymns, advanced towards this chapel; the whole order of Friars stood ready to receive them; and the nose, placed on a crimson velvet cushion, was brought to the portal. That instant the statue assumed the exact colour of the nose; and when it was presented to be placed, the statue remained as still as death, and the nose was put on."

PURSER.—Often have I wondered whence it eventuates, that none of these sensitive and sentimental images ever find their way into this quarter of Christendom! If a genuine, *bona fide*, blushing doll, fell into the hands of Brother Barnum, what a gracious harvest of dollars he would manage to extract therefrom.

DOCTOR.—The cold of our winters, I suspect, is too *searching* for the development of such phenomena!

MAJOR.—In one of my recent "advices" from North Britain there is an amusing illustration of the popular bent of the young idea. A clergyman in the eastern district of Edinburgh was examining the school connected with his church. The subject was the fall of Jericho. "Have we not a city to take?" inquired Mess John, anticipating, of course, an allegorical response. "Yes, sir."

promptly returned a little boy, who had not been breeched many weeks. "What city, my son?" continued the parson, complacently tapping his snuff mull. "Why," answered the juvenile, with something like indignation at the gratuitousness of the interrogation, "we have Sebastopol to take, to be sure!"

DOCTOR.—Speaking of Sebastopol reminds of a scrap which I cut from a late London newspaper. It seems to have escaped the notice of the Canadian fourth estate:

A BIRTH IN THE TRENCHES.

We are, by this time, pretty well accustomed to hear of deaths in the trenches; but, until the other day, we had no example of a birth having taken place in that uncomfortable and dangerous locality—certainly not exactly that which a lady might be expected to prefer as the scene of her accouchement. The intrepidity and military ardor which so distinguish our gallant allies, are shared, it appears, by the ladies of their nation. A buxom *cantiniere* accompanied her battalion to the trenches, there to supply them with the restorative *petit verre*, and to brave, with masculine courage, the storm of shot and shell. There was possibly some miscalculation in the matter, but the fact is, that towards the small hours of the morning, she gave birth to twins. Mother and children are doing well.

PURSER.—If that incident had been related in a novel, how stringently would its utter improbability have been denounced by the critic tribe. Of a surety, truth is stranger than fiction.

MAJOR.—Here is a literary curiosity in its way—the journal of a Quaker in pursuit of Mammon.

DOCTOR.—What do you refer to?

MAJOR.—William Howitt's "*Land, Labour, and Gold; or, Two Years in Victoria.*"

DOCTOR.—They are, indeed, a strange set of codgers, these same disciples of Penn! Professing such a deep abhorrence of carnal vanities, as to shudder at the bare idea of wearing a fashionable surtout, or a natty fancy vest, they yet make no bones of circumnavigating the globe in search of the root of all evil!

PURSER.—Is Friend William's "composure" readable?

MAJOR.—Eminently so. The dog, without dubitation, ranks under the category of "wet Quakers!" He smoketh his pipe, and imbibeth his horn, like the most genial deni-

zen of "Moab" or "Philistia," and his eye twinkleth after a pestilent fashion at the sight of a comely and buxom handmaiden!

DOCTOR.—Hold hard there! Surely you are maligning the worthy man of drab!

MAJOR.—Not a bit of it. Listen to the following sample sentence, which I have just turned up at random:—"You see a good many women going up on the whole, and some of them right handsome young girls!"

DOCTOR.—Oh, Aminadab! Aminadab! you bring the blushes into my vestal cheek! What will they say of such goings on in meeting, naughty Aminadab? You will be "read out," as sure as you wear a broad-caved castor!

MAJOR.—In September, 1852, our thumb-twirling *amicus* landed at Melbourne, and the following were his earliest experiences thereof:

The charge for everything here is monstrous, and the good people of Melbourne seem to understand perfectly the art of playing into one another's hands. The town, by the river, is eight miles off; by land, nearly three. There is not the slightest shadow of a shade of any quay, wharf, or warehouse at the harbor—no work of man, in fact, to facilitate the landing and secure stowage of goods, any more than if the bay and the country were still in the possession of the savages, and not of a civilized and mercantile people, with streams of gold flowing down the country, and streams of people and of valuable merchandise flowing into it—except a single jetty, leading to a single public-house on the naked beach, three miles, as I have said, from the town. Thither you are obliged to take a boat, the charges for which are frightful.

The boat to take you to the beach, called Liardet's Beach from the public-house there, charges 3s. each, whence you must get to town by omnibus, 2s. 6d. If you are alone, they will ask you 10s. or a pound; and if you are obliged to go out to a ship, and they know it, or if the water be somewhat rough, they will charge you what they please. A gentleman tells me that, one evening, being obliged to go on board of a ship about to sail, the boatmen *only* charged him £12! If you go over to William's Town, at the mouth of the river, in order to get the steamer which runs thither from Melbourne, you pay 2s. 6d. if there are several of you, 7s. or 10s. if only one, the distance in either case perhaps half a mile. You then pay 5s. each for the steamer up the river. As there are only two of these steamers, they are very independent, and play into the hands of the boatmen, and *vice versa*. They could, with very little trouble, put you down at the vessel on returning, but they will rarely do it. I have already seen them refuse to go alongside a ves-

sel lying in the very way, although a dozen people wanted to go on board of it. No; they will carry you to the pier at William's Town, and hand you over to the boatmen. There is a regular system of fleecing the arriver.

The freight from London hither is £3 per ton: from the ship to the wharf, eight miles. It is just half that sum, 30s.; and thus, with the system prevailing at the wharves, and the enormous charge for cartage thence into the town, the whole cost of transferring your effects from the vessel to your lodgings is actually more than of bringing them the previous thirteen thousand miles, including the cost of conveying them from your house to the London docks.

What I witnessed at the wharves may give a pretty lively idea of the way of doing things here. I landed my effects at a wharf, the owner of which is reckoned one of the most honorable, straight-forward men in the colony. Yet this I saw, and saw it done over and over. People whose effects were landed—remember, these people were utter strangers there—hired a cart to carry their effects up into Melbourne. The cart is admitted into the yard, is loaded, but the goods neither measured nor weighed. A clerk says, off-hand, "Those things are £3 or £4," or the like. The astonished people exclaim at the astounding sum; declare that there is not a ton of them. "Oh, yes," replies the busy clerk, "there's much more; that's the price."—(To the gatekeeper)—"Don't let those things pass till they are paid for." And away he hurries to fresh booty, and the people grumble, pay and pass on.

When my own turn came, and I had one cart loaded, a pert youngster, with a pen behind his ear, surveying them, said, "They are £4."

"But, my good fellow," I observed, "how do you know that? You have neither weighed nor measured them."

"Oh, don't tell me," said he, with cool effrontery; "I can guess to a pound."

"But, my friend," I replied, "I don't choose to be charged by guess. There is the list of all my effects, with their weight as taken at the docks, and charged for. By that I shall pay."

"Don't let the dray out till paid!" shouted he to the gatekeeper, and was moving off.

"Stop!" I said, seizing his arm, "there is £3 for you; the rest we will settle when the remainder arrive, according to the ascertained London weight, and not a penny more."

"Don't you believe it," said he, trying to escape from my grasp. "Don't let 'em out!" he shouted again.

"Then," I observed, coolly, "come along with me to your master, for I happen to know him, and I will tell him that you have neither measured nor weighed these things."

"I will swear," said he, without a moment's hesitation. "that I have measured them all!"

This fine young fellow, however, on second thoughts, preferred taking the £3 to appearing before his employer; and allowed me to pay for the after-load by the London measurement. But to what an awful extent must the ever-

pouring crowd of immigrants—strange, bewildered and confounded by the din, bustle, dirt, and jostling on these wharves—have been plundered, during the whole tide of this gold immigration! Well may Melbourne wharfingers make enormous fortunes.

The carriage up to the diggings is on a similar scale, owing, however, in a great measure, to the total want of roads. It is now £70 a ton, and has been £120 for about seventy or eighty miles; at the lowest rate £1 per mile.

Advancing into the town, you find the same extraordinary scale of prices prevailing. The charge for everything in the shops is about three hundred per cent. on the prime cost. The importers sell to the retailers at cent. per cent. on their invoices. Such are the astonishing crowds pouring into the country, that there is the utmost difficulty in getting lodgings at any rate. Two small rooms, wretchedly furnished, let for £1 and £6 a week. Two empty ones, of the very meanest description, for £2. The inkeepers here have turned their stables into sleeping places, and a man gives 5s. a night for a third of a horse stall, good straw, a blanket and rug. One Boniface entertains nightly seventy of these five shilling recumbents, netting the pretty sum of £17 10s. nightly for stable room.

Hundreds and hundreds even cannot procure this accommodation, but camp on the waste outside of the town in their tents, the place having thus acquired the name of Canvas Town. The government charges 5s. per tent weekly for this occupation of the waste lands, or at the rate of £12 a year. This is the first evidence of a government in the country; for, furnishing no quays at the harbor, and no roads up the country, nor any light or pavement in the streets, but mud up to the knees, you naturally think there is none. If there be a government in a country, however, and you fail to discover it in the shape of improvement, you are pretty sure to run your head against it in that of taxation. The Canvas Towners are, I imagine, the first inhabitants of these colonies who have had the honor of paying a land tax.

DOCTOR.—We sometimes speak, after a misanthropical fashion, of the war-prices which we have to disburse for lodging and sustentation in this Canada, but a week in Melbourne would make us more contented with our lot.

MAJOR.—The Quaker, having made up a party, set out for the diggings. He thus indoctrinates with the modus of their pig-grimizing:

When we are travelling we have little leisure. We look out for a good supply of water, running water if possible. Near water we must be, both for ourselves and our horses. The next requisite is wood to cook with, and though the Australian forests abound with dead wood, yet sometimes near a great road, and favorite camping spots, it is cleared away to a good dis-

tance round, and requires some labor to collect. The third requisite is always, in fact, the first with us—plenty of grass for the horses, and yet ground dry enough for safe lodging upon it. We always look out, too, for a fallen tree to make the fire against, or a tree sufficiently slanting, so that if it burn through it may tumble away from us. These desiderata being found, we draw off to some distance from the highway—a welcome sign of stopping to the horses, and which they instantly understand. We place the cart so as to be convenient to get what we want out of it; then pitch our tent opposite to the fire, but so that the smoke shall blow from us. Charlton takes the horses, gives them water, and tethers them out where there is the best grass. Meantime Alfred and I make the beds up in the tent, and the two Edwards make a fire, get out flour, and prepare a damper or a leather jacket for tea. The damper, the universal bread of the bush, is a mere unleavened cake of a foot diameter, and from an inch to an inch and a half thick, baked in the ashes. The leather jacket is a cake of mere flour and water, raised with tartaric acid and carbonate of soda instead of yeast, and baked in the frying pan; and is equal to any muffin you can buy in the London shops. A fat-cake is the same thing as a leather-jacket, only fried in fat, and is not only much sooner done, but is really excellent. After tea they take in the camp oven, in the embers of the fire, a loaf, raised also with acid and soda, and which is equal to any home-baked bread in England. A suet pudding, called a doughboy, or a dish of rice or potatoes, if we have them, are put into the fat, and when ready, beef-steaks or mutton chops are fried; and our tea-linner, you will admit, is not to be sneezed at, especially with the Spartan sauce of a day's travel. It is amazing what a quantity of tea is drunk in the bush. It comes upon the table everywhere in the bush or on the road. Two or three panikins, that is, from a quart to three pints, are thought no extraordinary quantity for one person, after the copious perspiration of a day's travel in this warm, dry country.

After tea Alfred gets his cigar; we talk over our affairs, and retire early to bed. We are up at peep of day, that is, from four to five o'clock, breakfast again on tea, damper, and a fry; pack, and move on till noon, when we stop near some stream, get a luncheon pretty much like a dinner, lie down for a couple of hours, and then on again till four o'clock. That is our routine, except getting a bath, or good cold wash from head to foot, where bathing is impracticable, after we have camped.

If you could see us, however, now we are stationary; if you could see all our pots, pans, panikins, our buckets and tin dishes, for making loaves and puddings in, and our larger ones for washing in; our knives, forks and spoons lying about; our little sacks—pillow-cases, in fact—of sugar, rice, salt, flour, &c., standing here and there; our tea-chest; our tin tea-pot, of capacious dimensions; our tea-kettle, in constant requisition; our American axes, for

chopping firewood into suitable lengths; our lantern, at night suspended by a cord from the centre of the tent, or more commonly a crow-bar stuck into the ground with a candle between its fork—a famous candelabrum; if you could see the whole interior of our tent, with its tarpaulin spread for a carpet, and the beds spread out over part of the floor, covered with their gray rugs, that is, at night, but in the day rolled up into a divan; the tent hung round with straw hats with veils on them, caps, &c., revolvers, daggers, travelling pouches: our guns standing in a corner, with books and portfolios lying about, you would say that it was a scene at once curious, yet comfortable looking. It is amazing, however, since Bateman arrived, what an unvaried air of neatness the place has assumed. Things have fallen into order, and have been grouped so as to produce artistic effect. We have had four posts set down in front, and a roof made of boughs, so that we can sit out there in the air and the shade; and the ground under it is scattered with rushes, or the twigs of the shioc, so that we are thus carpeted like the barons in their halls of old.

Monday, Sept. 15th.—Yesterday Alfred and I rode over to the Salutation Inn, a good twelve miles, in my opinion, to see the wheelwright again about our cart wheel. We had constructed a kind of sledge of boughs to draw it on; but, considering the distance, the heat and the dust, we determined to send it by some empty cart. The first people that we saw proved to be Highlanders, and of all the men that I have encountered here, Highlanders are the most unfeeling and rapacious. Before the gold discovery, this colony was almost entirely Scotch; and all the world gives the palm to the Scotch for ability in turning a penny. When buying some meat at a public-house the other day, another purchaser said in my presence, "Now, I must have a nobbler out of this," that is, in colonial phrase, a glass of grog—for scarcely anything but rum and brandy are drank here, beer being 6s. a bottle. "I wish you may get it," said the servant who was selling it, "but my master is—Scotch!"

Ten times Scotch, however, are all the Highlanders that we have hitherto come across. Poor as rats at home, they are as rapacious as rats abroad. There is scarcely a year at home that there is not a piteous outcry about the poor, famishing Highlanders; but catch a Highlander out here that has any feeling for an Englishman except that of fleecing him. There may be some of a different stamp, but I have not yet met them. Now these men, who were not asked to go a yard out of their way, who *must* go to this very place with their empty carts, *only* asked £2 to take the cart wheel these ten reputed miles, and they would not abate a penny. They thought we were in distress, and in haste, and *must* give it them.

But we waited, and the next who came up was an Englishman, who reasoned thus: "Well, I know what I was charged for having one of my wheels carried twenty miles; that was a

pound, and half that way should be half the sum;" and he at once took it for that.

Alfred and I mounted our horses, in bush style, and rode after him. Not supposing that we should much require saddles, we brought none; but I see that we must get some. We threw rugs over the horses, folded so as to make a pad; put on our rope stirrups, in which Alfred made a great improvement by fixing a flat piece of wood in the bottom, instead of a stirrup-iron—no doubt the original predecessor of a stirrup-iron. Away we rode; Alfred upon the gray, looking, in his scarlet jumper, his huge jack-boots, his broad straw hat with a brown veil on it, his revolver glittering in his belt on one side, and his bowie knife on the other, for all the world like a figure out of one of Wouverman's pictures. As we approached Middlemiss's Inn, the Salutation, we met two men who called out, "If you are going to Middlemiss's that man is dead."

"Dead!" we exclaimed, in consternation; "what, the poor fellow who took our wheel?" "Oh, no," said they; "the blacksmith. We thought you (that is, *we too*!) were the doctor."

The smith! That was bad news, too, for he required to take off the tire from the wheel, and put it on again. The man had died in the night; and we found the wheelwright working away at such speed at his coffin, that he could hardly give us a word: "For," said he, "the man is fly-blown already, and we must have him in the ground this evening."

"Oh, these flies! these troops of Beelzebub! They are an intolerable pestilence, an incessant torment. And these yellow bottles—for blue-bottles they are not—deposit live maggots on meat immediately it is killed, and on game the moment it is hung up; and in a few hours these maggots are more than half an inch long.

But the black flies are the most persecuting vermin. As I sit writing this in my tent, I have a branch of eucalyptus in my left hand, which I incessantly whirl round my head, or I could not proceed for a moment. You cannot sit one instant, even in your tent, without hat or cap, for them. How people continue to spend whole lives in such an Egypt we have yet to learn. But this is a parenthesis.

A party coming over the creek here soon after us, snapped their bullock dray pole, just where we smashed our wheel; but they had a carpenter with them, and they have felled a tree, and made another. They say that they saw three bullock drays lying with broken axles, a little way behind; and you should hear the account of a man who has come over this road all the way from Sydney, five hundred miles, crossing rivers and creeks, and having the whole of his horses drowned in one. Another man has stuck fast in the creek here, and has been flogging at his bullocks, and swearing, from nine o'clock this morning till three in the afternoon, before he could get out. Hosts of croakers are now coming down with empty drays, saying, "Ah! you don't know what you have

before you." And numbers of coward-hearted diggers are turning back. It will be time enough for us to do so when we find that we must.

PURSER.—What a special providence that Bonnie Braes is, at present, a dweller in dream-land! If he had been cognizant of Aminadab's strictures upon the Scots, he would have been "horn wud," to use his own classical expression!

MAJOR.—After many "hair-breadth 'scapes," and "moving accidents," the man of peace and his tail reached Owens Diggings, touching which he thus delivereth himself:

Hurrah! there are the diggings at last! After the arduous and eventful journey of nearly two months, over only about two hundred and fifty miles of ground, but such ground! there are really the diggings. On reaching the brow of a hill, we see a broad valley lying below us, and white tents scattered along it for a mile or more. The tents, right and left, glance out of the woods on all sides. In the open valley they stand thick, and there is a long stretch up the centre of the valley, where all the ground has been turned up, and looks like a desert of pale clay.

After our long pilgrimage, it seems as if we ought never to come to diggings at all, but that our business were to go on and on. But here are the diggings, spite of faith. We descend the hill. There stands a great wide-open tent with a pole and handkerchief hoisted upon it, in sign that it is a store or shop. We go on,—huts, dusty ground, all trodden, trees felled and withering up in the sun, with all their foliage, here and there a round hole like a well, a few feet deep, where they have been trying for gold and have not found it. Down we go,—more tents, more dust, more stores, heaps of trees felled and lying about; lean horses grazing about on a sward that a goose could not lay hold of; hole after hole where gold has been dug for, and now abandoned; washes hanging out; horrid stenches from butchers' shops, and holes into which they have flung their garbage: along the valley to the right, green, smooth sward, and nothing to indicate that there is gold here more than in a thousand other places that we passed over with unconscious feet.

But to the left, up the valley, hundreds on hundreds of tents are clapped down in the most dusty and miserable places; and all the ground is perforated with holes, round or square, some deeper, some shallower, some dry, some full of water, but in few of which work now seems going on. The diggers have fittet to other holes. All between the holes, the hard, clay-coloured sand lies in ridges; and you must thread your way carefully amongst them, if you don't mean to fall in. Still horrid stenches from butchers' shops and garbage pits; the scene thickens, and tents after tents, stores, and bark-huts crowd upon you like a great fair. There is the creek or little stream, — Spring Creek, — no

longer translucent as it comes from the hills, but a thick clay puddle, with rows of puddling-tubs standing by it, and men busy working their earth in tins and cradles.

Such is the first view of the digging. But we turn up to the right into a green quiet glade of the forest, and there pitch our tent, at a distance from the throng, and where there is food for our horses. After a hasty tea, we set off to the commissioners' camp for our letters. The tents of the commissioners stand in a row, on a rising ground on the other side of the creek with a number of other tents for servants and officials behind them. The whole is enclosed with posts and rails, and sentinels are on duty, as in a military camp. The commissioners' tents, lined with blue cloth, and of a capacious size, look comfortable, and, to a degree, imposing. Mr. Smythe, Commissioner of Crown Lands for this district, as well as a gold commissioner, and Mr. Lieutenant Templeton, of the mounted police, received us most cordially, and promised us every information in their power. They had a good packet of letters for us, which we soon returned to our tent to read.

You represent the gold fever as still growing more intense at home. Well, those who come out will find enough to cool them down. We have seen sufficient already to show the falsity of the Arabian Nights' Fables, which the Melbourneans have circulated all over the world. The idea of walking up to Mount Alexander in a couple of days, and shovelling up a few sack-bags full of gold, and going home again, is very charming, and quite as true as the romance of Aladdin's Lamp. The history of this, our memorable journey to the gold-fields, will show what a gigantic undertaking going to the diggings really is. And our history is but that of thousands. We are not the only ones who have had hard-ship, accidents, and sickness to encounter. Hundreds have already gone back again, cursing those who sent such one-sided statements of the gold-fields and of the climate. Thousands have been struck down, and many of them are still lying on their backs, from the effects of change of climate, but still more from those of the change of living, and exposure to heat and cold, wet, and night air, to which they had never been accustomed. Numbers have made a much more rapid progress up the country than we have, because they have endeavored to dispense with a tent and with a tarpaulin under them. They have rolled themselves in a rug at night, often soaked with rain, or chilled with the cold of the night, which is often very penetrating, especially after a day's march under a hot sun; and, lying on damp ground, have been seized, very naturally, with dysenteries, fevers and rheumatism, which will cripple many for life, and have already carried many out of it. New as are these diggings, there is a tolerably populous cemetery on a hill here; and some who crossed the sea with us are already sleeping there, as I shall tell you anon. Thus, according to the old adage, the most haste has not been the best speed, and perhaps those whom all along the road we have seen with

broken axles, carts broken down, or sticking fast in the bogs, have not been the most unfortunate parties. In short, to get up to the diggings is a gigantic labour. But for ourselves, we are no whit daunted. We shall dig, and we shall buy gold; and whether we shall get more or less, we shall still be picking up information for an ultimate object.

As to the two maid-servants who, you say, wish to come out, I am not the person to advise them to it. They have lived in comfortable places at home; and after the comforts of a good English home, and the pleasant and vigorous climate of England, the change to a colony would strike them dumb. At all events, let them reflect well on the unpaved streets, and the dust blowing every few days in Melbourne till you cannot see your own hand; on the heat, the flies, the mud, and slush, the moment there is rain, before they quit the smooth pavements and the comforts that abound in England. Let them reflect well, too, on the rude, chaotic, and blackguard state of the lower society in this suddenly-thrown-together colony. It would strike them with astonishment.

As to the girls marrying here—the great temptation—that is soon accomplished; for I hear that lots of diggers get married almost every time they come to Melbourne to spend their gold. A lot of the vilest scoundrels are assembled here from all the four winds of heaven. Nobody knows them; much less whether they have left wives behind them in their own countries; and they marry and get off, and are never heard of again. Of the demoralized condition of a large proportion of the working population,—escaped felons,—no one in England can form any adequate conception, nor of the low, obscene, brutal language which you hear on all sides. As to wages for female servants, they are high; and if they can come with introductions,—real, effective introductions, to good families, for introductions generally are waste paper,—they may do well. The experiment, however, is so awfully hazardous, that I shall carefully avoid in all cases promoting it.

Since writing the above, we have wandered about amongst the diggings. No language can describe the scene of chaos where they principally are. The creek, that is a considerable brook, is diverted from its course; and all the bed of the old course is dug up. Then each side of the creek is dug up, and holes sunk as close to each other as they can possibly be, so as to leave room for the earth that is thrown out. These holes are some round, some square and some no shape at all, the sides having fallen in as fast as they have been dug out. They are, in fact, pits and wells, and shapeless, yawning gulfs, not three or four feet, as in the tempting accounts from Mount Alexander, but from ten to thirty feet deep. Out of these the earth has to be drawn up in buckets; and some wind them up with windlasses, rudely constructed out of the wood that grows about; and others haul it up with blocks and pulleys; others, and the greater numbers, merely with their hands. The diggers themselves generally

ascend and descend by a rope fastened to a post above, and by holes for their feet in the side of the pit.

Many of these holes are filled, or nearly so, with water, filtering from the creek. It is black as ink, and has a stench as of a tan-yard, partly from the bark with which they line the sides of their holes. In the midst of all these holes, these heaps of clay and gravel, and this stench, the diggers are working away, thick as ants in an ant-hill. You may imagine the labour of all this, and especially of keeping down these subterranean deluges of Stygian water.

The course of the creek is lined with other diggers washing out their gold. There are whole rows, almost miles, of puddling-tubs and cradles at work. The earth containing the gold is thrown into the puddling-tubs—half-hogs-heads—and stirred about with water, to dissolve the hard lumps, when it is put through the cradle, and the gold deposited in the slide of the cradle, then washed out in tin dishes. It is a scene of great bustle and animation. We saw some parties who had washed out in the course of the day one pound weight of gold, others five or six ounces; and so most of them had some golden result.

As we were watching this process, we observed that the attention of a great number of the diggers was directed to a little green rocker, as they called it, that is, little green-painted cradle. They said that they had seen the people belonging to that green rocker wash out seven pounds of gold from nine tin dishes of stuff. All eyes, therefore, were on the watch to trace the party to the hole they brought it from; and that being done, there was a desperate rush to that spot. In a very few hours, hundreds of claims were marked out, as near as possible to the golden hole. It was curious to see swarms of men suddenly appear upon the place, all engaged with their picks and spades in marking out the turf into squares of eight feet, or, if for more than one person, of twelve or sixteen feet. The mode of making a claim is simply this: each man traces out one or more of these squares, and sticks a stick down at each corner, and turns up a sod in the middle of it. That is taking possession; and work more or less must be done in it every day, or it is forfeited. It is a common practice for them to mark out one or more claims in each new rush, so as to make sure if it turn out well. But only one claim at a time is legal and tenable. This practice is called shepherding; but if any one discovers that a party is holding more than one claim, he can seize any of the supernumerary ones. In case of any dispute about a claim, the commissioner is called to decide it.

Well, in a few hours, a great space of many acres was marked out, and more people were flocking on, so that they bade fair speedily to come upon our quiet glade, to our very tent; and, in fact, there are several sinking holes very near us. Before the day was over, it was amazing what a quantity of holes were dug four and five feet deep, and how the whole

scene, which a few hours before was a green sward, looked like a tumbled stone-quarry, with all its heaps of rubbish. Had there been much gold found, the whole of this glade would, ere now, be turned upside down; but very little has been found, and the knowing ones say "it is no go." We marked out two claims, and sunk them nearly six feet each, with no result; and about noon we had a specimen of the way in which mares' nests have been got up to humbug successfully England, Europe, America, and all the world.

There was a great hurrahing at one hole, and a man who knew me came running to desire me to go and see a nugget nearly as big as his finger. As no nuggets had yet been found here, but only small gold, it appeared the more surprising. I hastened on; but before I could reach the spot, I heard a man say, "Well, I have sold the nugget and my hole for £5 15s 6d." "Where is the nugget?" I asked. "Oh! said he, 'the man who bought it has gone off with it."

Now there was a nugget, but it had been first put in by this fellow, an old Bendigo digger, in order to sell his hole. The nugget was probably worth half the money. The diggers dug on with renewed ardor, but soon came down to the rock, and scarcely a particle of gold was found. I have no doubt that many of the Münchhausen holes out of which the 5000*l.* and 7000*l.* were so readily shovelled up at Mount Alexander in a few days, were got up the same way and for the same purposes. The people everywhere do not hesitate to assert that the wonderful finds that the governor, reported to the Home Government were prepared by interested parties. Their expression is, "The holes were peppered for him." I believe very little, if any gold, will be got out of the whole of this rush; and most of these holes are already deserted. Indeed, it seems to be a general opinion that the rush was planned by the people of the "Little Green Rocker," who saw that they were watched, and resolved to mislead their watchers.

DOCTOR.—Did the adorer of drab continuations pick up much lucre?

MAJOR.—With the characteristic caution of his sect, he preserves a studied silence on that head of discourse. As the journal, however, continues lively and gamesome to the last, we may fairly predicate that the writer did not return with vacua in his capacious pockets. During his absence Melbourne had not been standing still:

The growth of Melbourne during the twelve months that we have been up the country is something absolutely marvellous. Here is a town which in 1851 counted only twenty-three thousand inhabitants, which now counts nearly eighty thousand. And this is only in accordance with the general growth of the colony, the whole population at that period being only

ninety thousand, and now being calculated at two hundred and fifty thousand.

On whatever side of Melbourne you take your walks, you are met by the same evidences of rapid and unparalleled growth. Where two years ago Liardet's Beach and the lands between it and the town showed an odd house or a few straggling tents, Sandhurst and Emerald Hill now present populous towns, with good houses, excellent inns and stores, a fine macadamized road traversed by numbers of omnibuses and other carriages.

It is the same if you extend your excursion to Prahran, Windsor, St. Kilda, and Brighton. There you find yourselves amid miles and miles of houses. Go to the north of Melbourne, there is the same wonderful extension of human habitations where you left bare ground. Collingwood and Richmond, populous then, are doubly populous now.

Come into the town, there you find innumerable open spaces, no longer open, but occupied by good houses, and the town swelling out on all sides. What is more, there is not only a vastly increased number of houses, but there is an equally rapid process of elevation of character in the buildings going on. Poor, wooden, one-storied houses are, as in the changes of a pantomime, turning into most substantial and spacious stone ones. The trap-stone of the neighborhood, worked, as it must be, at a most formidable expense, is liberally used for buildings that may last forever. A substantial town hall of this stone has arisen at the corner of Collins and Swanston streets. The shops have equally advanced in an air of elegance, with their plate glass windows, and their tasteful display of all kinds of articles of use or ornament.

The number of inns, which would do credit even to London, is very striking. The Criterion, in Collins street, is a hotel which, by its long and elegant frontage, its ample *table d'hôte*, rooms and saloons fitted up with singular splendor, remind one of the gayest establishments of this sort of Paris or Vienna. The style and usage here, however, is more American, the landlord, I believe, being a United States man. The Duke of York, the Prince of Wales, a German Hotel, the Port Philip Club Hotel, Bignell's Family Hotel, and Tattersall's,—to which, of course, is attached a large horse bazaar,—these and others mark the progress of Melbourne in hotel accommodation. Billiard-tables, baths, and every requisite for private enjoyment or public display, are to be found in these establishments at a cost which would delight the most liberal lover of expense.

A very agreeable improvement also is obvious in the manner of the tradespeople. The first paroxysm of success and excitement is gone off. The diggers have ceased to have handfuls of money to throw away; and competition and the already perceptible decline of prices have had their taming and civilizing effect. The increased attention and courtesy in the shops struck us forcibly.

The work of improvement is wonderful in

the streets. Hundreds of men are employed in getting stone on the banks of the river, in breaking it and macadamizing the streets; nay, they are actually at length flagging the causeways! This and other prominent metamorphoses have been effected by a circumstance which I must state. It is one which again exemplifies the truth of the old saw, that the lookers-on see more of the game than the players.

Now, the people of Melbourne for the last two years have been making enormous sums of money, and the *Argus*, in its summaries for England, has been continually boasting of the wonderful wealth of the colony; of the eight millions of money which lay in the banks, &c. &c.; and yet nobody ever was struck with the idea that some of this idle capital might be very usefully and most profitably employed in making the town clean, comfortable, and healthy. They went on walking up to the knees in mud, or choking with dust, having bad water, and worse drainage, and no light. Like the eels in the frying-pan, they are used to all this; and so it might have remained till doomsday; but the oddity of the thing struck the mind of those wide-awake fellows in London called capitalists, who are said to be as sharp as a needle with two points. At once they saw that there was an opening for a great hit. This capital wanted using, and this work wanted doing; they determined to be the medium, and to reap the benefit.

Therefore, a certain Mr. Gabrielli, armed with proper power and authorities, quietly transferred himself to the capital of gold; examined on the spot all the points which appeared so salient at home; found all right, and therefore lent to the corporation of Melbourne 500,000*l.*, and to that of Geelong 200,000*l.*—Total, the pretty sum of 700,000*l.*, that they might mend their ways.

This sum he lent at a discount of five per cent., that is, he paid 95*l.* as 100*l.* and every numerical hundred was chargeable with interest at six per cent., and this secured by a government guarantee, and on the town rates. This was a good and notable business transaction, but Mr. Gabrielli had a yet higher aim, and that was to sell this scrip at a premium to the very merchants who should have done all this themselves and secured all the advantage of it, instead of letting their money lie, as gratuitous deposits, in the banks. He effected this sale readily at a premium of three per cent.; and putting near 50,000*l.* in his pocket, as quietly returned home. Nay, more; he has returned home with the grateful acknowledgments of the Melbourne public for easing them of this sum, and pronounced by the newspapers as a public benefactor. Mr. Gabrielli had his eye, too, on further capabilities. He threw out hints of doing the same by the projected railways; and it will be curious to see whether the merchants of Melbourne will arrive at the idea that they may just as well do this thing themselves at first hand, or whether they will have to thank Mr. Gabrielli for easing them of another fifty

or hundred thousand pounds, by selling them scrip which they have not the wit to create for themselves.

"Our merchants and others," says the *Argus*, "are very fully employed in private pursuits. Even when rich, they find ample employment for their spare attention and spare means, in the land speculations consequent upon an odious land-monopoly system. The classes, therefore, who principally attend to the promotion of such works at home, here care little or nothing about them."

However, Mr. Gabrielli's money has done miracles. Hundreds of men are in full employ, actively blasting stone along the river, carting it into town, breaking it, and laying the streets. Others are laying down flags; others are cutting drains, and laying down water-pipes and curb-stones; so that we are not like again to have such amusing accounts of mud, as Dr. Embling gave in 1853;—

"Mrs. Embling was to have been at the *soiree* last evening, and with her I chaperoned Miss Flint, lantern in hand; with many a detour, we made some three hundred yards through mud, bog, and quagmire, in our streets. This we accomplished with much labor and dexterity; when, *horrible dictu*, as I crossed the last gulf, and thought we were safe, Mrs. Embling stepped into a quagmire; it required desperate efforts to extricate her without her goloshes; for these I had to navigate the slosh with my stick, and then to turn homewards, after half an hour's absence, having traversed nearly six hundred yards. I doubt not many will think this an absurd, overdrawn picture. Well, then, in Gertrude street, within four hundred yards of my house, the day before yesterday, a horse and dray got stuck, and the horse all but suffocated; it required great effort to save the wretched animal. Yet Gertrude street is a noble street, in which C. H. Elden, Esq., the late auditor general, and other colonial aristocrats, reside. So much for a roadway in this great city."

New water-works and gas-works are in progress, new railways and electric telegraphs.

The water of the Yarra, saturated with the filth of the town, is to cease to poison the people. Pure and excellent water from the river Plenty is being brought a distance of twenty-five miles, a gigantic reservoir being formed there for securing a regular supply.

The Gas Company promises to light up the streets of Melbourne in another six months, as well as those of any English town; and coal of excellent quality is ready for the getting both at Cape Pattison and on the Barrabool Hills.

The electric telegraph, already working between Melbourne and Williams Town, will soon be extended to the Heads. The railway from Melbourne to Lizard's Beach is complete, and only awaits the arrival of engineers and carriages from England. Melbourne boasts its half-a-dozen banks, all most flourishing concerns; namely,—the Bank of Australasia; the Union Bank of Australia; Bank of New South Wales; Bank of Victoria; London Chartered Bank;

and English, Scottish, and Australian Bank. Some of these banks pay a dividend of forty per cent.; and, by a statement published just now, they have an aggregate circulation and deposits of 8,876,166*l*.

PCRSE.—Little York must surrender her time-honored prefix of *muddy*, in favor of Melbourne!

MAJOR.—With one other quotation I shall dismiss the ariferous son of pax. Having visited Hobart Town, he makes us acquainted with some of the more remarkable "captive knights," who have conferred notoriety upon that location:

As at Launceston, so here, I observed various bands of convicts, in their close dresses of yellow flannel and leathern caps, working in different places about the streets, some of them wearing chains, some dragging trucks, and others helping to throw up the new battery, under the care of a keeper. The worst of these fellows are confined to Tasman's Peninsular, where they are guarded by sentinels and savage dogs; and there are, or were, also *depts* for the more desperate characters at Port Arthur, the Cascades at the foot of Mount Wellington, and other places.

Just at this moment came the queen's conditional pardon to several of the exiled heads of the last Irish rebellion. Mr. O'Meagher of the sword had broken his parole and escaped to America; but Mr. Smith O'Brien, who had once or twice unsuccessfully attempted to escape, was now set at liberty, and his Irish friends were in high glee at the circumstance. Mr. O'Brien appeared to have conducted himself in a very quiet and gentlemanly manner during his banishment, and had condescended to dissipate the *ennui* of his sojourn by giving private tuition. There was much wonder and sympathy excited by the fact, that Mr. Macdougall, one of the conspirators against whom no exclusive charge existed, had been overlooked in the royal pardon and left here alone. Mr. Macdougall is an excellent artist, as is evinced by his portrait of Bishop Willson in full canonicals, at the Catholic House.

Amongst the convicts for life, who died here within these few years, was that Mr. Wainwright, so celebrated many years ago for taking off his relatives and others with strychnine, and whose case Bulwer, in the *Children of the Night*, and Talfourd in the *Life and Letters of Charles Lamb*, have made so well known. Till Talfourd's book arrived here, very little appeared to be known of this man's past career and the intensity of his crimes; and Janus Weathercock, of the *London Magazine*, who was in his day the familiar associate and *co-litterateur* of Charles Lamb, Bowring, Procter, Hazlitt, etc., and who, on subjects of art, used to talk over the head of Hazlitt as over that of a schoolboy, had practised as a portrait painter, and given lessons in drawing in the highest families of Hobart Town.

This book excited a great sensation, and must have done this miscreant substantial damage, for any person of the least feeling and regard to the moral security and purity of domestic life must, thenceforward, have carefully shut their doors against him. He appears to have sunk into the lowest grade of degradation; took great quantities of opium to deaden the whispers of his uneasy bosom; and the man who attended him on his death-bed in the convict hospital, declared that his end was the most horrible thing that he could possibly conceive, and infinitely beyond anything that he had ever witnessed. He declared, without knowing his history, that he must have a score of murders on his soul.

Another singular convict who used to figure here, was Jorgen Jorgenson, the King of Iceland. The man who bore this title was a Dane, who in the old Viking spirit made a voyage to Iceland, and finding it quite defenceless, made a descent upon it, took possession of it, and declared himself king and the island independent. A Danish fleet being sent to seize this modern Viking and restore order in the island, he made a timely escape, and came to England, whence, for some offence or other, he was banished hither, and appears to have been a strange, bold, speculative character.

Another remarkable prisoner here was a Mr. Smith, a brother of Sir Sydney Smith, who had been a clerk in the Exchequer, and who made a voluntary confession of having robbed it of 500,000*l*. It does not appear that he was detected; but that his conscience, or sense of public duty, would not allow him to go further than he had gone,—certainly to a most extraordinary length, and one which speaks volumes for the opportunities of peculation in government offices of that day.

He declared that he had ne'er touched a farthing of the money himself; but had managed the embezzlement for various members of the nobility whose names he would never consent to disclose, though he was offered his pardon or a great mitigation of his sentence. He might often be seen here attending and carrying the luggage of those who had formerly been his intimate friends.

A gentleman also told me, but I am not certain whether it was here or in New South Wales, that dining one day at a gentleman's house, he heard some one singing very merrily in the kitchen; and on looking in, saw a very jolly-looking fellow sitting in a very easy attitude and there carolling in great self-enjoyment. It was the cook; and this cook was Hunt, the enemy of Thurtell, and coadjutor in the celebrated murder of Weare.

Docror.—By the way, Crabtree, you promised to read us a missive which you had received from our friend, P. P. Pyper.

MAJOR.—And I shall be as good as my word. Here followeth the document:

MY DEAR MAJOR:—When you and I smoked our last pipe together, I was upon the eve of

paying a visit to our cousins across the lake. Perhaps you remember that, amongst other pleasant, or may be pleasanter, things that occurred on that occasion, I promised to note down anything I saw in my ramble which I thought might interest our beloved brethren of the Shanty.

Never was a promise given that gave more pleasure to the promiser, because in everything I saw in Dollardom, you were all, as it were, present. How often have I said, "I wish the Laird was here;" or, "What would the Doctor say to that?" and perhaps oftener, "If my old friend, the Major, were with me, we would roll back the last twenty-five years of our lives, and enjoy the drama, music, and painting, as then, when our hearts were fresh and young." Well! well! We must have recourse to the philosophy of our old acquaintance, Nym, "*Things must be as they may.*"

You know that I have nothing of the *Trollope* about me—that I can meet Jonathan with heart and hand; nevertheless, he is a strange fellow enough. A fair specimen, who had come by way of Collingwood, admired the country—been well treated, &c., said, that all we wanted to complete our happiness was "*That we should elect our Governor General!*"

New York offers many attractions to those who, at some period of their lives, have been accustomed to the "busy haunts of men." There is something almost sublime in plunging once more into the vortex of tens of thousands of your fellow creatures. After the "pleasures of the pathless woods," to find yourself in a whirlpool of contending forces, braces the nerves, and makes you feel what it is to be a man. True to the first impressions of my youth, my steps instinctively led me to the "Dusseldorf Gallery of Painting." This was originally a private collection, made by a German merchant resident in New York, named Boker, which, increasing to a large number—over one hundred and thirty subjects—he was induced to exhibit them for the benefit of the million. Many thousand thanks to him, say I; they are worth going all the distance to see.

I shall only mention a few. In high art, or the Herrick school, there is Lessing's "*Martyrdom of Huss*," truly great! "*Diana and her Nymphs*," by Sohn; how beautiful! "*A Father's Farewell Blessing*," by Schrader; how exquisite! If any human being can look upon the sister's countenance without shedding tears, let him break stones, teach stupid striplings, or herd swine, to the end of his life. "*Falstaff Mustering his Recruits*," by Schrodter, and the "*Wine Tasters*," by Hasenclever, will be food for mirth as long as Shakspeare and the grape are left to us. The summer season is not propitious to the drama; however, at Niblo's Miss Louisa Pyne, a vocalist of the first class, and Burton, the comedian, who is positively Reeves, Farren and Matthews rolled into one, made an evening of two pass over very pleasantly.

Between you and me, the Americans are decidedly vulgar in their theatrical tastes. Joke and stage cant, that could only bring down the

shilling gallery with us, were relished with the greatest gusto by the pit and boxes, but then I could easily perceive that the denizens of these locations belonged to a class to whom the elegancies of literature were not familiar. Talking of taste, you are aware of the speech-making propensities of our neighbors; that's well enough; but then, the manner! Oh, thou shade of the illustrious showman!—not Barnum, but he of that never-to-be-forgotten oration—"This-is-the-great-our-ang-ou-tang-of-the-Eastern-Indies." That's their style. Pos!

Let us leave the city. It is worth while, for few cities can boast of such environs. Harlem, the Aqueduct, Hoboken north, where the worthy Germans spend their Sunday afternoons with their families. Greenwood Cemetery, a paradise—but that must, and (let me whisper to you) *will* have an essay to itself, by an old friend who spent the day with me there. I hope this hint will "whet his purpose," if it is "blunted."

The German population of New York I believe to be about one-third of the whole. I had occasion to mix a good deal with them, and always with increased pleasure. They are domestic, musical, rural and temperate. This is seen from the manner in which they spend their leisure time. The holiday afternoons in the fields, with their wives and little ones; at their singing clubs; then again, their firesides, at which they refresh themselves with their incomparable "lager beer." But a' the mention of "lager beer," I must halt! Nothing short of poetical inspiration can do that tippie justice! So temperate—so refreshing—so—But hold! I have commissioned our friend Leask to get a cask by Christmas; then we shall see what we shall see! Thine as ever,

PEREGRINE PICKLE PYPER.

DOCTOR.—A consumedly sad moment fell to my lot, this forenoon.

PURSER.—Why, what screw was loose? Was your snyder indiscreetly urgent for his eternal little bill?

MAJOR.—Or did Sally purloin the reliquia of last night's oysters, which you had destined to grace your matin meal?

PURSER.—Or did you learn that the engenderer of the Gift Enterprise, in which you had invested no small lucre, had absquatulated *sans* tuck of drum, just as the scheme should have reached maturity?

MAJOR.—Or, when unfolding a purchase of snuff, were your eyes blasted by discovering that the pulverised narcotic herb was wrapped up in a tender missive, which you had recently sent to the Sultana of your affections?

PURSER.—Or, when perusing an apparently interesting article in a broadsheet, did

you find out, with blushing disgust, that you had been ensnared by a cunningly-devised empirical puff?

DOCTOR.—All at fault, brethren dearly beloved! The source of my tribulation lay in the fact that on the above-mentioned epoch I finished the perusal of *The Newcomes*!

MAJOR.—Were you, indeed, so consumedly in love with the composure?

DOCTOR.—A work so fresh, so elastic, so genial, has not come under my ken for years. Most willingly would I disburse sundry ducats if I could only drink of the waters of oblivion, in order once more to have the pleasure of perusing it with uncloyed appetite!

MAJOR.—What a voracious epicure you are, to be sure!

PURSER.—Hush, my masters! Bonnie Braes is playing the troubadour in his slumbers!

LAIRD [*singeth*]

The sleeping fields were white with grain.
The mavis raised her evening strain;
The night was loun—my heart grew fain,
To see young Bess of Hindlee.

Short was the road, my step was light,
Our trysting spot was soon in sight,
A bonnie birk, where oft at night
I'd met wi' Bess o' Hindlee.

DOCTOR.—If Dr. Abercromby's theory be correct, I'll soon make the snoozing clod hopper change his tune. [Puff's a mouthful of tobacco reek into the sleeper's face.]

LAIRD.—Wha are ye, wi' hat, and feather, and trunk hose? Sir Walter Raleigh, as I am a ruling elder, and a sinner! Oh keep us, man, I thought that your head had been cut aff, many a lang day ago, by the most high and mighty Prince, James, King o' Great Britain, France, and Ireland!

MAJOR.—Strange power of association! I marvel whether we could re-transport our oblivious confrere to North Britain! Haud me that can of Leask's Finnon haddock. [Holds the piscatorial casquet to the Laird's proboscis.]

DOCTOR.—Don't you twig a tear welling from beneath the eyelid of the poor knave?

LAIRD.—Heeh, sirs, and sae I'm in Jedburghshire ance mair! Hoo fresh, and cal-ler, and balmy the air feels, after yon weary' Canada, where it's either a starve or a

stew! What hill is that, thinks onybody?
Doited fuil that I am, hae I forgotten the
Windy Goul Swire? Stop! Let me think
o' the bit sang I wrote aenit it, before my
beard had begun to sprout. [*Sings.*]

I.

Oh cam' ye e'er o'er the Windy Goul Swire?
Oh cam' ye e'er o'er the Windy Goul Swire?
The bonniest lass e'er set young heart a-fire,
I met at the tap of the Windy Goul Swire.

II.

Modestly drappit her lily-white petticoat,
Deep was her crimson blush as I drew nigh;
Just like ane lost I stood riveted to the spot,
Out i' the tap o' the Windy Goul Swire.

III.

Her bonnie ee bree was as black as the slae,
Her ripe ruby lips a' that heart could desire.
And then her twa een, oh they dazzled me sae,
I was clean blind wi' love, on the Windy Goul
[Swire.]

IV.

The w'ich o' the miser is gear to anass.
The proud after honours and titles aspire.
My crowning ambition wad just be the lass
I met i' the tap o' the Windy Goul Swire.

MAJOR.—Suffer the agriculturist to enjoy
his nap undisturbed, whilst I make you ac-
quainted with a master book by a master
mind.

DOCTOR.—It's nomen?

MAJOR.—Thus runneth the title page,—
‘The Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas
Leigh, Knight, of Burrough, in the County
of Devon, in the Reign of her most Glorious
Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, rendered into
Modern English by Charles Kingsley.’

DOCTOR.—What! Do you mean Kingsley,
the author of *Alton Locke*?

MAJOR.—Thou hast said it!

DOCTOR.—Well, well. Wonders never will
cease. Just to think of Culpepper Crabtree,
the fossil stickler for Church and State, sing-
ing the lauds of a production from the pen
of an ecclesiastical Clear Grit—a Chartist in
hood and surplice! Ichabod! Ichabod!

PURSER.—Surely, Sir Leech, you are en-
ergic without sufficient cause.

DOCTOR.—Not a whit of it! Listen to the
following passage from *Alton Locke*, and
judge for yourself—

“Society has not given me my rights. And
woe unto the man on whom that idea, true or
false, rises lurid, filling all his thoughts with
stifling glare as of the pit itself, . . . while
our little children die round us like lambs be-

neath the knife of cholera, typhus, and con-
sumption, and all the diseases which the good
time can and will prevent, which, as science has
proved, and you, the rich [thus apostrophised
as executioners] confess might be prevented at
once. . . Is it not hard to men who smart
beneath such things, to help crying aloud—
‘Thou cursed Moloch-Mammon, take my life if
thou wilt; let me die in the wilderness, for I
have deserved it; but these little ones—in mines
and factories, in typhus-cellars and Tooting
pandemoniums—what have they done? If not
in their father’s cause, yet still in theirs, were
it so great a sin to die upon a barricade?’”

PURSER.—Tolerably stiffish, I must fairly
own. Major, what have you to say for your-
self?

MAJOR.—Simply this much, that Parson
Kingsley, having sown his wild oats, hath
“purged,” and now liveth “cleanly like a
gentleman!” Sir Amyas Leigh, the chival-
rous and true-hearted sea-captain, who hates
a Jack Spaniard as Mahoun abominates holy
water, fully atones for the radical tailor’s
escapades. The book is thoroughly, intensely
English, and will be prized far above “orient
pearl and gold,” by all who are untainted
with the vile, emasculating leprosy of cosmo-
politanism. If I had a crop of olive branches
voluminous as that of one of the ancient pa-
triarchs, every one of them, maidens as well
as young men, should possess a copy of this
noble story.

DOCTOR.—Let us have a taste of the pudding
which you so potently commend.

MAJOR.—With all my heart. Listen to
the following thrilling narration of a *duello*
between an English ship on the one part,
and a spanish man-of-war and two galleys
on the other. I may premise that Amyas
Leigh, who commanded the former vessel,
had had some terrible cause for vengeance
against the Spaniards:—

A fortnight or more has passed in severe
toil; but not more severe than they have
endured many a time before. Bidding farewell
once and for ever to the green ocean of the
eastern plains, they have crossed the Cordil-
lera; they have taken a longing glance at the
city of Santa Fé, lying in the midst of rich gar-
dens on its lofty mountain plateau, and have
seen, as was to be expected, that it was far too
large a place for any attempt of theirs. But
they have not altogether thrown away their
time. Their Indian lad has discovered that a
gold-train is going down from Santa Fé toward
the Magdalena; and they are waiting for it be-
side the miserable rut which serves for a road,
encamped in a forest of oaks which would make

them almost fancy themselves back again in Europe, were it not for the tree-ferns which form the under-growth; and were it not, too, for the deep gorges opening at their very feet; in which, while their brows are swept by the cool breezes of a temperate zone, they can see far below, dim through their everlasting vapor-bath of rank hot steam, the mighty form and gorgeous colors of the tropic forest.

They have pitched their camp among the tree-ferns, above a spot where the path winds along a steep hill-side, with a sheer cliff below of many a hundred feet. There was a road there once, perhaps, when Cundinamarca was a civilized and cultivated kingdom; but all which Spanish misrule has left of it are a few steps slipping from their places at the bottom of a narrow ditch of mud. It has gone the way of the aqueducts, and bridges, and post-houses, the gardens and the llama-flocks of that strange empire. In the mad search for gold, every art of civilisation has fallen to decay, save architecture alone; and that survives only in the splendid cathedrals which have risen upon the ruins of the temples of the Sun, in honor of a milder Pantheon; if, indeed, that can be called a milder one which demands (as we have seen already) human sacrifices, unknown to the gentle nature-worship of the Incas.

And now, the rapid tropic vegetation has reclaimed its old domains, and Amyas and his crew are as utterly alone, within a few miles of an important Spanish settlement, as they would be in the solitudes of the Orinoco or the Amazon.

In the meanwhile, all their attempts to find sulphur and nitre have been unavailing; and they have been forced to depend after all (much to Yeo's disgust) upon their swords and arrows. Be it so; Drake took Nombre de Dios and the gold train thero with no better weapons; and they may do as much.

So, having blocked up the road above by felling a large tree across it, they sit there among the flowers chewing coca, in default of food and drink, and meditating among themselves the cause of a mysterious roar, which has been heard nightly in their wake ever since they left the banks of the Meta. Jaguar it is not, nor monkey: it is unlike any sound they know; and why should it follow them? However, they are in the land of wonders; and moreover, the gold-train is far more important than any noise.

At last, up from beneath there was a sharp crack and a loud cry. The crack was neither the snapping of a branch, nor the tapping of a woodpecker; the cry was neither the scream of the parrot, nor the howl of the monkey,—

'That was a whip's crack,' said Yeo, 'and a woman's wail. They are close here lads!'

'A woman's? Do they drive women in their gangs?' asked Amyas.

'Why not, the brutes? There they are, Sir. Did you see their baskets glitter?'

'Men!' said Amyas, in a low voice, 'I trust you all not to shoot till I do. Then give them

one arrow, out swords, and at them. Pass the word along.'

Up they came, slowly, and all hearts beat loud at their coming.

First, about twenty soldiers, only one-half of whom were on foot; the other half being borne, incredible as it may seem, each in a chair on the back of a single Indian, while those who marched had consigned their heaviest armour and their arquebuses into the hands of attendant slaves, who were each pricked on at will by the pikes of the soldier behind them.

'The men are mad to let their ordnance out of their hands.'

'Oh, Sir, an Indian will pray to an arquebus not to shoot him; be sure their artillery is safe enough,' said Yeo.

'Look at the proud villains,' whispered another, 'to make dumb beasts of human creatures like that!'

'Ten shot,' counted the business-like Amyas, 'and ten pikes; Will can tackle them up above.'

Last of this troop came some inferior officer, also in his chair, who, as he went slowly up the hill, with his face turned toward the gang which followed, drew, every other second, the cigar from his lips, to inspirit them with those pious ejaculations to the various objects of his worship, divine, human, anatomic, wooden, and textile, which earned for the pious Spaniards of the sixteenth century the uncharitable imputation of being at once the most fetiché-ridden idolators, and the most abominable swearers of all Europeans.

'The blasphemous dog!' said Yeo, fumbling at his bowstring, as if he longed to send an arrow through him. But Amyas had hardly laid his finger on the impatient veteran's arm, when another procession followed, which made them forget all else.

A sad and hideous sight it was; yet one too common even then in those remote districts, where the humane edicts were disregarded, which the prayers of Dominican friars (to their everlasting honor be it spoken) had wrung from the Spanish sovereigns; and which the legislation of that most wise, virtuous, and heroic Inquisitor (paradoxical as the words may seem) Pedro de la Gasca, had carried into effect in Peru,—futile and tardy alleviations of cruelties and miseries unexampled in the history of Christendom, or perhaps on earth, save in the conquests of Sennacherib and Zinghis-Khan. But on the frontiers where negroes were imported to endure the toil which was found fatal to the Indian, and all Indian tribes convicted (or suspected) of cannibalism, were hunted down for the salvation of their souls and the enslavement of their bodies, such scenes as these were still too common; and indeed, if we are to judge from Humboldt's impartial account, were not very much amended even at the close of the last century, in those much-boasted Jesuit missions in which (as many of them as existed anywhere but on paper) military tyranny was superadded to monastic, and the Gospel preached with fire and sword, almost as shamelessly as by the first Conquistadores.

A line of Indians, Negroes, and Zambos, naked, emaciated, scarred with whips and fetters, and chained together by their left wrists, toiled upwards, panting and perspiring under the burden of a basket held up by a strap which passed across their foreheads. Yeo's sneer was but too just; there were not only old men and youths among them, but women; slender young girls, mothers with children running at their knee; and, at the sight, a low murmur of indignation rose from the ambushed Englishman, worthy of the free and righteous hearts of those days, when Raleigh could appeal to man and God, on the ground of a common humanity, in behalf of the outraged heathens of the New World; when Englishmen still knew that man was man, and that the instinct of freedom was the righteous voice of God; ere the hapless seventeenth century had brutalized them also, by bestowing on them, amid a hundred bad legacies, the fatal gift of negro slaves.

But the first forty, so Amyas counted, bore on their backs a burden which made all, perhaps, but him and Yeo, forget even the wretches who bore it. Each basket contained a square package of carefully corded hide; the look whereof friend Amyas knew full well.

"What's in they, Captain?"

"Gold!" And at that magic word all eyes were strained greedily forward, and such a rustle followed, that Amyas, in the very face of detection, had to whisper—

"Be men, be men, or you will spoil all yet."

The last twenty or so of the Indians bore larger baskets, but more lightly freighted, seemingly with manioc, and maize bread, and other food for the party; and after them came, with their bearers and attendants, just twenty soldiers more, followed by the officer in charge, who smiled away in his chair, and twirled two huge mustachios, thinking of nothing less than of the English arrows which were itching to be away and through his ribs. The ambush was complete; the only question, how and when to begin?

Amyas had a shrinking, which all will understand, from drawing bow in cool blood on men so utterly unsuspecting and defenceless, even though in the very act of devilish cruelty—for devilish cruelty it was, as three or four drivers, armed with whips, lingered up and down the slowly-staggering file of Indians, and avenged every moment's lagging even every stumble, by a blow of the cruel manati-hide, which cracked like a pistol-shot against the naked limbs of the silent and uncomplaining victim.

Suddenly the *casus belli*, as usually happens, arose of its own accord.

The last but one of the chained line was an old gray-headed man, followed by a slender, graceful girl of some eighteen years old, and Amyas's heart yearned over them as they came up. Just as they passed, the foremost of the file had rounded the corner above. There was a bustle, and a voice shouted, "Halt, Senors! there is a tree across the path?"

"A tree across the path!" bellowed the officer, with a variety of passionate addresses to the

Mother of Heaven, the fiends of hell, Saint Jago of Compostello, and various other personages, while the line of trembling Indians, told to halt above, and driven on by blows below, surged up and down upon the ruinous steps of the Indian road, until the poor old man fell grovelling on his face.

The officer leaped down, and hurried upward to see what had happened. Of course, he came across the old man!

"*Sin peccado concebida!* Grandfather of Beelzebub, is this a place to lie worshipping your fiends?" and he pricked the prostrate wretch with the point of his sword.

The old man tried to rise: but the weight on his head was too much for him; he fell again, and lay motionless.

The driver applied the manati-hide across his loins, once, twice, with fearful force; but even that specific was useless.

"Gastado, Senor Capitan," said he, with a shrug. "Used up. He has been flogging these three months!"

"What does the intendante mean, by sending me out with worn-out cattle like these? Forward there!" shouted he. "Clear away the tree, Senors, and I'll soon clear the chain. Hold it up, Pedrillo!"

The driver held up the chain, which was fastened to the old man's wrist. The officer stepped back, and flourished round his head a Toledo blade, whose beauty made Amyas break the Tenth Commandment on the spot.

The man was tall, handsome, broad-shouldered, high-bred man; and Amyas thought that he was going to display the strength of his arm, and the temper of his blade, in severing the chain at one stroke.

Even he was not prepared for the reconditte fancies of a Spanish adventurer, worthy son or nephew of those first conquerors who used to try the keenness of their swords upon the living bodies of Indians, and regale themselves at meals with the odor of roasting Caciques.

The blade gleamed in the air, once, twice, and fell: not on the chain, but on the wrist which it fettered. There was a shriek—a crimson flush—and the chain and its prisoner were parted indeed.

One moment more, and Amyas's arrow would have been through the throat of the murderer, who paused, regarding his workmanship with a satisfied smile; but vengeance was not to come from him.

Quick and fierce as a tiger-cat, the girl sprang on the ruffian, and with the intense strength of passion, clasped him in her arms, and leaped with him from the narrow ledge into the abyss below.

There was a rush, a shout; all faces were bent over the precipice. The girl hung by her chained wrist; the officer was gone. There was a moment's awful silence; and then Amyas heard his body crashing through the tree-tops far below.

"Haul her up! Hew her in pieces! Burn the witch!" and the driver seizing the chain, pulled at it with all his might, while all spring-

ing from their chairs, stooped over the brink.

Now was the time for Amyas! Heaven had delivered them into his hands. Swift and sure, at ten yards off, his arrow rushed through the body of the driver, and then, with a roar as of the leaping lion, he sprang like an avenging angel into the midst of the astonished ruffians.

His first thought was for the girl. In a moment, as by sheer strength, he had jerked her safely up into the road; while the Spaniards recoiled right and left, fancying him for the moment some mountain giant or supernatural foe. His hurrah undecieved them in an instant, and a cry of "English! Lutheran dogs!" arose, but arose too late. The men of Devon had followed their captain's lead; a storm of arrows left five Spaniards dead, and a dozen more wounded, and down leapt Salvation Yeo, his white hair streaming behind him, with twenty good swords more, and the work of death began.

The Spaniards fought like lions; but they had no time to fix their arquebuses on the crutches; no room in that narrow path, to use their pikes. The English had the wall of them, and to have the wall there, was to have the foe's life at their mercy. Five desperate minutes, and not a living Spaniard stood upon those steps; and certainly no living one lay in the green abyss below. Two only, who were behind the rest, happening to be in full armor, escaped without mortal wound, and fled down the hill again.

"After them, Michael Evans and Simon Heard; and catch them, if they run a league."

The two long and lean Clovelly men, active as deer from forest-training, ran two feet for the Spaniards' one; and in ten minutes returned, having done their work; while Amyas and his men hurried past the Indians, to help Cary and the party forward, where shouts and musket-shots announced a sharp affray.

Their arrival settled the matter. All the Spaniards fell but three or four, who scrambled down the crannies of the cliff.

"Let not one of them escape. Slay them as Israel slew Amalek!" cried Yeo, as he bent over; and ere the wretches could reach a place of shelter, an arrow was quivering in each body, as it rolled lifeless down the rocks.

"Now, then; loose the Indians."

They found armorers' tools on one of the dead bodies, and it was done.

"We are your friends," said Amyas. "All we ask is, that you shall help us to carry this gold down to the Magdalena, and then you are free."

Some few of the younger grovelled at his knees, and kissed his feet, hailing him as the child of the Sun; but the most part kept a stolid indifference, and when freed from their fetters, sat quietly down where they stood, staring into vacancy. The iron had entered too deeply into their soul. They seemed past hope, enjoyment, even understanding.

But the young girl, who was last of all in the line, as soon as she was loosed, sprang to her father's body, speaking no word, lifted it in her thin arms, laid it across her knees, kissed the

fallen lips, stroked the furrowed cheeks, murmured inarticulate sounds like the cooing of the woodland dove, of which none knew the meaning but she, and he who heard not, for his soul had long since fled. Suddenly the truth flashed on her; silent as ever, she drew one long heaving breath, and rose erect, the body in her arms.

Another moment, and she had leaped into the abyss.

They watched her dark and slender limbs, twined closely round the old man's corpse, turn over, and over, and over, till a crash among the leaves, and a scream among the birds, told that she had reached the trees; and the green roof hid her from their view.

"Brave lass!" shouted a sailor.

PURSER.—Magnificent! Stuff such as that stirs one's heart like the sound of a trumpet!

[*Peggy Patullo becomes manifested.*]

PEGGY.—Here's Bauldie Stott, the Laird's man, wha has just come up, as he says, frae Cobourg.

[*Enter Bauldie.*]

DOCTOR.—Well, Bauldie, my fine fellow, what news from the Provincial Exhibition?

BAULDIE.—Oo, no muckle, except that I am terrible dry!

PURSER.—Here, thou thirsty child of the mist! Drown thy complaint in a cup of mountain dew!

BAULDIE.—Wushin' a' your very good healths! Mony thanks, your honour, for the mercy! But whaur's the maister?

MAJOR.—Lo, 'there he slumbers. Wake him not, good Bauldie.

BAULDIE.—And what for should I no' waken him?

MAJOR.—

Because the poppy crown which he doth wear. Bringeth sweet visions to his tranced soul. Visions of home, and youth, and sparkling eyes, And rosy lips, and necks of ivory hue. Oh Bauldie, canst thou find it in thy heart, To call thy Satrap from such wealth of bliss, And bring him back to this cold churlish earth? Hast thou no bowels, Bauldie? Get thee hence!

BAULDIE.— — tak' me if I stir a single step, without telling him the news! As to my bowels, a' I kea is that they are as toom as a gill steeped upside doon! Sorrow a thing hae I eaten since I left Cobourg!

DOCTOR.—But, honest Bauldie, what are the tidings?

BAULDIE.—Great news! Glorious news Bonnie Braes' braw bull, Balfour of Burley, has carried a' before him at the Exhibition,

and gained the Ten Pun' prize! God save the Queen!

MAJOR.—What ho, Laird! Arouse thee, my pink and quintessence of husbandry! Awake, to find thyself illustrious! The gods have been propitious to thy taurus with the Covenanting nomen! Europa herself never rode upon a more distinguished gentleman cow!

LAIRD [*rubbing his eyes*].—What's a' the din about, noo?

MAJOR.—Your bull, man! It is a made bull! It —

LAIRD.—Girzy preserve us! Heaven hae mercy upon a puir, meeserable backslider! Let me oot o' the hoose, for the sake of pity! A mad bull, and my life no insured, and twa-thirds o' my wheat no' sold! Clear the road there, will ye? A mad bull! a mad bull!! a mad bull!!!

[*Exit Laird, and curtain drops.*]

HINTS TO LADIES.—HOW TO WALK.

A science which all suppose to know without learning, and which many never achieve at all — it being far more difficult to walk well than to dance well; for, alas! we dance but about six years of our lives, and we walk sixty or more. Women, who are always apt to think of the effect they are producing, do not know how to walk at all, and from not having been taught the right way, whenever they desire to be particularly bewitching, are apt to try every variety of gait, which destroys, instead of enhancing their charms. Grace is the principal object to be attained. Now, grace does not mean helplessness; on the contrary, grace necessarily implies a certain degree of strength, or at least, the full development of the form. A lounging, slouching, as though the knees bent at the joints — a gait supposed by many to be interesting, is perfectly painful to the spectator, a jumping, skipping walk, unlady-like in the extreme. To walk gracefully, one should walk naturally; that is, the limbs should all perform the functions for which nature intended them. The feet should be put firmly to the ground, the weight of the body being on the inner part of the foot, so that the big toe, made robust for that purpose, should be felt each time the foot is put to the ground. The body, held erect, should then be well poised upon the hips, the upper part being immovable. The neck should be held erect, though not stiff; and the arms either fall naturally at the side, or be applied to carry either the parasol, handkerchief, or even parcel required. Physical weakness is not grace, nor would we allow any gentleman to support us by the elbow, poking us in the ribs and the hips with his elbow or his knuckles, as though he fancied we had neither spine nor muscle.

C H E S S .

(*To Correspondents.*)

ENIGMA, Toronto.—We cannot give insertion to your Enigma. It is but a variation of a well-known position.

JESSE.—Unfortunately the position sent is not sound. If Black plays King to Q B 2d, how can mate be effected?

Solution to Problem No. XXII, by J. B. Amy, and J. T. R., are correct.

Solution to Enigmas in our last, by Amy and Pawn, are correct.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. XXII.

White.

1. B to K B 4th (ch).
2. Q to her 4th (ch).
3. Q to K R 4th (ch).
4. Kt mates.

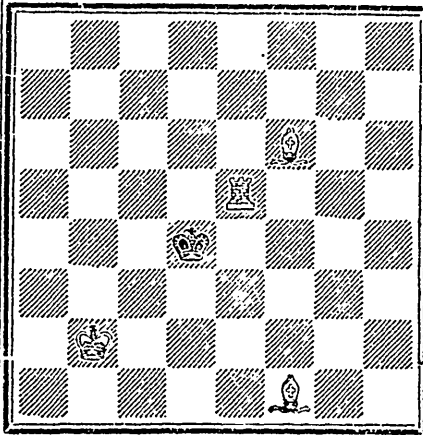
Black.

- K takes B.
- K moves.
- K takes Q.

PROBLEM No. XXIII.

By W—d.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

A CHESS SKETCH.

(*From the Illustrated London News.*)

Our sketch is translated from an entertaining little book published some seasons back in Leipzig, and called the *Schach Almanach*. The pastor of a village, named Rollendorf, establishes among the simple-minded peasantry a Chess-club, which, in the course of time, is honored by a visit from a neighboring Baron—an estimable man enough, but overweeningly conceited as to his skill at Chess. He makes terrible havoc among the untutored and unpracticed villagers, beating them all right and left, and overwhelming the humble fraternity with consternation and dismay. It happens opportunely, however, just prior to the great man's departure from Rollendorf, that a young native of the village, who has been many years absent, and is now settled as a Musical Director at

Venice, makes his appearance, and hears of the humiliating defeat of his ancient comrades. He makes himself known to the pastor only, and, having during his travels picked up some knowledge of Chess, determines at all risk to encounter the formidable Baron. They are accordingly introduced; and the Baron, conceiving him to be one of the members of the village club, prepares himself for another easy victory. They cast lots for the move; the Viennese gains it, and forthwith begins his game thus:—

White (VIENNESE).

Black (BARON).

1. K Kt to Q B 3d.

Whereupon the Baron smiled significantly, and played—

P to K 4th.

2. K Kt to K B 3d.

At this move the Baron broke out, "My good young friend, what on earth are you going to do with those two Knights? Don't you see they must be attacked and driven back? and then your game will be lost before you dream of it. You should always play forward your Pawns first. There!"—

2. P to Q 3d.

"I thought," said the young man, very modestly, "I thought I should have time to play them afterwards." The game goes on.

3. P to Q 4th. Q Kt to Q B 3d.

4. P to Q 5th.

"Ah, that is all very good," remarked the Baron, "if you could support the Pawn; but you will never be able to do so, as you'll soon discover, for your two Knights are in the way."

4. Q Kt to K 2d.

5. P to K 4th. P to K B 4th.

6. Q B to K Kt 5th.

Baron: "That, again, is a very bad move. Don't you perceive you must now either exchange pieces, or retreat? Do which you will, my game becomes developed to the disadvantage of yours."

6. P to K R 3d.

7. Q B to K R 4th.

Baron: "Oh, if you play there, the Bishop's gone. You had better take back that move, my friend."

Viennese: "Thanks, sir, but I never retract a move once made."

Baron: "As you please. It sounds well, though it savours a little of pride to say, 'I never take back a move.' There then."

7. P to K Kt 4th.

8. K Kt takes K P.

Baron (after looking intently at the position for some time): "Well, that is the oddest piece of luck. Would you believe it? If I were now to take your Bishop, I should absolutely be mated—mated, sir, in three moves. I must take off the Knight."

8. Q P takes Kt.

Viennese: "Yes, if you had taken the Bishop, then the check of the Queen would have been obviously fatal."

Baron: "Egad, sir, you don't play so badly as I thought you did. But I can't at all see how you can save the game after the loss of your Knight."

Viennese: "At any rate I shall say 'check.'"

9. Q to K R 5th (ch). K to Q 2d.

10. Q B takes K Kt P. B to K Kt 2d.

11. K B to Q Kt 5th (ch). K to Q 3d.

12. Q B to K 3d.

Baron: "Back, sir; further back with that Bishop."

12. P to K B 5th.

13. B takes K B P.

Baron: "Eh! what; another piece? Who ever saw a player fling away his men in this fashion? I shall take it, of course."

13. P to B.

14. P to K 5th (ch).

Baron (after grave consideration): "Remarkable, indeed; you certainly have unaccountable luck. Do you know that if were goose enough to take this Pawn with my Bishop, you could win my Queen. Fact, I assure you. Look here; you would first give me check with your Kt, compelling me to capture your Queen's Pawn, and then you would play your Rook to Q sq, giving check. Do you see? Fortunately, however, I can go with my K to Q B 4th, and escape all further danger. There, sir."

14. K to Q B 4th.

15. Kt to Q R 4th (ch). K takes B.

16. Q to K 2d (ch).

Here the great man pondered long, and seemed a little discomposed. At length, with affected gaiety, he looked up, and said, "You don't, I hope delude yourself with the notion that you are going to mate me. Why, bless you, I can move my K to R 4th, or even take the Kt, without any danger. If you will give away all your men, the attack must come to an end shortly. I shall take the Kt, *coute qui coute*."

16. K takes Kt.

17. Q to Q B 4th (ch). K to Q R 4th.

18. P to Q Kt 4th (ch). K to Q R 5th.

19. Q to Q Kt 3d (ch). K to Q Kt 4th.

20. P to Q R 4th (ch). K to Q Kt 3d.

21. P to Q R 5th (ch). K to Q Kt 4th.

22. P to Q B 4th (ch). K to Q R 3d.

23. P to Q Kt 5th.—Mate!

Baron: "Ha, ha! Amusing enough. Your game went swimmingly. It played itself; I might have saved it easily, if, instead of taking the Kt, I merely moved my King; I intended to do so, indeed, in the first instance."

Viennese: "I beg pardon, Baron, but I thought, when I examined the position at that time, it appeared as if you would have been mated in fewer moves if you had not taken the Kt. Shall we put up the men, and play out the game from that point?"

Baron: "No, no; I'll have no more of it. I'm heartily glad it's over. I've played too many games to-day, and have got a terrible headache."