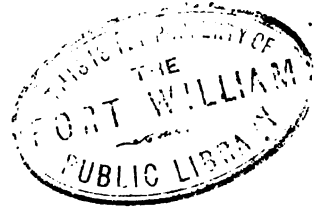


THE



ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

JANUARY TO JUNE.

1854.

VOLUME IV.

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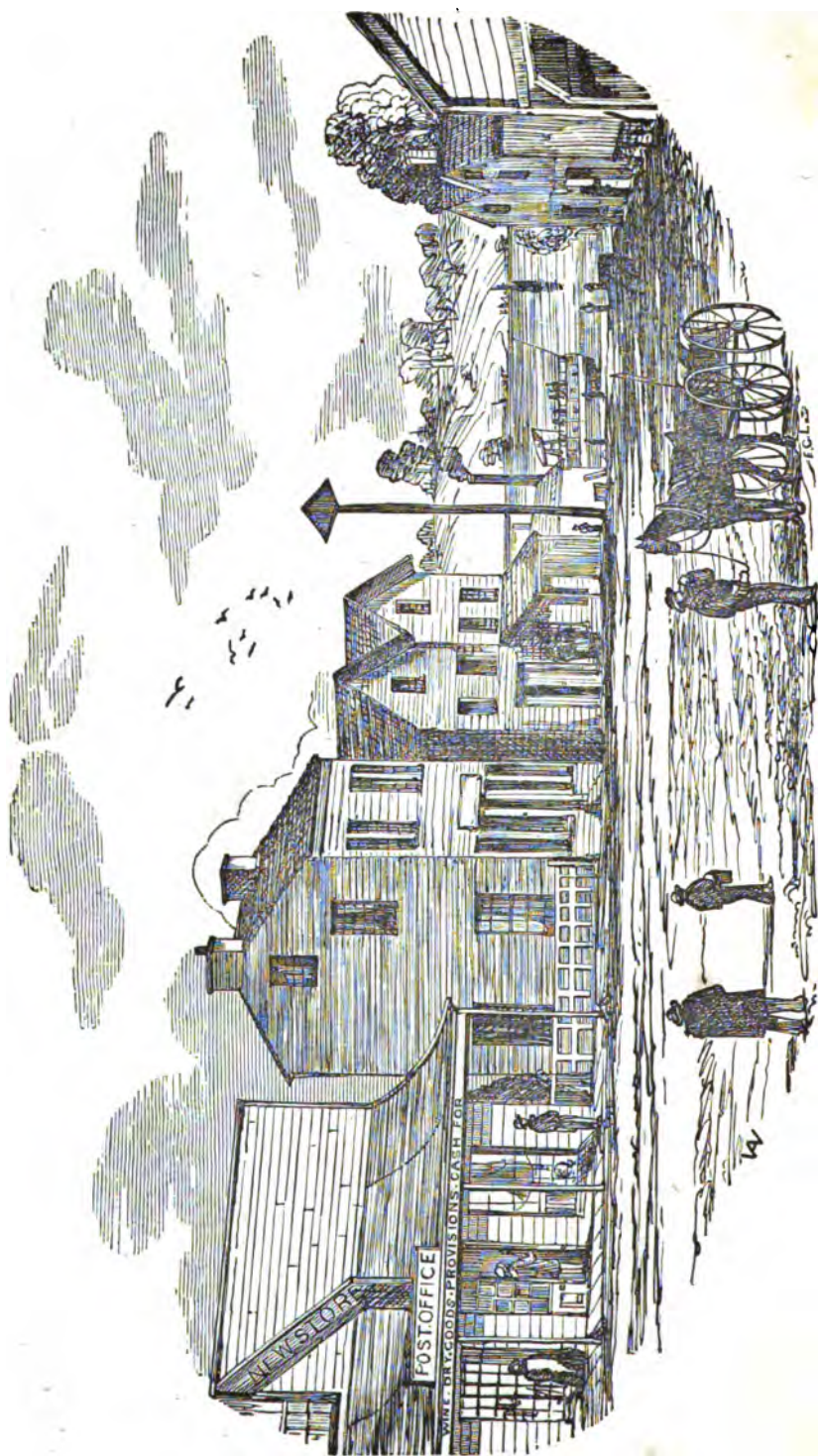
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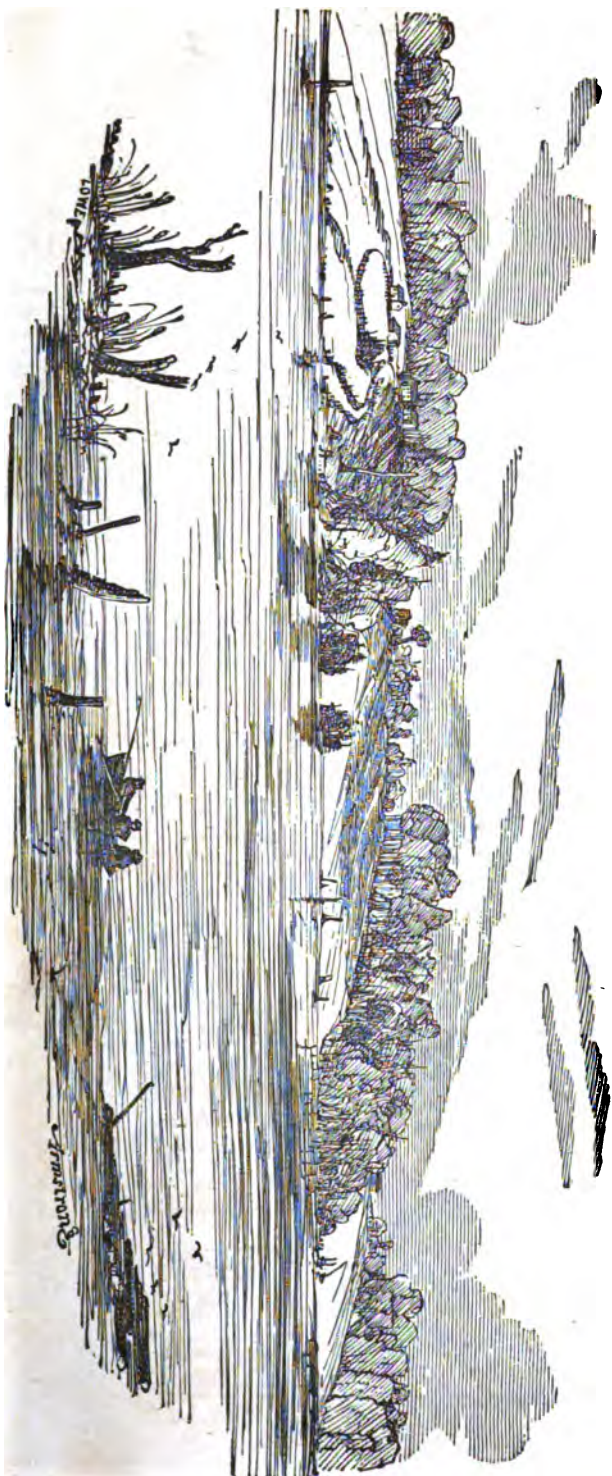


NEW CHURCH AT BRAMPTON.



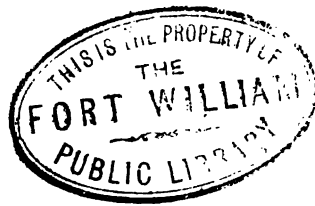
PORT PERRY.

LAKE SCUGOG.



Paris Fashions for January.





THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.—TORONTO: JANUARY, 1854.—No. 1.

HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

THE seemingly careless manner in which the capture of schooners is disposed of is worthy of remark, it being incidentally brought in as if an affair quite unconnected with the action, (if so petty a skirmish deserved the name) and only arising from an error, the effect of excess of bravery. The last item respecting the *Sylph*, has been

Late in the afternoon I made the signal of recall, and formed in close order. Wind during the night from the westward, and after midnight squally; kept all hands at quarters and beat to windward in hopes to gain the wind of the enemy. At two A.M. missed two of our schooners; at daylight discovered the missing schooners to be the *Hamilton* and *Scourge*. Soon after, spoke the Governor *Tompkins*, who informed me that the *Hamilton* and *Scourge* both overset and sank in a heavy squall, about two o'clock; and, distressing to relate, every soul perished, except sixteen. This fatal accident deprived me at once of the services of two valuable officers, Lieut. Winter and Sailing Master Osgood, and two of my best schooners, mounting together 14 guns. This accident giving to the enemy decidedly the superiority, I thought he would take advantage of it, particularly as by a change of wind he was again brought dead to windward of me. Formed the line upon the larboard tack and hove to. Soon after six A.M. the enemy bore up and set studding-sails, apparently with an intention to bring us to action. When he had approached us within four miles he brought to, on starboard

most judiciously introduced to cover the admission of "the effects of too much bravery," but still it was not quite enough without the usual contrast of the merits of the respective commanders, so we are gravely told first that Commodore Chauncey partook of a splendid dinner prepared for him, in Washington Hall, New York, in honor of the affair, and in the next paragraph informed that Sir J. Yeo was a blustering bully with whom discretion was the better part of valour, and from whom, as a British official, truth could not be expected.

We are most fortunately enabled to test the value of Commodore Chauncey's official letter, and the remarks of *Niles' Register*, by the following letter, from one of *General*

tack. Finding that the enemy had no intention of bringing us to action, I edged away to gain the land, in order to have the advantage of the land breeze in the afternoon. It soon after fell calm, and I directed the schooners to sweep up and engage the enemy. About noon we got a light breeze from the eastward. I took the *Oneida* in tow, as she sailed badly, and stood for the enemy. When the van of our schooners was within about one and a half or two miles of his rear, the wind shifted to the westward, which again brought him to windward; as soon as the breeze struck him, he bore up for the schooners in order to cut them off before they could rejoin me; but with their sweeps, and the breeze soon reaching them also, they were soon in their station. The enemy finding himself foiled in this attempt upon the schooners, hauled his wind and hove to. It soon became very squally, and the appearance of its continuing so during the night; and as we had been at quarters for nearly forty hours, and being apprehensive of separating from some of the heavy sailing schooners in the squall, I was induced to run in towards Niagara, and anchor outside the bar. General Boyd very handsomely offered any

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Pike's officers, which found its way by mistake into the United States *Gazette* of Sept. 6th. The writer, having previously stated the American force at two ships, one brig and eleven schooners, says—"On the 10th, at midnight, we came within gun shot, every man in high spirits. The schooners commenced the action with their long guns which did great execution. At half-past twelve, the commodore fired his broadside, and gave three cheers, which were returned from the other ships, the enemy closing fast. We lay by for our opponent, the orders having been given not to fire till she came within pistol shot,—the enemy kept up a constant fire. Every gun was pointed, every match ready in hand, and the red British ensign plainly to be descried by the light of the moon; when to our utter astonishment, the commodore wore and stood S. E. leaving Sir James Yeo to exult in the capture of two schooners, and in our retreat which was certainly a very fortunate one for him." Farther comment on the affair is quite unnecessary after this letter, which is the most satisfactory proof we could have adduced, first of the correctness of the account we took from the *Naval Register*—secondly, of the meanness of Commodore Chauncey in penning the dispatch we have given in our

assistance in men that I might require. I received 150 soldiers, and distributed them in the different vessels, to assist in boarding or repelling boarders, as circumstances might require. It blew very heavy in squalls during the night. Soon after day discovered the enemy's fleet bearing north; weighed and stood after him. The wind soon became light and variable, and before 12 o'clock quite calm. At five, fresh breezes from the north, the enemy's fleet bearing north, distant about four or five leagues. Wore the fleet in succession, and hauled upon a wind on the larboard tack. At sundown the enemy bore N.W. by N. on the starboard tack. The wind hauling to the westward I stood to the northward all night in order to gain the north shore. At daylight tacked to the westward, the wind having changed to N.N.W. Soon after, discovered the enemy's fleet, bearing S.W. I took the *Asp.* the *Madison*, and the *Fair American* in tow, and made all sail in chase. It was at this time we thought of realizing what we had been so long toiling for; but before twelve o'clock the wind changed to W.S.W., which brought the enemy to windward; tacked to the northward; at three, the wind inclining to the northward, wore to the southward and westward, and made the signal for the fleet to make all sail. At four the enemy bore S.S.W.; bore up and steered for him. At five observed the enemy becalmed under the

notes, and thirdly, of the utter want of principle of both the American government and their official organ, *Niles' Weekly Register*.—It is almost unnecessary to add that an order was, soon after the appearance of this letter, issued at Washington, forbidding any officer to write, with the intention of publication, any accounts of the operations of the fleet and army.

The officer, who has so opportunely enabled us to add, to the evidence already brought forward, one more proof of the unworthy means adopted by American commanders and their rulers, at Washington, to delude a vain glorious people with fictitious statements of their prowess, has unwittingly raised the veil which the cabinet at Washington would have willingly suffered to remain over Chauncey and his doings. He says, "we proceeded directly," (which, we presume means, after they had done chasing Sir James Yeo to Kingston,) "for Sackett's Harbour, where we victualled and put to sea, the next day, after our arrival, August 14th. On the 16th we discovered the enemy again and hurried to quarters, again got clear of the enemy by dint of carrying sail, and returned to Sackett's Harbor. On the 18th we again fell in with the enemy steering for Kingston, and we

land, nearing him very fast with a fine breeze from N.N.W. At six formed the order of battle within about four miles of the enemy. The wind at this time very light. At 7 the wind changed to S.W. and a fresh breeze, which again placed the enemy to windward of me. Tacked and hauled upon a wind on the larboard tack, under easy sail, the enemy standing after us. At nine, when within about two gunshot of our rear, he wore to the southward; I stood on to the northward under easy sail; the fleet formed in two lines, a part of the schooners formed the weather line, with orders to commence the fire upon the enemy as soon as their shot would take effect, and as the enemy reached them to edge down upon the line to leeward and pass through the intervals and form to leeward. At about half past ten the enemy tacked and stood after us. At eleven the rear of our line opened his fire upon the enemy; in about fifteen minutes the fire became general from the weather line, which was returned from the enemy. At half past 11 the weather line bore up and passed to leeward, except the *Growler* and *Julia*, which soon after tacked to the southward, which brought the enemy between them and me. Filled the maintopsail and edged two points to lead the enemy down, not only to engage him to more advantage, but to lead him from the *Growler* and *Julia*. He, however, kept his wind until he completely so parated those

reached the harbor on the 19th. *This is the result of two cruises, the first of which by proper guidance might have decided in our favour the superiority on the lake and consequently in Canada.*"

We take leave of Commodore Chauncey for the present with these two striking instances of his having (according to American writers and official bulletins) chased the British commander all around the lake.

The demonstration against Fort George is

Demonstration against
Fort George by Sir
George Prevost.

very pithily described.
by Veritas—"Nothing of
moment happened in the

centre division,† until joined by Sir George, for a few days, when a grand demonstration was displayed, by marching the enemy up the hill, and down again, which resulted in satisfying him that nothing could be done to dislodge the enemy." We might safely adopt this description, for an examination into the facts will afford very little else to record. Christie handles this subject very fairly, but he is obliged to admit, after attempting a sort

of an excuse for Sir George, that, "the prestige which surrounded his military character improved by the popularity he was acquiring as a chief governor, had been sensibly influenced by his failure at Sackett's Harbour, and the present fruitless "demonstration" as (to cover his second failure) he termed it, dispelled what little confidence in him, as commander of the forces, the army, and those in the country the best able to judge of his abilities as such, previously entertained." The only excuse that even Christie's good nature could find was, that "the whole force in the neighbourhood of Fort George, at that period, did not exceed two thousand men, on an extended line while that of the enemy in Fort George exceeded four thousand." The sum of the whole affair is that, Sir George (for reasons best known to himself, as he has not chosen to make them public) determined to make an attack on Fort George on the 24th August, and a movement was made for an assault upon it. The British drove in the pickets, several of which were taken, advancing to within a short distance of the enemy.

two vessels from the rest of the squadron, exchanged a few shot with this ship as he passed, without injury to us, and made sail after our two schooners. Tacked and stood after him. At 12 (midnight) finding that I must either separate from the rest of the squadron, or relinquish the hope of saving the two which had separated, I reluctantly gave up the pursuit, rejoined the squadron then to leeward, and formed the line on the starboard tack. The firing was continued between our two schooners and the enemy's fleet until about one A.M., when, I presume, they were obliged to surrender to a force so much their superior. Saw nothing more of the enemy that night; soon after daylight discovered them close in with the north shore, with one of our schooners in tow, the other not to be seen. I presume she may have been sunk. The enemy showed no disposition to come down upon us, although to windward, and blowing heavy from W. The schooners labouring very much, I ordered two of the duldest to run into Niagara and anchor. The gale increasing very much, and as I could not go into Niagara with this ship, I determined to run to Genesee Bay, as a shelter for the small vessels, and with the expectation of being able to obtain provisions for the squadron, as we were all nearly out, the Medusa and Oneida not having a single day's on board when we arrived opposite Genesee Bay. I found there was every prospect of the gale's continuing, and if it did, I could run to this place and provision the whole squadron with more certainty, and nearly in the

same time that I could at Genesee, admitting that I could obtain provisions at that place. After bringing the breeze as far as Oswego, the wind became light, inclining to a calm, which has prolonged our passage to this day. I shall provision the squadron for five weeks, and proceed up the lake this evening, and when I return again I hope to be able to communicate more agreeable news than this communication contains.

The loss of the Growler and Julia, in the manner in which they have been lost, is mortifying in the extreme; and although their commanders disobeyed my positive orders, I am willing to believe that it arose from an error of judgment and excess of zeal to do more than was required of them; thinking, probably, that the enemy intended to bring us to a general action, they thought, by gaining the wind of him they would have it more in their power to injure and annoy him than they could by forming to leeward of our line. From what I have been able to discover of the movements of the enemy, he has no intention of engaging us, except he can get decidedly the advantage of wind and weather, and as his vessels in squadron sail better than our squadron, he can always avoid an action; unless I can gain the wind and have sufficient daylight to bring him to action before dark. His object is, evidently, to harass us by night attacks, by which means he thinks to cut off our small dull sailing schooners in detail. Fortune has evidently favored him thus far. I hope that it will be my turn next, and, although inferior in point of force, I feel very confident of success.

I have the honor to be, Sir, very respectfully,
your most obedient servant, ISAAC CHAUNCEY.

† Veritas alludes here to the events which occurred after Colonel Bishopp's death.

The Americans, however, not having any particular fancy for fighting where the odds were only two to one, declined leaving their entrenchments, and preferred keeping up a safe and quiet cannonade from the opposite bank of the river. Sir George, then, (not being General Brock) weighed the *pros* and *cons* for an assault, and, unfortunately, for his own credit, decided that to risk an attempt on this port, which was not of sufficient moment, from its dilapidated condition, to compensate the loss that an attack must entail, would be neither prudent nor profitable. He accordingly, as Veritas has it, marched down the hill again and returned to Kingston.

As a military commander, Sir George seems to have lacked most sadly that very essential quality, energy—his personal bravery, no one (not even Veritas) has ever dared to impeach, but still it seems to have been of a negative character, and it is very evident that phrenologists would not have discovered the organ of combativeness to be very largely developed. Christie bears very high testimony as to his worth in his civil capacity. "To the moment of his departure from the province, his popularity with the people, as civil governor, remained unabated. We are well satisfied at being able to quote at least one favorable opinion of Sir George, as Veritas is always unjust, and we think that even James has adopted the fashion of condemning Sir George too readily.

It is now necessary, in order to bring down naval events on the ocean, to the same date as we have already reached with reference to the flotillas on the lake, to visit Boston, from which Commodore Rogers, in the President, sailed in company with the Congress frigate, on the 1st May, 1813. The day after leaving port, the first opportunity of displaying American prowess presented itself in the shape of the British brig sloop Curlew. This was, however, but a transient gleam of good fortune, as the British vessel, according to custom, ran away, and, "by knocking away the wedges of her masts, and using other means to improve her sailing,"* escaped. Captain Head considering, as we suppose, that a British sloop of war was not quite a match,

single-handed, for two large American frigates. Had Commodore Rogers commanded the British sloop, he would doubtless have brought to action and captured both. On the 8th, according to our authorities, "the Congress, whether by intention or accident, parted company."

A glorious opportunity was now presented to Commodore Rogers, and eagerly seized by him, of rivalling his brother commanders in "the chasing" (see Niles Register*) "and capturing of British frigates." The American commodore having the natural sagacity of his countrymen for turning an honest penny, and considering that honor and glory are but names after all, and, to be enjoyed, require prize money, directed his attention to the homeward bound West India fleet. The commodore was, however, too late, and (misfortunes never coming singly), he missed not only the goodly freighted West India-men, but also the opportunity (for which he of course thirsted) of taking at the same time, the Cumberland seventy-four, Captain Thomas Baker. It is much to be regretted, on Commodore Rogers' account, that this happened, as the Cumberland was a very fine vessel, and a fast sailer, and would have been a very desirable acquisition to the American fleet. About the 18th June, the disappointed commodore resolved to seize the "Dragon in its lair," and steered towards the North Sea, looking out keenly for any vessels bound outwards from the St. George's Channel; no prize, however, fell in his way. As the weather was now becoming warm, a cruise in the northern latitudes could not fail to be pleasant, especially as there was a convoy of some five-and-twenty or thirty sail from Archangel to be intercepted, which would unite profit with pleasure. It is a curious circumstance that, in high latitudes, from the state of the atmosphere, objects appear double their real size. It was, no doubt, from this circumstance that the American commodore suffered himself to be chased from his station by, as he thought, "a line of battle ship and a frigate," but in reality by the thirty-two gun frigate Alexandria, Captain Robert Cathcart, and sixteen-gun sloop Spitfire, Captain John

*Cruise of Commodore Rogers with Congress and President frigates

* Naval Chronicle, page 113.

* "The brave Rogers is now employed in hunting down British frigates on the ocean."

Ellis. We will take our account of this affair from the same source as the Naval Chronicle, viz., the logs of the two British ships, premising that the commodore had been in the meantime joined by the Scourge. This is proved by Commodore Rogers' letter to the Naval board "at the time of meeting the enemy's two ships, the privateer schooner Scourge, of New York, had joined company." We now give the extracts from the logs:—

"On the 19th July, at 2h. 30m. P. M., latitude at noon $71^{\circ} 52'$ north, longitude $20^{\circ} 18'$ east, the Alexandria and Spitfire, standing south-east by south, with a light wind from the northward, discovered a frigate and a large schooner in the north-north-east. The two British ships immediately hauled up in chase, and at 5h. 30m. P. M., tacked to the west north-west, making the Russian as well as English private signals. At 6h. 15m., the President and her consort, who had hitherto been standing towards the two British ships, tacked from them to the north-west, under all sail, followed by the Alexandria and Spitfire. At 7h. 30m. P. M., the Spitfire was within five miles of the President, who then bore from her north-north-west." If the log of the Spitfire be correct, and that vessel was actually within four miles of the enemy, it would appear extraordinary, but for the phenomenon we have already adverted to, how the commodore could have been deceived, especially as we find it stated in the British logs that the lightness of the night and the clearness of the atmosphere enabled them to keep sight of their adversary. We will now take up the account from the Naval Chronicle.

"On the 20th, at 4h. 30m. P. M., finding that the Spitfire, as well as the President, was gaining upon her, the Alexandria cut away her bower anchor. At 4h. 40m., the Scourge parted company with the President, which was now nearly hull down from the leading British ship. A schooner being unworthy game when a frigate was in sight, the Alexandria and Spitfire continued in pursuit of the President."

"Their attention," says the commodore, "was so much engrossed by the President, that they permitted her (the Scourge) to escape without taking any notice of her.

At 6 P. M., when the Alexandria bore from the Spitfire full two miles south-south-east,

the President bore north, distant only six miles. From this time the American frigate continued gaining upon the Spitfire until 1h. 10 m. P. M., on the 21st; when, thick weather coming on, the latter lost sight both of her consort and her chase. The discharge of four guns however, by the Alexandria, enabled the Spitfire to close. The two British ships again making sail, the sloop, at 2 h. 15 m. P. M., again got sight of the President, in the west-south-west, and at 4 P. M. were once more within six miles of her; which, says the commodore, "was quite as near as was desirable." The chase continued during the remainder of the 21st, to the advantage of the American frigate, until 8 A. M., on the 22d, when the Spitfire, a fourth time, got within six miles of the President; who again, by the most strenuous efforts, began increasing her distance.

At 6 P. M., when nearly hull-down from the little persevering sloop, and quite out of sight from the Alexandria, the President fired a gun, hoisted an American ensign at her peak, and a commodore's broad pendant at her main, and hauled upon a wind to the westward. Captain Ellis continued gallantly to stand on, until, at 6 h. 40 m. P. M., Captain Cathcart, who was then eight miles in the east-north-east of his consort, considerably signalled the Spitfire to close. As soon as the latter had done so, sail was again made; and the chase continued throughout that night, and until 10 A. M. on the 23d; when the President had run completely out of sight of both "the line-of-battle ship and the frigate," or, as an American historian says, of the "two line-of-battle-ships,"* which had so long been pursuing her.

Among the prisoners on board the President at the time of the chase, were the master and mate of the British snow Daphne, of Whitby. According to the journal of these men, published in the newspapers, they, as well as many of the President's officers and men, were convinced that the chasing ships were a small frigate and a sloop of war. They describe, in a ludicrous manner, the preparations on board the President, to resist the attack of this formidable squadron. During each of the three days a treble allowance of grog was served out to the crew, and an im-

* Naval Monument, p. 230.

mense quantity of star, chain, and other kinds of dismantling shot got upon deck, in readiness for action. It appears also that when the *Eliza Swan* whaler *Love* in sight a few days afterwards, she was supposed to be a large ship of war, and the ceremony with the grog and dismantling shot was repeated. After a very cautious approach on the part of the *President*, the chase was discovered to be a clump of a merchantman, and made prize of accordingly.

American writers have blustered a good deal about the invincibility and gallant deeds of their navy, and have enlarged most particularly on the events of this very cruise; and yet, when all the circumstances of the affair are placed before the reader, what a contrast is presented in the conduct of the pursuers and pursued. Commodore Rogers admitted that he was within five miles of his enemy, and yet he dared to pretend that he mistook a vessel of four hundred and twenty-two tons for a large frigate, and (still more barefaced) a small frigate of six hundred and sixty tons for, what? A LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP!! Brave as Commodore Rogers *might have been*, it is well for him that he did not belong to the British service. Discretion is the better part of valour, and is a most necessary quality for a commander to possess, but, in the present instance, prudence in the commodore appears to have been somewhat akin to pusillanimity, and with our severely dealing public, similar conduct would have been rewarded, not with a public dinner, but a court-martial, the sentence of which would have been disgrace, if not death. It may be considered a most fortunate event for the two British commanders (Cathcart and Ellis) that the *Alexandria*, from her bad sailing, prevented an encounter, as the two vessels were no match for the American frigate, even after making every allowance for the difference of the commanders, and the engagement must have ended in the capture or destruction of the British vessels. Had this taken place, what an opportunity would have been afforded for magniloquent effusions.—AN AMERICAN FRIGATE CAPTURING A LINE-OF BATTLE SHIP AND A FRIGATE. Such would assuredly have been the most modest version of the affair, if we may judge by the capital that was made out of Commodore Rogers' running away. Not a little dis-

mayed at his narrow escape, Commodore Rogers "determined," says James, "to quit a region where constant daylight afforded an enemy so many advantages over him," we therefore next find him more to the southward, in a position where there was a favourable opportunity for intercepting the trade bound for the Irish channel. Here he cruised until again frightened from his station by a report of a superior force seen in that region. Running up the Channell then, and rounding Ireland, he stood back to his own shores, and, having succeeded in learning the stations of the various British vessels, then cruising off the American coast, from a small schooner which he had captured, was enabled to run safely into Newport, Rhode Island.

We have endeavored to give a fair and unprejudiced account of Commodore Rogers' cruise, and we now propose to give a few extracts from our old friend, the *Washington organ*. The first statement runs thus:—"The former," (the *President*,) "was reported to have taken the British vessel *Theseus*, with specie." (*The Theseus is rated a seventy-four in Steele's list.*) The *Thetis* frigate mounts thirty-eight guns and must be the vessel alluded to. Two things are note worthy in this paragraph, first, the insinuation respecting the *Theseus*, secondly, the assertion, never contradicted in regard to the *Thetis*. There is very little doubt but that the impression conveyed to the citizens of the United States was that their pet hero Rogers had in all probability captured a seventy-four—certainly a frigate. Could impudence go further than this? The next paragraph is still more amusing—"It is announced officially that Commodore Rogers captured his B. M. brig *Cruizer* of eighteen guns off the Shetland Islands, the *Oberon* was in company but escaped. It was calculated that Rogers had done infinite damage to the Greenland trade. For a considerable time he has given full employment to twenty or thirty of the enemy's vessels of war, and if they do catch him, he will cost them more than he will come to." A postscript to this "bit of truth" goes on to inform us that "he had arrived at Newport, after cruising *all round and round* the British islands, though they have a thousand vessels of war. It is said that he brought into port a sloop of war, and one of H. M. schooners

with twenty-nine merchantmen." Comment on these statements is unnecessary, and so truly absurd are they that, lest we should be suspected of following the example set to us of misrepresenting, we must inform our readers, that our extracts are to be found in the fifth volume of Nile's Register.

The *Congress* after parting company cruised about for a considerable time and then returned to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where she was blockaded by the *Tenedos*, Captain Parker, who used every means in his power to provoke a meeting. The fate of the *Chesapeake* was not yet, however, forgotten, and the government, mindful of the short career of one thirty-six gun frigate, prudently disarmed and laid up the *Congress* shortly afterwards.

The next event of importance was the capture, August 5th, of the *Dominica* schooner by the Franco-American privateer schooner *Decatur*, commanded by the celebrated Captain Dominique Dixon.* The most discreditable part of this affair appears, at first sight, to be the capture by a privateer, but when it comes to be investigated, it will be found that Lieutenant Barreté (the commander) by his gallant conduct reflected honor rather than disgrace upon the British arms. The *Dominica* mounted twelve guns and had on board fifty-seven men and nine boys. The *Decatur* had the same number of guns, with one hundred and twenty men, and Captain Dixon, knowing the force opposed to him, relied for success upon the arm in which he was almost doubly superior, and carried his opponent by boarding. The obstinate resistance offered by the *Dominica* will be best shown by the list of casualties. Out of her total complement of sixty-six men and boys, the captain, purser, two midshipmen, and thirteen men were killed or mortally wounded, and over forty severely or slightly wounded. The loss of the *Decatur* was nineteen men.

On the 12th of the same month, the *Pelican*, eighteen gun brig-sloop arrived in the Cove of Cork from a cruise, but before the sails were furled, Captain Maples received instructions to put to sea again in quest of an American

sloop of war, which had been committing some depredations in the St. George's Channel. About day-break of the 14th, the *Argus* was discovered separating from a ship which she had just set on fire, and standing towards several other merchantmen. The *Pelican* was to windward and bore down under a press of sail, the captain of the *Argus* appearing, by his manœuvres, to invite an engagement. Captain Allen, the commander of the *Argus*, had been first lieutenant of the United States when she captured the *Macedonian*, and had repeatedly expressed his ability to whip any British sloop with an American of equal force, in ten minutes. Let us now examine James' statement of the comparative force of these "anxious candidates for the laurel crown." According to James, "the *Pelican* mounted the usual establishment of her class, sixteen thirty-two pounder carronades, two long sixes, and a twelve pounder boat carronade. But unfortunately, Captain Maples, when recently at Jamaica, had received on board two brass sixes." Having no broadside ports for them, and unwilling to lower them into the hold as ballast, he knocked out two stern ports and mounted them there, "much to the annoyance," says James, "of the man at the helm, and without contributing in the slightest degree to the brig's actual force. The established complement of vessels of the *Pelican's* class was one hundred and twenty men and boys, of this number she lacked the second lieutenant and six men. The *Argus* mounted eighteen twenty-four pound carronades with two long twelves, her crew mustering one hundred and twenty-five strong. The original force had amounted to one hundred and fifty-seven, but thirty-two had been dispatched in prizes.

At 6, A.M., the *Argus* opened her fire, and, after a sharp action of some forty-five minutes duration, was boarded and carried by the British sloop. The *Pelican* had one man killed and five wounded; the *Argus* six killed and eighteen wounded. Amongst the list of the mortally wounded were Captain Allen and two midshipmen. James gives the comparative force thus:—

	<i>Pelican.</i>	<i>Argus.</i>
Broadside guns.....	9.....	10
No. of lbs.....	262.....	228
Crew. (Men only.)..	101.....	122
Size.....	tons 885.....	816

* See vol iv, page 268 of James' Naval History.

The respective forces engaged were so nearly equal that it is unnecessary to offer any further remark than the admission that whatever superiority there might have been it was on the side of the British, and that Captain Allen fought his vessel bravely under the slight disadvantage, and on his death, which occurred a short time afterwards, his remains were attended to the grave by all the officers, military or naval, in the port.

"Some people excel in powers of endurance, such as the English* evinced at the battle of Waterloo. Others excel in powers of assault such as the French displayed there. But there is no record of a British vessel enduring the terrible blows inflicted on some of the American vessels before yielding." Thus writes Ingersoll, forgetful of the defence made by the *Java*, and still more recently, the *Dominica*, in which last engagement, as we have just seen, the British vessel was not surrendered until her captain and sixty men, out of a crew of sixty-six, lay dead or wounded upon her deck. Mr. Ingersoll, besides these two instances, which we have just cited, might have found a third in the case of the vessel whose capture we are about to relate.

At daylight, on the 5th September, the British brig-sloop *Boxer*, of fourteen guns (twelve eighteen pounder carronades and two sixes) while lying at anchor, near Portland, United States, discovered in the offing a sail, and immediately weighed and stood to sea in pursuit. The strange vessel was soon made out to be an enemy and proved to be the American gun-brig, *Enterprise*, of sixteen guns (fourteen eighteen pounder carronades and two nines) commanded by Lieutenant Burrows. The American vessel, after her superior powers of sailing had been tested, and it had been sufficiently established that should she get beaten it was easy to escape, bore up to engage. At a quarter past three the action commenced, terminating after a severe and protracted contest in the surrender of the *Boxer*. The British vessel measured one hundred and eighty-one tons, (her force we have already shewn) and was manned by sixty men, of whom twelve were absent, and six boys. The *Enterprise* measured two hundred

and forty-five tons, and had on board one hundred and twenty men and three boys. The officers of the *Boxer* had the mortification to see four men, during the action, desert their guns, thereby reducing the number of the combatants to forty-four, yet, in spite of all these casualties and the fall of Captain Burrows, early in the action, the vessel was only yielded after a loss of twenty-one men, nearly half the crew. The loss of the *Enterprise* was fourteen killed and wounded, her commander being included amongst the killed. Besides the more than two-fold disparity in crews, the *Enterprise* was altogether a stouter vessel than her antagonist. This will be proved by Commodore Hull's letter* which

* *Extract of a letter from Commodore Hull to Commodore Bainbridge, dated the 10th inst.*

"I yesterday visited the two brigs and was astonished to see the difference of injury sustained in the action. The *Enterprise* has but one 18 pound shot in her hull, one in her mainmast, and one in her foremast; her sails are much cut with grape shot and there are a great number of grape lodged in her sides, but no injury done by them. The *Boxer* has eighteen or twenty 18 pound shot in her hull, most of them at the water's edge—several stands of 18 pound grape stick in her side, and such a quantity of small grape that I did not undertake to count them. Her masts, sails and spars are literally cut to pieces, several of her guns dismounted and unfit for service; her top gallant fore-castle nearly taken off by the shot, her boats cut to pieces, and her quarters injured in proportion. To give you an idea of the quantity of shot about her, I inform you that I counted in her mainmast alone three 18 pound shot holes, 18 large grape shot holes, 16 musket ball holes, and a large number of smaller shot holes, without counting above the cat harpins.

"We find it impossible to get at the number killed; no papers are found by which we can ascertain it—I, however, counted upwards of 90 hammocks which were in her netting with beds in them, besides several beds without hammocks; and she has excellent accommodations for all her officers below in staterooms, so that I have no doubt that she had one hundred men on board. We know that she has several of the *Rattler's* men on board, and a quantity of wads was taken out of the *Rattler*, loaded with four large grape shot with a small hole in the centre to put in a cartridge that the inside of the wad may take fire when it leaves the gun. In short, she is in every respect completely fitted and her accommodations exceed any thing I have seen in a vessel of her class."

Remarks.—There have been various opinions respecting the relative force of the vessels, and some ungenerous attempts have been made to diminish the splendour of the victory. The foregoing extracts, we conceive irrefragably settle the question of force and of skill. It appears that in number of men the enemy were equal; in number

*By English we presume, Ingersoll means British.

we give for two reasons. Firstly, to show the difference of execution done in a close action, where the weight of metal being the same on both sides, the respective stoutness of the timbers would be tested, and secondly to prove how ready Commodore Hull was to make statements which he must have seen were untrue. The British brig had upwards of "one hundred men on board, for," says Captain Hull, I counted upwards of ninety hammocks." Now if the American public did not know, Commodore Hull knew full well that, in the British service, every seaman and marine has two hammocks allowed him; yet he was disingenuous enough to pen a statement which he knew, coming from a sort of pet hero, would produce an effect all over the Union. Brave, Captain Hull may have been—most unprincipled, this circumstance clearly proves him to have been. We close this chapter by giving in our notes Lieutenant McCall's really modest, if not quite correct letter,† and with a few observations from James on the difference of the carronades used in the services.

"The established armament of the Boxer was ten carronades; and that number, with her two six-pounders, was as many as the brig could mount with effect or carry with ease. But, when the Boxer was refitting at Halifax, Captain Blyth obtained two additional carronades: had he taken on board, instead of them, twenty extra seamen, the Boxer would have been a much more effective vessel. Against the English ordinary carronade, complaints

of guns it was well known the enemy were superior; and the vast difference of execution confirms (if confirmation were wanted) the fact of the high degree of superiority of our seamen in the art of gunnery. And, above all other considerations, it proves that American tars are determined to support their government, in a just war waged in defence of their rights.—*Niles Register*.

†James Naval History.

‡United States Brig "Enterprise,"
Portland, 7th September, 1813.

SIR,—In consequence of the unfortunate death of Lieutenant-Commandant William Burrows, late commander of this vessel, it devolves on me to acquaint you with the result of the cruise. After sailing from Portsmouth on the 1st instant, we steered to the eastward; and on the morning of the 3rd, off Wood Island, discovered a schooner, which we chased into this harbor, where we anchored. On the morning of the 4th, weighed

have always been made, for its lightness and unsteadiness in action; but the American carronade of that calibre is much shorter in the breech, and longer in the muzzle: therefore it heats more slowly, recoils less, and carries farther. The same is the case, indeed with all the varieties of the carronade used by the Americans; and they, in consequence derive advantages in the employment of that ordnance, not possessed by the English; whose carronades are notoriously the lightest and most inefficient of any in use. If the English carronade, especially of the smaller calibres, had

anchor and swept out, and continued our course to the eastward. Having received information of several privateers being off Manhagan, we stood for that place; and on the following morning, in the bay near Penguin Point, discovered a brig getting under way, which appeared to be a vessel of war, and to which we immediately gave chase. She fired several guns and stood for us, having four ensigns hoisted. After reconnoitering and discovering her force, and the nation to which she belonged, we hauled upon a wind to stand out of the bay, and at three o'clock shortened sail, tacked to run down with an intention to bring her to close action. At twenty minutes after 3 P. M., when within half pistol shot, the firing commenced from both, and after being warmly kept up, and with some maneuvering, the enemy hailed and said they had surrendered, about 4 P. M.—*their colors being nailed to the masts, could not be hauled down*. She proved to be his B. M. brig Boxer, of 14 guns. Samuel Blythe, Esq., commander, who fell in the early part of the engagement, having received a cannon shot through the body. And I am sorry to add that Lieutenant Burrows, who had gallantly led us into action, fell also about the same time by a musket ball, which terminated his existence in eight hours.

The Enterprise suffered much in spars and rigging, and the Boxer in spars, rigging, and hull, having many shots between wind and water.

It would be doing injustice to the merit of Mr. Tillinghast, second lieutenant, were I not to mention the able assistance I received from him during the remainder of the engagement, by his strict attention to his own division and other departments. And of the officers and crew generally, I am happy to add, their cool and determined conduct have my warmest approbation and applause.

As no muster roll that can be fully relied on has come into my possession, I cannot exactly state the number killed and wounded on board the Boxer, but from information received from the officers of that vessel, it appears there were between twenty and twenty-five killed, and fourteen wounded. Enclosed is a list of the killed and wounded on board the Enterprise. I have the honor to be, &c.

EDWARD R. MCCALL,
Senior Officer.

displayed its imperfections, as these pages have frequently shown that the thirteen-inch mortar was in the habit of doing, by bursting after an hour or two's firing, the gun must either have been improved in form, or thrown out of the service. While on the subject of carronades, we may remark, that even the few disadvantages in the carronade, which the Americans have not been able entirely to obviate, they have managed to lessen, by using,

not only stouter, but double, breechings; one of which, in case the ring-bolt should draw, is made to pass through the timber-head."

We may remark, in conclusion, that none of the praises lavished upon the fine brig *Boxer*, could gain her a place among the national vessels of the United States. She was put up to auction, and sold as a merchant brig; for which service only, and that only in time of peace, she was ever calculated.

CHAPTER XIII.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN, the scene which our history now requires us to visit, lies between the northern part of New York State and Vermont. Generally narrow, and only in one place widening out to a breadth of some seventeen or eighteen miles, its mean breadth may be estimated at about six or seven miles, while its length is nearly seventy.

The river Richelieu, by which the waters of the lake find an outlet to the St. Lawrence, runs in a northerly direction, and is nearly useless for the general purposes of navigation, as the bed is full of shoals and rapids, which extend nearly to the *embouchure*, where it mingles its waters with those of the St. Lawrence. This lake belongs to the United States, as (according to James) "the line of demarcation, owing to the ignorance or pusillanimity of the British commissioners employed in 1783, intersected the Richelieu, at the distance of several miles down its course from the lake. The Canadians are, therefore, not only shut out from the lake, but from all water communication with their own territory bordering on Missisquoi bay, formed by a tongue of land to the eastward. This inconvenience," continues James, "Canadians fully experienced, during the continuance of

the several embargoes that preceded the war when the American gun-boats, stationed at the foot of the lake, prevented the rafts of timber from being floated out of the bay, for passage down the river."

This command of the lake, and particularly the point of junction of the lake and river was of material service to the Americans, and a battery at Rouse's point would have effectually prevented the passage of any flotilla that the British might have desired to construct for service on Champlain. The sole military post held by the British in that neighbourhood was Isle aux Noix, "a small island, containing only eighty-five acres, situate on the Richelieu, and distant about ten miles from the boundary line." On this island were some small forts and a few block-houses at various points. These defences were garrisoned by detachments from the 18th and 101st regiments, under the command of Major Taylor; a small detachment of artillery was also stationed there. Three gun-boats, built at Quebec, and transported over land, represented the British naval force in that quarter. The Americans with more foresight, and, perhaps, from greater facilities, had, soon after the commencement of the war, armed and equipped several vessels in order to ensure

the command of Lake Champlain. Desirous, we suppose of reconnoitring, perhaps with a view of demolishing the fortifications at Isle aux Noix, Lieutenant Sidney Smith with two sloops, manned by seamen from the Atlantic board, presented themselves on the 1st June off Isle aux Noix. Col. Taylor immediately took such measures as resulted in the capture of both. Major Taylor's official letter to General Stovin is short enough to incorporate with our text, and, giving a simple unadorned statement, may be relied on.

Isle Aux Noix.

SIR,—In the absence of Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, I have the honor to acquaint you that one of the enemy's armed vessels was discerned from the garrison, at half-past four o'clock this morning, when I judged it expedient to order the three gun-boats under weigh; and before they reached the point above the garrison, another vessel appeared in sight, when the gun-boats commenced firing. Observing the vessels to be near enough the shore for musketry, I ordered the crews of the batteaux and row-boats (which I took with me from the garrison to act according to circumstances) to land on each side of the river, and take a position to rake the vessels; the firing was briskly kept up on both sides; the enemy, with small arms and grape-shot occasionally. Near the close of the action, an express came off to me in a canoe, with intelligence that more armed vessels were approaching, and about three thousand men from the enemy's line, by land. On this information, I returned to put the garrison in the best order for their reception, leaving directions with the gun boats and parties, not to suffer their retreat to be cut off from it; and before I reached the garrison, the enemy's vessels struck their colours, after a well-contested action of three hours and a half. They proved to be the United States' armed vessels Growler and Eagle, burthen from ninety to one hundred tons, and carrying eleven guns each; between them, twelve, eighteen, and sixteen-pounder carronades; completely equipped under the orders of the superior officer of the Growler, Captain Sidney Smith, with a complement of fifty men each. They had one man killed and eight wounded; we had only three men wounded, one of them severely, from the enemy's grape-shot on the parties

on shore. The alacrity of the garrison on this occasion calls forth my warmest approbation. Ensigns Dawson, Gibbons, and Humphreys, and acting Quarter-master Pilkington, and men, of the 100th (Prince Regent's) regiment, and Lieutenant Lowe of the marine department, with three gunners of the artillery to each boat, behaved with the greatest gallantry; I am particularly indebted to Captain Gordon of the royal artillery, and Lieutenant Williams, with the parties of the 100th regiment on shore, who materially contributed to the surrender of the enemy. The Growler has arrived at the garrison in good order, and is apparently a fine vessel, and the boats are employed in getting off the Eagle, which was run aground to prevent her sinking. I have hopes she will be saved, but in the meantime have had her dismantled and her guns and stores brought to the garrison. Ensign Dawson, of the 100th regiment, a most intelligent officer, will have the honor of delivering you this.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

GEORGE TAYLOR, Major, 100th regt.

Major-general Stovin,

Commanding at Chambly.

A great blow was inflicted by this capture on the enemy, and it did much to check the intention of invasion from that quarter. It has been shown that the two American vessels were of considerable tonnage and strength, and it was deemed advisable, as their capture now afforded an opportunity for immediate effectual operations on Champlain, not to let the chance pass unprofited by. Whether venturing so far down a river, where it was so narrow as scarcely to afford room for manœuvring (even with the intention we have already alluded to) was strictly prudent, we leave to abler tacticians to decide. We cannot, however, but agree with Christie, that had not the commanders been young and inexperienced men, they would scarcely have undertaken a step which ended so disastrously, and has been generally regarded in the light of a piece of idle bravado.

Whatever might have been the intentions of the American commanders, the effect of their capture was to leave the hospitals, stores, and barracks, which they had been at considerable pains in erecting at different points at Burlington, Plattsburg, Champlain,

and Swanton, comparatively assailable, and the commander of the forces determined to add to the blow already inflicted, by such a descent as would at once damage the enemy and divert their attention from the Upper Province.

Descent on
posts on Lake
Champlain.

The two captured vessels were named the *Broke* and *Shannon*, changed afterwards by Admiralty order to *Chubb* and *Finch*, and it was determined to man them—This, however, appeared at first an impossibility, as there were no seamen to be procured at or near Isle aux Noix, and none could be spared from the small Ontario fleet. In this emergency, the commander of Her Majesty's brig, *Wasp*, then lying at Quebec, volunteered for the expedition, which was to deprive commodore McDonough the American Naval Commander of his supremacy.

All preparations having been completed, on the 29th July the expedition left Isle aux Noix for Lake Champlain. The force put in motion was about one thousand strong, consisting of detachments from the 18th, 100th, and 108 regiments, commanded respectively by lieutenant colonels Williams, Taylor and Smith. A small artillery force, under Captain Gordon, and a few of the embodied militia were likewise added, and the whole placed under Lieut.-Colonel John Murray. The success of the expedition was complete, and a landing was effected successively at Plattsburgh, Burlington, Swanton, and Champlain, several store houses and arsenals, and some vessels being destroyed, while large quantities of naval and military stores were captured and removed. "All this, too, was effected in presence of a very superior force, and with scarcely a show of resistance, although the enemy numbered fifteen hundred at Plattsburgh, under General Moore, while Gen. Hampton was encamped near Burlington, with, as it has been estimated, nearly four thousand men. Colonel Murray's letter, which follows, will show what was accomplished, and the two letters from Captain Everard, (commander of the *Wasp*), and Commodore McDonough, will speak for themselves. Had Commodore McDonough been really as anxious as he professed to be, his superior force could easily have prevented the small

British force from effecting the injury they did, and had it not even been possible to prevent all injury, at least the spoiler's return might have been prevented; we give these letters in their regular order, as enumerated above.

From Lieutenant-colonel Murray to Major-general Sheaffe.

Isle aux Noix, August 3d, 1813.

SIR,

The land forces of the expedition that left the province on the 29th July, on an enterprise on Lake Champlain, returned this day, after having fully accomplished the objects proposed, and having carried every order into execution.

The enemy's arsenal and block-house, commissary buildings, and stores at the position of Plattsburgh, together with the extensive barracks at Saranac, capable of containing 4000 troops, were destroyed; some stores were brought off, particularly a quantity of naval stores, shot, and equipments for a large number of bateaux. The barracks and stores at the position of Swanton, on Missisquoi Bay, together with several bateaux at the landing place were destroyed.

A detachment has been sent to destroy the public buildings, barracks, block-houses, &c., at Champlaintown. Every assistance was rendered by the co-operation of captains Everard and Pring, Royal Navy, commanding His Majesty's sloops of war, *Broke* and *Shannon*.

I experienced very great benefit from the military knowledge of lieutenant-colonel Williams, (18th regiment, second in command.) I have to report, in the highest terms of approbation, the discipline, regularity, and cheerful conduct of the whole of the troops, and feel fully confident that, had an opportunity offered, their courage would have been equally conspicuous.

General Hampton has concentrated the whole of the regular forces in the vicinity of Lake Champlain, at Burlington, from the best information, said to be about 4500 regular troops, and a large body of militia. The militia force assembled for the defence of Plattsburgh, disbanded on the appearance of the armament. The naval part of the expedition is still cruising on the lake. For any further information, I beg leave to refer

you to your aide-de-camp, Captain Loring, and the bearer of this dispatch.

I have, &c.

J. MURRAY, Lieut.-col

To Major-gen. Sir R. H. Sheaffe,

&c., &c., &c.

From captain Everard to Sir George Prevost.

His Majesty's sloop Broke, Lake Champlain, August 8d, 1813.

SIR,

Major-general Glasgow has apprised your excellency of my repairing, with a party of officers and seamen, to man the sloops and gun-boats at Isle aux Noix, in consequence of your letter of the 4th ultimo, addressed to the senior officer of His Majesty's ship at Quebec, stating it to be of great importance to the public service, that an attempt should be made to alarm the enemy on the Montreal frontier, &c.; and agreeably to your wish that I should communicate any thing interesting that might occur, I have the honor to acquaint you, that the object for which the corps under the command of lieutenant colonel Murray had been detached, having been fully accomplished, by the destruction of the enemy's block-house, arsenal, barracks, and public store-houses remaining on the west side of the lake beyond Plattsburg, I stood over to Burlington with the Shannon and the gun-boat, to observe the state of the enemy's force there, and to afford him an opportunity of deciding the naval superiority of the lake. We were close in, on the forenoon of the 2nd, and found two sloops of about 100 tons burthen, one armed with 11 guns, the other 18, ready for sea, a third sloop, (somewhat larger,) lying under the protection of 10 guns, mounted on a bank of 100 feet high, without a breast-work, two scows, mounting one gun each as floating batteries, and several field pieces on the shore. Having captured and destroyed four vessels, without any attempt on the part of the enemy's armed vessels to prevent it, and seeing no prospect of inducing him to quit his position, where it was impossible for us to attack him, I am now returning to execute my original orders.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

THOMAS EVERARD

Commander of His Majesty's sloop, Wasp.
Lieut gen. Sir G. Prevost, Bart.,
&c., &c., &c.

From Commodore Macdonough to the American Secretary of the Navy.

United States' sloop President, near Plattsburg, Sept. 9, 1813.

SIR,

I have the honor to inform you, that I arrived here yesterday from near the lines, having sailed from Burlington on the 6th instant, with an intention to fall in with the enemy, who were then near this place. Having proceeded to within a short distance of the lines, I received information that the enemy were at anchor; soon after, they weighed and stood to the northward out of the lake—thus, if not acknowledging our ascendancy on the lake, evincing an unwillingness (although they had the advantage of situation, owing to the narrowness of the channel in which their galleys could work, when we should want room) to determine it.

I have the honor to be, &c.

THOS. MACDONOUGH.

Hon. W. Jones, sec. of the navy.

Lest we should be suspected of exaggeration, and, in truth, it is difficult to comprehend how a superior force should tamely submit to have their arsenals and public store-houses destroyed before their eyes, without even an attempt at resistance—we give an extract from the Washington official organ, which fully corroborates our statements as to the American force:—"From Lake Champlain. Our naval force sailed down the lake towards the enemy's line, and returned to Burlington, at which place there were then collected five thousand regular troops under General Hampton. Two thousand more were on their march, immediately expected from the Western States. The Plattsburg paper confirms all the accounts of the wanton barbarities of the enemy in that place, and adds considerably to the amount of depredations."

It is neither the custom of the Americans to overstate their force, nor to allow the damage to them to be overrated; we contend, therefore that the above extract fully confirms all our statements relative to the affairs on Lake Champlain. With respect to depredations, we have only to remind the reader of the occurrences that took place at York; and, as we proceed in our narration, it will be shown that, whatever apparent acts of severity were committed by the British, they were

strictly retaliatory; and we will further prove by Ingersoll's admission that they *were not undeserved.*

There is a very great discrepancy between Christie and Veritas, on the point of supplies for the troops. Veritas writes, "In my last number, I stated, that at one time, in autumn, 1813, our troops at Kingston had not seven days' subsistence. Those at Prescott and Fort Wellington were nearly in a similar situation.

"This was in a great measure owing to a combination of persons, either in the pay of Madison or gratuitously promoting his service. They effected their own purpose, partly by their own example, or by operating on the avarice of the well-affected, by persuading them to withhold supplies so as to get excessive prices. This was the ostensible pretext; but the real motive was to disconcert our military operations, by starving the troops, at the time of the expected invasion, by the forces collecting at Sackett's Harbour."

What says Christie on the same subject, and in reference to the same date. "The army acting upon the extensive line of operations along the frontiers of Upper and Lower Canada, (at the lowest computation one thousand miles from Lake Champlain to Michilimackinac), was, by the able arrangements of Commissary General Sir W. H. Robinson, and the unwearied exertions of the department under his directions, copiously supplied at every point with provisions and commissariat stores of all descriptions."

Now, which of these statements is the correct one? We are inclined to adopt neither. With regard to the statement of Veritas, that interested parties were disposed to hold their stores, in hopes of commanding higher prices, we think it extremely probable; but we are disposed to reject his assumption that it was done to embarrass the movements of our troops and to assist the enemy.

The spirit that prevailed throughout the country, and which enabled our militia to sustain hardships of every description, was too patent, too rife, to permit such a course of action. Had Canadians exhibited a discontented spirit, had the slightest evidences of disaffection been apparent, then there might have been grounds for Veritas's supposition,

for supposition we must call it, as his statement is unsupported by any proof that is satisfactory to us. We cannot help ascribing this charge of Veritas to a desire to make an attack even by a side wind, on Sir Geo. Prevost; and we think that the extract we now give will bear us out in the assertion.

To counteract this nefarious plot, it became indispensably necessary to proclaim a modified Martial Law; and in consequence, provisions and forage were taken from the farmers, without their consent; but at very liberal and indeed very high prices, fixed by the Magistrates; the one half of which they would now be happy to get. Many who were duped by the arts of the disaffected, now feel compunction and sorrow at their folly.

This measure created complaints, which were artfully laid hold of by a Junto of disaffected persons, but self styled patriots, who seeing their object likely to be defeated by this prompt and decided measure, became furious in their denunciations against the military in general, but especially General De Rottenburgh and Lieutenant Colonel Pearson, who then commanded at Prescott.

The Chief of this Junto, was a man who had quitted Prescott the moment he heard of war being declared, and resided at Montreal, either from cowardice, or as considering it to afford a wider field for exertions favorable to the views of the enemy. He began his career by libelling every class in this community, and afterwards attacked the officers aforesaid, for doing their duty, in a periodical essay, under the signature of the "Anti-Jacobin," which was at first published in the Courant, but the Editor getting alarmed, at the abusive matter it contained; the work was taken up by a wretched paper called the Spectateur, that had commenced operations upon a congenial plan.

This paper yet continues, but is dwindling into deserved insignificance. The Anti Jacobin has for some time dropped his signature, but occasionally deigns to enlighten his fellow subjects with the fruits of his brain, under anonymous signatures, or under the mask of editorial remarks.

It would occupy too large a space, to enter into a formal discussion of the question about the right of declaring Martial Law, and therefore I shall content myself with observing, that to argue that such a power can in *no case be exercised without a previous Legislative Act*, is as absurd as to say, that an individual has not the right of self-preservation if attacked, but must, instead of defending himself, apply to the civil magistrate for

protection, and consequently risk being destroyed before he can obtain that protection.

"General laws apply to ordinary cases, but there are cases that require extraordinary and prompt remedies. Rebellion or invasion assuredly come within the latter class, and during the existence of either of them, or absolute danger thereof, martial-law may be constitutionally proclaimed by the Sovereign or his Representative; and to do so, may be as indispensable to the safety of the state, as the instant application of personal force to the preservation of an individual when attacked.

"That the application of the power aforesaid was not made upon trivial occasion, is manifest; for the question was reduced to this.—Shall the army be starved at the time the enemy is known to be prepared for, and determined upon immediate invasion? or shall an authority be exercised to defeat the plots of the disaffected, and thereby save the province against that invasion? So certainly will every honest and loyal man say yes to the second part of the question, that I venture to assert, that in such a predicament had the officer at the head of the Government, been so neglectful of his duty, as to be dismayed into inaction, by democratic clamour or threats, he would have deserved condign punishment.

"General De Rottenburg, I conceive, was perfectly justified in what he did, from the necessity of the case, and Lieutenant Colonel Pearson in obeying his orders, was also so; and I have been astonished to learn, that Sir George Prevost, upon finding that the Lieut. Colonel was daily abused and threatened with prosecutions and persecutions by the disaffected Junto, for his zeal in executing his orders about subsisting the troops, coolly observed, that if he had got into a scrape, let him get out of it the best way he can. Sir George's duty was to have enquired whether the Lieut. Colonel had acted from corrupt motives or from zeal in a necessary measure, and if the latter, it was incumbent upon the commander of the Forces to have supported him.

"I have a right to ascribe the conduct of the Junto to disaffection; for what good subject, when the enemy was at the door, would have taken measures to palsy our means of defence. To give aid to the enemy, is treason, and what more efficient aid could be given, than, what I have mentioned. It only wanted proof, of a correspondence with the enemy, respecting those proceedings, to have made those concerned therein, punishable for High Treason."

We think the reader will fail to discover in

this extract any proof of Veritas' assumption, and we repeat that we can see little more in it than a desire to attach some odium to Sir George Prevost.

We will admit that cases did exist of short-comings for the troops. General Proctor's force, for instance, was at this very time suffering for want of provisions; but this, when we come to inquire into the cause, was owing to the great numbers of Indians who, having forsaken their hunting grounds and usual occupations, looked for subsistence for themselves and families to the English commissariat. Had there been no Indians to feed, Proctor would not have required more provisions than could have been easily supplied to him. But, allowing that this and other cases did exist, we still ask for the proof of the animus which caused the deficiency.

Man is naturally selfish, and it would be difficult to find any family, not to speak of nations, where some member or members of it were not actuated by selfish or interested views. Is it to be wondered at, then, that instances occurred, during the war, of parties desiring to drive a bargain with government for their individual benefit? And if there were such, does it necessarily follow that their proceedings were influenced by treasonable motives?

Instances are daily occurring at the present day, and complaints are constantly made, especially on foreign service, of the bad quality of beef supplied to the troops; but does it follow that because the contractors wish to make as much as they can out of their contract, that they are in league with Louis Napoleon or the Czar, to reduce the stamina of the British soldier, so as to render him discontented, or, from sheer weakness, unfitted to resist any future invasion that may be meditated, by either of these Potentates, at some future period?

Without adopting all Christie's statement, we are yet inclined to attach much more value to it, than to that of Veritas, especially as far as relates to the victualling department. Hardships the men had to suffer from want of tents, blankets, clothing, &c.; but the privations were borne with a cheerful spirit, which did honor to the Canadian soldier, and enabled him to repulse an enemy overwhelmingly superior in point of numbers.

Before leaving, for busier scenes in the west, these waters, we must not omit to mention a trivial event, which, like many others of like importance, has been not a little magnified by American historians. Two boats belonging to Commodore Chauncey's squadron, mounting one gun each, and manned by about seventy men, captured a British one gun boat, along with her convoy, consisting of fifteen batteaux, laden with two hundred and thirty barrels of pork, and three hundred bags of bread, bound from Montreal to Kingston, for the relief, we presume, of the troops whom Veritas has described as suffering so much from the machinations of unpatriotic and designing men. The number of prisoners, nine of them sailors, amounted to sixty-seven.

No sooner was intelligence conveyed to Kingston than three gun-boats, under the command of Lieutenant Scott, R.N., with a detachment of the 100th regiment under Capt. Martin, were despatched to intercept the Americans, as well as to recapture the convoy. This turned out an unfortunate affair; it was too late, when the British discovered the enemy, to attack them that day (17th or 18th of July); the attack was accordingly postponed, and early on the next morning the British, who had been, in the meantime, reinforced by another gun-boat, and a detachment of the 41st under Major Frend, ascended Goose Creek in pursuit. The passage up the Creek was, however, obstructed by trees that had been felled and laid across, and the swampy nature of the ground rendered the landing of the troops very difficult; the consequence was, that the expedition returned without success, having lost, principally in their endeavours to land, five men, besides having seventeen wounded. Amongst the killed was Captain Milne, one of Sir George Prevost's aides-de-camp, who had just arrived from head quarters to gain intelligence of the expedition. The American loss is nowhere to be found; but, as might be expected, the British loss is set forth by the voracious American historians, as amounting to sixty or seventy killed, with a commensurate number of wounded.

The real temple of Cupid is the home of the beloved one.

CURIOSITIES OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

The report of the Commissioner of Patents shows the wonderful inventive genius of our people, and will, we are sure, be viewed with interest by the readers of the *American Courier*. That for 1852 is especially interesting. There were 2639 applications received for patents during the year, and 1020 patents issued. This is the largest number ever granted in one year, except during the first year of General Taylor's administration, when Commissioner Ewbank issued 1076. Doors and shutters have been patented that cannot be broken through with either pick or sledge hammer. The burglar's occupation is gone. The caloric ship is described and commended at some length, but the report admits that "its end is not yet fully attained."

A harpoon is described which makes the whale kill himself: the more he pulls the line, deeper goes the harpoon. An ice-making machine has been patented, which goes by a steam-engine. In an experimental trial it froze several bottles of ice of the size of a cubic foot, when the thermometer was standing at 80 degrees. It is calculated that for every ton of coal put into the furnace, it will make a ton of ice. A man who had made a slight improvement in straw-cutters took a model of his machine through the Western States, and after a tour of eight months returned with 40,000 dollars. Another had a machine to thrash and clean grain, which in fifteen months he sold for 60,000 dollars. A third obtained a patent for a printers' ink, refused 50,000 dollars for it, and finally sold it for 60,000 dollars. Twenty-seven harvesters, fifteen ploughs, twenty-six seed-planters, eight thrashing machines, ten corn-bullers, and three horse-rakes, have been patented during the year, in addition to those now in use. Six new saw mills, seven shingle-splitters, and twenty new planing-machines have been patented within the year. Seven new machines that spin, twenty that weave, and seven that sew, are also described.

Examiner Lane's report describes various new electrical inventions. Among these is an electric whaling-apparatus, by which the whale is literally "shocked to death!" Another is an electromagnetic alarm, which rings bells and displays signals in case of fire or burglars. Another is an electric clock, which wakes you up, tells you what time it is, and lights a lamp for you at any hour you please. There is an invention that picks up pins from a confused heap, turns them all around, with their heads up, and sticks them in paper in regular rows. Another goes through the whole process of cigar-making, taking in tobacco leaves, and turning out the perfect article. One machine cuts cheese, another scours knives and forks, another blacks boots, another rocks the cradle, and seven or eight take in washing and ironing. There are a number of guns patented that load themselves, a fish-line that adjusts its own bait; and a rat-trap that throws away the rat, and then baits and sets itself, and stands in the corner for another! The truths of the Patent Office are stranger than fiction.—*Chambers' Journal*.

ON THE RETROSPECT OF LIFE.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

"As constant good fortune has accompanied me even to an advanced period of life, my posterity will perhaps be desirous of learning the means which I employed, and which, thanks to Providence, so well succeeded with me. This good fortune, when I reflect on it, which is frequently the case, has induced me sometimes to say that if it were left to my choice, I should have no objection to go over the same life from its beginning to its end; requesting only the advantage authors have, in a second edition, of correcting the faults of the first. Notwithstanding, if this condition was denied, I should still accept the offer of recommending the same life."—*Memoirs of Dr. Franklin, written by himself.*

The following reflections will be found equally applicable at the close of a year or a life. For of what is life made up? Is not infancy our spring? The heyday of life our summer. Is not that season, when the first wrinkle, line of thought, or grey hair appears, our autumn; and is not old age our winter, when naught remains for us but a brief retrospect of the past. And alas! how few are there, who, looking back upon a life, or a year, can with sincerity echo the wish which is the subject of my present reflections.

The world is a scene of such proverbial misery, and the instances of continued happiness, which are to be met with in it, are so rare, that an avowal of this kind seems, upon first impressions, to bear the stamp of its own falsehood. So prone are mankind to judge of others by themselves; so disposed are they to reject, as fabulous, assertions which seem in opposition to their own experience, that had this sentiment been the only record that remained of Franklin, his opinions, or his actions, it would have been regarded, if not as an intentional falsehood, at least as an opinion avowed in a moment of pleasure, and transient as the sunshine which warmed it into birth. It would, with much confidence, have been asserted, that the person who had left these words, as his only memorial, must have been young at the time he wrote them; that they were the production of that age which entertains those flattering dreams of life, which are supposed to be invariably mocked by its sad realities.

I made these reflections on this passage in the auto-biography of Franklin. It was growing dark, and when I came to this sentence, the evening had darkened so far, that I could not continue the perusal of his very interest-

ing work without a light. I was so comfortably seated, that I felt unwilling to move; and, instead of rising to call for candles, I leaned back in my elbow chair to enjoy all the luxury of thought undisturbed.

I tried how far I could apply this assertion to my own life; and looked back into a series of events which awakened emotions of very diverse characters. Some were of that bright and sunny cast which form spots of verdure on the waste of life, where memory loves to linger; but they were few and far between, and they seemed barely visible amidst the sombre hues of the remaining darkness.

Turning from the gloom of reminiscence, I varied the scene by generalizing the experiment, hoping that I might derive consolation from comparing my lot with that of mankind in general, and perceiving that I stood not alone in the cheerless retrospect. I reflected, that (pursuing my former supposition of this being the only remaining passage of Franklin's writings) had it from any incontrovertible proofs been received without the least doubt, either that he had really felt and expressed such a sentiment, or that it was in his individual experience founded on truth, and not the evanescent dream of momentary deception, the declaration would have appeared of immense importance. Present happiness is the object of almost universal pursuit: few are there, who, for any length of time, imagine that they have attained it; and great would have been the anxiety to discover how that man had passed his existence, who, when he had so nearly arrived at the haven, could wish again to cross the stormy sea of life. Various would have been the hypotheses which men would have formed: each would have been inclined to figure him to his imagination as successfully engaged in that pursuit which he deemed most essential to happiness; and their ideas, of the manner in which he spent his life, would have resembled the picture which the ancients drew of their fabled Elysium, which is so beautifully described in the following well known lines:

"*Quæ gratia currum,
Armorumque fuit vivis; quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure reposita.*"

And, though there is no fact more indisputable than that nine-tenths of the value of the things, which we so ardently desire in this

world, consists in their being objects of pursuit—that possession takes away the greatest value from whatever we covet, the place of which is succeeded by a fresh phantom, to be alike followed and disregarded—yet these are deductions which men seldom make: on this point continual experience fails of producing any conviction.

Numbers, therefore, would think, that the man, who, at the close of a long life was willing to return to the starting place, and to measure his course again, must have possessed what even they may at the present moment desire; and, resting upon this assumption with as unlimited confidence as if it were uncontestedly proved by the fullest knowledge of his life, would urge the chase with a speed redoubled by the idea, that the prize for which they contended had, in this instance, conferred full happiness. Nor would they change their mode of reasoning, if success in the pursuit should show them its fallacy; and though, when satiated with the enjoyment of their wishes, they started again, untired, and full of hope, in some fresh chase, they would conclude themselves mistaken: yet they would perpetuate the error by making the second object of pursuit, in its turn, the *summum bonum*.

But some would adopt a different opinion, who, wearied with continued endeavors, had, late in life, been, by successive disappointments, driven from all hope of success; and in despair, ceased every effort to obtain happiness, and were ready to join Amavia, when—

"But if that careless Heaven (quothe she) despise
The doom of just revenge, and take delight
To see sad pageants of men's miseries,
As bound by them to live in life's despoilment.
Yet can they not warn death from wretched wight.
Come then, come soon, come sweetest death to me,
And take away this long lent loathed light:
Sharp be thy wounds, but sweet the medicines be
That long captived souls from weary thraldom free."

They would conclude that Franklin must have been highly favored by fortune, and have met with but few of the misfortunes incident to human life.

Very different would be the inference of the man of reason, who was accustomed to act from principle, and not from impulse. Knowing from experience, that it is not the enjoyment of ideal pleasures, nor any exemption

from human misfortunes, which confer happiness; but that it must be successfully sought, by a firm and unwearied course of conduct, by reducing the scale of our expectations, and acting so as to find pleasure in recollection, rather than in anticipation; he would, naturally and justly, be led to conclude, that the man who had lived a life which he was willing to repeat, must have made use of every fault, as a beacon, whereby to guide his steps from a similar error; must, as he lived, have grown wiser, therefore happier; and must have enjoyed all the pleasing recollection of having, during his past life, whenever circumstances allowed him, been useful to his fellow creatures. To the man who reasoned thus, Franklin's life would be of inestimable value; there would he see the conclusion of all his views on this subject, and have before his eyes a forcible example, that, not upon any series of events which man can never control, but upon rational principles of action, firmly adopted, depends the happiness of life.

But those who advocated the groundless opinions which we noticed above, would, although they read his life, fail to perceive the necessary connection between reason and happiness; and driven from every other hold, would stoutly maintain, that Franklin was of a particularly happy temperament, that *he* felt not the ills of life; for *them*, poor souls, they are "framed of tender stuff." "His passions and feelings," they would say, "must have been very sluggish—he must have been very cold. We are of a warmer temperature; our feelings and passions hurry us away with irresistible impulse." I do not know, whether I would, if I could, be one of those *cool men*. Such seem to attach ideas of energy, of mental superiority, to those who are the slaves of every present impression. *But these are errors as deep as they are dangerous.* In asserting and maintaining an habitual command over ourselves; in restraining, but not extinguishing, our feelings, lies the whole secret of happiness. Allowing for every difference of natural constitution, there are, to every man, allotted, in an abundant degree, the means of effecting this. No man has, I believe, passions or feelings so strong, that they may not, by the determined and timely use of proper means, be so far brought into

subjection, as is desirable, for "*it is the business of reason to moderate, not to extinguish, the passions.*" On all, then, who read, and particularly on the young, whose dispositions are as yet ductile, and the task comparatively easy, would I wish earnestly to impress that they, and they alone, can make or mar their own happiness. To those who indulge a rational desire for that which their own efforts, rightly directed, will certainly secure, I would recommend Franklin's Journal of his own life as a most useful work. Thence they may learn to reason, and "on reason build resolve." Let them, with Rasselas, discover that what cannot be repaired is not to be regretted; that our past errors may, if rightly managed, be of more use to us than our good actions.

Let them not despair at the former, or be puffed up with the latter; but endeavor to correct what is wrong, and improve what is right. Nor are those studies which strengthen the mind and confirm its powers to be neglected; for to those who would live happily they are of infinite importance. Such must seek their recreation in mental, and not in sensual pleasures; the former exalt, the latter debase and enervate our nature. On the exaltation of our nature, on our hopes and fears being lifted beyond this transient world, depends, after all, much of what men call happiness.

Here the candles appeared, and their light broke the train of my thoughts; so I resolved, that my next retrospect should boast a brighter character, being convinced that it depended upon myself; and under this impression I sat down to prepare this paper for the *Anglo*.

TO THE DYING YEAR.

Fare, fare thee well, thou dying Year!
Thy parting knell is rung,
And the tear-drop glistens on thy bier,
Wish cypress boughs o'erhung.

Thy birth with smiles was ushered in,
And feast, and festal rout;
And merry bells, with joyous din,
From spire and tow'r rung out.

And mirth and music blest the hour,
And many a legend wild
Made grief resign her wonted power,
While love exalting smil'd.

And meeting hands, and sparkling eyes,
Made glad thy natal day;
And withering care, and mourning sighs,
Were banished far away!

Now at thy close, how changed the scene!
The festal rout is o'er,
And the merry bells, with joyous din,
Peal forth, alas, no more!

And the lov'd and lover both are gone,
And the mourner weeps alone;
And the green grass waves o'er many a one,
That joyous, hailed thy dawn!

And the hoary head by youth is laid,
And the smiling babe at rest,
Sleeps the last sleep, ere woe might fade,
Or rend its sinless breast!

And blessed they thus early ta'en,
The infant cherub blest,
Betime snatched from a life of pain,
And borne to endless rest!

Yet still will pitying Nature weep
Beside the daisied sod;
But blest, thrice blest are they who sleep
In the bosom of their God!

Thou dying Year! thy sunny days,
But few and brief have been;
And Memory turns her tearful gaze
On many a fitful scene!

And blighted hopes, and broken faith,
A sad and dismal train;
All, all that fate inflicts in wrath,
Revive to wound again!

And, oh! amid remembrance dear,
Scarce blooms one little flower;—
One brightening ray the heart to cheer
In retrospection's hour!

Thou dying Year, now past away,
With time before the flood!
Thy mourning rites, and festal gay,
Thy evil, and thy good!

Thou dying year, my farewell take!
'T may be, perchance, my last;
And stranger hands the lyre may wake,
That consecrates the past.

And if decreed the coming year,
Death's messenger must be;
I will not shed one coward tear,
To die is to be free!

COUNTRY SKETCHES:—SCUGOG AND ITS VICINITY.

BEARING in mind the old proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," we propose to vary our illustrations with occasional sketches of country scenery, and have selected, as a commencement, Lake Scugog and its vicinity. We mean by our quotation that having, for eighteen months, devoted our attention exclusively to sketches of cities or towns in British North America, for the purpose of showing the rapid increase and prosperity of these Provinces, it is now expedient to show that there are nooks and scenes in the country worth visiting for pleasure alone—or what is better in this utilitarian age, spots, a visit to which will combine both profit and pleasure. We begin by a short extract:—"The artist recommends parties intending pic-nics next spring to think of Lake Scugog and its vicinity. Whitby is easily reached by steamer, and Lake Scugog is only nineteen miles to the north, with a very good road." We find further that accommodation will not be found wanting, as our artist goes on to say, "I stayed at Jewett's house, and must say that I have been rarely better treated, or more moderately charged.

"Port Perry is a thriving village with several saw-mills, and the tourist will be surprised to see so flourishing a place, where he expected, most probably, to find naught save nature in her wildest garb. Lake Scugog, or the larger portion of it, as it at present exists, has been artificially made; the formation of the dam at Lyndsay, many years ago, raised the water and forced it back over the land, thus flooding a large tract of country. From this cause the lake has not yet been properly delineated on any map, all, hitherto published, having been copied from the original plans of the surveyors.

"At the time these townships were surveyed, what constitutes the southern portion of Lake Scugog was dry land. The back country being but thinly settled, it was sometime before the mischief was discovered, when legal proceedings were instituted by the owners of the property, and the dam was ordered to be lowered two feet. This checked the rise of water to some extent, but the mill was required to supply the necessities of the country, and without the dam the mill would

have been useless. The proprietors therefore, of two evils, chose the less, and put up with the loss.

"The Island of Scugog is, strange to say, not mentioned by Smith, in his Canada, although it is a prominent feature in the scenery around Port Perry. It is, I should think, about one hundred feet above the level of the lake; on it there are some well-cleared farms, and it is well covered with hardwood mixed with some pine. The little steamer, Woodman, plies between Port Perry and Lyndsay, so that the tourist may visit both places, and if time permit, he should also visit the thriving little village of Prince Albert. The Indian name Scugog, or as the Indians pronounce it *Sca-gog*, implies submerged or flooded land."

ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE.

VILLAGE CHURCHES.

In no class of edifices do we find the simple poetry of Architecture better expressed than in the ancient village churches of England. There is a beauty about those venerable fabrics, not easily described, but which is recognised as well by the untutored as the most learned in architectural science. Local associations, it is true, as well as pictorial predilections, may greatly enhance the effect with the mass of admirers; but there is an intrinsic power, so to speak, in the architectural composition of most of those edifices highly calculated to produce a strong impression on the mind. The men who fabricated those ancient fanes could give an expression to the mere exterior outline of their buildings capable of striking awe and wonder into the minds of the rude and unlettered, while around and within, the walls, the roof, the pavement, and other parts spoke volumes to the learned in architectural symbolism.

There is a wide distinction to be observed in the architectural characteristics of various sized churches, each having its peculiar style of beauty. Though the majestic grandeur of the vast cathedral may be more striking than the simple dignity of the village church. We admire the former only as the sublime canonization of art, while the latter appears to us the spontaneous creation of nature. This

difference is not one of mere scale and proportion. The integral parts of each may seem identical and capable of transposition, yet it would be grotesque in the extreme either to magnify the size and proportions of an ordinary village church to that of some "mighty minster," or to make our village churches assume the form of miniature cathedrals.

Now, in the whole range of Canadian Ecclesiology, we shall scarce find a professedly Gothic church true to the type of its class in those respects. When we do happen to meet with fair proportions and good outline from a respectably pitched roof, we are almost certain to find the details exaggerated, perhaps borrowed from another edifice ten times its size. The building which, in other respects, would be tolerable, is simply marred by incongruity of proportions. Such is the case also with every feature of the building which is unfitted by form or dimensions for its proper destination. We frequently see, for example, an erection perched on one end of the roof of a church, too large to be meant for a bell-cot, and too small for a steeple; but an evident apology for the latter. The roof not being a proper or secure support for a tower, suffers in effect from the imposition. The mind of the observer becomes exclusively occupied by this one deformity, and receives an impression which no subordinate part, however beautiful in itself, can efface.

Of a totally different character, however, is the new church about to be built at Brampton, a sketch of which we engrave in our present Number from the designs of Mr. Hay.

The whole aspect of this church is unmistakably English. We have here no ginger bread work, no gimcrackery, no useless pinnacles to give a trumpery effect to a commonplace erection; but a substantial looking edifice with low walls and high pitched roof, giving a bold and fearless outline, expressive at once of dignity and humility, to which the low-roofed porch adds effect. The tower stands as it ought, upon its own base. It is a massive structure, indicative of strength. The plain broach spire by which it is surmounted, tapers gracefully to a point to which the principal lines in the picture seem to converge.

The style of this building is the early middle pointed, or the latest phase of early English—a style sometimes termed "transition."

Plate-traceried windows, with quatrefoil piercings, splayed mullions and hoods, indicate the severity of the style. The grouping is admirably calculated to produce that kind of architectural effect usually termed picturesque. This is not effected, however, at the expense of *truth*. We see no member of the design that could be omitted. Indeed there are some features that are often looked upon as essential to a Gothic edifice, which are in this case (with a solitary exception) dispensed with. We see enough, however, to convince us that the Architect knows the proper use of those valuable adjuncts.

We find a solitary buttress—the only one, we believe about the building, doing important duty at the south-east corner of the nave. On inquiring what it is about, we shall find that opposite this point is the great chancel arch, which, not being a lath and plaster sham, but a veritable arch, of solid masonry, requires considerable support to prevent its spreading. Hence the massive buttress which forms part of its abutment on one side; the tower giving its support on the other.

Buttresses, when massive and well proportioned, add much to the effect of a Gothic edifice in a pictorial point of view. The light and shade which they give is a great relief to a blank wall. Still it would not be legitimate to construct these merely for the sake of effect.

Among the Sussex churches, we find many beautiful examples without a single buttress, unless, it may be, as in the case pointed out, where a heavy lateral thrust has to be overcome. Then we find a plain, undisguised mass of masonry of the proper form and strength to effect its object, diminished in stages as the necessity for resistance becomes less, and having its surfaces most exposed to the weather, moulded to the best possible form for throwing off the wet. Hence we have an object at once beautiful from its appropriate character and fitness. Used in this way, an ordinary architectural feature becomes doubly interesting from the palpable meaning it conveys.

Accustomed though we are to the use of buttresses in almost every new church in the revived style of English architecture, we do not miss them in that of Brampton. Indeed such a church would probably suffer in pic-

turesque effect from their use in any large measure. They are expensive things, too, and sometimes difficult to keep in repair, being like all similar projections, liable to be affected by wet and frost. But while they ought not to be dispensed with in large buildings, where the walls are lofty and have to sustain great outward pressure from the roof, in a simple village church where the walls are low and strong in proportion to the size of the building, their absolute use is not essential.

We find from its proportions that Bramp-ton church will be of the following dimensions:—

Interior length of nave.....	58 feet.
“ width of do	26 “
“ length of chancel	25 “
“ width of do	16½ “
Height of walls.....	14 “
“ from floor to apex of nave roof	87 “
“ of tower and spire.....	80 “

The church is to accommodate 270 persons and to cost £1,500.

Nothing tends more to deform our Canadian churches generally, than the great height of the walls contrasted with the squatness of the roof.

In this country where woodwork is comparatively cheap and masonry dear, we should have better and cheaper fabrics by letting the wooden element enter more largely into the composition of our ecclesiastical edifices than is generally done. A steep roof is the beauty of a Gothic church. In the early English styles, the outline of the roof usually formed the two sides of an equilateral triangle. With a roof of this pitch, or even somewhat less, the walls need not be higher for rural churches than from nine to twelve feet, as the whole space within the roof may be gained by making the external boarding of the roof, also the ceiling of the church.

While advocating the extension of the wooden element. We are not to be supposed as approving its application to illegitimate uses, such as the mullions and tracery of the windows of a stone or brick church. The mullions and tracery of pure ecclesiastical edifices are essentially a portion of the wall, and had their origin in *thinning* and *perforating* that part, for the purpose of admitting light. When circumstances will not admit

of using stone, it is better to be content with single perforations for the windows after the manner of the early English. Nothing is more offensive to good taste than a want of truthfulness in ecclesiastical design.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. XIX.

TREATING OF SUNDRY LITTLE MATTERS, CALCULATED AT ONCE TO DELECTIFY AND INSTRUCT THE DISCREET STUDENT OF THESE UNSUPPRESSED RECORDS.

THOUGH I would willingly have lengthened out my sojourn with the hospitable denizens of Peterhead, a variety of considerations constrained me to think seriously of retracing my steps to Dreepdaily.

In the first place, tidings reached me that I had been summoned to attend the ensuing seditious at Ayr of the Circuit Court of Justiciary, in the capacity of jurymen. This requisition of his gracious Majesty I might, indeed, have eluded on the score of absence, without subjecting myself to the pains and penalties denounced against contumacious recusants. From my youth upwards, however, I had (as previously intimated in these Chronicles) taken a deep interest in the sayings and doings of criminals, and there was something peculiarly juicy and appetizing in the idea of acting as a judicial investigator of their exploits. It was next in dignity to occupying the bench itself, and for that matter it may be fairly questioned whether the jury are not entitled to be regarded as playing the first fiddle. To quote a verse of one of Sir Alexander Boswell's songs—

“Awa,” cried the angry Judge, “awa
Wi’ the knave to the gallows tree!”
But the burly jurymen said “Na!”
And jingling Jock went free!

There was another reason which made me unwilling to prolong my absence from home, and that was the unorthodox and unsavoury manner in which my representative, Job Sheepshanks, had been of late conducting himself.

Having met with a disappointment in love, Job (as Mr. Paumie certiorated me) had transferred his devotion from the shrine of Venus to that of Bacchus. In plain English, he had been upon the “spree” for nearly three weeks, to the no small peril, as may readily be imagined, of the throats and craniums of the lieges who put themselves at the mercy of his professional weapons. One of his misadventures the dominie communi-

cated to me, by way of a spur to hasten my return, which I may narrate in passing.

There had arrived at Dreedpdaily, in prosecution of his lawful avocations, a young commercial traveller, or bagman, Benjamin Bluebottle by name. The aforesaid Bluebottle was quite a buck in his way, and was just as particular in showing himself off to advantage as the wares which it was his mission to vend. One evening after dinner, Benjamin sought my shop for the purpose of having himself tonsorially beautified (these were the dominie's own words) prior to making his appearance at a "cooky shine" and dance given by Mrs. Bailie Bouncer, the spouse of one of his leading customers. Now, it so chanced that on this occasion the bagman's post-prandial potations had not been strictly limited to cold water, and he had no sooner seated himself in the professional chair than he emigrated into the land of Nod before he could give my journeyman an inkling of the specific services which were required at his hands. Job, who was, as usual, more than half seas over, took it upon himself to decide that the customer had come for the purpose of having his hair cut, and proceeded to act upon that theory without delay. So vigorously did he ply scissors and comb, that ere the world had become ten minutes more antique, the poll of the oblivious Bluebottle was cut close as the back of a new-shorn sheep!

Having concluded operations, Mr. Sheepshanks gave his client an emphatic shake, and informing him that the needful had been done, craved the customary honorarium. Up started Benjamin, thoroughly sobered by his snooze, and drawing his hand over his chin, asked Job, with an oath, whether he called that shaving? "Dinna swear, Sir!" hiccuped my *locum tenens*, who, being a New Light, Old Connexion, Reformed Cameronian, always uplifted his testimony against the profane—"dinna's swear in sic a regardless way. As for shaving, my razor never touched a hair o' your beard, but I flatter mysel that your head has been as weel cowed this blessed night for that matter." "What is that you say?" yelled the miserable Bluebottle. "Do you mean to tell me, unhangd vagabond that you are, that you have been experimenting upon my head?" Without waiting for a reply, the victim rushed to the looking-glass, when in one moment he became aware of the crowning misfortune which had befallen him. It was indeed enough to make a saint blaspheme! His corporeal *eli max* was almost as bare as one of the blocks which stood before him!

"Never mind, Sir," now interjected Job, who

by this time discovered that he had committed a mistake, "there is a plaster for every sore, as the gifted Maister Rabshake Rumblethump says. The weather being warm, you will not feel the want o' your hair, and here is a bottie o' spiritualized bear's grease, which will mak it grow as quickly, or nearly sae, as it was crappit!"

These words, instead of producing a sedative effect upon the excited bagman, appeared to aggravate him into a perfect frenzy and whirlwind of rage. "Confound you and your bear's grease!" he exclaimed, "I wish I saw you and it frying in one of the dripping-pans of Tophet! Look here, you miscreant! Will the lard of all the bears in Christendom ever cure this?" Uttering these words, the demented Bluebottle made a clutch at his scalp, and pulled off a wig!

It is hardly necessary for me to say that the state of matters indicated by the above-recited tragical passage, urged me to hasten my departure. Accordingly, I took my ticket in the Edinburgh mail-coach, immediately on receipt of Mr. Paumie's epistle, and the same evening beheld me progressing homeward at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

The night being fine, I contented myself with an outside place, and was fortunate enough to secure a moiety of the box-seat. I use the word *fortunate*, because, as it so chanced, the driver was quite an original in his way, and at once good-humoured and communicative. He had some story to tell connected with the best every leading object upon the road, and as I took care to "wet his whistle" at each halting place, I managed to acquire a vast amount of gossiping information in the course of my locomotive journey.

"There is a curious story relating to that house," said my whip-flourishing friend, as we were leaving a way-side house, "built for the refreshment of pilgrims" (to use honest John Bunyan's oberished phrase). Having expressed myself desirous to hear the legend, Thomas Thong was—for so the Jehu named—indoctrinated me with the substance of the following narrative, for the truth of which he pledged his credit.

ANENT THE APPARITION WHICH MANIFESTED ITSELF TO THE LAIRD OF HUNGRY KNOWES.

Near the famous town of Montrose, theredwelt, not many years bye-gone, a landed proprietor, answering to the name of David Dregghorn. His estate was denominated Hungry Knowes, and so far as its owner was concerned, no designation could be more fitting or appropriate. If the misers of Scotland had agreed to

elect themselves a king from amongst their number, most assuredly the crown would have fallen upon the head of David, that is on the supposition that thrift was the leading qualification sought after. He was the very incarnation of grinding penuriousness, and used to be quoted as such by the whole country side. Though possessed of a large income, and having a goodly sum to his account in the bank, he denied himself not only the luxuries and comforts, but almost the very necessities of life. There was not a cotter of Hungry Knowes, who did not usually sit down to a better dinner than did his Laird, and as for garments, few beggars would have exchanged habiliments with the wealthy pauper. On more than one occasion, he had been observed recruiting his wardrobe from the rags of a potatoe bogie, and if a compassionate stranger (as was sometimes the case,) offered him the benevolence of a penny, he never scrupled to pocket the donation, with a mumbled benediction upon the head of the giver.

With the exception of a female drudge of all work, the only domestic in the house of Hungry Knowes, was an ancient male servitor, called Gavin Park, who was nearly as great an economist as his principal. In fact, the familiar saying, "like master, like man," never had a more complete realization than in this pair of akin-flints.

Only once a year, on the anniversary of his birth, to wit; did Laird Dreghorn relax the Lenten rule which governed the balance of his existence. On that epoch he was in the habit of giving an entertainment to such of the neighboring gentry as chose to be on visiting terms with him; and on these occasions none of the guests had cause to complain of the quality of the feast. The table presented every luxury which the contiguous markets could supply, and as for the wines they were of special and almost unique excellence. David Dreghorn had found the cellar of Hungry Knowes richly replenished when he succeeded his father in the property, and as not a bottle was ever consumed except on the occasions above referred to, the stock suffered but slender diminution for many years.

This cellar and its contents formed the leading boast of the Laird of Hungry Knowes, and so jealously did he conserve the precious locality, that no one was ever permitted to act as his deputy in exploring its recesses. Not even in the case of Gavin Park, was a rule relaxed which was as stringent and inexorable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians.

On one of Dreghorn's periodical saturnalia, the supply of wine fell short, before the festivities of

the evening had terminated, and the landlord was obligated to procure an additional allowance. A formidable difficulty, however, presented itself to this consummation. The Laird had imbibed so copiously of his vinous treasures, that though in full possession of thought and speech, his limbs refused to perform their regular functions. Sundry attempts did he make to rise from the table, but all in vain. He was to every intent and purpose as much a fixture as if he had been sculptured in marble or carved in ivory.

In this predicament, one of the guests whose locomotive organs were in more available order, offered his services to enact the part of butler, and bring the desiderated fluids. This proposition met with a stern and decided negative from the host. He vowed and protested that he would not part with the key of the sacred crypt to the Great Mogul, or the Queen of Sheba, let alone to a parcel of north country land loupers!

At length, the minister of the parish, Doctor Drouthycraig hit upon a method of solving the difficulty. He suggested that Mr. Hercules Horning, an Aberdeen lawyer, and the Laird's favourite man of business, should carry his client upon his shoulders to the cellar, and so act at once as his Bucephalus and Ganymede. This proposition was at once acceded to. The jurisconsult uplifted the agriculturist, placed him upon his back, and with a gait tolerably steady, all things considered, carried him out of the festal chamber. After a short interval the rider and his bipedal steed returned, amidst the congratulatory shouts of the expectant revellers, each laden with a supply of stimulants amply sufficient to lay the whole synod under the table, a catastrophe which actually occurred before cock-crow!

There is only one other feature connected with these birth day entertainments, which falls to be condescended upon. On the ensuing day it devolved upon Gavin Park to collect the fragments of the feast, such as cheese, fruits, &c., and having carefully disposed of them in baskets, conveyed them to the purveyor in Montrose who had furnished the same. The dealer, in accordance with a previous bargain, weighed whatever reliquies were in a merchantable condition, and gave the Laird credit for the same at the settlement of accounts.*

The only near relative of the Laird of Hungry Knowes was a sister who had married an officer in

*There is nothing fictitious in the preceding account of Mr. Dreghorn's convivial peculiarities. They must be familiar to many Scotsmen whose memories can reach back to half a century.—*Ed. A. A. M.*

the service of the East India Company. This lady and her husband died within a short time of each other, and their sole issue a son, was sent to England in order to be educated. When John Embleton, for so was the young man named, had attained majority, Mr. Dreghorn invited him to take up his abode with him, throwing out a hint that on his decease the nephew would step into the shoes of his uncle. As Embleton's means were far from being plethoric, such an offer, attended though it was with many drawbacks, was not to be sneezed at, and, accordingly, he soon found himself an inmate of the most comfortable mansion which Scotland, in all probability contained.

It is unnecessary to detail the mode of life which John was now constrained to pursue. Enough to say that had he been a Trappist monk his privations and mortifications could hardly have been exceeded. These drawbacks he felt more in consequence of the luxuries to which he had been accustomed in Hindostan. His life there had, comparatively speaking, been the life of a prince,—here, he was obliged to submit to sumptuary grievances, which would have driven to insubordination a palanqui bearer of Bombay, frugally as these unsophisticated children of the sun sustentate nature.

In fact, so signally did the feelings of young Embleton revolt against the system of semi-starvation to which he was subjected, that six months would have terminated his probation, had not a powerful motive constrained him to put up with the domestic purgatory. To make a long story short, John was over head and ears in love, and mutual vows of constancy had been exchanged between him and the object of his affections.

Dorcas Rubric was the third daughter of the Reverend Augustine Rubric, under whose roof Embleton had received a modicum of what proverbs assure us is better than house and land, learning to wit. It is more than doubtful, however, whether the excellent ecclesiastic would have admitted the orthodoxy of the above cited proposition. With all his learning—and its ripeness was beyond controversy—he had never been able to attain a higher step on the ladder of preferment, than a curacy of some seventy pounds per annum, and, unless the sky should rain patrons, he had no prospect of ever bettering his financial condition. When to this is added that the number of juvenile Rubrics amounted to sixteen, it will readily be imagined that the portion which Dorcas could reasonably reckon upon, must have been almost too microscopic for even fractional arithmetic to calculate.

It must now be patent to the most obtuse, how it came to pass that the gay, and high spirited John Embleton could force himself to endure the thousand and one annoyances which prevailed at Hungry Knowes. Upon his uncle's favour depended, to all human appearance, whether he should ever be in a condition to fetter with a plain gold w-ring the fourth finger of the plump left hand of his dearly beloved Dorcas!

Rough as was the lot of poor John, it might have been rougher still, but for the anxiety which Gavin Park uniformly displayed, to ameliorate its ruggedness. From the very first, Gavin had conceived a strong liking for the young Laird—as Embleton was generally designated, and this liking was more firmly cemented by the fact that both parties were devotedly attached to field sports. Miserly as Gavin was, he never begrudged the cost of powder and shot, and the frequent sallies which the pair made against the feathered and piscatory tribes of the domain, had the effect of creating between them, a union, offensive and defensive strong as that which characterised Castor and Pollox, Damon and Pythias, or John Doe and Richard Roe!

Often when John Embleton disgusted at some extra-miserable commons, threatend to leave the inhospitable dwelling, did the faithful, and more prudent Park prevail upon him to give up his determination. On such occasions the majordomo would refer to the senectitude and complicated infirmities of Dreghorn, and remind the murmurer that a man of seventy-nine, endowed with rheumatism and asthma, was not likely to live for ever! The selfevident truth of this proposition never failed to produce a soothing effect upon the irritated expectant, and, thinking upon the charms of Dorcas Rubric, he continued to masticate oat-meal porridge, and watery beef-less broth, with resignation if not with relish.

But a sorer trial than any thing of a mere gustatory nature, was in reserve for the hapless heir expectant of Hungry Knowes.

Laird Dreghorn had been through life a confirmed, and dogmatical advocate of single blessedness. The female sex he regarded as natural enemies to the masculine species of humanity, and firmly opined that their leading destiny was to deck themselves with haberdashery superfluities to the impoverishment of the lords of creation and generally keep the aforesaid lords in boiling water. The few prints which adorned the wall of his dwelling room had all reference to this main and engrossing idea. For instance the picture gallery of Hungry Knowes embraced, *inter alia*, the following subjects, Dalilah shearing the

locks of the confiding Sampson,—Pandora peeping into the prohibited box,—Diana translating the overly curious Acteon into a stag.—Helen levanting from Troy.—Venus flirting with that graceless cavalier Mars.—Lady Macbeth egging on her remorseful good-man to cut the throat of honest King Duncan. Millwood seducing George Barnwell to serve out his uncle after a cognate fashion, and last but not least, in the Lairds estimation, for David was a rigid Episcopalian, Janet Geddes hurling her sacrilegious joint stool at the head of the prelatical parson in St. Giles' cathedral!

Young Embleton being well cognizant of the above mentioned peculiarity in his uncle was one day filled with no small astonishment at being told on his return from shooting a few birds, and a brace of hares or so, that there was a lady in the drawing room! Such a phenomenon had not been witnessed at Hungry Knowes during the incumbency of its present owner, and had John ascertained that an elephant or hippopotomus was enacting the part of *Asopos* up stairs, but slender addition would have been made to his surprise.

The perplexity of the stripling was by no means abated, when Gavin Park informed him that Laird Dreghorn had not only received the dame or spinster (as the case might be) with every demonstration of cordiality but had even gone the length of bringing up from the cellar a bottle of sweet wine, for her especial discussion! "Surely" exclaimed the wonder-smitten servant, "dooms-day must be close at hand! Just think o' the Laird drawing a pint o' Lisbon that hasna' its marrow out o' the Kings' cellars, and this no his birth-day! But aboon a' to think that he does sic an unheard o' thing to pettle up a creature in petticoats! If some marvel does na' happen after a' this, may I never bring down a muir fowl again!"

Whilst Gavin was thus giving expression to his excited feelings, the bell rang, and having answered the summons, the factotum of Hungry Knowes returned with a request, or more properly speaking mandamus, that Embleton would transfer his person to the drawing-room. So in duty bound the young man lost no time in complying with the requirement, and having hastily made some improvements upon his toilet, he entered the chamber of audience.

No sooner had he developed himself than Mr. Dreghorn took him by the hand, and with all the formality of the olden school, presented him to the fair visitor whom he introduced as Miss Pru-

dence McThrift of Glen Skinflint. "A braw estate (as the old gentleman took care to state,) in the adjacent parish of Sour Sowans, worth twa thousand sterling a year if it was worth a plack, and of which Miss McThrift was the sole and unfettered owner! The Laird added that Miss Prudence had hitherto been residing in Edinburgh, but, being desirous of superintending her property in person had recently removed to Glen Skinflint where she proposed dwelling in future. Mr. Dreghorn concluded by inviting his nephew to drink a glass of wine to the health of their visitor, and their better acquaintance.

Though belonging to the gender which by the prescriptive usage of politeness, is called *fair*, there was but little to justify a literal application of the word to the Chiefdom of Glen Skinflint. In height, she closely bordered upon six feet, but her bulk was far from being of corresponding proportion. Indeed, for that matter, a whipping post conveyed no very far-fetched idea of the lady's general appearance. Her eyes were small, greyish in hue, with a slight dash of verdancy, and exhibited that restless, peering, poking expression which irresistibly conjured up the comparison of a gimlet on active service. Inoculation not having been practised during the "green and sallad days" of the virtuous Prudence, her visage bore testimony that small pox had been among the ills to which her flesh had fallen heir:—and a wrinkled sheet of antiquated parchment was peculiarly suggestive of the maiden's neck, at least so much of it as the profane were permitted to behold!

Upon the whole, John Embleton could not avoid coming to the conclusion, that if all the women in the world bore an intimate resemblance to the heiress of Glen Skinflint, few clergymen would ever be called upon to perform the matrimonial office! He likewise opined that had Prudence been the captive Princess whose honor Scipio Africanus conserved, that warrior could have claimed but slender merit on the score of continency!

It is only necessary to add that if the damsel lacked those external charms which usually command the devoirs of the opposite sex, there was every reason to conclude that she possessed the more solid and utilitarian qualities alone to be acquired in the school of experience! A few grey hairs, which feloniously peered from behind the rampart of her yellow frontlets, told a story not of yesterday's date. Indeed, for that matter, the baptismal of Sour Sowans furnished conclusive evidence, that never more on this terrestrial globe, could the fortyseventh birth-day of

Prudence McThrift be celebrated with any chronological propriety!

If the nephew was somewhat lacking in admiration of the visitor to Hungry Knows, not so the uncle. He appeared to regard her as the very paragon and perfection of womankind—in fact, as something too precious and sublimated for the common wear and tear of existence. To the most ordinary observations, which she enunciated, he listened with appetized attention, as if from her thin and pursed up lips there had been gushing torrents of wisdom—and so marked was his devotion that a third party would not unnaturally have concluded that Dan Cupid had made an sacrifice in the senior's heart!

After a season Miss Prudence took her departure, having previously exacted a promise from Mr. Dreghorn and John, that they would favour her with their company to dinner on the following day. Embleton would fain have excused himself, as feeling no special vocation to undergo the irksomeness of penance, but the Laird effectually knocked his intention on the head, by accepting the invitation on the part of both, with a scream of *jubilante*!

As John retraced his steps up stairs, after seeing Miss McThrift safely deposited in her rickety old gig, which was propelled by a living skeleton of a horse, he could not help asking himself what all this was to grow to? "Can it be possible," he soliloquised—"that my uncle contemplates wooing and wedding yon animated vinegar cruet? If so, there will be but a sorry look out for poor Dorcas and myself! The sooner that I depart, and commence pushing my fortune the better! Heigh ho!"

[At this epoch of the story, the mail coach came to a halt for the purpose of changing horses, and as a matter of course, Mr. Thong had to intermit his narration for a season.]

We are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science, and pomposity for erudition.

There is in every human countenance either a history or a prophecy.

Sorrow shows us truths as the night brings out stars.

He who gains the victory over great insults is often overpowered by the smallest.

A man in earnest finds means; or, if he cannot find, creates them.

The world is all up-hill when we would do, all down-hill when we suffer.

Weaknesses seem to be even more carefully and anxiously concealed than graver and more decided faults, for human nature is more ashamed of the first than the last.

PAUL PRY AMONG THE BLUE NOSES.

No. 1.

On a sunny morning in October, 1858, not "two men on horseback," but two men in a light waggon "might have been seen," and, in fact, were seen, progressing along the north shore of North Britain from Shediac. One was a descendant of the Acadian French, dressed like the rest of them in dark blue homespun, straw hat, and home-made shoes, whom a sufficient consideration had induced to officiate as driver of a pair of lively ponies; the other an individual engaged in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties for the benefit of society in general, and the readers of the *Anglo* in particular.

For about forty-eight miles along the coast the farmers and oyster-diggers are nearly all descendants of the Acadian French: but the mechanics, merchants, and business men, British, by birth or descent. The women of the former class invariably wear an antique dress of black homespun. Attempts on the part of individuals of either sex to vary their modes of dress are of rare occurrence; when they are made they are usually promptly repressed by the ruling power. They are almost as enterprising as their cousins in Canada East—instances will shortly be given to that effect.

A ride of 18 miles through a rather level country, occasionally diversified by rivers (over one of which, the Cocagne, is a very long bridge), brought the aforesaid persons to the village seaport of Buctouche, where there is nothing particularly noteworthy—two steam saw-mills, a river with two mouths, a few vessels afloat, and one or two ashore, constituted the most prominent objects. Another 18 miles through an equally monotonous country, and the explorer pitched his tent for the night in the lively village of Richibucto, on the river of the same name; the word in the Indian tongue signifying "the river of fire." The village is neatly built; the houses usually have small gardens attached to them. In natural beauty it is deficient, as there are no hills in the vicinity; it contains about 700 inhabitants, who appear to be generally in comfortable circumstances, prompt in their business transactions, British in their habits and feelings, industrious and intelligent. The majority are probably New Brunswickers by birth; of 465 immigrants, all but ten are from Great Britain and Ireland; of these ten, four are from other British possessions. Shipbuilding, sawing and exporting timber, seem the main business of this place, as well as of the village of Kingston, which is rather picturesquely

situated two and a half miles up the river, where there is a large saw-mill and two ship yards; the harbour is capacious; several vessels of considerable tonnage were loading at both places; a steam tow-boat was also moving round, the only thing of the kind in these waters: the enterprise of the New Brunswickers seems to run in any other direction than in that of travelling arrangements; those of them who travel must have lots of time on their hands, judging by the small account they make of it.

About the time of the sojourn of the before-mentioned knowledge-seeker, there was a grand-ploughing-match in Richibucto, whereunto journeyed sundry persons from divers parts. There were four prizes and three competitors. Common men would have been somewhat frustrated touching the disposal of the fourth prize—but not so these mighty men of the field; they concluded to try again for the fourth, and one of them won it.

A few days afterwards the before-mentioned knowledge-seeker again set forth on his exploring expedition among the blue-noses, one of whom *persuaded* a quadruped to exert her superior muscular capacity in conveying himself and the philanthropic explorer 88 miles further to the Miramichi river, through a country abominably "flat, stale, and (mostly) unprofitable," the latter from bad management rather than from any natural deficiency. The principal productions thereof are potatoes, spruce, hackmatack, and rampikes. An Acadian Frenchman with a horse, cart, and a whole bushel of potatoes, was met about seven miles from Richibucto, proceeding to that place in order to dispose of his cargo. The blue-nose aforesaid asked him the price. About that matter, however, he was in a state of blissful ignorance, but probably realized the enormous sum of 1s. 8d. all told. There were likewise seen sundry specimens of the manufactures of the country, which should have been sent as such to the Great Exhibition, where they would no doubt have attracted considerable attention—to wit, cart wheels without spokes, the lower portions projecting about a foot beyond the upper; an excellent contrivance for runaway horses, the amount of motive power required to draw the machine being so great as to absorb nearly all the energies of the animal, leaving none for superfluous antics.

The explorer was informed that it was difficult to induce the Frenchmen in those parts to sell more than a bushel of potatoes at a time, and that although a large quantity of surplus potatoes was raised by them, it was very difficult to get at

it; they would sell cheaper by the bushel than by the hundred bushels; pay their tithes mostly in kind; sell little, buy less; are no good to anybody else, and not much to themselves.

Twelve miles from Richibucto, the travellers stopped a few hours in a village rejoicing in the euphonious name of Kouche-l-bouguac, commonly and barbarously mis-pronounced Kish-ma-gwack. The Rev. Robert Cooney has not given its signification. It consists of two blacksmiths' shops, one mill, and the ruins of another, a store, two taverns, and about a dozen houses. After leaving this place, the Acadians are fewer and the land better cultivated. After an additional ride of 26 miles, the travellers were safely deposited and comfortably housed in the town of Chatham, Miramichi river, whereof a description will appear in the proper place.

NO. II.

THE explorers having fortified the inner man by sojourning in Chatham some time at the quiet and comfortable establishment of Mr. John Hea, set forth on a perilous journey of 106 miles on a frosty morning in an open waggon, wherein were packed seven passengers and driver, much after the manner of herrings in a cask, only not covered: this being probably the height of "comfort," in the estimation of the stage proprietors. All future way-farers travelling by Kelly and Orr's "comfortable" stages from Chatham to Fredericton are recommended, as a preliminary operation to get chopped into mince-meat or pounded into a jelly, and then get put in India-rubber bags, by undergoing this process they will *pack* much better and not be incommoded by further pressure. The operation had better be performed at once than by slow torture. The explorers, with six other miserable wretches under the same sentence, having paid the sum of thirty shillings for the privilege of being tortured twenty-eight hours, took his position on the edge of a seat, one leg inside, the other out—half squeezing the life out of the unfortunate wretch in the centre: the other passengers were in much the same relative positions, the seats being calculated to hold two passengers each, but three crammed into, or on the edge of, two seats. One gentleman privileged on account of the length of his nether extremities, sat in the front seat with the driver. The passengers were consoled by the information that only 60 miles on the road, a large and comfortable night-stage would be provided. The concern passed through a country rather picturesque, up the south-west branch of

Miramichi river—the houses, however, mostly small, and the farms neglected for the more hazardous and less profitable pursuit of lumbering. Much of the land appeared to be of superior quality, and a small portion well cultivated, but not an orchard or even fruit tree was visible the whole distance of over 100 miles from Newcastle to Fredericton. About two hours after sunset the establishment arrived at a small place called Boystown, consisting of about a dozen houses—the only village on the road. Here the horses were changed—not much for the better. The passengers having packed away a quantity of fried pork in their interiors, were themselves packed away into another open waggon about the same size as the first. All that frosty night, “for many and many a weary mile” they journeyed on painfully—the explorer was equally unable to sleep or keep awake, and presumes the others were in a similar predicament: he cannot say much about the road for the next 24 miles, but concludes it to be thinly settled, and not to partake much of the sublime.

Judging from observation, he arrived at the conclusion that, whips form a leading item in the expenditure of the company, probably more so than the article of oats—those latter that are used seem to be mostly of the *long* species, if the appearance of one of the animals forms any criterion. The appearance of the said horse reminded him of an incident that occurred some years ago while he was engaged in making enquiries concerning the social, moral, intellectual and pecuniary position of the residents of Markham, Scarborough and York townships:—when in the latter he was asked, if he *made* horses; somewhat surprised at the query, he replied, that he was not engaged in that branch of manufacture, and desired to be enlightened touching the purport of the enquiry. The querist replied, that from the appearance of the animal driven by the explorer, he had inferred that, having erected the *frame-work* of a horse, he had not yet found time to fill it up!

Slowly rolled on the weary hours of night, and rapidly rolled the stage with its load of agglomerated bipeds—the dark, blue moonless, but starlight firmament grew pale in the east. In the grey dawn the Naashwaak, a tributary of St. John, was crossed. The scenery on many parts of this river is very beautiful and varied. The symmetrical forms of the spruce trees which here grow abundantly; the windings of the river, the flat, fertile, alluvial lands on the bank, and the hills clothed with verdure, and crowned with evergreens, a clear sky above, clear water below

and pure air around, form a combination of unsurpassed magnificence.

The residents along the banks which appear to be thickly settled, are said to be nearly all descendants of the soldiers of a Highland regiment disbanded in this neighbourhood shortly after the Revolutionary war. Early in the morning the establishment put in for supplies at a place about 14 miles from Fredericton. The explorer, being a lineal descendant of the Wandering Jew, and dreading another dose of pork-chops, decamped down the road: he afterwards ascertained that his apprehensions were ill-founded. They remained about three hours, probably to give the explorer a full opportunity of observing and describing the scenery of the Naashwaak, and showed the immense muscular strength that *long* oats will infuse into horse-flesh, as the roads, from the thaw, were twice as heavy when they started as when they stopped. The explorer, meanwhile, walked slowly down the banks of the river, turning ever and anon to gaze in wrapt delight on the ever changing, ever beautiful landscape. At length, fatigued by want of sleep and long walks the preceding twenty-four hours, the explorer sat down and slept; was awakened by carriages going to market, and after waiting a considerable time the stage made its appearance. About a mile further on it was discovered that the *frame-work* of a horse had given out, notwithstanding the liberal allowance of *long* and *sheaf* oats wherewith he had been supplied. The pilot left the crew and passengers to obtain more motive power. The passengers having waited impatiently some time, concluded to make a fire on the road. Lulled by the heat into a state of blissful unconsciousness of things before him, the explorer dreamt of Muddy Little York, absent friends, peach-preserve and apple dumplings, and was quite comfortable until the arrival of the pilot dispelled these illusions, and reinstated the sad realities of New Brunswick staging, fried pork for supper, and no breakfast. The pilot had failed in his mission. No horse could be obtained for four dollars to go ten miles and back in place of the “used up” animal, so the pilot concluded, by a liberal expenditure of long oats, an extra feed of meal and water, and by getting the passengers to walk most of the remaining distance, to fetch the establishment to Fredericton. As they only drove the horse eighty miles per day in two stages, (Sundays excepted,) and administered as many *long* oats as the animal desired, it is clear that neither over-riding or under-feeding had anything to do with his exhaustion—he was only driven forty miles at one stage and fed with

sheaf oats, meal and water on the way. It is therefore, quite clear to any right-minded person that, the aforesaid stage proprietors are fully entitled to a medal from the society, for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Some unreasonable persons, however, insisted that being tied to the horse's heels and dragged forty miles over a rough road would be more appropriate treatment.

Nevertheless, the whole establishment arrived at Fredericton without the loss of a man: how long the *horses* survived is unknown to this deponent. Peace to his ashes!

NO. III.

After a brief sojourn in the pleasant and handsome city of Fredericton, the before mentioned individual took passage in a steamer for St. John. For some time after leaving Fredericton, the scenery, though picturesque, is rather tame, the banks are densely settled, but no village between it and St. John, except one about a mile off the bank: there are no wharves or stopping places the whole distance. The boat, however, stops whenever a small boat puts out, and will also stop to put off a passenger, ringing a bell to give notice for a boat from shore; they probably lose less time in this way than by stopping at wharves: a few small orchards are visible at some places. The country must have been long settled, as the fields are free from stumps for some distance back and the vicinity of the houses shaded and ornamented by planted trees: the dwellings appear comfortable but not showy,—mostly frame buildings, no log houses. Here as on the Nashwaak and other rivers in the Eastern Provinces, are large tracts of flat rich land on the banks and islands in the river, sometimes overflowed; this land is called "intervale," and is very fertile and valuable, producing enormous crops of hay and aftergrass, from two-and-a-half to three tons of hay per acre, mostly inferior to English hay for horses, but said to be much superior for fattening cattle. Some of these would produce English hay altogether; at other islands and flats it is mixed. This land on the St. John is worth £20 to £25 per acre. Good common land in similar situations, £3 to £3 10s. cleared, or £4 to £4 10s. uncleared. The stacks of hay are mounted on a kind of scaffolding to keep them from high water, tides, &c. Cattle are turned on to graze on the aftergrass in the fall, and fatten rapidly on it. On the river Annapolis, in Nova Scotia, most of it is dyked to keep out the tide. The intervale on the St. John is in a state of nature.

At about thirty miles from St. John the character of the scenery changes and becomes wild,

rugged, sublime and infinitely varied; the houses less numerous, though still thickly scattered; high and distant hills in every direction of curiously diverse forms; the river expands into a lake; but as we near St. John its channel is somewhat narrowed by numerous rocky islands; off the left bank stretches far away Lake Kennebecasis, magnificently encircled by high hills, gloriously beautiful, blue and distant hills piled on hills, until they are almost undistinguishable from the pure azure above them. In Canada West they would be called mountains.

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood."

Land of the mountain and the flood,

is almost as applicable to many parts of the Eastern Provinces, as to the land of Burns.

The love of the beautiful and sublime, which is closely allied to, if not absolutely identical with, the love of the perfect, can only be adequately nourished in a country of hills; hence great poets, prophets, reformers and philanthropists, have mostly arisen in hilly countries. The poets, painters and sculptors of Ancient Greece and Modern Italy drew their inspiration from the hills by which they were surrounded. Rome, that ruled the world, was a city of hills. The Swiss, unequalled for bravery and love of freedom, live in a land of mountains. The Scotch, unexcelled by any nation for undaunted perseverance, unyielding courage, unquenchable hatred of wrong, keen intellect, and great capacity of adaptation, appropriately inhabit the

"Land of the mountain and the flood."

England is mainly a hilly country; there are a few level parts, but nobody of consequence except cotton lords and country squires was ever born in them.

"The green hills of Erin,"

are the birth places of a race or mixture of races who under favorable circumstances are excelled by none, equalled by few in genius for poetry, painting, music, oratory and general literature. The most energetic, ingenious, intelligent and refined people on the American continent—the New Englanders—inhabit a country of hills, rocks and mountains. The Israelites, having been slaves 400 years in a level country, in fulfilment of their high destiny, were removed to the land of their inheritance, appropriately "a land of hills and valleys," Deut. xi. 11, a country of surpassing beauty. There prophets and poets unequalled in any other age or country, drew the breath of inspiration, there sang the "sweet singer" of Israel: there gushed forth the blissful visions of Isaiah. The language of inspiration from Genesis to Revelation is full of allusions to

mountains and hills. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about them that fear him. Pa. xcv. 2. The strength of the hills is His also. Pa. xcv. 4. I will lift mine eye unto the hills. Pa. cxxi. 1. The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing. Isaiah lv. 12. The everlasting mountains were scattered: the perpetual hills did bow. Habakkuk iii. 6."

The above are but a few specimens of the numberless beautiful and appropriate allusions to hills and mountains in every book of the Bible. The Law was given on Mount Sinai: the transfiguration took place on "a high mountain." John the Revelator "was carried by the spirit into an exceeding high mountain." Rev. xx. 10. The Redeemer of mankind passed His earthly life among hills and mountains; the mount of Olives was His favorite resort. There, amid scenes of glorious beauty: there, amid hills, valleys, rocks and mountains, were first uttered the words of eternal life: there the aspirations of unbanded love first found utterance.

It is measurably fitting that serfs should inhabit the steppes of Russia;—pastoral barbarians roam over the plains of Tartary;—semi-civilized centaurs gallop across the pampas of South America, or pork eating braggadocios chew tobacco on the prairies of the West. Such places may do for inferior races: the valley of the Mississippi to raise pork and grain; but the place to raise men and women is a land of hills, rocks, rivers, valleys, ocean and mountains: hence the future greatness of the Eastern Provinces.

ASTONISHING DISCOVERIES OF BRITISH AND UNITED STATES WRITERS CONCERNING BRITISH AMERICA.

As it is one of the most important functions of the *Anglo-American Magazine*, to disseminate information concerning the peculiarities of British America, it is presumed that the following is too valuable to be lost; facts are stated on high authority (?) whereof residents are either profoundly ignorant, or entertain a contrary opinion; it is important that they should unlearn their error, and rely less on their own biased vision, than on the impartial testimony of travellers and compilers of geographies, newspaper articles, &c., who having no personal interest in the matter, and in many cases, never having seen the Province, may be supposed entirely free from prejudice.

An illustrated magazine published in Boston having a large circulation in many parts of British America, discovered in 1851, that "The popu-

lation of Canada West is now upwards of 500,000, that of Canada East nearly as much." The census returns for 1850 give about 900,000 to each.

Another United States paper recently discovered that vessels of 500 tons burden could enter the Port of St. John at high water. The "natives," are, however, under the hallucination that no vessel, building or built, can touch bottom at any time of the tide; the existence of a bar is indignantly denied by the Pilots.

In a school book published under the superintendence of the National Board of Education in Dublin, will be found the following notice on the title page. "Sold by H. O'Hff, St. John, Halifax, Canada." It will be seen that this celebrated gentleman, Mr. Patrick Bull, who is probably the writer of the above, has thus effected by a stroke of his pen, what Colonial politicians have been vainly endeavouring to effect for many years; viz. a *Union of the Colonies*. The benighted inhabitants of these regions would, however, be somewhat puzzled to recognize the locality therein mentioned, the book is greatly used in the schools in British America. In the 4th book of lessons, issued by the same publishers, is to be found the following authentic information.

"New Brunswick is a large country to the north-west of Nova Scotia. Some parts of it are hilly and watered by fine rivers, but the whole country is almost an *unbroken* and magnificent forest (!) The inhabitants are much engaged in the timber trade, this is carried on by a set of men called lumberers, who cut down the trees in the depth of winter, in the heart of these immense woods. * * * * * In the spring, when the ice melts, and the rivers are full, they send down the timber in vessels or in rafts to Halifax, whence it goes to England." A raft on the Bay of Fundy would be a novel spectacle. To cross the Atlantic in a wash tub with a hole in the bottom would be an undertaking trifling in comparison with crossing the Bay of Fundy on a raft.

Speaking of Nova Scotia. "The inhabitants are partly French, partly Scotch, and partly Indians." It is generally considered there, that nearly all are descended from U. E. loyalists and British settlers, neither of whom intermarry to any extent with the Acadians or Indians. These latter are comparatively few. "Its capital is Halifax, a place whence much timber is exported." Some say imported would be much nearer the mark.

"The chief towns of Upper Canada are Kingston and York, both on Lake Ontario," where is York? Toronto and Hamilton perhaps only exist as yet in imagination. "The climate of Canada is very cold in winter, and the country is buried in snow, (grey-mud) five or six months in the year."

"Cape Breton and Prince Edward's Island, are two large islands separated from Nova Scotia by narrow channels. They are all cold and foggy in climate, and the inhabitants are principally engaged in the fisheries."

They think, however, in Prince Edward's Island, that they raise large quantities of oats and potatoes, and a great number of horses; this however, may be only a freak of their vivid imaginations; nevertheless it is certain that at a certain hotel in St. John, where the writer sojourned, which is much frequented by Prince Edward Islanders, the talk is of horses, *ad nauseam*. A large quantity of coal is exported from Cape Breton, if shipping lists speak truly. Probably "fish," in the Hibernian dialect signifies and includes horses, oats, potatoes and coal.

A gentleman in the British service issued in London some time since a work on the Provinces, wherein, speaking of railway schemes, he states that it would be impossible to run steamboats across the Bay of Fundy in the winter season, as enormous icebergs are floating about in every direction. The natives, however, say that it is doubtful if any of the said icebergs are of sufficient magnitude to float anything heavier than a *sea-gull*, and that even such ones are few and far between. They are also under an impression that the writer above-mentioned viewed the icebergs (?) through an optical medium equal in magnifying powers to the telescope wherewith Herschel, from the Cape of Good Hope, saw the Man in the Moon! They are also under the delusion (having possibly been all biologized by an eminent professor of the science) that a steamer runs across the bay from St. John all the winter, except four or five weeks, and that its stoppage during that period is caused not by the presence of icebergs but by the absence of business.

It is said that persons having control over educational matters in the Province of New Brunswick, anxious that the rising generation should be thoroughly indoctrinated in the true faith—to wit, that the New Brunswick timber is exported from Halifax; that rafts are floated across the Bay of Fundy, thence several hundred miles along the coast of Nova Scotia into Halifax harbour for the purposes of being exported in sea-going vessels (there being none in St. John); that

Canada is buried deep in snow for five or six months in the year; and that horses, oats, potatoes, and coal are *fish*,—are dissatisfied with the omission of these primary articles of faith in the Canada reprints of the school-books above-mentioned. They therefore use nearly altogether the original Dublin edition, though endeavors have been made to introduce the Canadian editions. All such insidious attempts to undermine their faith in transatlantic oracles have hitherto been egregious failures. They won't have anything to do with such a hotbed of annexation and rowdiness as Montreal.

The writer had penned the foregoing paragraph when a friend, engaged in "teaching the young idea," suggested that the books in question being used as class books, and the Dublin edition having been first introduced, the parents are too stingy to buy new books, which, if the Canada edition was used by any, all would have to do—that a new edition has just been printed in Philadelphia, wherein the remarkable facts above detailed are embalmed, like any other mummies, for the benefit of the rising generation of Columbians and Blue-noses, which is to be henceforth the only edition used in the eastern Provinces. It will, among other purposes, answer admirably, that of preventing the young men of the United States from emigrating to countries under the "Flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," by making these Provinces answer in place of a "raw head and bloody bones,"—thus preserving intact Blue-nose loyalty in generations to come.

Albeit; the writer is unshaken in his conviction that the above course of conduct is mainly traceable to the spirit of unswerving loyalty (some would call it "consistent toadyism") which animates the people of New Brunswick.

CURIOUS EFFECTS OF 'EXPECTANT ATTENTION.'

A lady, who was leaving off nursing from defect of milk, was hypnotised by Mr. Braid, and whilst she was in this state, he made passes over the right breast to call attention to it. In a few moments her gestures showed that she dreamt that the baby was sucking, and in two minutes the breast was distended with milk, at which she expressed, when awake, the greatest surprise. The flow of milk from that side continued abundant, and to restore symmetry to her figure, Mr. Braid subsequently produced the same change on the other side; after which she had a copious supply of milk for nine months. We are satisfied that, if applied with discrimination, the process will take rank as one of the most potent methods of treatment, and Mr. Braid's recent Essay on Hypnotic Therapeutics seems to us to deserve the attentive consideration of the medical profession.

FUNERAL OF WELLINGTON.

Nights' sable pall withdrew,
And the dull dawn gave to view,
Wellesley's comrades brave and true,
Grief-struck and mute.

Where the dead Hero lay
They had formed their armed array,
O'er the glorious dead to pay
Their last salute.

They do not grieve alone,
A deep gloom o'er all is thrown
From the cottage to the throne,
The loss all share.

Prince, Commoner and Peer
Join in tribute o'er his bier
In the silent heart-felt tear,
And funeral prayer.

Deep booms the minute gun,
Mournful rolls the muffled drum
Through Britain's sacred dome,
As with arms reversed they come;
Lo! the red cross flags all drooping,
Hang unfurled.

Midst a mighty empire's moan,
On they bear to his last home,
"The first and foremost man
In all this world."

Near Immortal Nelson's mound
Place his kindred Hero's grave,
Let the warriors laurel-crowned,
The mighty and the brave
Rest, for "his duty" each hath nobly "done,"
While their blooming, well-earned bays
Live in Glory's proudest rays
Bright as the brilliant splendour
Of the sun.

ANSHELM.

Ancaster, C. W.
18th November, 1862.

SOCIETY IN BOSTON.

"I was this evening at a large party of the Boston fashionables at Mrs. B.'s. I felt quite well; the company was handsome, elegant, very polite, and the evening was agreeable to me. Another evening I was at another great fashionable party in another house. I did not feel well, and the company seemed to me rather splendid and aristocratic than agreeable. I saw here a couple of figures such as I did not look for in the drawing-rooms of the New World, and least of all among the women of New England, so puffed up with pride, so unlovely—one read the 'money-stamp,' both in glance and figure. I was told that Mrs. ——— and her sister had spent a year

in Paris; they ought to have brought thence a little Parisian grace and common sense, as well as fashion. People who are arrogant on account of their wealth, are about equal in civilization with our Laplanders, who measure a man's worth by the number of his reindeer. A man with one thousand reindeer is a very great man. The aristocracy of wealth is the lowest and commonest possible. Pity is it that it is met with in the New World more than it ought to be. One can even, in walking through the streets, hear the expression, 'He is worth so many dollars!' But the best people here despise such expressions. They would never defile the lips of Marcus S. Channing, or Mr. Downing. And as regards the fashionable circles, it must be acknowledged that they are not considered the highest here. One hears people spoken of here as being 'above fashion,' and by this is meant people of the highest class. It is clear to me that there is here an aristocracy forming itself by degrees which is much higher than that of birth, property, or position in society; it is really the aristocracy of merit, of amiability, and of character. But it is not yet general. It is merely as yet a little handful. But it grows, and the feeling on the subject grows also."

ADVOCATES AND CLIENTS.

An advocate, by the sacred duty which he owes his client, knows, in the discharge of that office, but one person in the world—that client, and none other. To save that client by any expedient means, to protect that client at all hazards and costs to others, and among others, to himself, is the highest and most unquestionable of his duties; and he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction which he may bring upon any other. Nay, separating the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, and casting them, if need be, to the wind, he must go on, reckless of the consequences, if his fate should unhappily be to involve his country in confusion for the client's protection.—*Lord Brougham.*

A DEAD SEA BATH.

I bathed in the Dead Sea. The ground covered by the water, sloped so gradually that I was not only forced to 'sneak in,' but to walk through the water a quarter of a mile before I could get out of my depth. When at last I was able to attempt to dive, the salt held in solution made my eyes smart so sharply that the pain I thus suffered, joined with the weakness occasioned by the want of food, made me giddy and faint for some moments; but I soon grew better. I knew beforehand the impossibility of sinking in this buoyant water; but I was surprised that I could not swim with my accustomed pace; my legs and feet were lifted so high and dry out of the lake that my stroke was baffled, and I felt myself kicking against the thin air, instead of the dense fluid upon which I was swimming. The water is perfectly bright and clear, its taste horrible. After finishing my attempts at swimming and diving, I took some time in regaining the shore, and before I began to dress I found that the sun had already evaporated the water which clung to me, and that my skin was thickly encrusted with salts.—*Travels in Judea.*

P R E F A C E.

As we wish to avoid needless repetition, we beg leave, once for all, to say that we are infinitely above the paltriness of an unjust national feeling; and disclaim anything and everything in the shape of an Anti-American feeling.

In the course of the following papers we have, again and again, spoken somewhat more than but slightly, somewhat more than indignantly, more than contemptuously, even, of the sham and merely nominal Republicans of the States in general and of New York in particular. But are we, therefore, deaf as the adder that listeneth not to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely? Are we unable to recognize the great and the good qualities of the American Republicans, worthy of that name, because we are proud that we and that ours are, ever have been, and we trust ever will be, to the latest generation earnestly attached and inflexibly true to that form of government which long since made, still keeps, and long shall continue to keep, our own loved island, not only in the first national rank, but in the unapproachable one of "the admiration of the world, and the envy of surrounding nations?" Because we utterly despise the absurd and silly Americans who never mention their own country but in terms of exaggerated praise, and those insolently unjust Americans who, like Abbott and other small scribes, chiefly residing and publishing in New York, will any honest man say, or will any sane man believe, that we therefore withhold our admiration from all that America has of the truly great, or our love and respect for all that she has of truly good? To all upright and honorable Americans we confidently appeal for a truer and more impartial judgment; and, far from fearing that we shall be disappointed in that respect, we feel confident that from all such Americans

our labors will experience the same welcome and the same applause which they will receive from our own compatriots of the same high-hearted and clear-headed stamp. We are well nigh as certain as we can be of anything, that, on both sides of the Atlantic, sham liberals and small scribblers will reproach us with divers and sundry forms of injustice, and will more especially endeavor to raise a popular howl against what they will misrepresent as our anti-American prejudice. Once and for all, then, we emphatically and sincerely repudiate and disclaim all such prejudices. We not only believe, but we have positive and personal knowledge of the fact, that America possesses, in every rank of life, multitudes of men who would do honor to any country in the world. But, because we honor—at once respectfully and enthusiastically honor—such great writers as Washington Irving, the late James Fennimore Cooper, and the still living—long may he live!—William Cullen Bryant, are we therefore bound to be silent as to the shameful plagiarism and shameless injustice and impiety of such scribbling and book-making men as this Mr. John S. C. Abbott? Not we, indeed! We have sternly performed an imperative duty; and though separated, most probably forever, by the broad Atlantic, from our native land, that land is dear and sacred to us as ever; and for Abbott and all who shall dare to imitate his flagrant and insolent attacks upon that dear land, our own birth place, the dwelling place of many a dear friend, and the burial place of our kith and kin; for Abbott, we say, and for all who shall be unjust and reckless enough to imitate his reckless injustice towards our country, we have an undying hostility to which the cant of the timid, and the brazen imputations thrown by the native or foreign enemies of Britain shall never deter us from giving full, hearty, and very unmistakeably spoken expression. We feel sure of

the approbation of the wise and the just on both sides of the Atlantic; for any remarks made in courtesy and candour even by avowed opponents, we have open ears and great patience; for foes of another description, we have—scorn and defiance!

A few words more, and our brief Preface shall no longer detain the reader from our far more important observations.

We have again and again accused Mr. Abbott of plagiarism; we have again and again accused him, in plain English, of having often taken, without acknowledgment, the very words of other, abler, and more industrious authors; and we have also stated that there is not ONE authentic passage of importance as to FACTS which, even when the *words* are his own, he, as to the substance, gives to us for the first time. It has been suggested to us by literary friends for whose judgment we have the highest possible consideration and respect, that Mr. Abbott will probably endeavor to persuade the world that, in this instance at least, we do him injustice. We challenge him to do this; and we forewarn him that we are prepared to *prove the truth of our assertion, by parallel passages from his compilation and the books published in French and English during the last thirty years.*

We challenge him, then, to contradict us; and we again and emphatically assure our readers, on both sides of the Atlantic, that from the very first page of his truly shameful performance to the very last page of it that we have as yet received at his only too profuse hand, all that is *true* in his scribbling is not *new*, and all that is *new* is not *true*; all the true he has unceremoniously taken from British or French authors, either in their actual words or in substance; the malignantly untrue and unjust, being, alone, his own production.

ABBOTT'S NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM THOMAS HALEY.

In this best of all possible worlds, there are not a few things to which we are compelled to confess that we are implacably hostile. We detest a creaking wheel; and the sound of saw-sharpening will throw us into a paroxysm, pretty equally compounded of pain and anger. A delicate looking young lady with the tones of Lablache, or a double bass; and a six foot fellow, who, with hair dark as the raven's wing, and a superb moustache to match, has a girl's voice and an infant *lisp*, are as abominable to us as an empty purse, or that public nuisance, a public dinner, where all the vices are quite sure to be lukewarm and all the soups as cold as though they were iced veritably and of *malice prepense*. We confess it, we scorn to deny it; nay, we go still farther than that, we are even rather proud of it than otherwise; there *are* things, and very many of them for which we have a hearty and implacable hatred, and to which, had we the power to work our will, it is pretty certain that we should show very much less mercy than the world would very reasonably look for at the hands of an elderly gentleman with very white locks and an aspect but little suggestive of probable longevity. Yes! we confess that there *are* divers and sundry nuisances, animate and inanimate, tangible and intangible, for the which we feel proud that we entertain a most intense and undying hatred. We are proud of this, because we are quite certain that though we know how to hate bitterly, we, yet, never hate unjustly, and that, for all that is really loveable, we have an ever-springing and inexhaustible love. We hate whatever is base or cruel, mean or hypocritical,—and why should we not hate such things? Nay, why should we not be proud, thankfully proud, that nature and education have made it utterly impossible for us *not* to hate such things? Oh! Yes! for all that is loveable, we have a true and inexhaustible love; not a noble or a lovely sound or sight is there, from the sublime thunder of Niagara to the sweet lisps of an awakening child; from "Heaven's own artillery" pealing above the storm-lashed ocean

to the small *cheep-cheep* of callow and unfledged nestlings, no noble or lovely sound or sight is there that will not make our heart bound or melt, as hearts but too rarely can, bound or melt, after half a century of hard 'prenticeship in the world's hard school.—But while we thus love all that is lovely and admire all that is grand, that very love and admiration teach and enforce upon us a most scorning and intense hate of all that is hateful, and alas! there are but too many hateful and loathsome things in this our beautiful but perverted, and therefore, wrong fraught world!

When so many abominations present themselves as candidates for our hatred and our loathing, it is no easy matter to be either very accurate or very consistent in apportioning them out among claimants at once so numerous, and so equally hateful and loathsome, though hateful or loathsome for reasons so diverse. But "good hater as we are ("Sir! I love a good hater!" said Dr. Johnson, one of the best christians that ever lived,) and multitudinous and various as are the objects of our hate or loathing, or of an ineffable mixture of both, there is one object which we loathe and hate far beyond all others; one for which *no* plea could by any possibility obtain our mercy, and that one is—Humbug! For Humbug and Humbugs we are quite literally pitiless and implacable; compared to them, we deem tigers mild, rattlesnakes harmless, and grizzly bears, desirable additions to a small tea party. Yes! We can admire the lion in his sinewy might, and the panther in his sleek and agile beauty, even while we dig the ensnaring pit for the one, or level the deadly rifle at the other. But, Humbug! In warring against that we feel a real hate, mingled with a real loathing, such as one feels when trampling upon some of the horrid reptiles of the far South, reptiles at once venomous and loathsome; alike revolting to human sight and perilous to human life. Yes! We confess, and it is with pride that we confess it, we even yet know how to hate—as a Christian and an English scholar should hate. We well know that he who makes up his mind to make truth the loadstar of his course must also make his mind up for a very rugged and difficult course. If he oppose some popular cry, if he refuse to pay to this or that popular Idol the same

homage that the multitude formerly were taught to pay, and pay now, just as parrots repeat their lesson, he must be prepared to hear that he loves calumny: if he point to atrocious public cruelty on the part of that idol he must expect to be met not by a denial of that cruelty, but by one or two *pooh-poohs*, and two or three notes of admiration, and a few suppositions having not the slightest relevancy to the matter in hand, the whole very appropriately winding up with the ever blessed *petitio principii*, that bland and serviceable begging of the question which meets specific charges of any given vice by a general assumption of the very opposite virtue. We well know all this, we have experienced it ere now, and we are quite ready, if need be, to experience it again, to laugh at it again, and to go on as ever, valuing Truth above all things.

"True it is that we grow milder than we were in our hot youth when George the IV. was King," then, indeed, we were wont to hate more strongly than was altogether consistent with Christian mercy; now, that we feel ourselves growing old, we somewhat incline to dealing with a comparative lenity with humbugs while crushing, pitilessly as ever, each new or newly revived humbug which they would fain impose upon the world. Yea! We are growing old:

"——our visions flit
Less palpably before us, and the glow
That once our spirit felt is fluttering faint and low."
But heaven be praised, we are alert still, our eye has not yet grown dim that we should be unable to discern the wiles of the insidious enemies of truth, of England, and of man's best interests, neither has our heart grown faint that we should fear to hold up those wiles to the mingled wonder and scorn of the truthful, and the high of heart. No! We are English still, English to the heart's core, ever ready to defend even our most rancorous enemy if he be unjustly attacked, and ever equally ready to oppose all, friends or foes, if they would set up ferocity for courage, the base hankering of an apostate after peace and praise for a noble self abnegation and a sincere change of faith, or the theatrical spouting of a wordy mountebank for the genuine and generous outpouring of a true patriot. In one sense, at least, we have not loved the world, nor has the world loved us: we

"——have not flattered its vile breath, nor bowed
A patient knee to its idolatries."

English alike in mind and in heart, we ever have had, and we still have, fresh, fiery, scornful and fierce as in our very best day, on hallowed and hallowing, unquenched and unquenchable hate—the hate of humbug! Yea! Thank heaven, we hate that as heartily as ever we did, and if there is any one specimen of it which has a double portion of our hate it is the great humbug of false or exaggerated, or, worst of all, of a merely simulated Hero worship. And of that worst, that paltriest, that most entirely detestable of all humbuge, how much alas! how very much have we not been obliged to detect, and to loathe, and to brand with an ever-burning mark, during our long pilgrimage here on earth! To gratify an unjust and aching grudge against a great people or a great man, alas! to what low and dastardly expedients have we not seen even great men and able men descend! For the sake of a side hit at England, how many, including the sublime though moody Byron, and the brilliant and honest but terribly prejudiced Hazlitt, have bowed the knee to the unjust and the despotic, called vice, virtue, and virtue vice, and in the much abused name of liberty, made as it were bond slaves of their own great souls! Sad, oh very sad, that prejudice should be so strong in such great souls, and the love of truth, pure abstract truth, for its own sake, so very very weak!

Even in the errors of the truly great in intellect we rarely fail to find something to prevent us from wholly with-holding our respect; even while regretting, indignantly regretting, that they have allowed passion to overcome all sense of truth and justice, we yet perceive that the misleading passion had nothing in it of dastardliness or of paltriness. But if the world will accept this plea, if it will accept any plea, for departure from strict truth and strict justice, alike to friend and foe, on the part of great writers, the world must make up its remarkably sagacious mind to seeing very middling and very small writers equally or even more regardless of truth and justice on far weaker and meaner pleas, or upon no plea at all save those of a natural itch for scribbling and a strong determination to dine somehow; and accordingly False Hero Worship and simulated hero worship may now be met with in authors of every calibre; six-penny story books teach the child to look

only to brilliancy and success of achievement and not to justice of cause or honor of procedure, and quarto histories, octavo novels, and blue and buff reviews at 6s sterling the number, do their best to keep the man in the same delusion, praising the wit and coolness of Talleyrand and the acuteness and dexterity of Fouché, but saying not one word about the utter, the loathsome, the damning contempt of truth, feeling, honor, and fidelity, exhibited, from the cradle to the grave alike by the diplomatic spy and by the police spy! Shame, shame, that it should be thus! What sort of writers do people expect to arise under such a system? For our own parts, we should expect and have expected precisely such writers as—only too many are so—men of a false watchword, so often repeated that they at length learn to allow the foeman to pass with flag-flying, trumpet sounding, lance couched, and sabre in hand, if he have but the Belial wit to shout that watch word in their ear!

Among “the signs of the times” there are but too many which a man of true benevolence must needs look upon with mingled pity and sorrow, and there are still more which he must needs look upon with mingled contempt and dislike; but we know of not one which inspires us with such unmingled fear, such an overpowering horror, as the moral recklessness which is exhibited by political parties and their literary partizans. The empty pated Blue Stocking who, in her unreasoning hate to George III, and his court, vowed and protested that Jack Wilkes “squinted no more than a gentleman ought to squint,” was but the mere precursor and type of a perfect host of historians, Biographers, Reviewers, Compilers, and scribes in general, who, more especially on this side of the Atlantic, “for their dear hate” of England (to say nothing about their dear love of dollars and dimes) are ever ready to protest that this, that, or the other hero whose course and achievements have been especially anti-English “lied no more than a philosopher should lie” or “murdered no more than a hero should murder!” Truth, stern truth, utterly regardless of party interest and national prejudice, has for years past been falling into utter neglect, if, indeed, we should not speak with more rigid correctness if we were to say utter contempt. To do justice to the merito-

rious achievements or to the moral excellencies of our opponent, seems to be no longer considered a noble and chivalrous virtue, homage paid alike to the writer's self respect and his love of truth; if we may judge of opinion from practice we must suppose, on the contrary, that writers in general consider it quite a "slow" thing, a Quixotic ultra refinement, an indiscretion sufficient to damage any amount of talent, and to neutralize any amount of effort.

For our own part, thankful as we are for many blessings that have been showered upon our path in alleviation of many sorrows and sufferings that have beset and darkened it, we know of nothing, save sight and sanity, for which we are more heartily and unfeignedly thankful than we are for our utter moral incapacity to be guilty, publicly or privately, as writer or as man, of this truly abominable injustice. Is a man politically or personally our foe? We will oppose him to the last pulse and to the last gasp; we will expose his blunders, we will baffle all his efforts to impose upon the world, we will denounce as well as expose his sophistries, and, God aiding us, we will defeat his unjust endeavors, whether they regard mankind in general or our own much maligned and little understood country in particular; but we trust that we shall never live to see the day when either hate or fear of our foe, or affection for the cause that we undertake to uphold against him, shall induce us to misrepresent our opponent's talents or virtues, or unduly to laud those of his foes just simply because they *are* his foes.

If any one virtue were more than any other conspicuous in the genuine old British character, it was an outspoken and uncompromising truthfulness; carried, in fact, by only too many of us, to the very verge of absolute rudeness, until education brought its ameliorating influences to bear upon so many of us, not in this or that rank, merely, but in all ranks. But of late years, since such marvellous facilities have been afforded for both domestic and foreign travel, one class of British, at the least, has altered very greatly in character—and terribly for the worse. We allude to literary men, from the great Historian down to the small paragraph maker for the obscure weekly paper. Far from being improved by

foreign travel, this class of our compatriots has become deteriorated in the worst possible manner. Within our own memory, British writers were frequently, and not always unjustly, charged with overweening prejudice in favour of their own country and its institutions, laws, customs, and manners. Assuredly, no one can now justly charge them with any such old-fashioned prejudices. Imperial despotism in Paris, the despotism of rowdies and petty-larceny aldermen in New York; the absolute despotism of a monarch, or the still more frightful despotism of a mob—anything so that it have in it no touch of sturdy British sense, or of sturdy British honesty—anything and everything from autocracy at St. Petersburg to "the fierce democracy" in New York or New Orleans, will now find favor with only too many British writers. A spurious liberalism is now the order of the day; and British writers, and those by no means of the lowest class, either, are so much afraid of seeming prejudiced that, to show their liberality of opinion, forsooth! they will deny justice to their own country, in order to do more than justice to their own country's rivals and enemies. This paltry preference of a spurious liberalism to that brave and abiding love of truth, without which the most admirably artistic writing is "but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal" is, we repeat it, by no means confined to the lowest class of writers—"great historians" and "eminent reviewers" are flagrantly and mischievously guilty of it.

America really *is* a great country, *although* called so by certain of her writers who are so notorious for saying the thing that is not, that the mere fact of their asserting anything may generally be considered reasonable ground for gravely doubting it. Yes! America is a great country, and the Americans are a great people; but they have a fault or two which we should gladly see them get rid of, and one of the worst and most absurd of them is their wretched habit of railing against every thing British. True it is, "and pity 'tis 'tis true," the example of this railing has been basely set by British writers; but the rancour of feeling constantly shown by certain American writers, is none the less disgraceful for all that. Whether in print or in conversation, only too many Americans degrade themselves by constant indulgence in the most shameful libels

upon everything connected with Britain. Generally, we must admit, Britain is openly abused. Judges, fresh from the courts in which they have just decided causes upon principles laid down by the great legal worthies of England long ages before the first convict was landed in "the plantations" of Virginia; military men who are on the way to the parade ground to endeavor to teach English manoeuvres to exceedingly awkward squads; editors who have just made up nineteen of their twenty columns, by unacknowledged as well as unauthorized "borrowings" from the British press; Tom, Jack, and Harry, "Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, the little dogs and all," have a sneer or a foul libel for Britain—just as though all that they have about them of either good or great were not as thoroughly British as the by no means remote ancestors of ninety-nine out of every hundred of these shamelessly unnatural writers! What, in fact, are the Americans of the States? Deduct the Europeans, immigrants themselves, or, at the least, sons, grandsons or great grandsons, of European immigrants, and how many Americans are there? Americans! The red Indian is your only true American; the white men there are as English, Irish, Scotch, Dutch, and so forth, as we here in Canada, in all in which they are superior to the red Indian; and it really is almost as absurd as it is insolent for such people, whether they or their immediate or more remote ancestors left Britain voluntarily or upon compulsion; we repeat, it is nearly as absurd as it is insolent for such people to speak contemptuously or inimically of that land to which they owe all that they have of good or great; speaking thus on no other account than their having thrown off the very limited authority of a limited monarchy to place themselves under the yoke of a republic in name but a mob despotism in fact. It is very sad, no doubt, and very detestable, too, that men, many of whom were singing "Rule Britannia" in the good old land long after even we left it, should bitterly hate and revile the land of their own or their ancestors' birth; but, as we just now remarked, for the most part, this American abuse of Britain and of the British has at least the redeeming quality of being open and above board. There is, at all events no deception, no disguise about this anti-British feeling; from New York to

Niagara Falls "the Britisher" is in no danger of for an instant forgetting that wherever he meets with half-a-dozen self-styled Americans, there are at fewest five who curse his country—and him for his country's sake. In this merely conversational abuse, unjust as it is, there is, at all events, no taint of hypocrisy; but, with some bright and honorable exceptions, the American periodical press, and more especially that of New York, adds the meanest hypocrisy to the most insolent injustice. The writers to whom we at this moment more particularly allude, will confess that honest men and lovely women are *almost* as frequently to be seen in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, as in New York; but they delicately hint that to doubt that an American gun brig can with great facility, "whip" a British seven-four, is an indubitable qualification for Bedlam or Barnum's; they steal whole volumes from British authors and publishers, but will not for one moment allow that the American press is under the slightest literary obligations to either British genius or British capital and enterprise; and while they celebrate their great General this, or Colonel that, who "besieged" some wretched log hut in Texas, or defeated certain dozens of ill-armed, worse disciplined and more than half starved semi-savages in Mexico, they are quite prepared to prove that our Wellington was after all but "small pumpkins," and that he would have lost Waterloo but for the Prussians! In all that they do or say, these people tacitly acknowledge British superiority, yet in terms deny it; and some of their inconsistencies in this way, would be exceedingly amusing, were it not so outrageously impudent. As a single specimen of it, we may just notice the cool performance of one of these New York pirates. Having no soul-stirring sea songs of their own, they have boldly reprinted Dibdin's and the best of Campbell's; only, for

"British sailors have a knack," &c., they have printed,

"Yankee sailors have a knack," &c. and for

"Britannia needs no bulwarks," &c., they have printed,

"Columbia needs no bulwarks," &c., as witness a very thick volume which at this moment lies—in both senses of the word—upon our desk. The volume in question con-

tains several hundred songs, every one of which is stolen from British writers, and all of which, that would bear the operation, are thus impudently altered! While the example of our native recreants or deluded blunderers was only followed by such petty larceny knaves as these, the printed abuse of Britain and the British could do but little harm; but we are sorry to perceive that the general anti-British feeling of America has lately taken a more decided and, at the same time, more insidious form, and that, too, in works of somewhat respectable pretensions as respects the capital of their publishers, if not as respects either the talent or the originality of their writers. As in Britain, so in the United States, and more especially in New York, indirect attacks are constantly, of late, being made on British character by those who have just method enough in their anti-British madness to perceive that direct and coarse abuse has long since become a mere drug in the literary market, and is, moreover, unpalatable to all but ignorant and brutal rowdies, who are already, and by their very nature so thoroughly anti-British, that to make them worse or more malignant, is a sheer impossibility. It is by indirect attacks, then, that the comparative respectabilities of the New York press now proceed to propagate the anti-British feeling among the candid but not over clear-sighted who hate Britain they do not quite know why, and who, as the periodical respectabilities in question well know, would be glad enough of some plausible and grave matter of grudge against Britain and the British, and yet are far too fastidious and refined to take either hint or help from the mere rowdies, ruffians, and clumsy as well as unscrupulous plagiarists of the literary lower empire of Gotham, so blessed in the purity of her conscript fathers, and in the singular cleanliness of all her ways and walks,—side-walks included!

We are truly sorry to see that such a writer as the gentleman, the title of whose book we have taken by way of peg on which to hang a few remarks which may benefit if read in the same candid spirit in which from first to last we vow that they shall be written. It is, we say, with very real pain that we see such an author as this, no great genius, certainly, but a tolerably correct writer of English, lay himself out for the task of exagger-

ated praise of a bold bad genius, not, as it seems to us, *not* from even the comparatively pardonable error of an excessive enthusiasm for that personage, but just simply for the purpose of making exaggerated praise of Napoleon the Great the means of paying undue homage to Napoleon the little, and of inferentially and by more or less dexterously aimed side-blows, attacking that one great power which baffled and smote down the great Napoleon, and which, let the recreant Britons croak as they please, can smite down, and, if necessary, *will* smite down—the *Kite in the Eagle's nest!* We regret that the writer of this new Life of Napoleon has put upon us the task of defending our country against a side-blow of this sort; but, the task having been undertaken, we will, life and health permitting, take care so to perform it, that all the readers of this Magazine shall be thoroughly prepared to understand and to appreciate the precious work of Bourienne, for which we anticipate and fearlessly challenge the hostile criticism of the most unscrupulous anti-Britisher from Gotham to the Gulf of Mexico. A new Life of Napoleon! New! Yea! But the new only in that very unenviable fashion mentioned in we know not whose criticism on much such another performance. "Whatever in it is true is not new, and whatever in it is new—is not true." A new Life of Napoleon! What! O'Meara, Bourienne, Segur, Scott, Hazlitt, the Duchess D'Abrantes; articles of every degree of goodness and of badness, from the merciless truth of Gifford and Croker, and Walter Scott, in the Quarterly, and of Professor Wilson, Lockhart, Maginn, and George Croly in Blackwood, to the fluent, but too frequently unjust as well as ungentelemanly, diatribes of Dr. Stoddart, (the renowned Dr. Slop of Hone and Cobbett) in the New Times, these and a quarter of a million or so of *Memoirs pour servir*, have by no means sufficiently shown the world what manner of man was that who so long since

"Left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral and adorn a tale."

Nay, even the clever and the by no means too scrupulous M. Thiers, in spite of his access to all the Consular and to all the imperial documents, has failed to do justice to the shamefully persecuted Napoleon, on the one hand, and to cruel and perfidious Albion on the other! And so, after due flourish of drums

and trumpets, enter Mr. Abbott with a new, quite new, nay, as the sons of Levi in Holywell Street or Houndsditch, when recommending revised coats and newly-edited unmentionables, with a *petter ash new* Life of Napoleon, published in that strikingly original and peculiarly American work known as Harper's Magazine, though chiefly supported by those very small English writers, Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, and Charles Lever, and certain French authors often made useful, but never by any chance mentioned, far less thanked! To what end, even the least suspicious of readers must surely ask, to what end, this new Life of Napoleon Bonaparte? We reply, that we firmly believe that the chief, if not the sole end of this undertaking (of course setting aside certain interchanges of MSS. for dollars) is the damaging the character of Britain and the British by an exaggerated eulogy of the splendid, but none the less faithless, selfish, and cruel, tyrant whom she smote down because no choice was left her but either to do so or to allow him to wreak upon her sons his ten thousand times avouched spite, and, having done so, to subjugate all connected with her, from the Tagus to the Don, and from the Thames to the Indus and the Ganges. We firmly believe that this and a desire to pay court to the present usurper of France, form, with the more commercial consideration to which we have already alluded in the way of exception; we firmly believe these to be the real motives of the publication of a series of papers which, in any other view, must be utterly useless; a long and quite evidently laboured series of papers upon a subject with which we venture to say that there are not many British school boys who are not better acquainted than Mr. Abbott is, or, at the least, than he has chosen to show himself. Admitting these ends and aims, the papers in question have an interest and a value—of a sort. Setting aside these ends and aims, a more entirely purposeless and useless set of papers, we, in the course of some five-and-thirty years connection with the press, have never by any chance been so unlucky as to meet with. Firmly believing, as we have already said, that this elaborately exaggerated eulogy of Napoleon the First is intended to flatter Napoleon the Second, and to lower the character of Britain and the British in the estimation of

those who, notwithstanding extreme and unjust national prejudice, are yet too fastidious and too honorable to adopt the more obvious falsehoods, or to repeat the coarse abuse which on both sides of the Atlantic, has so long been a mere drug in the literary market, we are no less firmly determined that the bane shall not long be unaccompanied by the effectual antidote. Proudly we say it, *we* are not to be either terrified or deluded into a base recognition of such a man as Napoleon the Second, nor an equally base submission to the anti-British diatribes of his partizans, whether in the old world which we have quitted, or in the new one, in which, British as ever, alike in mind and in heart, we have sought a home for our remaining life, and a grave for our remains when it shall please God to bid aching heart and wearied head at length to be at rest. "Shall we, who struck the lion down, shall we pay the wolf homage, proffering him lowly gaze?" Not so, while we command the good old tongue of Shakspeare and of Milton; not so, while but one drop of British blood still remains warm within our veins.

Let us not be mistaken; let it not for a single moment be imagined that we shall enter the literary lists as the headlong, headstrong, through thick and through thin apologist either of Britain or of Britain's various ministries, Whig, Tory, or Mongrel; far less let it be for a moment feared that we shall disgrace alike our country and ourselves by a denial, or a less than frank and full acknowledgement of the greatness of the first Napoleon, so far as he really was great. For close upon six-and-thirty years, that is to say, from our fifteenth birth-day, we have contributed, and very industriously, too, to our land's political literature; and all who know us can attest that, in the earlier years of our career, when the times were such as to render honest speech by no means too safe an experiment, we boldly, plainly, always at our own proper peril, and not unfrequently to our own great loss and hindrance, denounced whatever was wickedly done, and ridiculed what was blunderingly done, by those who, administering in the British name, did not always administer as the sensible, the just, the clear of head, and the true of heart, among the British people, would fain have had them administer. we would no more flatter Britain or the Bri-

tish than we would tamely coincide in unjust censure of them. All that we ask, all that we are prepared to contend for, is strict justice; we ask no more and we will be content with no less, and it is in the strict spirit of justice that we undertake to review Mr. Abbott's at once unnecessary and unjust series of papers.

All who have read (and who has not read?) Sir Walter Scott's admirable *Life of Napoleon*, must, we think, concede that of all authors Scott was the most entirely adapted to doing full justice to his subject. In his own nature there was very much of that chivalry of which he so much loved to write. The bold, the high-hearted, the grandly picturesque, appealed strongly to his vivid imagination; at the same time that a rare sagacity and keen sense of right and wrong rendered it impossible for his imagination to overpower his better judgment. His great industry and his access to the most important evidence, both oral and documentary, enabled him to give the details of Napoleon's life, both public and private, with an admirable completeness, while his great powers as a writer enabled him to throw a singular charm around even the driest and most homely details; and if ever work combined the authenticity of grave history with the fascinations of romance, Scott's *Life of Napoleon* did so. Moreover, though anti-Gallican, and a staunch one, he disclaimed to gloss over the real and great faults,—not to say crimes—of the Emperor, he equally disclaimed to deny justice to his great and good qualities, and, as we shall by and by have occasion not merely to assert but to prove, the discriminating praise bestowed by Scott where he honestly could bestow it, far exceeds in solid value the empty verbiage and fulsome eulogy of those who praise Napoleon, not because they truly admire him, but because they hate that Britain which struck him from his pride of place, and relieved the world from his outrageous tyranny. Even had not so many other authors, including Thiers, thrown a broad and bright light over the public and private life of Napoleon, we maintain that Sir Walter Scott's fair, impartial, and admirably full narrative, render such a series of papers as those of Mr. Abbott, absolutely useless for any other purpose than that of forming a medium for bitterly meant but most clumsily-made side-hits at the British government and the British people.

Mr. Abbott's very first page shows how mere and meagre a compilation he proposes to inflict upon us, and it shows us, too, that even as a compiler, even as a mere stringer of other men's pearls, he is far enough from being a master of his craft. He does not condescend to favor us with a single line explanatory of his motive for inflicting upon us a mere repetition of what other authors have already given us in better style and in something like orderly arrangement. His opening page consists of four paragraphs. The first paragraph gives us the very novel and important information that Corsica, "with its wild ravines and rugged mountains, emerges from the bosom of the Mediterranean, was formerly a province of Italy, and was in 1767 annexed to the *empire* of the Bourbons." We have some slight notion of having been aware of all this a long life-time before Mr. Abbott's genius began to enlighten our dark world—with the single exception of that same *empire* of the Bourbons, of which we confess we never heard. The second paragraph tells us that when Corsica was invaded by the French, Charles Buonaparte, a young lawyer, lived in Corsica, possessed commanding beauty of person, and great vigor of mind, and being successful in his profession, was able to provide a competence for a large family; and the third describes the position of the Buonaparte family in Corsica, and the birth of the young Napoleon. In the very next paragraph our luminous author goes on to tell us what the young Napoleon did—when? In his infancy? Oh no, but when he had become Emperor of France! Should Mr. Abbott feel distressed for a name for his peculiar fashion of arranging the materials he so boldly borrows, we would suggest that of the *higgledy-piggledy*. But *surgit amari aliquid*, the author is not, you may rely upon it, a mere compiler—or, at least, he is not so in his own estimation. In the second page of his first contribution to Harper, the original Mr. Abbott favors us with a touch of his quality in the way of eloquence. Madame Buonaparte, he tells us, after the death of her husband, resided with her children in their country house, which, we confess, seems to us to have been by no means so surprising a circumstance as to require the genius of an Abbott to record it; but our author has better things in store for us, and

proceeds to say "a smooth sunny lawn which extended in front of the house, lured these children, so unconscious of the high destiny which awaited them, to their infantile sports. *They chased the butterfly; they played in the little pools of water with their naked feet; in childish gambols, they rode upon the back of the faithful dog,* as happy as if their brows were never to ache beneath the burden of a crown."

Can the powers of bombast married to bathos go beyond this? How strange that children, being marvellously like young ducks in their fancy for little streams, *anglicol* puddles, should "bathe their little naked feet!" Having, in truth, nothing either very new or very important to say in the way of fact, our eloquent author feels himself bound to say something in the way of commentary, and surely, oh surely, a very pretty say he makes of it. All that can possibly be known about Napoleon's not too-toward boyhood, we already knew from a score or so of other sources—but Mr. Abbott undertook to write a new life of Napoleon, and bathos and bombast must do their work upon the really insignificant actions of the boy, to prepare the way for grandiloquent complaints that the man, the usurper, the slayer of the Duc d'Enghien, the butcher of the Mamelukes, the ungentlemanly *roturier* in the imperial audience chamber, the ruthless conqueror on the battlefield, was not allowed by that perfidious Albion to do as he pleased with what was *not* his own! Page after page we have of this terribly *young* writing, of this piling up of word on word, and phrase on phrase, with either no meaning at all, or meaning at which the most indulgent of logicians must smile, half in pity, half in contempt. But let us be thankful; all honor to Mr. Abbott, we at length have a new life of Napoleon Buonaparte! Let us then be duly thankful—and read on.

True to his systematic want of system, our sleep-provoking narrator of a twice one hundred times told tale passes, hop-skip-and-jump fashion, from Napoleon, with brothers and sisters and the great yard dog enjoying themselves, duck fashion in the laving of little naked feet in little streams more or less muddy, and treats us to an oratorical burst, inimitable save in pages Abbottish—and about what? Napoleon's union with Josephine! We have not

yet had a single word about that very original matter, young Napoleon's snow feat; but let us be consoled, if we have not that yet, we shall have it by and by. It is so much in the Abbottish style to give us a touch of bathos about the man before, and not after, we have heard all that we have to hear about the boy! Originality before all things; if we cannot do without Bourienne's, and Scott's, and a score or two of other people's facts, at the very least we may bid defiance to their logical sequence of narrative—so here goes for a touch of the sublime which our author might, if he pleased, have learned from his immaculate hero to be but "a step from the ridiculous."

"How mysterious the designs of that inscrutable providence which, in the island of Corsica, under the sunny skies of the Mediterranean, was thus"—(yard dog and puddles, of course, included in that same *thus*!)"—*"rearing a Napoleon; and, far away, beneath the burning sun of the tropics, under the shade of the cocoa groves and orange trees of the West Indies, was moulding the person and ennobling the affections of the beautiful and lovely Josephine."*

Let us pause, let us admire! Just look at that, "moulding the person" and that, "ennobling the affections" of the lovely *and* beautiful Josephine! We believe it was sturdy old William Cobbett, who so often told plain British truths to sallow and envious Yankeeedom; we believe it was sturdy old William Cobbett who, speaking of caligraphy, said—Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. Doctors may differ as to whether it really is worth while to write nonsensical euphemisms at all; but certainly our author writes them admirably; never since the decease of late lamented Rosa Matilda of the London Morning Post, has superfluous phraseology so admirably said—nothing that mortal man can find meaning in! *Lovely and beautiful; moulding the person; ennobling the affections!* Ah! this grand historian will surely be the death of us!

But we have not yet done with the moulded person and ennobled affections of the lovely *and* beautiful (what *would* our dear friends in New York do without the conjunction copulative)—Josephine.

"It was by a guidance which neither of these children sought that they were con-

ducted from their widely separated and obscure homes to the metropolis of France."

Let us be duly thankful for that information, any how! It is so very new, very, for people born in distant parts of the world to meet in the same city, and to marry; such a marvel and mystery can only astonish us in the case of a Napoleon and a Josephine. Thomas Smith and Betty Brown never yet met and married unless born next door to each other! Was printed page, even the page Harperian ever so wasted until the Abbott—worse luck for us all!—felt it his duty to give us this novelty of novelties, his new, his *petter ash new* Life of Napoleon! In truth, in sad, in very sad truth, but that we have discerned his purpose, and choose to defeat it, we neither could nor would bestow one line more upon such mere and miserable book-making. But we have a high and a stern duty to do, and we shall do it. We must show that if the author has but an indifferent literary taste; that if, knowing how to construct a tolerable sentence as to words, he yet has neither logical precision nor logical sequence at his command, still less has he that high and clear political morality without which a writer is pitifully unfit to discuss the life of such a man as Napoleon, or the conduct towards him of that Britain at which this poorest of all poor performances is so evidently meant to aim a heavy blow, "a heavy blow," indeed, and "great discouragement." Just fancy a Republican, a man who evidently detests the limited monarchy of Great Britain, just fancy such a man speaking as follows of the usurper and blood-stained, of that Napoleon who rarely either wrote or spoke but to bully or to deceive. Thus speaks the erudite and original Abbott:—

"There" (the Metropolis of France) "by their united energies, which had been fostered in *solitary studies* and *deepest musings*, they won for themselves the *proudest throne upon which the sun has ever risen*; a throne which in power and splendor eclipsed all that had been told of Roman or Persian, or Egyptian greatness."

Let us take breath; such a burst as that is not to be equalled, out of Abbott's own page. The *solitary studies* and *deepest musings* of Josephine! There are some jokes which are not to be laughed at;—and this is one of

them! The dressy, giddy, flighty Creole Josephine, musing deeply and addicting herself to solitary studies! Her partner at the past ball or her dress for the next coming ball, might perhaps cause her "deep" and, (her shameful extravagance being considered,) we should think no very pleasant, "musings"—Such were her "solitary studies," oh Abbott of wordy Gotham—and you know it! But the wretchedly childish talk about Napoleon and his very much overpraised first wife is a merely venial offence, in our estimation, when compared with the servile adulation of their blood cemented throne. What this writer's fellow republicans may think of his worse than slavish enthusiasm in favour of the splendor or a throne to which the usurper waded through literally a sea of blood we know not, but we will beg to remind him that if in power and in true splendor, "Roman, Persian, and Egyptian, (the oldest power last mentioned, of course, for it is the consecrated Abbottish fashion to scorn such paltry matters as logical clearness and chronological accuracy!) had no throne that could compare with that which Napoleon usurped, there was a throne which had power enough to send him, helpless as the humblest criminal, to brood in exile and restraint over the crimes and the follies by which his usurped throne had been only too long disgraced. We leave "Roman, and Persian, and Egyptian" to answer for themselves; we must assure the erudite and Britain-hating writers and readers of Gotham, that the British throne, at all events, shone with a splendor and wielded a power to which even the lauded Napoleon, so beloved by consistent and liberty-loving Republicans, aided by the nations that robber-like he invaded and tyrant-like trampled, vainly attempted resistance. How Napoleon obtained his throne, we shall have occasion briefly to discuss, at proper time and in proper place; we merely point out here that Mr. Abbott, the Republican, has great reverence and much laud for that throne. At the very commencement of his anti-British labours, and even before he has written down a tithe of his borrowed pages upon the juvenile years of his hero, he is thus eloquent in praise of that hero's wrongfully acquired and bloodstained throne. Judge then of his eagerness to heap fulsome praise upon that throne, and, by inference,

censure upon the grand, the truthful, the righteous power that struck down that Imperial throne, and sent its tyrannical occupant to meditate on, but, infidel and ruthless, prayerless and conscienceless, as he was, *not* to repent of his manifold crimes alike against God's laws, and man's rights, interests, liberty, and happiness.

Unskilful Biographers nearly always blunder in their description of the childhood of their hero; they cut the man up into small pieces, and fancy that they are showing us the child. The truth is that the childhood of the most sanguinary hero is pretty much the same in its details as that of the smallest possible historian. We all munch cakes and fruit, (when procurable) and tantalize our elders in pretty much the same fashion. Juvenile stargazing and precocious melancholy exist in Napoleonic histories, Byronic Biographies, and fiftieth rate novels—but no where else. The mistake thus commonly made is, however, one into which mere compilers, troubling themselves but little about philosophy very naturally fall; and we need not wonder that Mr. Abbott falls into headlong, seeing that of philosophy he is perfectly innocent. With a strange inconsistency he tells us that "there were no tendencies to cruelty in his nature, and no malignant passion could long hold him in subjection," and then, in genuine Abbotian style illustrates and enforces that statement by adding that the boy's favourite play thing was a cannon weighing thirty pounds, and that "in imaginary battles he saw whole squadrons mown down by the discharge of his formidable piece of artillery;" and again "he delighted in fancy to sweep away the embattled host with his discharges of grape shot, to see the routed foe flying over the plain, and to witness the dying and the dead covering the ground." We have never been accused of cruelty, but should such an accusation be brought against us we implore Mr. Abbott not to defend us. Such defence as a his would convict any man; yea, even though his mature years were passed as peacefully as Napoleon's were passed murderously. The truth is that only too many circumstances go to show that Napoleon *was* cruel by nature, and that malignant passion could, and did hold him in subjection, in a subjection extreme, even for an Italian, a Corsican, familiar

from his very babyhood with the traditional and blood-thirsty *Vendetta*. Had Mr. Abbott told us only about the imaginary butcheries, or only about the absence of cruel and malignant passion we might have been able to believe his statement; but he must excuse us for declining even on his high authority to say that white is black, and black white. Of two opposite statements we may believe one—but we find it impossible, such is our British stolidity, to believe *them* both. The story of the cannon and the imaginary and murderous discharges of grape shot we believe to be quite true; and we think that the murderous play of the boy only foreshadowed the murderous realities of the man. We presume that it is by way of strengthening our belief in the freedom of the boy Napoleon from the cruelty and callousness to human suffering which so terribly characterized the man Napoleon, our author relates an anecdote to which, presently, we shall have occasion to allude. Let us, in the mean time observe that Mr. Abbott occupies much time in relating trivial anecdotes of Napoleon's infancy while in Corsica. In the first place those anecdotes are familiar to every school boy even where true—in the next place most of them are of doubtful authenticity at best, and are utterly out of place in this new life of Napoleon even if they *were* true. The world, if it wanted a new life of Napoleon at all, would look for something both new and true about the man; old, and, at best, doubtful, trivialities about the boy previous to his tenth year, when he left his dame's school in Corsica for the military school of Brienne, are, we must tell even the profound sages of the New York press, somewhat out of date in this year of grace 1858.

From Corsica, Napoleon, on the recommendation of the Count Marseuf was sent to the military school at Brienne; even the best authors have said fully enough, if not with a trifle to spare, about Napoleon's career at this school; of course Mr. Abbott, *not* being one of the best authors, gives us not only the *decies repetita* of all his Napoleonic predecessors, but some of his own superfluous writing into the bargain. A boy leaving his mother for the first time, with the prospect of hard fare, hard study, and some hard fighting, usually does, we believe, anticipate black Mon-

days with very considerable disgust. We have had the trial, and we remember that when we found ourselves suddenly thrown among the seven hundred and fifty young pickles of our first, and last, school, we thought the arrangement which threw us there a decidedly objectionable one. But we did nothing more sublime than sharing our cake with a "fellow" to whom we took a liking at first sight (he is now a Lieutenant Colonel in India,) and exchanging black eyes with another whom we did not like. But no one has thought fit to chronicle our sublime feelings. Thank Heaven, no one is ever likely to do so; for, as we said at the outset of this article, we have a hard and hearty hatred for everything in the shape of humbug. Our erudite, though somewhat stilted and wearisome friend Abbott very evidently does not agree with us; Napoleon even at ten years old, and with an anticipative horror of long tasks and short commons could be nothing less than sublime!—Just hear this eloquent and *new, petter ash new*, Historian.

"Forty years afterwards Napoleon remarked that he never could forget the pangs which he then felt when parting from his mother.—*Stoic as he was*,"—a stoic of ten years old!—"his stoicism forsook him, and he wept—like any other child!"

Come, come, at length we get at something true, if at nothing remarkably new; Napoleon at ten years old was, just like any other child!—An actual child, born of woman! We fancied that it must have been so, but we trust that we are not ungrateful to Mr. Abbott, for thus confirming us in our own opinion. But let us proceed with our author's sublime account of the sublime child of ten years old.

"The ardent and studious boy was soon established in school. His companions regarded him as a foreigner, as he spoke the Italian language, and the French was to him almost an unknown tongue. He found that his associates were composed mostly of the sons of the proud and wealthy nobility of France.—Their pockets were filled with money, and they indulged in the most extravagant expenditure. The haughtiness with which these worthless sons of imperious but debauched and enervated sires affected to look down upon the solitary and unfriended alien produced

an impression upon his mind *which never was effaced*."

Ah! Yet malignant passions could obtain no permanent power over his mind! Yea! and our candid author, who would make a demigod of a surly malignant boy of ten years old, goes on to say that Napoleon, "in an hour of bitterness," when probably some oldster had boxed his ears for his petulance not unmingled with malignity, said: "I hate those French, and I will do them all the mischief in my power!"

Mr. Abbott seems to overlook one rare merit of his hero; the malignant promise above recorded he most signally fulfilled; witness two millions and a half, at least, of lives sacrificed to his selfish and insolent ambition; witness the solitary lanthorn lighting up the tyrant's myrmidons in the castle ditch of Vincennes, and witness too, the blood-stained snows of Russia!

"In consequence of this state of feeling," continues our author, "he secluded himself almost entirely from his fellow-students, and buried himself in the midst of his maps and his books."

For left-handed praise commend us to our new biographer of Napoleon. Of *what* state of feeling was seclusion from his fellow-students the consequence? Obviously if, which we sometimes doubt, Mr. Abbott means anything by his fine phrases, obviously, of his malignant hate to "the French," because they were better provided than he with pocket money, spent it cheerfully, and thought him both "morose and moody," as Mr. Abbott himself confesses.

It is strange enough that while our new biographer heaps declamatory laudation upon his boy hero, he rarely borrows from better authors a single anecdote which does not tell, and tell strongly, too, against that hero. Every one has read of young Napoleon's snow fortification at Brienne. Being rather worse provided with fact than with "words, words, words, see you," Mr. Abbott gives us this *very* novel anecdote at full length. Our readers, of course, remember that malignity, according to Mr. Abbott, and cruelty, formed no part of Napoleon's natural temper. Our logical biographer thus supports his statement. "The winter of 1784 was one of unusual severity. Large quantities of snow fell, which so com-

pletely blocked up the walks that the students of Brienne could find but little amusement without doors. Napoleon proposed that, to beguile the weary hours, they should erect an extensive fortification of snow, with entrenchments, and bastions, parapets, ravelines, and horn works. He had studied the science of fortification with the utmost diligence, and under his superintendence the works were conceived and executed according to the strictest rules of art. The power of his mind now displayed itself; no one thought of questioning the authority of Napoleon. He planned and directed, while a hundred busy hands, with unquestioning alacrity, obeyed his will. The works rapidly rose, and in such perfection of science as to attract crowds of the inhabitants of Brienne for their inspection. Napoleon divided the school into two armies, one being entrusted with the defence of the works, while the other composed the host of the besiegers. He took upon himself the command of both bodies, now heading the besiegers in the desperate assault, and now animating the besieged to an equally vigorous defence. For several weeks this mimic warfare continued, during which time many severe wounds were received on both sides. In the heat of the battle, when the bullets of snow were flying thick and fast, one of the subordinate officers venturing to disobey the commands of his general, *Napoleon felled him to the earth, inflicting a wound which left a scar for life.*"

And it is of this savage Corsican boy that Mr. Abbott, almost in the very page in which he retails without acknowledgement to any one, this twenty times told tale, would have us believe that cruelty and malignity were not a part of his nature. Mr. Abbott makes, as we have remarked, no acknowledgment to any one for the twenty times told tales with which he so thickly studs his unnecessary life of Napoleon. We greatly prefer, however, even the old anecdotes that he borrows to the very new light in which he would have us see them. He protests that his hero was not cruel; and he shows him to have been from his earliest childhood, cruel both actively and passively, malignant both in thought and in act.

All this would, no doubt, be of small consequence to any one but Mr. Abbott, only that he very obviously intends to carry the same

systematic misreasoning into his history of the maturer years of his hero. Now this we must once and for all tell him that we will by no means permit him to do, without frank and open opposition. Whether Napoleon was a surly, morose boy, always moody and unsocial, and sometimes malignant in thought and cruel in act, we should not have spent so much time in discussing, but that Mr. Abbott's strange misreasoning and bold assumption on this point convince us that his purpose is similarly to eulogise and apologise for the man Napoleon. This, we repeat, we cannot and will not permit. If Napoleon, general, consul, emperor, was a good man as well as what we all confess him to have been, a great genius, though a vastly overrated one, then Britain was the worst of persecutors—as it seems to us that Mr. Abbott wishes inferentially, at least, to show. There are, no doubt, only too many Americans who would cheer Mr. Abbott to the echo for blackening the British character, and perhaps Mr. Abbott is not without full knowledge that his historical achievements will be very palatable to the French and their self-constituted ruler of the present day. But we do not feel inclined to pay much respect to the national prejudices of either Americans or Frenchmen. Admitting Napoleon to have been a man of great genius, we think, on the one hand, that that genius was greatly overrated, and that, on the other hand, from first to last, it was always selfishly, and often vilely exerted. To facts we, equally with any writer, French or American, have access. Will those facts be again and again repeated as hitherto Mr. Abbott has repeated them? We shall merely hint, firstly, that we could do without his repetition, and secondly, that proper acknowledgment of his obligations to his authorities would not by any means degrade or dishonor even so eminent a person as a New York author. On the other hand, will the facts be accompanied, as heretofore, by unquestionably new, but as unquestionably unsound, comments? In that case we will without ruth and without stint, oppose, expose, and denounce, those comments, to the laughter of all sound reasoners, and to the sterner censure of all just men. Thus far, merely dealing with Mr. Abbott's rather absurd than actually mischievous history of Napoleon's boyhood, we have not felt either

obliged to, or warranted in, anything like very serious comment. But when we proceed, as we shall in our next paper, to glance at the life of the man Napoleon, the case will be very different. It will no longer be writer commenting upon writer; we shall have the higher and more sacred task of showing that though we do not for an instant deny Napoleon's great talents—his genius, if folks prefer that word—we do affirm that he could be, and too often was, so dishonorable, so guilty of falsehood, dishonesty, and cruelty, in the very fullest and worst sense of those words, and that he, consequently, was so great a scourge to the world (and that too from merely selfish motives), that if after Waterloo he had been sent to the scaffold, or to the castle ditch of Vincennes, instead of to St. Helena, the sovereigns of Europe, and more especially the sovereign of England, would have been fully justified even in that extreme severity, which we may add that it is quite possible that that severity, by deterring another Napoleon from tampering with the liberties of his country, might have proved the means of saving that country from ineffable present disgrace, and Europe—perhaps America also—from the frightful and sinful waste of blood and treasure which the whim, the fancied interest, or the hereditary bad faith of one man may at any one moment cause to commence.

We are not of the time serving nor of the courtly; we speak strongly because we feel warmly; and we plainly repeat what we have already said, that we believe this exceedingly ill-executed compilation would never have been attempted but with a view to such eulogy of Napoleon the First as would at once gratify Napoleon the Second, and throw discredit upon England, as having unjustly persecuted the former; and we also repeat that we will not permit this to be done without offering all the opposition which a writer can offer without forfeiture of self-respect, or neglect of just so much respect as a hostile writer has a right to expect. We shall, throughout, justify every comment of our own by appeal not only to high and decisive authorities, but also to Mr. Abbott's own wholesale borrowing therefrom, and we shall fairly appeal to our readers to decide between our commentaries and those of Mr. Abbott.

We repeat that, while only the small scribes of the literary Lower Empire of New York

borrowed from our writings, yet libelled our national character, we did not care to interfere. But when more respectable writers indirectly censure our country by equally absurd and exaggerated eulogy of a gifted man, indeed, but so bad and so baneful a man, that our country was *compelled* to hurl him from his bad eminence, we are ready to enter the lists, and to keep them, too, against all comers;

"And God show the right!"

Even apart from the fact that exaggerated eulogy of Napoleon the First is, at the least, indirectly, a bill of indictment against those who smote him down, there are other reasons for censuring and, if possible, checking, such eulogy. It is contrary to sound morality, it is contrary to the best interests of the world, and it is just at present more especially and more mischievously ill-timed, as being only too well calculated to give increased confidence and influence to an audacious usurper, who, Heaven knows, is quite well enough inclined to imitate all the worst actions, civil or warlike, of the world's highly-gifted, but detestably selfish, scourge, Napoleon I. Such encouragement no right-minded man should either give, or allow to be given—so far as he has the power to neutralize it by a stern appeal *to the facts of history*. Of slavish eulogy and senseless rhodomontade, conquerors and tyrants can always get only too much. The time has come when usurpation must be called by its true name, and when we must so write the history of dead tyrants, who murdered men and broke the hearts of women and children in the prosecution of their own selfish and dishonest schemes, that living tyrants may know that their posterity will not pronounce their final judgment in the honeyed phrase of supple courtiers, or of venal or ignorant scribes, but in the scathing and pitiless language of TRUTH, that truth which our good old adage tells us will shame the Devil, and which, therefore, we may reasonably hope, will do something towards shaming his darling and zealous sons and servitors here on earth.

Yes! It is high time that our mere and aggressive conquerors and tyrants should be held up to the mingled fear and detestation of that world of which they have during so many ages been a chief curse and a chief calamity.

N O W .

"Arise! for the day is passing,
While you lie dreaming on;
Your brothers are cased in armor,
And forth to the fight are gone;
Your place in the ranks awaits you;
Each man has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from your dreams of the future—
Of gaining a hard fought field;
Of storming the airy fortress;
Of bidding the giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor (God grant it may!)
But your arms will never be stronger,
Or needed as now—to-day.

Arise! If the past detain you,
Her sunshines and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away.
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Arise! for the hour is passing;
The sound that you dimly hear,
Is your enemy marching to battle,
Rise! rise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to brighten your weapons
Or the hour will strike at last;
And from dreams of a coming battle,
You will waken and find it past."

THE PAGOTA.—A VENETIAN STORY.*

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

CHAPTER III.

THE evening preceding the excursion to Saint Felix, the doge dined, *en famille*, from a dish of soup and a plate of turnips and boiled sparrows. Whilst he was engaged in the task of introducing these into his system, the dogaressa with her bread shoulders, regarded him with frowning looks, he all the while bending his nose over his plate, and not daring even to speak a single word, for fear of thereby provoking an explosion. The young signoria, a large but handsome girl, with arms of ivory and hair of ebony, was eating her dinner in silence on the other side of the table.

After the silence had continued for a rather lengthened period, 'May I presume to ask you,' said the dogaressa to her husband, 'what is it you are dreaming about? Is it, as usual, of a game of chess at the *Caff Florain*?'"

'I should have thought you would have been well pleased with my going to the *Caff Florain*, since my meeting the engineer there procured you an invitation to the fête at St. Felix.

'So far,' replied the dogaressa, 'the *Caff Florain*, the meeting with the engineer, and the

invitation to St. Felix, have only been causes of expense. And besides, what do you think I care myself for any pleasure parties? It is only our daughter that I ever think of; and I would ask you, are you a father, or are you made of marble?'

'If human blood would sell,' responded her husband, 'I would spill mine, and give the proceeds to our daughter. But what can I do? How can I get any money? Who shall I ask for it, and what shall I say to them?'

'What have I to do with such matters at all? asked the dogaressa; 'you cannot have mentioned them for any other purpose than that of embarrassing me. All I know is, that you must give a ball before the spring is over, and two or three musical parties, in order that people may hear our daughter's voice. Moreover, the whole fashionable world is about to repair to the waters of Recoaro, and it is necessary that we should pass at least a month there, and also, *en attendant* the season of the water, that we should go in the evenings in an open gondola to the *Fresco*, and further to the fête of the *Redemptore*. This is the least that a father could think of doing for his daughter. So, of course, I shall expect you to do this for us.'

'But where on earth,' exclaimed the astonished doge—'but where on earth do you suppose that I can find the money necessary to defray so many expenses? A ball, two or three musical parties, a voyage to Recoaro, and trips to the *Fresco*, how do you think that I can pay for them?'

'I am going to tell you,' was his wife's response. 'Since your immortal ancestors—may God bless them!—have dissipated their property, and left none of it for you, in order to sustain the lustre of their name, you must agree to let the second story of your palace, and place a notice on your door asking for a lodger. We have a little furniture that we do not use, and half of what is in this room we could do without. Let us, then, rent half our house and half our furniture to the French engineer.'

Upon hearing this, for once the patrician blushed. 'But every one in Venice,' he replied, after a few moments, 'would hear of the affair, and would know that we had let for hire the chambers in which the ancestors of Catherine Comaro were wont to sleep, and that a stranger lay in the bed in which died the great admirals of the Adriatic!'

'Well, and what of all that?' was his wife's answer. 'Do you imagine that there is a Venetian who is not aware of our debts and our poverty, and the poor fare we live upon? Let out for hire, and even sell, if it be necessary, but procure something to eat and drink, and robes for your daughter to wear! Have I brought a daughter like that into the world, in order to let her iron her own linen? Be a father first, and then the descendant of the great admirals of the Adriatic after, when you can!'

'To get into debt,' replied the doge, 'to live by means of artful expedients, or even by villanous subterfuges, is nothing if honor be safe, and one has no need to blush before one's peers. Still, you shall have your will. I will sleep in a domestic chamber and let mine, and you shall go to Recoaro.'

* Continued from page 593, vol. III.

This determination left the patrician no more apprehensive, and he therefore rose from the table, and went out. The dogressa had been informed that the French Engineer was in search of extensive lodgings, which would be large enough to enable him to establish his offices under the same roof as his private apartments, and the next day, during the banquet at the salt works of St. Felix, she contrived to offer him the second story of her palace, and with so much insistence, that the young man could not possibly refuse engaging it. The imprudent gallant, at the dogressa's particular entreaty, consented to lease the lodgings for a year, and to pay for them the enormous price of 150 francs per month. On the first day of his arrival at the palace, the dogressa brought to him a minute of the lease, prepared by herself. It contained, amongst others, the two following clauses:—

Item—The signora being obliged by her high position to receive much company, and to give musical and dancing parties, which the engineer will be pleased to attend whenever he can, as a neighbor and a friend, it is agreed that on all ball and party days, the principal apartments of the engineer shall be opened to the guests invited by the signora.

Item—In consideration of the age and quality of the young signorina, the engineer engages to place his gondola and his gondoliers at her service whenever she shall express her desire to go to the Fresco.

Not long after the engineer had signed the lease containing these two clauses, he received a pathetic note from the dogressa, in which she supplicated the *pregiatissimo signor* to pay in advance the first month's rent, and the engineer, like a good young man, complied with the request. On the next Monday they took the principal apartments for the purpose of a dancing party, to which he was invited; but as he did not care to go, he slept upon a bench in the Café Florain, whilst the guests of the dogressa danced in his own chamber. He took a pleasure at first in conducting the ladies to the Fresco, but he was mostly accustomed on such occasions to dine with the commanding officer, and when this was the case, the dogressa and her daughter did not wait for him, but returned without him, leaving him no gondola in which to be taken home; and this he did not find to be over convenient. Still, however, he put up with it, and with a thousand other similar things, for the more patience he exhibited, the more they attempted to get out of him. As for the doge, the only benefit which accrued to him out of the matter was the famous new hat which had so scandalized Colette. It was but a small share of the rent paid by the engineer that he could manage to get hold of—absolutely no share in reality. It was all in vain that he represented to her that a poor gondolier had carried them to and fro for a whole month on credit—not a farthing of money would she give upon any plea. It is true, however, that if it had been otherwise Marco would have been none the richer, for the magnificent signor would have assuredly turned the sum he received into another channel, in order to meet demands of a more pressing character. It was in this conjuncture that he con-

tracted his loan from the French engineer. We have seen how our friend Marco had contributed to the success of the negotiation; but the sum that it consisted of, instead, as the gondolier imagined, of ten millions *svanzicks*, was only a hundred francs. From the patrician's point of view, the wages of the nicolitto did not constitute a debt which compromised dishonour, whilst the humble condition of his creditor rendered him little dangerous, and the doge would never have dreamed of paying a debt, even supposing that his pockets were full of money, before he had exhausted his whole stock of excuses, which, in the case of Marco, he had not anything near done. He knew that he could expend his money with far more advantage to himself in making good some losses at the card-table, giving gratuities to a number of domestics and presents to various noble ladies of his acquaintance; and, above all, in opening new credits by paying some little upon account of old ones; and accordingly this was what he did with it. As soon as he had touched the hundred francs, his radiant and triumphant countenance awoke suspicions in the mind of the dogressa, but the season for the waters was commencing, and the signora, and the signorina set out for Recoaro on the morrow of the ball for which the nicolitto had observed some of the preparations.

CHAPTER IV.

As for Marco, he returned to his old occupation in consequence of the remonstrances of his young brother, he placed under the protection of the contrabandists himself, his fortune, his love and his marriage, which last the faithlessness of the magnificent signor had so long delayed. He repaired one evening to a *vendizia-de-vino*, which he knew to be frequented by contrabandists, and placed himself in an upright posture against a wall, with his finger on his lips, like a statue of Harpocrates, to watch the proceedings of the drinkers of black wine who were gathered within. From the far end of the tap-room, a middle-aged man, with a red beard, who was in close conference with two old nicolitti, kept his eyes fixed upon him for some time. At last, Marco could hear him say to his companions, 'You are past the age; but here is a young fellow who will not hesitate, I am sure, and who will be just the man.'

'What is it you are alluding to?' asked Marco upon this, addressing himself to the red-bearded man who had made the remark, and who was evidently a master contrabandist.

'The task we want to set you,' was his answer, 'is that of going to Fusina.'

'Well,' responded Marco, 'I accept; and to-morrow will risk the adventure. But what is your merchandise composed of, let me ask?'

'A case of cutlery,' replied the contrabandist, 'a bale of English stuffs, and fifty pounds of Levant tobacco. The value of the whole is about four hundred and fifty *svanzicks*, and your wages shall be ten of them.'

As evidence that he agreed to the proposal, and in place of signature, seal and stamp, the gondolier made a sign of the cross, and then the bargain was concluded. Venice being a free

port, the merchandise of all countries can enter without paying duty, and consequently, those who can manage to elude the vigilance of the Austrian officers of customs and police, can make a great profit by smuggling them thence into various portions of the neighbouring territory. But to escape these human bull-dogs is no easy task, and ten swanicks was not too much by any means to repay the risk run by our friend Marco in attempting the perilous enterprise.

On the morrow, just at noonday, his gondola traversed the canal of the Giudecca, which is a veritable arm of the sea, and directed itself obliquely toward the opposite coast. The officers of customs who were promenading the shore turned their eyes towards it but only supposed that it was taking a stranger to the Church of the redeemer, or conducting one of the numerous English visitors, who are so fond of going thither, to the middle of the celebrated canal Orfano, famous for its being the scene of the nocturnal noyades of the Council of Ten. The gondola did really turn into this canal, but hardly had it proceeded twenty paces down it, ere it made a sudden turn, and darted off in the direction of Fesina. Upon this, a customs' boat, with four rowers, put itself instantly in pursuit, and gained every moment upon the gondola. One of the officers of customs who was in the boat shouted to the flying nicolitti to draw up, but of course they refused to obey any such mandate. This greatly irritated the officer, however, and he seized thereupon an oar, and, as soon as he came near enough, struck at the gondolier with all his strength. Marco fell beneath the blow, with his shoulder broken.

About an hour after, Digia was drawing water in the court of the ducal palace, the Coletto, blubbing with sorrow and anger, came to announce to her brother that his brother had fallen from the good graces of the Madonna of the contrabandists, and was at that moment in the civil hospital, with a broken shoulder. At the mention of this terrible word, 'hospital,' the Pagota—forgetting her brazen water-jugs, which she had set down for a moment on the edge of one of the wells—ran off at her fleetest speed, and did not stop till she reached the church of St. Maria, Formosa, at whose shrine she staid to offer, in passing, a taper costing four sous, thinking that it would be well thus to place herself and Marco under the protection of a Madonna less an enemy to laws and authority than that of the contrabandists. Like the great majority of those belonging to his class, Marco had a profound horror of the hospital, founded upon the absurd belief that patients were suffered to die in it, in order to furnish subjects for the dissecting knife; and the fear of death in his eyes was nothing compared with the fear of that use which he imagined would be made of his body in the event thereof. Digia found the patient in despair; for he was about to undergo a very painful operation, and was firmly convinced, for his own part, that he was about to be sent on the long voyage. Clothed in very tight garments, and fixed upon his bed in such a manner that he could not move, Marco, with his cheeks both bathed with tears, kept evincing, by heavy groans, his participation in the sentiment which the sobe of his brother and mistress, as well as

their mournful looks, evidently showed that they entertained respecting him, namely, that he was a lost man. A young sister of the hospital, attracted towards them by this lamentable concert, gently reproached the gondolier with his ingratitude, and the Pagota with her ignorance. Evidence and reason could not triumph very easily over prejudices so deeply rooted as were Digia and Marco's; but still the words of the nun had much effect on their rude minds, and Marco at last condescended to believe that at any rate this good sister was not in league with the dissectors, and Digia to re-accept her assurance that her lover should be restored to her within six weeks or so. He was so in reality, at about five weeks thence; but he was still feeble and incapable of working, and Digia had to defray the expenses of his convalescence, and to sell her golden ear-rings, to enable her to do so. This last resource exhausted, the two lovers found themselves both round in body, but absolutely destitute, and deprived of everything.

Such were the trials which drew the tears from the eyes of Digia, as she carried the water for my bath. When the *padrona de casa* had recounted them all to me, I repaired—the hour of dinner being at hand—to the *trattoria* of Signor Marseille, at which a large apartment is reserved especially for Frenchmen. I recounted to those of my compatriots whom I found there, and the engineer himself happened to be amongst them, the adventures of Digia and Marco, their love, poverty, and their troubles. One of my *connaissances* took the initiative in getting up a subscription in favor of the unfortunate lovers, and the engineer promised to authorise the doge to pay over to Marco those famous monthly instalments which were to pay off his loan. We sent our *padrona* with the collective amount of our subscriptions to the nicolitto (we learned afterwards that the rascal only paid over a third of it, putting the remainder into his own pocket,) and Marco, when he received the unexpected wind-fall, set himself to work to frame new castles in the air, of a still more gorgeous character than those which were built upon the foundation of the promises made by the magnifico signor; and he actually believed himself to be placed under the special protection of the French government. He was just about to buy the wedding ring, together with a pair of slippers, for his bride, when a circumstance occurred which he had not in the least calculated upon.

CHAPTER V.

UPON the quay of Slavoniaus, three strangers, very differently clothed, were standing chatting together, as they drank a cup each of the black coffee which was being offered for sale, at a sou the cup, by a *limonadier*. They had met each other for the first time in their lives, but they were all alike unoccupied with business, and with no more important task upon their hands than of killing time. The most aged of the three, who wore the red costume of an Albanian, was come to Venice to gather thalers from the exchangers for the queen of Bavaria, a profitable business, seeing that thalers transported thence from Venice gained thirty centimes each in value. The

second, who wore upon his head a turban, and upon his feet a pair of enormously large boots, was a Dalmatian clove-merchant, and his person was well impregnated with the perfume of his merchandise. The third, and youngest of the three, wore the closely-fitting pantaloons, half boots, and vest of a hummer. His closely-cropped hair, more yellow than blonde, his eyes clear as those of a bird of prey, his curly moustache, and the military air of all his movements, formed the completest contrast to the sunburnt countenances, natural postures, and oriental nonchalance of his companions. The Albanian and Dalmatian signora, after having explained to each other their own trades and occupations, invited their young companion, who had been listening to their recitals, to follow their example, and explain his. The young man thereupon took his long porcelain pipe out of his mouth, and responded briefly, and in somewhat proud and haughty manner:—"I am a Croat, brought to Venice now by a little piece of family business. I belong to a military company, and am consequently more accustomed to military exercises than to the labours of the farm. From time to time an inspector arrives suddenly in our village, and calls us all together as hurriedly as though the houses were on fire. Our wives and mothers prepare us instantly provisions for three days, and we draw up in the street, with our muskets on our shoulders, and our knapsacks on our backs. Sometimes we are led to a greater distance, and sometimes to a shorter one; but we are seldom out for a longer period than three days, during the whole of which we are occupied in making rapid and difficult marches, and executing all kinds of warlike manoeuvres. Then we return home, to be shortly called away again in the same manner."

"But you are surely paid a handsome sum for the inconvenience you are thus put to?" asked the Albanian.

"Paid?" replied the Croat; "we shall be paid well enough when they give us permission to descend into Lombardy; but we shall have nothing till then."

"What! you count, then, upon war and booty?" returned the Albanian; "but you must be stronger, musn't you, before you can make spare of the latter?"

"Not that I know of," was the soldier's answer; "we are more than fifty thousand strong already."

"Well," replied the Albanian, "I prefer my trade before yours."

"And so do I mine," added the Dalmatian. "War engenders nothing that is good. For one single thaler of booty that a conquering soldier robs a city of, the country loses at least a thousand. The winds of Croatia, young soldier, have tempered you like steel; but the father and mother defending their nest you will find more valiant still. The booty you hope for will cost you very dear, and"—he added, observing that the eyes of the young Croat were fixed on the recently restored façade of the palace, Danielo opposite—"these gorgeous palaces will form no part of it, neither will any other of those Venetian *chefs-d'œuvre* which people come so constantly from all parts of the world to admire."

"I care nothing for that," returned the soldier, "for I detest Venice above all things."

"And you will never win it," answered the Albanian, "for it was not built to be delivered over to barbarians."

Just at this moment, a Pagota, who was passing along the quay, drew up before the three coffee-drinkers, and saluted the youngest of them with "Good-day, François Knapen! And pray, what are you doing in this Venice, that you detest so much?"

"I have come to seek you, Digia," was the young man's answer; "and my reason for not having come to you at once is this—I had information to gather respecting your conduct. I have now learned all that I wished to know, and can explain it to you upon the spot, if you desire it. For three months your parents have been vainly waiting for news of your marriage, and you know very well they did not send you here to become the mistress of a gondolier. You have given him all your savings, I suppose, and even sold your ear-rings to support him; and he, too, a rascally contrabandist, as well as everything else. I regret to be obliged to disturb the course of such honorable amours, but it is necessary that you return with me to Page."

"You have been wrongfully informed, Knapen," replied the young girl, with firmness. "Receive something rather more trustworthy, and know that Marco is an honest and an honorable man, and that unfortunate circumstances—a bankruptcy, an accident, and a severe wound—have alone delayed our marriage. Remain here a fortnight longer, and you can be present at my wedding. I do not say this to dare you, Knapen; your dishonourable silence has too well apprised me that—"

"My disdainful silence, indeed!" interrupted the Croat. "Of what use, pray, would it have been for me to write to you? You did not wait for my answer, in order to give your heart to some one else. But, as for my waiting a fortnight, that is all nonsense. Seduced by a gondolier, it is time you were drawn from shame, and you will go back with me immediately."

"I tell you I have incurred no shame, do you hear?" she replied, violently; "and that Marco is an honest and more honorable man than you are!"

"Oh, you are getting acclimated, then, are you?" responded the Croat—"as deceitful and as little trustworthy as a Venetian, not to say anything of being as free-mannered! Take this letter of your father's, however, and read it; and then, if you refuse to accompany me, I shall only have to announce to your father that he has no longer a daughter Digia."

Digia took the letter, but she knew not how to read. The Albanian signor came to her relief, and read the parental missive to her. It contained nothing but reproaches, written in the style of an uneducated countryman; and, although the reader did all that in him lay to soften its harshness, it caused Digia to turn very pale. At the close, when she heard that her father threatened her with his malediction if she refused to accompany François Knapen, she groaned, and fell fainting into the arms of the Dalmatian. The two old men, naturally slow, were entirely ignorant how to set to work to re-animate her.

and, as for the Croat, he remained looking at her fixedly, and as immovable as a statue.

"You are hard, young man," said the Albanian, as soon as Digia's recovery left him free to speak.

"*Durissimo*," added the Dalmatian, "and, what is a great deal more, either unjust or blind, for I am sure this child is innocent, and that being the case, her father's letter has no more to do with the matter."

But the Croat took no notice of these remarks, and only said in reply, "Digia Dolomir, I summon you to follow me to Pago."

"My good, good Knapen," murmured the Pagota thereupon, "do not be unpitiable. I can not go!"

"When you are of age," was the Croat's response, "you may walk the streets of Venice as a courtesan, if you choose; but at present you are but eighteen years of age, so you must make up your mind to live elsewhere some years yet!"

Upon hearing this, the agony of the Pagota was intense. Knapen, however, had no pity for her; but, if he had not, the Albanian had; and "Sir soldier!" said the latter to the Croat, "no more insults, in the name of heaven! Listen, young man. At the end of the month, I set out for Trieste, Pago, Zara, and if, in three weeks the Pagota is not married, I promise to conduct her to her father in my brigantine."

But Knapen did not answer. He only said, in a stern tone, "Digia Dolomir, once more—yes or no? Are you a rebel to the authority of your father, or are you not? Do you refuse to return with me!—for the last time, yes or no?"

"I will obey," replied the young girl. "When do you set out?"

"To-morrow, by the Trieste Boat."

Accordingly, on the morrow the passengers by the Trieste boat were diverted for a few moments from their anxiety respecting their baggage by a violent quarrel between two men upon the shore. Marco, having assumed an attitude like that of a gladiator, was opposing the embarkation of his mistress. Knapen advanced with a calm and determined air, with his eyes fixed upon those of his adversary, equally prepared for attack or for defence. The Albanian and the old Dalmatian were upon the spot, and they vividly admired the academic pose and the elegant form of the handsome Nicolitto, beside which the stiff, short Croat, with his thick legs, seemed like a block of wood; but they could not help fearing that the gondolier made too many demonstrations in the preliminaries of the combat. The spectators who interested themselves in the affair would have preferred to have seen him make use of fewer words, and exercise more promptitude of action, for they doubted not that he could easily have overcome his enemy. And he would in reality have got the better of his antagonist, had he only employed his strength and skill, instead of his eloquence. As it was, however, the Croat did not suffer himself to be intimidated, but marched right towards the man, and dealt him a heavy blow, which Marco avoided, by leaping a little on one side, in such sort, however, as to leave the passage free; and thus ended the affair. When

he saw what he had done, and how he had lost his intended wife, the poor gondolier sat down on a stone, and cried like a child.

CHAPTER VI.

MIDNIGHT in our climate is as dull as need be. Even Paris, *par excellence* the city of pleasure, transforms itself into a silent convent as soon as the bells have struck the twelfth stroke. Everything then closes, all lights are extinguished, and the visitor finds himself shown to the door of the café. But in Italy this is not so; and at the hour at which the Parisian finds himself driven from all public places, and compelled either to go to bed or let his vigils be kept in his own house, St. Mark's Square in Venice is the most charming *salon* imaginable, in which one chatters with the ladies in the open air, or plays at chess, or does anything else that he fancies will suit him better.

One splendid night in August, the engineer of the salt-works and myself were seated, at a very advanced hour, before a table in the Café Florian, devouring with the utmost zeal large quantities of the most delicious ices ever tasted. The engineer was about to set out on a visit to the salt-works of Istria and Pago, and, in consequence of his amiable desire to have me for a companion, he occupied himself with producing most excellent reasons why I should quit with him these seas of warm and stagnant water, and this collection of stone buildings, three parts calcined by the sun, amongst which, he said, we sometimes dined in an oven, and sometimes in a *basin-marie*. It is true that the dog-days had brought with them the terrible *sauszarez*, the fear of whose sting kept us all in a state of perpetual alarm; and, that the heat of the weather was in many respects almost intolerable. But Venice is like some of those dangerous and frail beauties whom one loves almost the more for their faults; and I could not induce myself to consent to the engineer's proposal. I told him that I would oppose a mosquito curtain to the *sauszarez*, and hire a gondola by the month, to take me about like a Sybarite, whilst the warm weather lasted; but that to leave Venice whilst I could stay in it, was an utter impossibility.

"But, since you are going to Pago," I added further, "just have an eye to Digia Dolomir. Try if you cannot do something in her favour, and, if she still loves the nicolitto, if you cannot persuade them to let you bring her back to Venice. From this day I will take Marco into my own service, and the hope of recovering the Pagota will hinder him from being unfaithful to her, I have no doubt."

"I shall find it more difficult, perhaps," responded the engineer, "to overcome the obstinacy and prejudices of a countryman, than I should to obtain a decree from the Aulic chamber. But, in order to please you, and to give me a field for the exercise of my powers of persuasion, I will plead her cause as well as I can."

The next day, as I conducted the engineer to the Trieste boat, I reminded him of his promise, and, as soon as he had departed, I repaired to the neighbourhood of the palace of Faliero, near which I found Marco, profoundly asleep in his

gondola. He was not ignorant of the interest I had taken in his amours; and when I proposed that he should enter into my service, I could not restrain him from kissing my hand, in token of most joyful acquiescence.

"I warn you, however, before you go too far," I said, "that I have not the honour of being descended, either in a direct or indirect line, from the defenders of Fagmouste, or the assassins of François Carrare. But I will pay you a fortnight's wages in advance, and that, too, in good silver Napoleons, and, upon my recommendation, the signor engineer will bring back Digia to you."

The delight of the gondolier upon hearing this was beyond bounds. He declared that he would gladly serve me for only bread and water, and made a thousand other and similarly foolish declarations. At last he was, for a wonder, calm enough to be able to ask whether he should take me.

"To the general archives of the Frail," I responded, and instantly the gondola was in motion, at a speed greater than it would have been had all the customs' officers in Venice been in pursuit of it.

But Marco, not content with serving me in this excellent fashion as a gondolier, wished additionally to serve me in quality of *valet-de-chambre*. He awoke me in the morning, brought me my clothes and shaving-water, and so quarrelled on all occasions with the servants for the privilege of waiting on me, that, as they could not believe that mere gratitude could inspire such an amount of zeal, they came to the conclusion that I must have recently inherited a large fortune. One day, it seemed to me that Marco, while washing his gondola, sang with some little more voice and gaiety than bespoke an almost despairing lover; and, when he came to me for my orders, I observed that his hair was dressed with a greater than ordinary, and, indeed, a quite ridiculous care, hung in long curls over his ears, like those of a woman, and that he wore in his button-hole a large and beautiful moss-rose. I asked him who had given him the rose, and he answered, in his own, euphonious and graceful dialect, "*Xé una bela tosa paron.*"

"A pretty young girl," I replied, "would not give away a rose without being asked."

"*Go pregà, gier si,*" was his response.

"What then! Did you beg for it?" I asked him in return. "Is it thus that you intend to keep your promised faith? I see, then, that I must withdraw my protection from you, and write to the engineer, to tell him not to trouble himself with regard to Digia."

"Gently, gently, your excellency!" cried Marco, in alarm. "The dyer of the street of the Fabri has dwelling with him a young niece, whom I knew when she lived at Murano. She is the most laughing little creature in the world. When I pass by her door, she throws water on me, and calls me a *vilain noir*. Can I endure these attacks without responding? Be just, most noble signor, be just to me; you would not have me act like a misanthropic and philosophical enemy of women, and you know very well that it is all badinage—nothing more."

"But such badinage may carry you too far, Marco, and I do not approve of it."

"Well; but, pardon, the Muranella is clever, and her uncle has plenty of money; And who knows that the engineer will succeed in bringing Digia?"

"There is a French proverb which forbids one to run after two hares at once," was my only answer."

"Ah!" responded the gondolier; "but this is a different matter! To run after two hares at once is impossible, but two girls are very different things. Let Digia return, and I shall marry her; but, nevertheless, I shall strive to entrap the other. Can you see any harm in my so doing?"

I had quoted French proverbs to the Nicolitto; and if he had had a little more acquaintance with them, he might have strengthened his position by adducing that which counsels one to have "two or three strings to one's bow." As it was, I warned him to remain faithful for a day or two, and then went out upon a stroll. I had not gone far before I met the learned Abbé——, canon of St. Mark. We had chatted together a little while, concerning certain documents I was seeking relating to the death of Stradella, when the abbé pointed out to me a young girl, with a large Murano veil, who was approaching, with her eyes cast down, by the street of the Fabri.

"Look!" whispered the abbé to me—what a charming model of a virgin!"

These flattering words reached the ears of the Muranella, and she acknowledged them by a smile and an inclination of the head.

"I'll be bound," replied the abbé to me, "that no Parisian belle would have so gracefully acknowledged a compliment, at least in the street."

He was going to say something more, but he was interrupted by Marco, who at this moment took hold of my coat, and drew me on one side, to whisper in my ear, "It is the niece of the dyer, signor. Tell me if you think she is like a hare, and, therefore, if I do ill to run after her?"

"I certainly think you do," was my response; "but you must do as you please, thorough Venetian that you are. Only take care that you never have to repent of your conduct, Marco."

CHAPTER VII.

Whilst the fascinations of the dyer's niece were thus tempting Marco out of the narrow way, the French engineer, in the midst of all his grave pre-occupations, still managed to find a little time to devote to the interests of poor Digia. Gifted with extraordinary force of will, and accustomed to do battle with obstinacy and prejudice, he was just the man to understand such a hard enterprise. In the little-frequented port of the little island, he chanced to encounter both the Dalmatian and the Albanian, of whom I had spoken to him. The first of them was seeking, from town to town, piastres for the Queen of Bavaria; and the other, having sold his cloves, was returning to Zara in the brigantine of his new friend. The engineer imagined that their two picturesque figures would be calculated to aid him in his task, and he therefore prayed them to accompany him to the house of old Dolomir. They both gladly consented, and all three were then conducted to the door of the little *vendisa* in which

the father of Digia sold most execrable beer. At the sight of these three strangers, so magnificently clothed, Dolomir, only accustomed to serving ploughmen and farm-labourers, stared as he would have done had he received a visit from the renowned Haroun-al-Raschid. A rapid *coup d'œil* sufficed to enable the engineer to judge exactly of the man before him, and to lay his plans accordingly. Digia recognised immediately both the Albanian and his friend, and retired into a corner, pale and trembling. Half a dozen children, some stupefied, and some terrified, ran into a stable, or were pushed in by their mother, who commanded them, with threats, to preserve silence. All eyes were fixed upon the red clothes of the Albanian; and when the engineer began to speak, which he did before any of the others, he was taken merely for an interpreter.

"Dolomir," said the engineer, "we are come to try to take your daughter away from you. But do not intend to contest your parental authority; we hope that the step we advise will be found most pleasing in even your eyes. Answer us, therefore, candidly this one question: what were your motives for recalling your daughter from Venice?"

It was designedly that the engineer attacked his adversary on the weakest side, by obliging him to speak at the commencement of the conference. He knew that by so doing he should intimidate the tavern-keeper, as he did in reality. Dolomir began to blubber.

"Excuse me," he said, as well as he could, "and let your lordships pardon me my ignorance. A poor Pagote does not know how to express himself in fine language."

"Speak how you like, in your own fashion," replied the engineer, "provided only that it be candidly and with freedom."

Thereupon the father of Digia commenced an obscure and trivial story, in which he said that he had believed that the gondolier had seduced his daughter; the only foundation for this belief hinted at being the evil reputation of the nicolitti.

"You are entirely deceived, then," interrupted the engineer; "your daughter was really about to marry Marco, when you sent for her to return home. This thrice puissant Albanian signor, and this thrice honourable Dalmatian noble, are come here as witnesses in Digia's favour, and to assert her innocence. It is strange that a father cannot recognise for himself the truth of such a matter. But you must have been imposed upon. We three are all friends of your daughter, and wish to see her made happy. You have deprived her of the pleasure of marrying her."

"But I have found her another husband," Dolomir, gathering a little assurance.

"Yes, François Knapen, is it not?" asked the engineer; "the same who has excited you to so great your daughter, and who has also foully seduced her."

"*Magari!*" exclaimed Dolomir, "would to God he had calumniated her!"

"You have a hard head, I see," responded the engineer. "And you, Digia, why do you not protest the truth?"

"Alas! I do, your excellency," replied the maiden; "I have done so from morning to

night, but all in vain. Knapen has perfectly bewitched my father."

"Yes, bewitched—that is just the word," put in her mother.

"Well, we will try to break the charm," said the engineer. "Let François Knapen be found, and brought before us."

"I am here," said the young Croat, coming out of his hiding-place behind the cellar-door.

"Come forward, monsieur," said the engineer, whom Knapen was regarding with an insolent look—"come forward, monsieur, and let us talk to you. We are come here on purpose to prove that you have calumniated Digia, and occasioned disorder in this family."

"I should like to know how," was the answer of the young Croat.

"Well, we will try to tell you," responded the engineer. "But first let us ask one question, it is this:—if a girl of abandoned manners were offered to you as a wife, would you marry her?"

"No, signor," replied the soldier, "certainly not."

"What would you call him, then, who sought to marry another's mistress?"

The Croat felt the blow, when too late, and did not answer.

"We should all say that he was a vile wretch," continued the engineer. "Well, monsieur, this being agreed upon, one of two things is true:—either you have deceived Dolomir, and calumniated his daughter, or you are the man whom we have just spoken of, lost to every sense of shame and decency, since you have sought Digia in marriage. Which do you choose? What have you to answer?"

Knapen, disconcerted, could only throw an angry glance at his interlocutor, and murmur, hesitatingly, "when one loves, one passes over little things, and——"

"But this is not a little thing," interrupted the engineer; "it is the more than life, the reputation of a young girl. You cannot deny that, either out of love or jealousy, you have used unlawful means to gain your end, and dispose of your rival. You have robbed your mistress of the affection and esteem of her father, in order to assure to yourself a woman whom you deem worthy of your own esteem, who you know is innocent, and possessed of an excellent heart and many virtues. Neither love nor jealousy can excuse so grave a fault, or so cruel and dishonest a proceeding. But you can still in some measure atone for it, by confessing it with humility, or repairing the evil, by sacrificing to justice and to truth a love which is not reciprocated by its object, and by thus restoring to the young maiden the tenderness of her father, and that husband of which your culpable manœuvres have deprived her. If you resign yourself with a good grace to this painful effort, you will play, after all, by far the best part in the drama. We will endeavour to console you, and will confess that the love which could drive to such extremities a young man capable of so much generosity and devotion was great indeed. In fact, this is what you had on all account better do, for your first position is not tenable, and if you persist in the endeavour to sustain it, you will condemn your honour. If anything

further be needed to convince you, just look at the sorrowful countenance of your intended father-in-law, who at last comprehends his error and his injustice."

The Croat saw that he was lost, and now only looked for an outlet for his pride, for he was not disposed to occupy the humble position which his adversary proposed by any means.

"Since Digia cannot resolve upon herself to love me," he said with emotion, "I renounce her. With that be satisfied. This conspiracy against my happiness, which you have plotted so far off, has now succeeded to the full extent. I have nothing more to say, and ask for neither consolation nor reparation of my honour."

"Good, Knapen!" replied the engineer, "that is rather courageous. I like you for it, and am sorry if I have hurt your pride. I made your case as bad as I could, in order to bring you to the sacrifice. You have made it like a man, so give me your hand, just for once, for I may never be in Pago any more, and you have made me quite your friend!"

The soldier did as he was bidden, and a flash of joy lit up his eagle eye as he gave his hand to his late adversary, who thus so entirely reversed in a single moment his strain of address.

The engineer was fearful that after his departure the vanquished lover would endeavour to overturn the new state of things, and he therefore said to Digia's father, "Master Dolomir, I must take your daughter with me. So you must please procure us a boat to cross the water in; and in the meantime let your wife get dinner ready."

"My daughter, a boat, and dinner!" exclaimed the astonished tavern-keeper. "I do not give people to eat, your excellency; my house is only a *bierrerie*!"

"Ah!" cried the Frenchman, laughing, "you are opposing to me, as usual, the great word with you Italians, '*non è usata*'—it is not customary! Why, man, you are not half a tradesman yet! In France, if you went to a baker for a horse-shoe, he would get one, if he were only sure you'd pay for it!"

"Signor François," said the Albanian upon this, "my basket of provisions is at the service of the company, and I should feel myself highly honoured, I assure you, if you would prevail upon all present here to dine with me."

He did not wait for a reply, but sent his servant to the brigantine to fetch a supply of cold provisions and good wine, which, when he arrived, were spread out on the table of the *vendiza*. The three foreigners ate together with a good appetite, but Dolomir and Knapen went out before the meal began, and Digia occupied herself during its progress with waiting upon the three signora, and her mother with the preparation of her daughter's baggage. Just as Digia was putting the desert, which consisted of almonds and apples, upon the table, Dolomir and Knapen, who had been to engage a boat, returned, and brought word that no *padrow* would put to sea that evening, in consequence of the prevalence of contrary winds."

"Ah!" whispered the old Dalmatian to the Frenchman, when he heard this, "they are scheming to delay the girl's departure, that in

the night they may carry her into the interior of the island, and so prevent her ever leaving Pago, or, at any rate, her going away with us."

"My brigantine fears not the weather," said the Albanian; "we will go together in it as far as Fiume; that is, however, if we can find a proper pilot, one used to the passage."

Digia ran out to fetch the ablest pilot in the island, the old sailor who was acquainted minutely with the whole coast, but he declared pointedly, on his arrival, that the passage was impossible. Between Pago and the coast of Croatia is only a very narrow and a very rocky channel, and this the pilot declared, with such a wind as was then blowing, it would be madness to attempt to cross.

"Do you hear this?" said old Dolomir, addressing himself to the three foreigners, whilst Knapen added, "if your excellencies are at all desirous of getting drowned, you have here the finest of all possible opportunities."

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Rude were the manners then; man and wife ate off the same trencher; a few wooden handled knives, with blades of rugged iron, were a luxury for the great; candles unknown. A servant girl held a torch at supper; one, or at most two, mugs of coarse brown earthenware formed all the drinking apparatus in a house. Rich gentlemen wore cloths of unlined leather. Ordinary persons scarcely ever touched flesh meat. Noblemen drunk little or no wine in summer—a little corn seemed wealth. Women had trivial marriage portions—even ladies dressed extremely plain. The chief part of a family's expense was what the males spent in arms and horses, none of which however, were very good or very showy; and grandees had to lay out money on their lofty towers. In Dante's comparatively polished times, ladies began to paint their cheeks by way of finery, going to the theatre—and to use less assiduity in spinning and plying their distaff. What is only a symptom of prosperity in large, is the sure sign of ruin in small states. So in Florence he might very well deplore what in London or Paris would be to cause a smile. Wretchedly, indeed, plebians hovelled; and if noble castles were cold, dark, and dreary everywhere, they were infinitely worse in Italy, from the horrible modes of torture, characteristic cruelty, too frightful to dwell on. Few of the infamous structures built at the times treated of, stand at present. Yet their ruins disclose rueful corners.—*History of the Order of St. John, of Jerusalem.*

The belief that guardian spirits hover around the paths of men covers a mighty truth, for every beautiful, pure, and good thought which the heart holds is an angel of mercy, purifying and guarding the soul.

A drunkard cursing the moon,—a maniac foaming at some magnificent statue, which stands serene and safe above his reach—or a ruffian crushing roses on his way to midnight plunder, is but a type of the sad work which a clever, but heartless and unimaginative, critic often makes of works of genius.

INTERCEPTED EPISTLE.

The young lady students of——are respectfully informed, that term commences again on Monday 2nd instant.

I promised, dear Fanny, to warn you,
If ever my love took a turn;
Well, that moment has come and I scorn you;
The cause of my fickleness learn;
Have you heard of the feminine college?
No illiterate ladies for me;
Just fancy the glory—the knowledge—
Of a woman who takes her degree!

Greek, Latin, French, Hebrew, and German;
She's a damsel of exquisite parts:
She will pen you an ode, or a sermon—
In short she's a Spinster of Arts.
B. A. on her card may now figure:
What an air—a position—has she!
Only think of the talents—the vigor—
Of women who take their degree!

Theology, History, Science,
From all fountains of learning she'll quaff;
She will wear a proud look of defiance,
And walk like a moral giraffe.
Now your boarding-school misses who'll sigh for?
What is simple Miss M., or Miss E.?
No, no; *this* is the woman to die for—
When once she has got her degree.

There's a chance for you yet then, sweet Fanny;
Matriculate—don't lose a day;
I should like you love, better than any,
The moment you win the S. A.
Of mere commonplace nymphs I am weary;
A duchess were nothing to me;
Ay, I'd turn up my nose at a *Peri*,
Unless she had got her degree!"

D O R T H E .

FROM THE DANISH OF HENRIETTA NIELSON.

A TREMENDOUS panic seized upon our whole neighbourhood, when suddenly one day, during the war of 1848, the report was spread that the German free-corps had penetrated as far as our northern part of Jutland, had taken Aalborg, Viborg, and other towns, and were now advancing in our direction. The church-bells were instantly put in motion, and were immediately answered by those of the adjoining parish. All the young men of our village and the environs sallied forth, armed with scythes and pitchforks, to meet the enemy, who, it was said, were approaching the H—biørg Hills. Even our otherwise calm and quiet parsonage was in a state of tumult and confusion—we women being entirely left to our own devices, for my father was absent on business, and our male farm-servants had joined the other volunteers.

In her perplexity, my mother summoned the maid-servants to a council of war; and all made their appearance, with the exception of Dorthé, the brewery-maid, who had been seen going to the back of the house with a spade in her hand

—'probably,' as Marion the housemaid expressed it, 'with the intention of burying her mammon.' The council began by my mother making a proposal, which was opposed by my sister Julia—and two parties were thus immediately formed—my mother, however, being in the majority, as her proposal was adopted by the cook, the housemaid, and the fat old woman who weeds the garden; while Julia was supported only by the little girl who tends the poultry, but who spoke so shrill, that it was very evident it was not every day *she* was allowed to speak at all. I stood by in moody silence, feeling that I had no sensible proposal to make, when suddenly all deliberation was put an end to by the appearance of a peasant girl mounted on a poor jaded mare, which she was urging to its utmost speed, and who, in passing the parsonage, cried out in a voice of terror: 'They are coming! they are coming! Run, run for your lives! What else can we poor helpless women do?' But her words, by increasing our alarm, only made us more irresolute and helpless than before; and were staring at each other in stupid dismay, when Dorthé, rushing in, caught our invalid grandmother in her arms, and calling to us to follow her to the cellar, bore the old woman thither, and deposited her gently on a heap of bed-clothes she had prepared for her.

Dorthé was a stout square-built peasant-girl, with strong sunburnt arms and hands, and, on ordinary occasions, a composure, almost amounting to the phlegmatic, was spread over her whole being. This, together with an uncommon degree of reserve, had rendered her so uninteresting in our eyes, that we had given much less attention to her than we usually bestowed on our servants; and thus, although she had already been six months in our service, she was still quite a stranger to us. But, as is ever the case in decisive moments, the master-mind had taken the lead; and in a few moments we were all busily employed in carrying out the orders of our hitherto so little esteemed brewery-maid, whose energy and decision seemed to inspire us all with new life.

She explained to us in a few words that she had walled up the cellar windows—this is what she had used the spade for—and advised us to transfer ourselves and as many of our valuables as possible, to this place of safety, the entrance to which was in a remote part of the house, and might easily be concealed by a large chest or some such large thing. This Dorthé proposed to place before it when we were all in safety. 'And you, Dorthé,' I asked in amazement—'will you remain here quite alone to receive those notorious vagabonds?'

'I am not alone while I have this,' she answered in a somewhat sad but earnest tone, taking up a gun which was placed against the wall, and which, the other servants afterwards told us, had belonged to her father, who had been a game-keeper, and which she looked upon as her greatest treasure.

'Can you fire it, Dorthé?' I again exclaimed in surprise.

'No,' she replied, and her countenance now assumed a lively roguish expression; 'but I can take aim; and my father often told me that, in time of war, the empty barrel of a gun might, in

an emergency, produce as much effect as a whole volley of musket-balls; and so I have thought, that if I am forced to it, I will give them a little fright.'

We had been locked up in the cellar a quarter of an hour—the longest quarter of an hour I ever experienced—listening with anxiety to catch some sounds that should announce to us the approach of the dreaded enemy, when at length the clatter of wooden shoes and the sound of noisy voices reached our ears. Our hearts sunk. A few moments more spent in a state of dreadful suspense, and the key of the cellar-door was heard to turn in the lock. 'Heavens! have they already discovered our hiding-place?' The door opened—it was Dorthé, who came to deliver us, mute and with downcast eyes, as if heartily ashamed of all the energy and activity she had displayed to no purpose. The voices and footstep; we had heard were those of our own people returning from their wild-goose chase after the enemy, the rumour of their presence in our part of the country having been a pure fabrication!

It cannot be denied that we all felt rather foolish; and, what was worse, the milk which was on the fire had boiled over, the bacon that was frying had been burnt, the fire had gone out, and all prospect of a warm dinner for the men was lost. However, we gave them some cold salt meat, and a glass of brandy each, with the promise of a warm supper, and this restored their good-humour. They were, however, all in a state of too great excitement to take their usual mid-day nap, but dispersed in groups about the yard.

My sister Julia and myself drew near to our upper farm-servant Niels, a fine manly fellow, who had taken up his station at the chopping-block, and who had previously given notice of his intention to join the army as a volunteer. After talking to him a little while about the prospects of the war, we expressed to him our admiration of the courage and presence of mind evinced by the brewery-maid, whom he had recommended to us. Niels was not surprised as we had been. 'Did I not answer for Dorthé being a thoroughly trustworthy girl when I recommended her to Misses?' said he.

'You must have known her before, then,' I rejoined. 'Tell us something about her.'

'There is not much to be said about her, poor thing,' answered Niels; 'she has never known what it is to be happy. Her mother she lost early, and, to tell the truth, her father was not good for much. To be sure, as a gamekeeper he was clever enough, and might have been well to do in the world, but instead of that, he spent all his earnings in the public-house. In his way, he was very fond of the girl, and used to call her the apple of his eye; but it was a queer way he had of showing his love for her. From the time she was a little creature, he would never leave her out of his sight, but would have her follow him about when he went a-hunting, in rain and cold, in storm and sunshine. Then, when they came to the public-house in the evening, and people said: "The Lord preserve us, Hans Gamekeeper, how do you treat that child!" yes, then he would busy himself to get her warmed and dried, and was willing to give the publican's wife all the game he had killed that day, if she would

but lend him some clothes for the little one. But by and by, when the bottle had gone its rounds, and he had got her to sing for them—for Dorthé always had a sweet voice—then he would be as rollicky as ever, and call her his little singing-bird, his Gatalini; for you must know the gamekeeper was very fond of talking French when he was in liquor. He had served in the wars under the Emperor Napoleon, and he never could forget that.'

'That was, indeed, a very bad way to bring up a child.'

'Yes, wasn't it? And when any one told him as how he was keeping Dorthé from her school-learning, he would answer that he did no such thing, for he taught her himself. Then he would send the parson a brace of hares, and so that matter was settled. But it must have been a queer sort of teaching that; for when Dorthé was so old that she was to go to the parson,* she could not spell even the first commandment, and was turned out. This put the gamekeeper in a towering rage. He went right straight to the parsonage, all spattered over with mud as he came from hunting, and people say that he gave the parson a sound rating, and told him that Dorthé knew her Christendom as well as he did, though she could not read a book through word for word, title-page and all. But that was just what the parson would have her know how to do. He wasn't overfond of questionings and explanations, but what stood in the books they must not know by halves if he was to "lay hands on them." He was very strict in that matter, particularly—perhaps I ought not to say so, but so the story went—particularly with poor folk's children.'

'Indeed?'

'Yes; but the keeper was as testy as the parson when he had taken anything into his head, and he did not rest until he got permission to send the girl to another parson. This one was a young man, who had lately come into the living, and he took matters in a different way from the other. He was so pleased with Dorthé's Christendom, that he placed her above† all the farmer's daughters; and this had nearly set him at logger-heads with the whole parish; but when the day of confirmation came, and Dorthé read so that it rang through the church, and answered‡ the parson in words that made them all stare with wonder, while the others, as soon as they had done with the book, stuttered and stammered, and knew neither beginning nor end, then they couldn't help seeing that the parson had done right.'

'That must have been a happy day for Dorthé.'

'Yes; it was her first really happy day, and also her last. At that time she was well thought of by everybody, and might have got service in ever so many places; but that was not to be, and she had hard times before her, poor silly thing! Her father had grown infirm, and could not go about as he used to do, so he could

* To be prepared for confirmation.

† It is usual in Denmark to place the young persons to be confirmed according to their rank, as well when attending the religious classes at the clergyman's house, as in the church on the day of confirmation.

‡ Confirmation is preceded by public examination in the church.

no longer keep his situation as gamekeeper, but was obliged to hang his rifle on the wall. A few years then passed without my ever seeing the gamekeeper or his daughter, for I was far away in another neighbourhood; but, as I afterwards heard, Dorthé went through much hardship and misery during that time, as you may easily conceive, for there was no land to their house, and with the work of her hands she had to provide food and clothing for them both. It is true she might have been better off had she listened to them that advised her to let her father go upon the parish, and then get into service herself. But to this she answered, that as long as she had a pair of hands to work with, her father should not be a burden to the parish, were they to offer her ten days of plenty for one; nay, were they even to offer to clothe her in silk and gold, she would not forsake him in his old days. And so true was she to her word, say the folks thereabouts, that until the day of his death the keeper lived like a squire, while poor Dorthé put herself on short allowance, and suffered actual want.

'It is now about six or seven years ago, the winter before I came here to the parsonage, when I was serving the doctor up yonder, I was awakened one night by the tremendous barking of the dogs. Thinking that it was most likely a carriage come to fetch the doctor, I comforted myself with the thought that I and the horses—for I was coachman then—would be allowed to remain quietly in our beds. I listened and listened; no, there was no carriage; but the dogs continued to bark, and I could both see and hear that a dreadful storm was raging. Presently, I heard a gentle noise at my window, like some one fumbling and tapping against the panes, and sounds of a wailing voice, but words I could not distinguish.'

'You were out of bed and at the window in the twinkling of an eye, Niels, I am sure,' said I eagerly.

'O yes, as soon as I could get on my wooden shoes,' answered Niels with true Jutland deliberation; 'for the mud-floor was very damp. The tapping had just begun again when I got to the window. But, Heaven preserve us, what dreadful weather it was! Snow and sleet beat into my face, and the open lattice said "no" twice before I could get it open. Yes, and outside stood a woman! It was no other than the gamekeeper's Dorthé. The poor girl had trudged six miles,* through bogs and over ditches, in such weather that you would not have driven out a dog, to fetch the doctor to her father, who was dying: but the doctor had refused to go!—

'Had refused to go to a dying man?'

'Why, you see, miss, the old gentleman was very loath to go out in the night when he could help it, and I will say nothing of that; but he had answered her harshly and jeeringly as well, that as her father had now been ill four years, and had never sent for the doctor, it was no use doing so now that death had probably got a tight gripe of him. Now, this was in a manner true enough: but as the poor young woman had come so long and wearisome a way to fetch him, and had placed her whole trust in him, he might

therefore, at least have given her some mixture for the sick man; it would have comforted her, and most likely have done him some little good too. Well, Dorthé had known me ever since she was a child, and knew that I was in service at the Doctor's, and that I stood well with my master and mistress; so she had now come to me to ask to try if I could not persuade the doctor to go and see her father. But this was not to be thought of. I had by me a bottle of medicine, however, with which I had helped others in very difficult cases; it tasted like venom and gall, but it did well enough to help, so I gave Dorthé the bottle to bring home to her father. It is true, I thought as the doctor did, that most likely there was no cure for his complaint, but that medicine had never done harm to any one. And now the poor girl was to go back again; it was almost a matter of life and death in such weather, dripping wet and shaking with cold as she was. Seeing this, I did a thing I never shall regret, even should the doctor get to know it, and abuse me well for it: I loosened Stoffer—he was the horse; in reality, his name was Christophanes, but we servants always called him Stoffer, and he seemed to like it best—I loosened Stoffer, and drew him out of the stable, though, to tell the truth, it did not seem much to his taste, for he grew quite restive when he got his nose outside the stable door, and felt what kind of weather it was; but he might as well have spared his trouble. I threw a cloth over him, placed Dorthé, who had on a pair of dry stockings of mine, and was wrapped up in my thickest greatcoat, on his back, myself in front of her, and off we started. Stoffer had his freaks and fancies, but when you gave him time to come round, and coaxed him a little, he was as good-natured a beast as ever was. It was as if he understood where we were going, and was in as great a hurry as any of us; otherwise I cannot think how it was we reached the keeper's cottage in so short a time, in such a dark and stormy night too. It was quite awful how Dorthé loved that poor ne'er-do-well of a father of hers. She never spoke a word the whole of the way; but now and then she laid her head on my shoulder, and then I could perceive that she was crying, but quite softly. When we got to our journey's end, I had not time to stop the horse before she was down and in the cottage; but just as I was going to bring Stoffer under shelter, for he stood much in need of it, she came rushing out again, laid hold of the halter, and said: "God forgive you, Niels, if you were going away without even giving me time to say thank you! Do you not as much as care to know if he is still alive? Is there no one in the wide, wide world who cares for him but me?" And then she clasped her hands together, and began to cry so bitterly, that it cut me to the heart's core. I told her, as was the truth, that I had never meant to go away without looking in upon her father. Then she wiped her eyes, and said: "God bless you, Niels! Never shall I forget how you have helped me and comforted me this night." We then went in; and I can assure you, miss, that Dorthé was as cleanly and as tidy as needs be, even before she went to her aunt's, who wants to have the merit of having taught her everything, for no nobleman, I am sure, sleeps in a whiter

* One Danish mile is something more than four English ones.

and cleaner bed than the one the old gamekeeper died in.'

'He died, then?'

'Yes. I saw at once that he had not much time left, although he knew Dorthie directly we came in, and he turned his face round to us. I went up to the bed and spoke to him, but he did not answer me, and continued to look at his daughter. Wherever she moved, his eyes followed her so strangely. Quite right in his head he was not, for he soon began to talk wildly, mentioning names, and speaking to people who had been dead ever so long, just as they were standing before him. Dorthie, he would have it, had wings. Sorry wings they were! It was the corners of the handkerchief she had tied round her head, and which were white with snow. Then, again, he would fancy he was in France; in the midst of all the goings on he had seen there, and would put his hand to his head, as if he was going to wave his hat to the Emperor Napoleon, and all the rest of it. In short, it was death that had hold of him, and, indeed, he said that it had been watching him all the time Dorthie was away. The poor girl turned as white as a sheet when she heard him talk so wildly; but nevertheless she went to the cupboard, and poured me out a glass of brandy—and very good brandy it was—that kept me warm until I got home. When she had done this, she said: "Niels, will you now help me to give him the mixture?" But she could hardly get out the words for sobbing. "To be sure I will help you," said I; and so said, so done. The medicine went down easily enough, and I daresay it was that kept life in him until towards mid-day—then it was all over.'

'How did Dorthie take it?'

'Why, you see, miss, she is one of those kind of people who keep everything to themselves.—She did not whimper or take on like other women-folk; but, nevertheless, she must have sorrowed sorely; for when the blacksmith's wife said to her one day when she wanted to comfort her, that she need not take her father's death so much to heart, for he had not been so overkind to her; and that he drank like a sponge; while she hardly got food enough to keep life in her; and that, when she was a child, he had let her go about barefooted, when there was snow on the ground and ice on the water—they say Dorthie was so wrath, that she struck the table with her fist, and told the blacksmith's wife, that if she had not got food, it was because she did not ask for any; and that though she might have gone barefooted, she never remembered having been cold. After that, no one ever attempted to comfort Dorthie in that way.'

'And what became of poor Dorthie afterwards?'

'Poor Dorthie! you may well say so, miss. She went to live with a she-devil of an aunt, who treated her like a dog. This aunt had two high and mighty daughters, who were to be brought up like fine ladies, and marry farmers, and Dorthie was to be their drudge. Poor silly thing! she learned soon enough the truth of the saying, that there is no taskmaster as hard as a kinsman.'

'But why did she not rather take service among strangers?'

'Why, you see, that was not so easy a matter. At that time, Dorthie could neither do fine work nor coarse, as they say. The gamekeeper had never had any land, so field labor she had not learned; and all the bread and beer they used they bought at the public house with the few pennies she earned by twisting straw-ropes, so baking and brewing she did not learn either.—But the aunt was a thrifty housewife, and Dorthie was taught well in her house; although she also paid well for the teaching, for she fagged for them all, and had to bear hard treatment into the bargain. And as is always the case when our nearest treat us badly, others follow their example, so it was in Dorthie's case also. For instance, if they took her once in a way to a merry-making at some neighbour's, she used always to be pushed away into some corner, and no one danced with her, while the aunt and her two fine ladies were never off the floor. To be sure, she was not one of those who put themselves forward, and those that don't hav'n't much chance.'

'Perhaps Dorthie could not dance.'

'Is there any of us who can't dance when we hear the fiddle?' answered Niels; 'though I will confess Dorthie was none of the lightest.'

'So you danced with her in spite of her deficiencies? That was kind of you, Niels.'

'I used to say to myself when I saw her set aside in that way, says I, "It is hard for a poor young thing to stand by like that and see the others dance, when she would gladly be among them;" and then I went and took her out. And when once Dorthie was set a going, there wasn't her like for holding out.'

'That was because she was dancing with you, Niels, I dare say,' I observed jokingly; but I was rather disconcerted when he answered with a look of astonishment, and in a tone of contemptuous pity: 'Oh, there wasn't many that asked her, so she might well be pleased to dance with those that did, poor silly thing!'

The tone in which he said this made a disagreeable impression on me, and for the first time I felt hurt on Dorthie's account at the expression, 'poor silly thing,' particularly as I now remembered that it was generally thought that Niels was rather sweet upon Marian the housemaid, who in spite of her pretty face, was in reality a poor silly thing. I therefore said: 'Niels, I do not like to hear you call Dorthie thus: after all that you have been telling me about her, she must be an excellent girl, who will at last get on.'

'Yes,' answered Niels, and his countenance resumed its usual good-natured expression—'yes, I dare say, but not in this world; for Dorthie is one of those who are kind to everybody but themselves—and for such folk there is no cure. They never will get on well in this world. People always think that they have not much head-piece; and, as the old parson used to say, after all, it is the headpiece that gets people on in the world, and makes them respected. And therefore it was that poor Dor— May I not call her poor Dorthie either?'

'O yes; call her what you like,' I answered.

'Well, well, it has once for all become the custom in the parish to call her poor silly thing.—Well, six bitter years she staid with her aunt, where she got no wages, and very little clothing,

And why did she stay, do you think? Why, because she had attached herself to an old blind pensioner who was living with them, and who, it was said, they treated anything but kindly.

Here Niels made so very long a pause, that I perceived he had nothing more to say. Everything he had told me in his simple manner about Dortha, placed her in so advantageous a light, that I was quite ashamed of the indifference, nay, almost prejudice, which we had hitherto felt towards her; and I now asked him reproachfully, how it happened that he had never before told us anything about Dortha, when he knew so much good of her.

Niels paused in his work, looked down for some time as if in deep thought, and at length answered: 'If the truth must be told, I seem never to have thought of it, until now that I come to tell her story.' He then looked slowly around, as if everything appeared new to him, and added:—'It does seem to me now'—Further he did not proceed, for his eyes had found a resting-point in Dortha, who went by on her way to the well. Marian, the flirt, now also tripped by, glancing and casting side glances at Niels, who did not, however, notice her. Not until Dortha had gone in again, did he conclude his sentence; adding to the above, 'that Dortha is an uncommonly respectable young woman.' Marian sang louder and louder, but Niels continued to gaze at the spot where Dortha had disappeared; I believe a revolution was taking place in his mind.

We were now interrupted by my father's return. He had not placed so much confidence in the rumour of the approach of the enemy as we, and having soon found out that it was quite unfounded, he had not felt himself called upon to return home before his business was concluded. No sooner had he entered the house, than all tongues were busy relating to him the history of our fright, and of the precautions we had taken in expectation of the arrival of the German free-corps. All the maids, except Dortha, gave themselves some errand into the room, to tell what deed of prowess they had performed, or had intended to perform. When my father, then, commended each and all for the zeal they had shown, my mother observed that the brewery maid was not present and put forward the claim of the absent girl to the greatest meed of praise. The other maids could not deny this, but they left the room rather crestfallen. They were not used to see Dortha taken notice of. But when Julia and I, now began to repeat the many fine traits of her character that Niels had told us, my mother and father were both quite moved, and we all felt a sincere desire to do something for the neglected but excellent girl.

My mother proposed that Dortha should be called in at once, and that my father should thank her, in presence of the other servants, for the devotion and presence of mind she had evinced; and she would add to her thanks a little useful present, which, though it could not be worn on the breast, like the star of an order, might nevertheless be looked upon as a mark of honour.—The proposal was approved: and by my own request, I was deputed to fetch her in. I found her in the scullery, singing, as was her wont. Probably I delivered my message in a somewhat sol-

emn tone, which she did not understand, for she looked inquiringly at me with her pretty eyes—not until this day had I discovered that they were really uncommonly pretty—and said, after reflecting a little while: 'I can guess what master wants me for!'

'What do you think?'

'He is going to chide me,' she said, while exchanging her wet apron for a dry one, and then mentioned some trivial negligence of which she was conscious of having been guilty.

'By no means,' I answered. 'How can you think he would chide you, after your resolute and devoted conduct of this morning?'

She now looked puzzled, as if quite unable to conceive why her presence was wanted in the drawing room, and her astonishment increased when she came in and found all the other servants there, and father, taking her hand, said in his hearty way: 'I have sent for you Dortha, to thank you kindly for the devotion and calm good sense and presence of mind you evinced this morning, when danger was thought to threaten my house. That it was but an idle rumour, in no way diminishes your merit.' It was touching to see the surprise and embarrassment which were depicted in Dortha's countenance on hearing these words. It was as if to be praised was something so new to her, that she hardly ventured to believe her own ears, and knew not how to take it. But when father went on to say: 'Besides, Niels has told us many things about your earlier days which do you much credit, and which may serve as a good example for others to imitate, and will now and ever call down upon you the blessings of God and man'—Dortha turned towards the side where Niels was standing, and burst into tears.—'You were always kind to me, poor lonely one that I am! may God reward you Niels!' she at length sobbed out.

'I haven't said anything but the truth,' answered Niels in a somewhat gruff tone; but it was only because he was ashamed that others should see that the tears had gathered in his eyes.

'I don't know what you may have told about me, Niels, but you have always been a friend to me, and, therefore'—she made a violent effort to suppress her sob—'therefore you might accept of the only thing I have to offer you—the gun.'

'No, no,' replied Niels quickly, as if he were putting away a temptation. 'You promised your poor father never to part with it, and therefore we will not mention the matter again.'

These words were uttered in no decisive tone, that it was evident they were meant to bring to a close, a contest of some duration. But we could see by Dortha's manner that she had not yet given up her point, and that something was working in her, perhaps a decisive word, which she had kept back till the last, for she changed color several times before she replied, in a subdued voice:—'For the matter of that you may as well take the gun, for I—mean in a manner to follow it. My father's gun shall not hang idly on the nail in such times as these, and his daughter will not either spare herself.' We all looked with surprise at Dortha, whose lips quivered as she turned towards my mother and continued: 'Yes, ma'am, I ought to have told you so long ago: I cannot remain here. My mind is made up; I must go

where I can be of more use. My father used to tell me, that there are women who follow the armies, and of how much good they can do when they behave as they ought.'

We now understood the excellent Dorthie's meaning. I thought of the strength, activity, and presence of mind she had given proofs of in the hour of supposed danger, and I also remembered what Niels had told me of her humanity, and I felt at once with her, that her vocation was to follow the army; and that the rest of those present were of the same opinion, was evident from the loud expressions of approbation that followed the first feeling of surprise to which her announcement had given rise.

My father alone seemed to entertain some doubt as to whether Dorthie's resolutions were not inspired as much by love for Niels as by love for her country; but a few minutes' further conversation with her convinced him as well as the rest of us of the singular simplicity and uprightness of her mind and character; and taking her hand again, he commended her for her patriotism, begging her at the same time to forgive him and all those who had hitherto failed to appreciate her as she deserved.

This seemed to make a great impression on Niels in particular; but Dorthie answered simply, yet with a certain degree of emotion, 'That she had been quite happy here, and had only thanks to give.'

We then all shook hands with her, expressing our best wishes for her success in her enterprise, and the servants left the room. Niels and Dorthie were the last, and we observed that he stood back and let her pass before him.

A few days later, Niels requested a private interview with my father, and at the same time Dorthie was closeted with my mother in the store-room. When my mother came out, she said to Julia and myself: 'Rejoice girls! we are to have a wedding at the parsonage! Father is to perform the marriage ceremony for our two volunteers'—and my darling mother's countenance was as radiant as if it was I that was to be married to a lord. Indeed, we all sincerely rejoiced in the happy prospects of the lowly being who had taught us, that however humble be our lot in life, it will never be insignificant, if we will but make the best use of the faculties with which nature has endowed us.

It is not so difficult a task to plant new truths as to root out old errors, for there is this paradox in men, they run after that which is new, but are prejudiced in favor of that which is old.

People who are always talking sentiment have usually not very deep feelings; the less water you have in your kettle the sooner it will boil.

Health is a giant friend whom we often fail to respect until he is about to leave us.

A hypocritical Puritan is often worse than a tyrannical Pope.

Yankee—a fast steamer going ahead, with English hull and American screw.

Bad Temper—Moral acum which spoils the richest intellectual broth.

HOW BOGS ARE TURNED INTO CANDLES.

It would, we feel sure, startle the majority of Irish tourists were they told, when travelling through the vast bog districts in Ireland, that those dark and dreary places may before long be converted into shining lights, which will go forth to irradiate the halls of beauty. And were it not that chemistry is a marvellous worker, in comparison with whose magic wand, that wielded by the astrologer of old was a contemptible affair, scepticism, if not entire disbelief, might very naturally follow such an announcement. But the chemist is a mighty man. At his bidding, substances disclose properties and assume appearances stranger than the wildest dreams could imagine. And it is one of his especial qualities and triumphs, that by combinations which may almost be pronounced endless, he is enabled to make his knowledge applicable to the most useful purposes. One of these high achievements has been accomplished within the last few years. Dropping metaphor, candles of the most exquisite transparency, rivalling the best wax lights in brilliancy of combustion, have been produced from the bogs of Ireland; and so successfully has the experiment answered, that works on a very large scale have just commenced operations, which, it is confidently expected, will realise a good profit, and be of great benefit to that part of Ireland where they are situated.

Before giving some account of these works, which is the principal purpose of this paper, it is desirable to say a few words respecting the nature of bogs. These Irish fuel-mines—for hitherto it is as fuel they have been chiefly valuable—are estimated to occupy about 2,000,000 English acres. They differ much in their exterior nature, being sometimes soft and spongy, and sometimes firm and hard. But in one respect they are similar, for they all contain a mass of a peculiar substance called peat, of the average thickness of twenty-five feet, nowhere less than twelve, and never exceeding forty-two. This substance varies materially in its appearance and properties, in proportion to the depth at which it lies, the upper portion containing vegetable fibres, visible, though much decomposed; while below, the colour of the peat changes from light brown to black, and the substance is much more compact, assuming the appearance, when dry, of pitch or bituminous coal, having a conchoidal fracture in every direction, with a black shining lustre, and being capable of receiving a high polish.

Now, chemists long ago informed us that, by proper chemical combination, peat might be made to yield sulphate of ammonia, acetate of lime, naphtha, paraffine, and oil; and they further state, that paraffine is an admirable substance for making candles. Dr. Ure, in his well-known *Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures*, emphatically asserts this, and, when we see what paraffine is, the truth of the statement will be evident. Turning to Brande's *Chemistry*, we read, under this head: "when beech-tar is distilled, three liquids pass into the recipient—1. A light oil; 2. An aqueous acid; 3. A heavy oil. The heavy is subjected to several redistillations, and then sulphuric acid is gradually added to it, till the

mixture becomes a black and thin liquid; and if it does not spontaneously rise in temperature to 212 degrees, it is to be heated up to that point; the mixture is then kept for twelve hours or more, at a temperature of about 122 degrees, when a colourless oil will be found floating upon its surface. This is to be carefully poured off, and on cooling, paraffine concretes upon its surface. This has to be purified by solution in hot anhydrous alcohol, when it appears a crystalline, tasteless, and odourless substance, fusing at 212 degrees into a transparent oily liquid, and burning with a white sootless flame. Its specific gravity is 0.870."

We may add, that this curious substance derives its name from *parum affinis*, on account of its inertness as a chemical agent, or want of affinity, resisting the action of acids and alkalies. It, however, readily dissolves in oil of turpentine, and in naphtha.

According to Gay Lussac, who made several experiments with paraffine, it is a binary compound of carbon and hydrogen.

From this account, it is evident, that if peat can be made to yield paraffine at a remunerative profit, a new and vast field of commercial enterprise is at once opened. As to the feasibility of the undertaking, no doubt exists. The writer has seen large blocks of paraffine, of the most beautiful crystalline appearance, procured from peat. The only question was, whether it could be manufactured at a remunerative cost. This result, after a long and laborious series of experiments has been realised. At least, Mr. Reece, the intelligent and scientific manager of the works we are about to give some account of, has been so well satisfied with the success of his experiments, that machinery to the amount of nearly £40,000 has been erected in the County of Kildare, on the verge of one of the largest bogs in that part of Ireland, for the purpose of extracting paraffine from peat.

The works, which are called the Irish Peat-works, are situated about eight miles from Monstereven, and four from Athy. The railway from Dublin to Athy passes close to the gates, and affords easy facility for visiting the works. The writer approached them from Monstereven. The road is monotonous enough, passing across tracts of dreary moorland, on the verge of which may yet be seen the genuine Irish squatter in all his unreclaimed misery. Happily, the disgraceful and melancholy spectacle of these human earth-grubbers is becoming every year more and more rare in Ireland, and the day is assuredly not far distant when the Irish squatter will no longer disfigure the face of the country. On reaching the works, which are visible from a great distance, we were fortunate in finding Mr. Reece at home, and he at once kindly undertook to go with us over the establishment. Visitors, however, are not an everyday occurrence.

The first thing that strikes the eye is a huge furnace, or rather a row of furnaces, there being four side by side. They are similar in form to those used for smelting iron-ore, but are considerably larger, each furnace being capable of consuming no less than twenty-five tons of peat in eighteen hours. When filled, the top of the furnace is closed, and a fierce hot blast being

driven through the mass of turf, the smoke escapes through a pipe at the top, which terminates in a condenser. The magnitude of this apparatus may be estimated by the fact, that it will contain 8,000,000 cubic feet of gas. Here the first change in the conversion of peat into paraffine occurs, the smoke being condensed and precipitated into the form of tar. The lighter or gaseous portion is conducted by pipes to another locality.

It has been ascertained that 100 hundred tons of peat will yield as much tar as will produce about 850 pounds of paraffine and 800 gallons of oil. But to obtain the paraffine, many delicate chemical operations are requisite, and for a long time it could not be extracted without using ether, which made the process far too costly for commercial purposes. At length—for what will not chemistry achieve?—Mr. Reece discovered a less expensive mode of proceeding, which is at the same time fully as efficacious. Sulphuric acid is the principal agent employed: the tar being boiled for about half an hour with 3 per cent. of this acid, it becomes decomposed, and all its impurities fall to the bottom of the vessel. Oil and paraffine now remain, which, after undergoing the process of distillation, separate. The paraffine then appears in crystalline flakes, but is of so dark a colour, and emitting such an unpleasant odour, as to be quite unfit for use. It is therefore necessary to bleach and to deodourise it, which is effected by subjecting it to the action of chloro-chromic acid; and finally, after another process of distillation, and passing through powerful hydraulic presses and steam, it comes out clear and perfect paraffine.

It is quite impossible to look at this beautiful substance, and witness its combustion, bearing in mind how it is obtained, without feelings of admiration and wonder, and particularly when we remember that it is derived from a black and apparently foul mass. Nor must it be supposed that when the paraffine is extracted, all that remains is valueless; quite the contrary is the case; for, independently of oils from which is generated gas, used as fuel for the steam-engine and other purposes, several valuable commercial and agricultural products are obtained.

It will be readily understood, that four such huge fiery furnaces as we have described require a great supply of food to keep them going. To meet this demand, canals to the extent of five miles have been cut through the neighbouring bog; and it is estimated that about 200 persons will be kept constantly employed in cutting and conveying the turf to its destination.

At the proposed rate of consumption, vast as is the area of the bog near the works, it will be exhausted in the course of a few years. This, however, will not affect the establishment, as there are other large bogs in the neighbourhood; and it must not be forgotten, that one of the advantages held out is, that the very destruction of the bog will develop a soil available for the purposes of the agriculturist.

We trust that the beautiful chemical operations which are now about to be carried out in a practical form, will answer the expectations of the company to whom the works belong. It is a good and healthy sign, that no advertising puffing

has been used to dispose of the shares, which, we are informed, have been taken up mostly by practical men. This augurs well for the success of the undertaking; and we hope soon to see the fitful Will-o'-the-Wisp which haunts Irish bogs spirited, by the chemist's potent wand, into the substantial reality of brilliant candles.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

THE BOER'S FETE.

I HAD trudged across a weary flat country from early noon till reddening eve. Nothing can be duller than a walking tour through the monotonous district which forms the eastern boundary of Holland. You see nothing before you but long lines of trees, square green fields, with here and there a windmill, a boer's village, or a distant church. But I had lost my way, and thought of little else but finding it again. I had started from Arnheim betimes in the morning, intending to cross the Prussian frontier near the Rhine before nightfall; but my ignorance of the *patois* of the district had led me into a mistake about the true direction of the road to Zevenaar, and I was far on the route to Zutphen before I discovered my error. I hailed a soldier who lay by the road side eating bread and cheese out of a napkin, and asked him if this were the road to Zevenaar?—"Duivelabeet niet!" said the soldier, starting up. I understood enough of this, to know that this was not the road to Zevenaar. He proceeded to explain, pointing across the fields towards a village spire in the far distance, in which direction I understood my road to lie, and I at once set off on my way thither, bidding him a "Goed morgen."

The road I took was a mere by-road leading to a little farm, which I soon passed, and then my way lay through fields and along ditches, until at last all traces of road disappeared, and I had only the distant village spire lying far across the plain to guide me. I leaped the ditches, scrambling up the banks on the other side, and disturbing many sonorous bull-frogs, as I sped over them. Fortunately, the fields were in pasture, and I had little difficulty in making my way across them, still keeping my face directed towards the village spire. At last, when fagged and wearied by the long scramble through hedges, over ditches, and across grass fields, I found myself on the banks of a canal, across which a rustic bridge was thrown, and within sight was a little public house, with the sign of "Beer to Koop," or "Beer to sell." What customers this remote house, which I had reached with such difficulty, could supply, puzzled me at first; but my surprise ceased, when I saw a canal-boat shortly after draw up alongside the door, and the boatman seated himself without uttering a word, at the bench in front of the window, and on giving a nod, the woman of the house seemed to interpret its meaning in an instant, for she at once set before him a jug of beer and a substantial "bootram."

I had found the word "bootram" to serve my purpose well on previous occasions, so I entered the house and seated myself, calling "bootram." The landlady soon placed before me bread, cheese,

and butter, with a draught of delicious home brewed, and I enjoyed the meal with a gusto I should vainly attempt to describe. The little house was clean to perfection; the copper dishes ranged along the shelves were so brightly scoured, that they might have served as mirrors; and when the elderly woman, who seemed the sole person about the house, had got me and the other customer served with "bootram," she settled herself down on a stool by the open window, and commenced plying her knitting. It was a picture of retired country life—still-life it might be called—on the verge of Holland.

An hour's rest revived my spirits and strength, and again shouldering my knapsack, I bade the good woman adieu, and crossing the wooden bridge walked on, still with the village spire in view. I was now proceeding along a frequented road, and an hour's walking brought me to the village, called Duisburg. I pushed through the village, and was now on the high road to the Prussian frontier, which I was anxious to reach that night. But the setting sun was already throwing long shadows upon the ground; I was becoming wearied and footsore, and dragged my feet heavily along. My knapsack weighed like lead, and its straps fretted my shoulders. Nature wanted rest; and it must be confessed, that some twenty or more miles walking across fields and ditches, was no bad day's work; so I resolved to rest for the night at the first house of entertainment I might fall in with.

For a few miles more I trudged along the dusty road, until a sound of dancing and music suddenly fell upon my ears. I looked ahead, and a little road-side *ouberge* lay in my way, a group of Dutch boers, humbly dressed, standing and sitting about the door. Here, then, was a house of entertainment; and I resolved to rest here if possible. I entered; but the door was filled with dancers. A rude stage was erected at one end of the clay-floored chamber, and on it stood a player on the clarionet, another on the violin, and a third was seated at the violoncello. The music was spirited, but not first-rate; the players were evidently amateurs, and only of the rank of field-laborers. The dancers were flying across the floor, many of them with the pipe in their mouth, beating time with their feet, men and women mixed, and they worked as hard at their amusement as if they had been paid for it,—perhaps harder. The step and the figures were entirely new—something quite unknown at Almack's. Occasionally a youthful dancer would give a great leap and caper, as he sprang to his female partner, whom he whirled about and handled in the most ferocious manner, "she nothing loth." The elder and more staid couples, of course, danced more decorously, and suitably to their age. There were some aged, browned, and wrinkled peasants, who went across the floor as measuredly and seriously as if they had been engaged in a religious exercise. The people were all of the order of peasants, and they were holding their Keremus or annual fair,—having resorted hither for their evening dance.

Seizing an opportunity of a lull in the dance, amid which a considerable clatter of glasses was heard, I walked across the floor towards an inner room, from which I had seen an apparent land-

lady issue during the dance with glasses and drinkables, and entered. The lady of the house was up to the ears in business, importuned first by one for "schnaps," by another for "bier," by a third for "swartz brod," until she looked the picture of distraction. In this dilemma, I suddenly entered upon the scene, and appealed to her for "coffee." I proved a godsend to the poor woman, for at once all eyes were turned on me and my travel-stained dress, and the men were silent, waiting till my question was answered. They saw I was a stranger, and a general politeness induced them, by a kind of unanimous consent, at once to give way. I explained my plight,—that I had travelled far,—wished to rest there for the night, but first wanted refreshment. I spoke in a mixture of bad German and worse Dutch, aided by some rather expressive pantomime, in which any man put to his wits' end will not fail to make himself understood; and I succeeded. Of course, they saw I was a stranger, but the landlady put the question, "Een Vreemd?" and I nodded. "Een Franschman?" All strangers abroad are thought to be French, especially when beyond the ordinary English high-roads; but my answer was, "No,—English!" What a stare! Then the customers for brandywine dispersed among their friends to tell them of the singular stranger who had appeared among them, and the Englishman became to them the wonder of the minute. The landlady bustled about to get the coffee ready, but vowed she could not accommodate me for the night. I insisted, nevertheless, on staying there, though it were only across two chairs; and at last she was persuaded and agreed to make up a shake-down for me in a little chamber, adjoining the clay-floored ball-room. I found the villagers aided me in my appeals, and so the thing was satisfactorily arranged.

By the time I had finished my coffee, the dancing had waxed fast and furious. The brandywine was now beginning to tell, and some of the more lusty of the party began to grow rebellious and quarrelsome. There were a few bickers, in one of which the musicians' platform was upset, and the performers were split on the floor amid a crash of timber. But the boers never come to blows; the utmost extent to which they proceeded was in inflicting a few ugly scratches, and throwing each other down. The dancing still went on, nevertheless, and the bulk of the party seemed to think nothing of these affairs. The entire scene reminded me of the Boer's Fete, so well painted by Teniers and Ostade, and showed that after the lapse of centuries, village life in the remoter parts of Holland had very little altered.

I strolled out into the field outside the house,—away from the noise and the fumes of gin and brandywine, which the villagers seemed to drink unreasonably often, though the glasses were of very moderate dimensions. On some, the effects were not apparent, and the more drunken gradually disappeared, having been led home by their wives or friends. It was now dusk; the sun had gone down, and a faint streak of light marked the place of his setting. The air was warm, and felt sweet and refreshing after the heated bustle of the hut. I observed on looking behind me, that a young man whom I had noticed

among the dancers, followed my steps; I waited till he came up, and he proceeded to address me in good English. I found him an intelligent, well educated youth, and he proceeded to tell me how he had acquired his knowledge of English.

"It all arose out of a bit of jealousy," said he.

"Jealousy, indeed, how could that be?"

"Very easy to be explained, sir. It was just on such another night as this, six years ago, that we held our dance in the cottage there. My Gretchen was the partner whom I had brought with me for the night; and though we were not betrothed, we were lovers then. But girls you know, will give themselves airs now and then, and I thought she displayed too great a liking for a young fellow who was present at the fete,—a kind of hero among the women, for he had been a soldier, and could talk by the hour, without any one getting in a word. I was provoked at his boasting talk, and still more so, when I once turned my back, to find he had led Gretchen to the floor, where the two were wheeling briskly away in the dance. I think I lost my reason for the moment, for I forgot all that happened, except that, when my senses returned, I saw the fellow laid all his length on the floor, the blood running from his nose, and the people around calling out that he was killed! I fled,—pursued by jealousy and remorse,—and every moment feared that the gendarmes would be at my heels, and that I should be taken and punished as a murderer. I ran all that night along the road to Prussia.—When tired out, I at length sat down by the road side to rest, and fell fast asleep. How long I might have lain there, I know not; but I was suddenly startled by loud noise and ejaculations, and looking up, I saw that the horses attached to a travelling-carriage, which had come up, had been startled, most probably by my appearance there, and the foremost horse had thrown his rider, who was beneath his feet. I at once jumped up, and seized him by the reins but the rider was disabled. They said his leg was broken,—at all events he could not proceed further, so he was carried into the nearest house and left there. But how was the carriage to be got forward? I at once volunteered my services, which, in the emergency, were accepted, and being a good rider, we reached the next post-town in safety. It was a godsend to me, this accident. I found the party consisted of a wealthy English gentleman and his family on their way to the Rhine; they knew nothing of the language, and having no *valet de place*, they felt the want of some native who could act as their interpreter. In short, they engaged me; I travelled as their servant, and returned with them to England. There I stayed some five years, and while there, I wrote home to my friends. What was my joy to find, that the man whom I fancied I had killed, still lived and was married—but not to my Gretchen! No! she, the dear creature, had remained faithful to me, and in sorrow had mourned my absence. I could not stay longer in England. I had saved some money, and so, after writing to Gretchen, I started to return home. I was received with open arms, like a son that had been lost, and was found again—"

"And Gretchen?"

"I think you may guess. We were married two months ago, and are exceedingly happy. But to tell you the truth, I find this remote little place horribly dull; after England, I feel it to be insupportable. I am now making preparations to emigrate; and I have followed you for the purpose of asking about the great new land in the South, called Australia. I had thought of America, but somehow, I am attracted towards the new colony of Port Philip. Can you tell me anything respecting it?"

Fortunately, I had a brother who had not long before set off for the colony, and I was enabled to put him in possession of a good deal of useful information. But whether he went to Australia or to the United States, I have not since had an opportunity of ascertaining.

We returned to the cottage. The dancing had now ceased, and the last of the party, among whom I was not slow to discern my young friend's wife, Gretchen,—a blooming lass, ripe as a peach had betaken themselves to the seats placed in front of the cottage, and were now engaged in singing country songs in musical choros. There was a good deal of prattle and lively talk. One of the females was a buxom widow, who seemed to take to flirtation like a second nature, and she was the liveliest of the party. She induced one of the young men to sing with her the German song of "*Du, du, liegst mir im Herzen*," which she did on her part with considerable *empressment*, and with an obvious desire to achieve the realization of the burthen of the song. It was late when the party left; but there was still light enough remaining to enable them to trace their way by a path across the corn fields to their little village, which lay beyond; and for some time I could hear their voices, made melodious by distance, singing in good time and rhythm, the beautiful *barcarole* in Masaniello, "*Whisper Low*."

I spent the night in sound repose, in a shake down bed, as comfortably as circumstances would admit, and next morning my friend of the preceding evening accompanied me about two miles on my road, still full of Australia and his preparations for emigrating.

After about an hour's walking, I reached the double headed black eagle of Prussia, set up by the wayside, and crossing the frontier, was in Germany.

Did you ever know a cockney take to boating without dressing himself up a la T. P. Cooke?

D'd you ever meet a diner-out of sufficient strength of mind to ask for "cabbage?"

Did you ever hear a loo-player confess to having won more than "just a shilling or two?"

And as a final clincher—Did you ever know a cabman who, since the new Act came in force, could by any eloquence be induced to give you change for a shilling?

No man would overcome and endure solitude if he did not cherish the hope of a social circle in the future, or the imagination of an invisible one in the present.

We unconsciously either unveil or unmask our selves most completely in our manner of praising,

LOOK UP!

"Look up!" cried the seaman, with nerves like steel,

As skyward his glance he cast,
And beheld his own son grow giddy, and reel
On the point of the tapering mast;
"Look up!" and the bold boy lifted his face,
And banished his brief alarms,—
Slid down at once from his perilous place,
And leapt in his father's arms.

"Look up!" we cry to the sorely-oppressed,
Who seem from all comfort shut;
They had better look up to the mountain crest
Than down to the precipice loot;
The one offers heights they may hope to gain,—
Pure ether, and freedom, and room,
The other bewilders the aching brain
With roughness, and danger and gloom.

"Look up!" meek souls by affliction bent,
Nor dally with dull despair;
Look up, and in faith, to the firmament,
For heaven and mercy are there.
The frail flower droops in the stormy shower,
And the shadows of needful night,
But it looks to the sun in the after-hour,
And takes full measure of light

"Look up!" sad man, by adverses brought
From high unto low estate;
Play not with the bane of corrosive thought,
Nor murmur at chance and fate;
Renew thy hopes, look the world in the face,
For it helps not those who repine,—
Press on, and its voice will amend thy pace,—
Succeed, and its homage is thine.

"Look up!" great crowd, who are foremost set
In the changeful "*Battle of Life*,"
Some days of calm may reward ye yet
For years of allotted strife.
Look up, and *beyond*, there's a guerdon there
For the humble and pure of heart;
Fruition of joys unalloyed by care,
Of peace that can never depart.

"Look up!" large spirit, by Heaven inspired,
Thou rare and expansive soul!
Look up with endeavour and zeal untired,
And strive for the loftiest goal.
Look up, and encourage the kindred throng,
Who toil up the slopes behind,
To follow, and hail with triumphant song
The holier regions of mind.

The life of almost every human being is governed by one master thought,—the life, we say, of human beings, not human vegetables.

The sadist is sadder than the wit for the same reason that the orang-outang is of a graver disposition than the ape because his nature is more noble.

Little truisms often give the clue to long, deep, intricate, undisplayed trains of thought, which have been going on in silence and secrecy for a long time before the commonplace result in which more meditations, and is expressed.

BAGGS OF THE POST-OFFICE: HIS TOUR
I. THE HIGHLANDS.

BAGGS belongs to a small club, which meets every Tuesday evening in a tavern in Fleet Street, to discuss such profound questions as, 'Whether is Shakspeare or Milton the greater genius?' 'Is there any truth in mesmerism?' 'Was Queen Mary of Scotland concerned in the murder of her husband?' mingling with such debates the reading of certain original essays, in which the members, in default of the press, seek vent for their literary aspirations. For some years the gentleman here noted had talked of taking a trip to Scotland, in order to enjoy the romantic beauties of what he called the Highlands, with the ulterior design of making his adventures and observations the subject of a paper to be read before the club. But duties at the big house in St. Martin's le Grand had always disappointed him of his design, just at the moment when he expected to accomplish it; so that at length Baggs's Scotch tour had become a joke in the club, and an inviolable associate had offered two to one that he would not bring forward his proposed paper on that subject while their association had a being. Baggs, in a moment of ardour took up the bet, and no sooner had done so, than he repented his rashness. 'My governor,' he reflected to himself, 'will never advance the required sum, and my own salary is too small to afford it. But—a thought strikes me. It is against my reading a paper the bet is laid. Why may I not write a paper without seeing the country? Nothing more easy; for what with Scott's novels, and other productions of northern genius, besides occasional glances at their newspapers, I know all about Scotland. Plait, Tompkins, your couple of guineas are as safely mine as if they were already in my pocket!' Next Tuesday week, after due premonition to the club, Baggs read to his companions as follows:—

'Having furnished myself with a supply of double thick flannels and a dreadnought, against the severity of a northern climate, I set out for Edinburgh in the *Trident* steamer, on the 18th of August, 1853. Nothing worthy of note occurred during the voyage; but I had no sooner landed at Granton, which is the port of Edinburgh, than I was struck by the novel sight of a country totally destitute of trees; nothing to be seen but bare moors and crags in every direction. The effect is dreary, yet inexpressibly interesting. Though prepared, moreover, for the tartan, kilts, and plaids, I could not help being somewhat startled by seeing a whole people so clad. It gave the country so entirely foreign an air, that I could scarcely believe myself in Queen Victoria's dominions. The beauty of Edinburgh came fully up to my expectations. What with the noble river Forth flowing past it, and the lofty peaks of the Calton Hill rising near,—what with its fantastic castles in the air, and its melancholy palaces in the Canongate, I thought I never had seen any thing equal to it out of the Surrey Zoological Gardens. One is reminded of the Stuarts at every step, for it was to them that the city was indebted for its most superb structures.

'A friend, hearing of my intended visit to Scotland, had given me a letter of introduction for a

correspondent at Dumfries. I made the delivery of this my first business on arriving in the Scottish capital. Knowing well, however, that I was in a country still comparatively barbarous, I took care to place my Colt's revolver fully loaded in my breast pocket. Thus armed I walked out to Dumfries after tea. Having with some difficulty made the people understand me, I at length reached the portal of the gentleman to whom my letter was directed. My reception was quite in the old style of Scottish hospitality. The gentleman proved to be a member of the Scottish bar. I found him in his library immersed in his studies; but he insisted on introducing me to his family in the drawing room. There I found his wife and three handsome young daughters all engaged in knitting stockings; but all of them (this not being a state occasion) wearing no shoes or stockings themselves. Being in harmony with the general state of things in the country, there was in this nothing at all offensive—on the contrary, a charming simplicity. Had the ladies only been able to converse in the English language, I should have got on very well with them. They pressed me to stay for the evening banquet in the hall, but I was afraid of walking back to town at a late hour, and respectfully declined. Mr. McGill, however invited me to breakfast next morning, and that proposal I accepted. Early as was the hour at which I returned to my lodgings, I found it was quite as well that I had brought my revolver, for, in the rocky defiles through which I threaded my way, several suspicious-looking characters beset me; and it was only on my showing them how well I was armed, they made off.

'I did not fail to appear at my friend's suburban retreat at the proper hour next morning. The family were assembled in the dining-room, where a bottle of the mountain-dew being set out, I observed that each person as he or she entered helped himself or herself to a hearty dram. Yielding to the precept as well as example of sweet Cecilia McGill, and being anxious to pay deference to the customs of the country, I took a full glass of the dew myself; nor was it attended with any harmful consequences. Breakfast, of a luxuriousness found only in Scotland, followed. We had every imaginable kind of game, chiefly cold, along with a hot dish of Scotch collops; besides honey, jam, marmalade, and other delicacies native to the country. Mr. McGill's bagpipe walked up and down the room the whole time, playing the family pibroch, and of course rendering conversation somewhat difficult. I nevertheless contrived to make a few remarks to Miss Cecilia, who happened to sit next me, and, if I am not greatly misled by my own feelings, I made rather a favourable impression upon that damsel. I am glad it was she, rather than either of her sisters, for I discovered that they both snuffed—a national habit to which I fear I could never reconcile myself.

'At the conclusion of our meal, Mr. McGill and I sat half an hour by ourselves, conversing on the state of the country. He informed me that, notwithstanding the general Jacobitism of the Scotch, the Covenant is still signed amongst them once a year, and many persons make regular pilgrimages to the graves of the Presbyterian martyrs. The Free Church has been a remarkable

movement of late years towards a latitudinarianism quite unknown in England, and the fruits of which will only appear in the next generation. There is also a strong Repeal movement, which may yet give some trouble to the English ministry, if they do not use measures to conciliate the people. It originated in a piece of bad heraldry in the Imperial flag, and has been fomented by a disappointment of the Scotch in the wish to be their own tax-gatherers. Mr. M'Gill, speaking of Scotland, apostrophises the government in the language of Burns:

For God's sake, sir, then speak her fair,
And stralk her cannie wi' the hair;

a couplet which I do not profess quite to understand, unless it be that, if you are to strike Scotland at all, you must strike her gently as with a single hair. The rigorous morality of the Scotch continues to be remarkable. They abstain from dancing and badinage; have no theatres or concerts; seldom are seen to smile, and scarcely ever to laugh. What is strange, however, while, generally speaking, a slow people, they talk of having their fast days. Of course no rule is without exceptions. The virtue of the humbler class of women in the country is beyond all precedent. You may walk through the whole land, or reside in it ten years, and never meet a single drunken person. From their habits of independence and self-reliance, there are no beggars; neither is there such a thing as a poor-law. One almost dislikes the excessive prudence of the Scotch. Extravagant speculations in railways, in banking, or in merchandise, such as exist in England, would be felt as a relief from this eternal rationality; but I need not say that the loss of a single pound by any of these follies is a thing unknown in Scotland. At the same time, it must be confessed that where there is no money, it is not easy to misuse it. The Scotch are protected from many of our errors by their well-known poverty.

Mr. M'Gill having to attend to business at the Court of Session, we set out to walk to town together, attended only by a gillie, whose business it was to carry his bag of briefs. Nothing particular occurred in our walk; but I may remark, that I did not leave the environs of the house without having an opportunity of paying my adieux to the young ladies. We found them busily engaged in the family washing on the green at the end of the house, one of them dancing in a tub with her skirts elevated, I must say, a little beyond what I should have previously believed to be the line of strict propriety, while another superintended a boiling caldron, and the third, with feet whiter than snow, strode about amongst the linens which she was spreading out to bleach. It was a scene like that near the palace of King Alcinoüs of Phæacia, when his daughter, with her attendants, washed her own regal robes, as described in the *Odyssey*; and I could not but congratulate myself on having witnessed a relic of ancient manners so simple and interesting.

I must not dilate on what I saw at the court, as it scarcely falls within the design of the present narrative; but I cannot omit to notice the singularity of one feature of the scene; it was so curious to see the members of a learned profession walking about in the primitive Scotch cos-

time, and with the full accoutrements of a hairy purse, a broadsword, and couple of silver-mounted pistols, while over all they exhibited the professional gear of gowns and wigs. I felt a little curiosity about the proceedings; but the English language being too modern a thing for the lawyers of the north to indulge in, and there being nothing to be heard but broad Scotch and Gaelic, which are totally unintelligible, I soon found it stupid, and came away.

The kindness of the M'Gills—for somehow, to be so frigid a people, the Scotch do exceedingly kind things—did not end here, for, having avowed my design of seeing the Highlands, they let me know that a young cousin of theirs, the son of a chief, would be glad to take me over them any day I pleased to appoint. It was soon settled that we should devote the ensuing Tuesday to that purpose, and, meanwhile, I was introduced to young Fleance (for so he was called), whom I found to be a very fine young man, about six feet six inches high, dressed *de rigueur* in Highland costume, and with an eagle's feather in his bonnet. Having been brought up partly in London and partly in Paris, he was equally familiar with the English and French languages, as with his Gaelic vernacular. We set out at an early hour on foot, and soon plunged into that barbarous but romantic region which I longed to see. For some time our path lay along the side of a beautiful lake, in whose mirror-like surface the birch-feathered crags of the mountain-side were reflected to a leaf, except where it was broken by the leap of the salmon, or the rippling wake of the wild duck and swan. Few habitations met our view, and these were exclusively small smoky hovels, where it was scarcely possible to believe that human beings dwelt. Generally, in front of one of these houses, a tall handsomely-dressed Highlander, with his family all equally well dressed, would be seen ranked up to greet the passing travellers, or offer them refreshments. My companion regaled me with stories of the forays in which he had already been engaged at the head of troops of his father's men. There was one unfortunate clan of M'Quails, which he had plundered and cut up in the most unmerciful manner; but then it was all right in his eyes, being in revenge for the murder of a M'Gill by a M'Quail about the close of the sixteenth century. He privately avowed to me that himself, his father, and the Highlanders generally, only yield a hypocritical allegiance to the Queen; reserving their true affections for the Grand Duke of Lucca, who is the rightful heir of the British throne, and who, some years ago, showed how true a chip of legitimacy he was, by requiring his subjects to abjure the Copernican theory of the solar system. For the present the attention of the Highlanders is a good deal absorbed by questions connected with the Free Church; nevertheless, they wait but the right opportunity to declare for this Papist Sovereign. Meanwhile, they make decents every now and then upon the tame and effeminate Sassenachs, despoiling them of their cattle and other goods, and sometimes burning their houses and standing crops, all being considered little enough as a revenge for the Sassenachs having deprived them of so much of a country which they once exclu-

sively possessed. It is really a curious consideration, that within this little island there should still be a people animated by such maxims and feelings, living in contiguity with the civilised masses on which the true glory of the British name depends.

'In misty grandeur, the scenery of the Highlands was far beyond my dreams. Terrific precipices, the haunts of eagles; grand uplands, over which the deer and the roe are seen bounding together; glassy lakes, splendid waterfalls; beautiful sunny glens, each occupied by its own clan; dense wreathings of mist over the mountain-tops, from which one expects to see the spirits of Ossian's heroes peeping forth: such are the leading features of this romantic region. Here and there, a rude hamlet or town, composed of a few wigwams, varies the scene. Such are Inverness, Oban, and Perth. Now and then we pass under the shadow of a grand old Highland castle, where feudal state is still maintained—as Taymouth, Castle-Grant, and Inverary. These and similar mansions serve as inns for travellers, whose visit are so far from being felt as burdensome, that the chiefs would positively be offended if any one were to pass without calling and taking some refreshment. Passing near one of these houses—I forget which—we found it necessary, accordingly, to call and pay our respects to the hospitable proprietor. A handsome lunch, of brochan, haggis, tripe, cold sheep's-head, and oat-cakes, was set out for us by his orders, with a sufficiency of the liquor called toddy to wash it down. I cannot say that I quite relished the entertainment; but when I reflected that I was in Scotland, and that the worthy host gave the best he had in all good-will, I deemed it right to make an endeavour to do justice to it, and succeeded in swallowing a few morsels. As for my companion, he ate like a young hyena. It must require no small revenue for the Highland lairds to act in this liberal style. From various hints I got, it was manifest there might have been an unpleasant feeling if I had inquired too curiously as to where the means of such extensive hospitality came from; so I held my peace.

'It had been arranged that we should pass the night and ensuing day at Castle-Keg, the residence of my young companion's father, which I found to be perched on a lofty rock overhanging a deep inlet of the sea. The chief, a fine gray-haired old Celt, came out to meet us in full Highland costume, attended by his henchman, gillycaslue, piper, and the rest of his usual tail; and a fine sight it was. He saluted me in a most condescending manner, and placed me at his right hand on our way to the castle. There we were received in an ancient hall, hung with bows, arrows, spears, and trophies of the chase. The banquet was soon ready, and, having first had our feet washed by a female servant, we were invited to be seated. The lady of the house graced the dais at her husband's left hand, while I sat at his right, and the less important members of the household occupied the lower table, in order according with their several ranks. The potent usquebaugh went round in silver and wooden vessels, and was, as usual, partaken of with the greatest freedom by women as well as men. The bagpipe screamed all the time its loudest notes.

The ancient sennachy of the family came in afterwards, and having received and tossed off a cup containing about a pint of whisky, commenced a romantic recital in Gaelic, which, I was told, referred to a fearful inroad of the clan upon the M'Quails about the time of the Restoration. Thus the evening was passed in a manner to me deeply interesting, until a period when all recollection deserted me. How I got to bed that night must ever remain among the Mysteries. All I know is, that next morning I found myself stretched upon a couch composed of heath with the flowers turned upwards—a mode of bedding practised in the Highlands from days of the most remote antiquity.

'I was awakened by the peal of the bagpipes under my windows, and hastening down stairs, found my young friend Fleance and his father engaged in a review of the troops of the clan, a well-armed corps of about five hundred men. When it was finished, a rude but abundant breakfast was served on the lawn, and then the clansmen fell to the games peculiar to Scotland—the football, shinty, throwing the kebar, and putting the stone. The exhibition of athletic vigour and grace was highly beautiful, and it was peculiarly gratifying to find that the young chief stood quite on a level with the stoutest and most nimble of his father's people. He seemed to be an object of little less than worship amongst them, and I could scarcely doubt him when he whispered to me: "Don't be afraid, but the fact is as I tell you, that any one of these men, at my bidding, would plunge his dirk in your heart!" Such is still the nature of the old clan feeling of the north, notwithstanding the zealous efforts of the clergy to introduce more Christian-like dispositions.

'The day closed with a banquet in the hall, similar to that of our first night, and again was my translation to bed accomplished in a manner entirely independent of my will and consciousness. At an early hour next morning, Fleance roused me with a reminder that we had the rest of the Highlands to travel over before night, by which time I had undertaken to be in Edinburgh, in order to escort the Misses M'Gill to a ball. We immediately prepared ourselves for the march—but of course did not leave the castle till we had breakfasted on venison steaks, and taken a hearty doch-an-doras. The chief stood at his door to take leave of me in the ceremonial manner customary with Highland gentlemen on parting with their guests. He was full of the stately courtesy, reminding one of the *vielle cour*; and yet, as I afterwards discovered, he had that very morning ordered the execution of a sheriff's officer who had rashly ventured to serve a writ upon him for a debt. I got a glimpse of the unfortunate man hanging upon a tree, as we left the extremity of the avenue.

'Our second day's journey differed in no respect from the first, except that I was now able to bid good-day in Gaelic to every proud mountaineer whom we passed on our way, and had learned the way to their hearts, by holding out to them a snuff-mull and not desiring theirs in return. My companion entertained me with numberless anecdotes and characteristic traits of the people, throwing over all the charm of his own lofty and

romantic spirit, which three years of a writer's office had not been able to extinguish. We had a walk of fully thirty miles, but it did not fatigue us; and, as had been contemplated, I was able to make my appearance in due time at the ball, in attendance on the lovely Misses McGill. It was a very fine affair, notwithstanding a certain shock given to my prejudices by the appearance of several of the ladies with bare feet and simple ribbons confining their hair: I may also say—notwithstanding that the fiddle was the only music. It was not until I was in the very midst of this entertainment that I bethought me of asking how there should be such a thing as a ball in Edinburgh, since it was a recognised fact regarding Scotland, that the people do not indulge in any sort of merry-making. I was then for the first time assured, with an air of slyness, that there are a good number of pleasant things, vanities of this world, and so forth, that the Scotch are understood to hold in great abhorrence, but of which, somehow, they contrive to partake much like other people. What, I was asked, is the use of getting a character for unusual virtue, but to enable you to take a little freedom with impunity?

'I set out on my return to London next morning, full of gratitude for the hospitality of which that cold-hearted people had made me the subject almost without intermission during the whole time of my visit. I arrived in due time at St. Katherine's wharf, having spent little more than a week on my tour. It must be for the members of the club to pronounce whether the time was well employed or otherwise.'

At the conclusion of Baggs's paper, Tomkins acknowledged that the bet had been fairly won by his honourable associate, and, for his part, he was glad that the matter was at length set at rest, even though at some sacrifice to himself. Another member expressed the gratification he had had in listening to so luminous and so interesting an account of Scotland, a country which he verily believed was much less known in England than it deserved to be. In this sentiment, it seemed to be the general inclination to concur; and when Tomkins handsomely moved the thanks of the club to Baggs for his paper, it was carried by acclamation. The ingenious author was further requested to endeavour to get the paper inserted in some periodical work of eminence, with a view to making Scotland and the Scotch more generally known than they were. It was by Mr. Baggs's compliance with this benevolent wish, that we have been enabled to incorporate with these pages a narration of which it may, we think, be truly said, that, 'take it for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon its like again.'

The world's face is amply suffused with tears; it is the poet's duty to wipe away a few, not to add more.

Respect is what we owe; love, what we give.

Lord Bacon beautifully said, "If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them."

He who has most of heart knows most of sorrow.

Undertaker—The excise-officer of Death.

MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Our old Hall is to be pulled down, and they are going to build streets on the site. I said to my sister, "Ethelinda! if they really pull down Morton Hall, it will be a worse piece of work than the Repeal of the Corn Laws." And, after some consideration she replied, that if she must speak what was on her mind, she would own that she thought the Papists had something to do with it; that they had never forgiven the Morton who had been with Lord Monteagle when he discovered the Gunpowder Plot; for we knew that somewhere in Rome there was a book kept, and which had been kept for generations, giving an account of the secret private history of every English family of note, and registering the names of those to whom the Papists owed either grudges or gratitude.

We were silent for some time; but I am sure the same thought was in both our minds; our ancestor, a Sidebotham, had been a follower of the Morton of that day; it had always been said in the family that he had been with his master, when he went with the Lord Monteagle, and found Guy Fawkes and his dark lantern under the Parliament House; and the question flashed across our minds, Were the Sidebothams marked with a black mark in that terrible mysterious book which was kept under lock and key by the Pope and the Cardinals in Rome? It was terrible; yet, somehow, rather pleasant to think of. So many of the misfortunes which had happened to us through life, and which we had called "mysterious dispensations," but which some of our neighbors had attributed to our want of prudence and foresight, were accounted for at once, if we were objects of the deadly hatred of such a powerful order as the Jesuits; of whom we had lived in dread ever since we had read the Female Jesuit. Whether this last idea suggested what my sister said next I can't tell; we did know the Female Jesuit's second cousin, so might be said to have literary connexions, and from that the startling thought might spring up in my sister's mind, for, said she, "Biddy!" (my name is Bridget, and no one but my sister calls me Biddy) suppose you write some account of Morton Hall; we have known much in our time of the Mortons, and it will be a shame if they pass away completely from men's memories while we can speak or write." I was pleased with the notion, I confess; but I felt ashamed to agree to it all at once, though even as I objected for modesty's sake, it came into my mind how much I had heard of the old place in its former days, and how it was perhaps all I could now do for the Mortons, under whom our ancestors had lived as tenants for more than three hundred years. So at last I agreed; and, for fear of mistakes,

I showed it to Mr. Swinton, our young curate, who has put it quite in order for me.

Morton Hall is situated about five miles from the centre of Drumble. It stands on the outskirts of a village, which, when the Hall was built, was probably as large as Drumble in those days; and even I can remember when there was a long piece of rather lonely road, with high hedges on either side, between Morton village and Drumble. Now it is all street, and Morton seems but a suburb of the great town near. Our farm stood where Liverpool Street runs now; and people used to come snipe-shooting just where the Baptist Chapel is built. Our farm must have been older than the Hall, for we had a date of fourteen hundred and sixty on one of the cross-beams. My father was rather proud of this advantage, for the Hall had no date older than fifteen hundred and fifty-four; and I remember his affronting Mrs. Dawson, the housekeeper, by dwelling too much on this circumstance one evening when she came to drink tea with my mother, when Ethelinda and I were mere children. But my mother, seeing that Mrs. Dawson would never allow that any house in the parish could be older than the Hall, and that she was getting very warm, and almost insinuating that the Sidebothams had forged the date to disparage the Squire's family, and set themselves up as having the older blood, asked Mrs. Dawson to tell us the story of old Sir John Morton before we went to bed; I silly reminded my father that Jack, our man, was not always so careful as might be in housing the Alderney in good time in the autumn evenings. So he started up, and went off to see after Jack; and Mrs. Dawson and we drew nearer the fire to hear the story about Sir John.

Sir John Morton had lived some time about the Restoration. The Mortons had taken the right side, so when Oliver Cromwell came into power he gave away their lands to one of his Puritan followers—a man who had been but a praying, canting, Scotch pedlar, till the war broke out; and Sir John had to go and live with his royal master at Bruges. The upstart's name was Carr who came to live at Morton Hall; and, I'm proud to say, we—I mean our ancestors—led him a pretty life. He had hard work to get any rent at all from the tenantry, who knew their duty better than to pay it to a Roundhead. If he took the law of them, the law officers fared so badly, that they were shy of coming out to Morton—all along that lonely road I told you of—again. Strange noises were heard about the Hall, which got the credit of being haunted; but as those noises were never heard before or since that Richard Carr lived there, I leave you to guess if the evil spirits did not know well over whom they had power—over schismatic rebels, and no one else. They durst not trouble the Mortons, who were true

and loyal, and were faithful followers of King Charles in word and deed. At last Old Oliver died, and folks did say that on that wild and stormy night his voice was heard high up in the air, where you hear the flocks of wild geese skirl, crying out for his true follower Richard Carr to accompany him in the terrible chase the fiends were giving him before carrying him off bodily. Any way Richard Carr died within a week—summoned by the dead or not, he went his way down to his master, and his master's master.

Then his daughter Alice came into possession. Her mother was somehow related to General Monk, who was beginning to come into power about that time. So when Charles the Second came back to his throne, and many of the sneaking Puritans had to quit their ill-gotten land, and turn to the right about, Alice Carr was still left at Morton Hall to queen it there. She was taller than most women, and a great beauty I have heard. But for all her beauty, she was a stern, hard woman. The tenants had known her to be hard in her father's lifetime, but now that she was the owner and had the power, she was worse than ever. She hated the Stuarts worse than ever her father had done; had calves' heads for dinner every thirtieth of January; and when the first twenty-ninth of May came round, and every mother's son in the village gilded his oak leaves, and wore them in his hat, she closed the windows of the great hall with her own hands, and sate throughout the day in darkness and mourning. People did not like to go against her by force, because she was a young and beautiful woman. It was said the King got her cousin, the Duke of Albermarle, to ask her to court, just as courteously as if she had been the Queen of Sheba, and King Charles, Solomon, praying her to visit him in Jerusalem. But she would not go; not she! She lived a very lonely life, for now the King had got his own again, no servant but her nurse would stay with her in the Hall; and none of the tenants would pay her any money for all that her father had purchased the lands from the Parliament, and paid the price down in good red gold.

All this time, Sir John was somewhere in the Virginian plantations; and the ships sailed from thence only twice a year; but his royal master had sent for him home; and home he came that second summer after the restoration. No one knew if Mistress Alice had heard of his landing in England or not; all the villagers and tenantry knew and were not surprised, and turned out in their best dresses and with great branches of oak to welcome him as he rode into the village one July morning, with many gay-looking gentlemen by his side, laughing and talking and making merry, and speaking gaily and pleasantly to the village people. They came in

on the opposite side to the Drumble Road, indeed Drumble was nothing of a place then: as I have told you. Between the last cottage in the village and the gates to the old Hall, there was a shady part of the road, where the branches nearly met overhead, and made a green gloom. If you'll notice, when many people are talking merrily out of doors in sunlight, they will stop talking for an instant, when they come into the cool green shade, and either be silent for some little time, or else speak graver and slower and softer. And so old people say those gay gentlemen did; for several people followed to see Alice Carr's pride taken down. They used to tell how the cavaliers had to bow their plumed hats in passing under the unlopped and drooping boughs. I fancy Sir John expected that the lady would have rallied her friends, and got ready for a sort of battle to defend the entrance to the house; but she had no friends. She had no nearer relations than the Duke of Albemarle, and he was mad with her for having refused to come to court, and to save her estate according to his advice.

Well, Sir John rode on, in silence; the tramp of the many horses' feet, and the clumping sound of the clogs of the village people were all that was heard. Heavy as the great gate was, they swung it wide on its hinges, and up they rode to the Hall steps, where the lady stood, in her close plain Puritan dress, her cheeks one crimson flush, her great eyes flashing fire, and no one behind her, or with her, or near her, or to be seen, but the old trembling nurse catching at her gown in pleading terror. Sir John was taken aback; he could not go out with swords and warlike weapons against a woman; his very preparations for forcing an entrance made him ridiculous in his own eyes, and he well knew in the eyes of his gay scornful comrades too; so he turned him round about, and bade them stay where they were, while he rode close to the steps, and spoke to the young lady; and there they saw him, hat in hand, speaking to her; and she, lofty and unmoved, holding her own as if she had been a sovereign queen with an army at her back. What they said, no one heard; but he rode back very grave and much changed in his look, though his grey eye showed more hawk-like than ever, as if seeing the way to his end, though as yet afar off. He was not one to be jested with before his face; so when he professed to have changed his mind, and not to wish to disturb so fair a lady in possession, he and his cavaliers rode back to the village inn, and roystered there all day, and feasted the tenantry, cutting down the branches that had incommoded them in their morning's ride to make a bonfire of on the village green, in which they burnt a figure, which some called Old Noll, and others Richard Carr: and it might do for either, folks said, for

unless they had given it the name of a man, most people would have taken it for a forked log of wood.

But the lady's nurse told the villagers afterwards that Mistress Alice went in from the sunny Hall steps into the chill house shadow, and sate her down and wept, as her poor faithful servant had never seen her do before, and could not have imagined her proud young lady ever doing. All through that summer's day she cried; and if for very weariness she ceased for a time, and only sighed as if her heart was breaking, they heard through the upper windows—which were open because of the heat—the village bells ringing merrily through the trees, and bursts of chorusses to gay cavalier songs, all in favor of the Stuarts. All the young lady said was once or twice "Oh God! I am very friendless!"—and the old nurse knew it was true, and could not contradict her; and always thought, as she said long after, that such weary weeping showed there was some great sorrow at hand.

I suppose it was the dreariest sorrow that ever a proud woman had; but it came in the shape of a gay wedding. How, the village never knew. The gay gentlemen rode away from Morton the next day as lightly and carelessly as if they had attained their end, and Sir John had taken possession; and, by and bye, the nurse came timorously out to market in the village, and Mistress Alice was met in the wood walks just as grand and as proud as ever in her ways, only a little more pale and a little more sad. The truth was, as I have been told, that she and Sir John had each taken a fancy to each other in that parley they held on the Hall steps; she, in the deep wild way in which she took the impressions of her whole life, deep down, as if they were burnt in. Sir John was a gallant-looking man, and had a kind of foreign grace and courtliness about him. The way he fancied her was very different—a man's way, they tell me. She was a beautiful woman to be tamed, and made to come to his beck and call; and perhaps he read in her softening eyes that she might be won, and so all legal troubles about the possession of the estate come to an end in an easy pleasant manner. He came to stay with friends in the neighborhood; he was met in her favorite walks with his plumed hat in his hand pleading with her, and she looking softer and far more lovely than ever; and lastly, the tenants were told of the marriage then nigh at hand.

After they were wedded he stayed for a time with her at the Hall, and then off back to court. They do say that her obstinate refusal to go with him to London was the cause of their first quarrel; but such fierce strong wills would quarrel the first day of their wedded life. She said the court was no place for an honest woman; but surely Sir

John knew best, and she might have trusted him to take care of her. However, he left her all alone; and at first she cried most bitterly, and then she took to her old pride, and was more haughty and gloomy than ever. By and bye she found out hidden conventicles; and, as Sir John never stinted her of money, she gathered the remnants of the old Puritan party about her, and tried to comfort herself with long prayers, snuffled through the nose, for the absence of her husband, but it was of no use. Treat her as he would she loved him still with a terrible love. Once, they say, she put on her waiting maid's dress, and stole up to London to find out what kept him there; and something she saw or heard that changed her altogether, for she came back as if her heart was broken. They say that the only person she loved with all the wild strength of her heart, had proved false to her; and if so, what wonder! At the best of times she was but a gloomy creature, and it was a great honor for her father's daughter to be wedded to a Morton. She should not have expected too much.

After her dependency came her religion. Every old Puritan preacher in the country was welcome at Morton Hall. Surely that was enough to disgust Sir John. The Mortons had never cared to have much religion, but what they had had been good of its kind hitherto. So, when Sir John came down wanting a gay greeting and a tender show of love, his lady exhorted him and prayed over him, and quoted the last Puritan text she had heard at him; and he swore at her, and at her preachers; and made a deadly oath that none of them should find harbor or welcome in any house of his. She looked scornfully back at him, and said she had yet to learn in what county of England the house he spoke of was to be found; but in the house her father purchased, and she inherited, all who preached the Gospel should be welcome, let kings make what laws, and king's minions swear what oaths they would. He said nothing to this; the worse sign for her; but he set his teeth at her; and in an hour's time he rode away back to the French witch that had beguiled him.

Before he went away from Morton he set his spies. He longed to catch his wife in his fierce clutch, and punish her for defying him. She had made him hate her with her Puritanical ways. He counted the days till the messenger came, splashed up to the top of his deep leather boots, to say that my lady had invited the canting Puritan preachers of the neighborhood to a prayer-meeting, and a dinner, and a night's rest at her house. Sir John smiled, as he gave the messenger five gold pieces for his pains; and straight took post-horses, and rode long days till he got to Morton; and only just in time; for it was the very day of the prayer-meeting. Dinners

were then at one o'clock in the country. The great people in London might keep late hours, and dine at three in the afternoon or so; but the Mortons they always clung to the good old ways, and, as the church bells were ringing twelve when Sir John came riding into the village, he knew he might slacken bridle; and, casting one glance at the smoke which came hurrying up as if from a newly-mended fire, just behind the wood, where he knew the Hall-kitchen chimney stood, Sir John stopped at the smithy, and pretended to question the smith about his horse's shoes; but he took little heed of the answers, being more occupied by an old serving-man from the Hall, who had been loitering about the smithy half the morning, as folk thought afterwards, to keep some appointment with Sir John. When their talk was ended, Sir John lifted himself straight in his saddle; cleared his throat, and spoke out aloud:—

"I grieve to hear your lady is so ill." The smith wondered at this, for all the village knew of the coming feast at the Hall; the spring-chickens had been bought up, and the cade-lams killed; for the preachers in those days, if they fasted they fasted, if they fought they fought, if they prayed they prayed, sometimes for three hours at a standing; and if they feasted they feasted, and knew what good eating was, believe me.

"My lady ill?" said the smith, as if he doubted the old prim serving-man's word. And the latter would have chopped in with an angry asseveration (he had been at Worcester and fought on the right side), but Sir John cut him short.

"My lady is very ill, good Master Fox. It touches her here," continued he, pointing to his head. "I am come down to take her to London, where the King's own physician shall prescribe for her." And he rode slowly up to the Hall.

The lady was as well as ever she had been in her life, and happier than she had often been—for in a few minutes some of those whom she esteemed so highly would be about her; some of those who had known and valued her father—her dead father, to whom her sorrowful heart turned in its woe, as the only true lover and friend she had ever had on earth. Many of the preachers would have ridden far—was all in order in their rooms, and on the table in the great dining parlor? She had got into restless hurried ways of late. She went round below, and then she mounted the great oak staircase to see if the tower bed-chamber was all in order for old Master Hilton, the oldest among the preachers. Meanwhile, the maidens below were carrying in mighty cold rounds of spiced beef, quarters of lamb, chicken pies, and all such provisions, when, suddenly, they knew not how, they found themselves each seized by strong arms, their aprons thrown over their heads, after

the manner of a gag, and themselves borne out of the house on to the poultry green behind, where, with threats of what worse might befall them, they were sent with many a shameful word—(Sir John could not always command his men, many of whom had been soldiers in the French wars)—back into the village. They scudded away like frightened hares. My lady was strewing the white-headed preacher's room with the last year's lavender, and stirring up the sweet-pot on the dressing-table, when she heard a step on the echoing stairs. It was no measured tread of any Puritan; it was the clang of a man of war coming nearer and nearer, with loud rapid strides. She knew the step; her heart stopped beating, not for fear, but because she loved Sir John even yet; and she took a step forward to meet him, and then stood still and trembled, for the flattering false thought came before her that he might have come yet in some quick impulse of reviving love, and that his hasty step might be prompted by the passionate tenderness of a husband. But when he reached the door, she looked as calm and indifferent as ever.

"My lady," said he, "you are gathering your friends to some feast; may I know who are thus invited to revel in my house? Some graceless fellows, I see, from the store of meat and drink below: wine-bibbers and drunkards, I fear."

But, by the working glance of his eye she saw that he knew all; and she spoke with a cold distinctness:

"Master Ephraim Dixon, Master Zerubabel Hopkins, Master Help-me-or-I-perish Perkins, and some o'her godly ministers, come to spend the afternoon in my house."

He went to her, and in his rage he struck her. She put up no arm to save herself, but reddened a little with the pain, and then, drawing her neckerchief on one side, she looked at the crimson mark on her white neck.

"It serves me right," she said. "I wedded one of my father's enemies; one of those who would have hunted the old man to death. I gave my father's enemy house and lands, when he came as a beggar to my door;—I followed my wicked wayward heart in this, instead of minding my dying father's words. Strike again, and avenge him yet more!"

But he would not, because she bade him. He unloosed his sash, and bound her arms tight, tight together, and she never struggled or spoke. Then pushing her so, that she was obliged to sit down on the bed side:

"Sit there," he said, "and hear how I will welcome the old hypocrites you have dared to ask to my house—my house and my ancestors' house, long before your father—a canting pedlar—hawked his goods about, and cheated honest men."

And, opening the chamber window right

above those Hall steps where she had awaited him in her maiden beauty scarce three short years ago, he greeted the company of preachers as they rode up to the Hall with such terrible hideous language, (my lady had provoked him past all bearing, you see), that the old men turned round aghast, and made the best of their way back to their own places.

Meanwhile, Sir John's serving-men below had obeyed their master's orders. They had gone through the house, closing every window, every shutter, and every door, but leaving all else just as it was;—the colds meats on the table, the hot meats on the spit, the silver flagons on the side-board—all just as if it were ready for a feast; and then Sir John's head servant, he that I spoke of before, came up and told his master all was ready.

"Is the horse and the pillion all ready? Then you and I must be my lady's tire-women:" and as it seemed to her in mockery, but in reality with a deep purpose, they dressed the helpless woman in her riding things all awry, and, strange and disorderly, Sir John carried her down stairs; and he and his man bound her on the pillion; and Sir John mounted before. The man shut and locked the great house-door, and the echoes of the clang went through the empty Hall with an ominous sound. "Throw the key," said Sir John, "deep into the mere yonder. My lady may go seek it if she lists, when next I set her arms at liberty. Till then I know whose house Morton Hall shall be called."

"Sir John! it shall be called the Devil's House, and you shall be his steward."

But the poor lady had better have held her tongue; for Sir John only laughed, and told her to rave on. As he passed through the village, with his serving men riding behind, the tenantry came out and stood at their doors, and pitied him for having a mad wife, and praised him for his care of her, and of the chance he gave her of amendment by taking her up to be seen by the King's physician. But somehow the Hall got an ugly name; the roast and boiled meats, the ducks, the chickens had time to drop into dust, before any human being now dared to enter in; or, indeed, had any right to enter in, for Sir John never came back to Morton; and as for my lady, some said she was dead, and some said she was mad and shut up in London, and some said Sir John had taken her to a convent abroad.

"And what did become of her?" asked we, creeping up to Mrs. Dawson.

"Nay, how should I know?"

"But what do you think?" we asked, pertinaciously.

"I cannot tell. I have heard that after Sir John was killed at the battle of the Boyne she got loose and came wandering back to

Morton, to her old nurse's house; but, indeed, she was then mad out and out, and I have no doubt Sir John had seen it coming on. She used to have visions, and dream dreams; and some thought her a prophetess; and some thought her fairly crazy. What she said about the Mortons was awful. She doomed them to die out of the land, and their house to be razed to the ground, while pedlars and huxters, such as her own people, her father had been, should dwell where the knightly Mortons had once lived. One winter's night she strayed away, and the next morning they found the poor crazy woman frozen to death in Drumble meeting-house yard; and the Mr. Morton who had succeeded to Sir John had her decently buried where she was found, by the side of her father's grave."

We were silent for a time. "And when was the old Hall opened, Mrs. Dawson, please?"

"Oh! when the Mr. Morton, our Squire Morton's grandfather came into possession. He was a distant cousin of Sir John's, a much quieter kind of man. He had all the old rooms opened wide, and aired, and fumigated, and the strange fragments of musty food were collected and burnt in the yard; but somehow that old dining parlour had always a charnel-house smell, and no one ever liked making merry in it—thinking of the gray old preachers, whose ghosts might be even then scenting the meats afar off, and trooping unbidden to a feast, that was not that of which they were baulked. I was glad for one when the Squire's father built another dining-room; and no servant in the house will go an errand into the old dining parlour after dark, I can assure you."

"I wonder if the way the last Mr. Morton had to sell his land to the people at Drumble, had anything to do with old Lady Morton's prophecy," said my mother, musingly.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Dawson, sharply. "My lady was crazy, and her words not to be minded. I should like to see the cotton spinners of Drumble offer to purchase land from the Squire. Besides, there's a strict entail now. They can't purchase the land if they would. A set of trading pedlars indeed!"

I remember Ethelinda and I looked at each other at this word "pedlars;" which was the very word she had put into Sir John's mouth when taunting his wife with her father's low birth and calling. We thought, "We shall see."

Alas! we have seen.

Soon after that evening our good old friend, Mrs. Dawson died. I remember it well, because Ethelinda and I were put into mourning for the first time in our lives. A dear little brother of ours had died only the year before; and then my father and mother had decided that we were too young, that there was

no necessity for their incurring the expense of black frocks. We mourned for the little delicate darling in our hearts, I know; and, to this day, I often wonder what it would have been to have had a brother. But when Mrs. Dawson died it became a sort of duty we owed to the Squire's family to go into black, and very proud and pleased Ethelinda and I were with our new frocks. I remember dreaming Mrs. Dawson was alive again, and crying, because I thought my new frock would be again taken from me. But all this has nothing to do with Morton Hall.

When I first became aware of the greatness of the Squire's station in life, his family consisted of himself, his wife (a frail delicate lady), his only son "little master," as Mrs. Dawson was allowed to call him, "the young Squire," as we in the village always termed him. His name was John Marinaduke. He was always called John; and after Mrs. Dawson's story of the old Sir John, I used to wish he might not bear that ill-omened name. He used to ride through the village in his bright scarlet coat, his long fair curling hair falling over his lace collar, and his broad black hat and feather shading his merry blue eyes. Ethelinda and I thought then, and I always shall think, there never was such a boy. He had a fine high spirit too of his own, and once horse-whipped a groom twice as big as himself, who had thwarted him. To see him and Miss Phillis go tearing through the village on their pretty Arabian horses, laughing as they met the west wind, and their long golden curls flying behind them, you would have thought them brother and sister rather than nephew and aunt; for Miss Phillis was the Squire's sister, much younger than himself; indeed at the time I speak of, I don't think she could have been above seventeen, and the young Squire, her nephew, was nearly ten. I remember Mrs. Dawson sending for my mother and me up to the Hall that we might see Miss Phillis dressed ready to go with her brother to a ball given at some great lord's house to Prince William of Gloucester, nephew to good old George the Third.

When Mrs. Elizabeth, Mrs. Morton's maid, saw us at ten, in Mrs. Dawson's room, she asked Ethelinda and me if we would not like to come into Miss Phillis's dressing-room and watch her dress; and then she said, if we could keep from touching anything, she would make interest for us to go. We would have promised to stand on our heads, and would have tried to do so too, to earn such a privilege. So in we went, and stood together hand in hand up in a corner out of the way, feeling very red, and shy, and hot, till Miss Phillis put us at our ease by playing all manner of comical tricks, just to make us laugh, which at last we did outright in spite of all our endeavours to be grave, lest Mrs. Elizabeth should complain of us to my mother. I recol-

lect the scent of the *maréchale* powder with which Miss Phillis's hair was just sprinkled; and how she shook her head, like a young colt, to work the hair loose which Mrs. Elizabeth was straining up over a cushion. Then Mrs. Elizabeth would try a little of Mrs. Morton's rouge; and Miss Phillis would wash it off with a wet towel, saying that she liked her own paleness better than any performer's colour; and when Mrs. Elizabeth wanted just to touch her cheeks once more, she hid herself behind the great arm-chair, peeping out with her sweet merry face, first at one side and then at another, till we all heard the Squire's voice at the door, asking her if she was dressed, to come and show herself to Madam, her sister-in-law; for, as I said, Mrs. Morton was a great invalid, and unable to go out to any grand parties like this. We were all silent in an instant: and even Mrs. Elizabeth thought no more of the rouge, but how to get Miss Phillis's beautiful blue dress on quick enough. She had cherry-colored knots in her hair, and her breast-knots were of the same ribbon. Her gown was open in front, to a quilted white silk skirt. We felt very shy of her as she stood there fully dressed—she looked so much grander than anything we had ever seen; and it was like a relief when Mrs. Elizabeth told us to go down to Mrs. Dawson's parlour, where my mother was sitting all this time.

Just as we were telling how merry and comical Miss Phillis had been, in came a footman. "Mrs. Dawson," said he, "the Squire bids me ask you to go with Mrs. Sidebotham into the west parlour, to have a look at Miss Morton before she goes." We went too, clinging to my mother. Miss Phillis looked rather shy as we came in, and stood just by the door. I think we all must have shown her that we had never seen anything so beautiful, as she was, in our lives before; for she went very scarlet at our fixed gaze of admiration, and to relieve herself she began to play all manner of antics, whirling round, and making cheeses with her rich silk petticoat, unfurling her fan (a present from Madam to complete her dress), and peeping first on one side and then on the other, just as she had done upstairs; and then catching hold of her nephew, and insisting that he should dance a minuet with her until the carriage came, which proposal made him very angry, as it was an insult to his manhood (at nine years old) to suppose he could dance. "It was all very well for girls to make fools of themselves," he said, "but it did not do for men." And Ethelinda and I thought we had never heard so fine a speech before. But the carriage came before we had half feasted our eyes enough; and the Squire came from his wife's room to order the little master to bed, and hand his sister to the carriage.

I remember a good deal of talk about royal

dukes and unequal marriages that night. I believe Miss Phillis did dance with Prince William; and I have often heard that she bore away the bell at the ball, and that no one came near her for beauty and pretty merry ways. In a day or two afterwards I saw her scampering through the village, looking just as she did before she had danced with a royal duke. We all thought she would marry some one great, and used to look out for the lord who was to take her away. But poor Madam died, and there was no one but Miss Phillis to comfort her brother, for the young Squire was gone away to some great school down south; and Miss Phillis grew grave, and reined in her pony to keep by the Squire's side, when he rode out on his steady old mare in his lazy careless way.

We did not hear so much of the doings at the hall now Mrs. Dawson was dead; so I cannot tell how it was; but by and by there was a talk of bills that were once paid weekly, being now allowed to run to quarter day; and then, instead of being settled every quarter day, they were put off to Christmas; and many said they had hard enough work to get their money then. A buzz went through the village that the young squire played high at college, and that he made away with more money than his father could afford. But when he came down to Morton, he was as handsome as ever; and I, for one, never believed evil of him; though I'll allow others might cheat him, and he never suspect it. His aunt was as fond of him as ever, and he of her. Many is the time I have seen them out walking together, sometimes sad enough, sometimes merry as ever. By and by, my father heard of sales of small pieces of land, not included in the entail; and at last, things got so bad, that the very crops were sold yet green upon the ground, for any price folks would give, so that there was but ready money paid. The Squire at length gave way entirely, and never left the house; and the young master in London; and poor Miss Phillis used to go about trying to see after the workmen and labourers, and save what she could. By this time she would be above thirty; Ethelinda and I were nineteen and twenty-one when my mother died, and that was some years before this. Well, at last the squire died; they do say of a broken heart at his son's extravagance; and, though the lawyers kept it very close, it began to be rumored that Miss Phillis's fortune had gone too. Any way the creditors came down on the estate like wolves. It was entailed and it could not be sold; but they put it into the hands of a lawyer who was to get what he could out of it, and have no pity for the poor young Squire who had not a roof for his head. Miss Phillis went to live by herself in a little cottage in the village, at the end of the property, which the lawyer allowed her to have because he

could not let it to any one, it was so tumble-down and old. We never knew what she lived on, poor lady, but she said she was well in health, which was all we durst ask about. She came to see my father just before he died, and he seemed made bold with the feeling that he was a dying man; so he asked, what I had longed to know for many a year, where was the young squire? He had never been seen in Morton since his father's funeral. Miss Phillis said he was gone abroad; but in what part he was then, she herself hardly knew; only she had a feeling that, sooner or later, he would come back to the old place; where she should strive to keep a home for him whenever he was tired of wandering about, and trying to make his fortune.

"Trying to make his fortune still?" asked my father, his questioning eyes saying more than words. Miss Phillis shook her head with a sad meaning in her face; and we understood it all. He was at some French gaming-table, if he was not at an English one.

Miss Phillis was right. It might be a year after my father's death when he came back, looking old and grey and worn. He came to our door just after we had barred it one winter's evening. Ethelinda and I still lived at the farm, trying to keep it up and make it pay: but it was hard work. We heard a step coming up the straight pebble walk; and then it stopped right at our door, under the very porch, and we heard a man's breathing, quick and short.

"Shall I open the door?" said I.

"No, wait!" said Ethelinda; for we lived alone, and there was no cottage near us. We held our breaths. There came a knock.

"Who's there?" I cried.

"Where does Miss Morton live—Miss Phillis?"

We were not sure if we would answer him; for she, like us, lived alone.

"Who's there?" again said I.

"Your master," he answered, proud and angry. "My name is John Morton. Where does Miss Phillis live?"

We had the door unbarred in a trice, and begged him to come in; to pardon our rudeness. We would have given him of our best as was his due from us; but he only listened to the direction we gave him to his aunt's, and took no notice of our apologies.

Harsh words are like hailstones in summer, which, if melted, would fertilize the tender plants they batter down.

The man who works too much must lose too little.

The intention of a sin betrays itself by a superfluous caution.

As continued health is vastly preferable to the happiest recovery from sickness, so is innocence to the truest repentance.

THE DEATH-ANGEL'S VISIT.

BY WILLIAM BYRNK.

Just at the shut of eve an angel pass'd,
On pinions borne: his brow a sadness wore;
And as he went, a gloomy shade was cast
On things that seem'd so fair and bright before;
And e'en the flowers were blighted by his breath!
That angel's name was Death!

With half-closed violet-eye and golden hair,
Lay on its mother's breast a cherub child—
That fond young parent's hope. The angel
There alighted, and the infant sweetly smiled;
Death pluck'd the lovely flower, and bore his prize
To bloom in Paradise!

At early dawn, again that angel came
To where upon a couch, all still, was laid
(Like a pale lily wither'd by the flame
Of noontide's sun) a sweet and gentle maid!
The deep-drawn sigh, the flush, the nervous start,
All told a broken heart!

To those that did in sorrow round her weep,
In dulcet tones that beauteous maiden said,
"O! do not mourn because I go to sleep,
Nor grieve for me when in the tomb I'm laid;"
Then for her base deceiver breathed a prayer,
And wing'd with Death the air!

Again 'twas night, and all things holy seem'd—
Silent and solemn, yet with naught of gloom;
The soft, pale moonbeams through the vine-leaves
stream'd,

Filling with silver light a little room:—
A hoary man lay on a sick-bed there,
And one knelt by, in prayer!

The cares of many a long and weary year
Had bow'd his form; yet now his aged eye
With pleasure beam'd. He knew Death hover'd
near;

And all his friends had died in days gone by,
Leaving him lonely in this world of woe,
And he too long'd to go!

Death at the casement tapp'd and call'd his name;
With joy the spirit left the worn-out clay!
And through the lattice then the soft breeze came,
Laden with scent of flowers and new-mown hay,
Fanning the few grey locks that floated now
Upon his lifeless brow!

CHIPS.

CHINESE PLAYERS.

In the Chinese quarter of George Town, Prince of Wales Island, there is of course a Pagoda. It is a spacious building, with several courts and temples containing grotesque idols. Two granite lions, shaped fantastically, guard the entrance. Now the Chinese—in Prince of Wales Island, at any rate—do not allow their idols to be selfish; they borrow the use of their temples from them for mundane purposes of pleasure, and they themselves eat at least half the good things they place upon the tables of the gods. I first en-

tered the George Town Pagoda during the Chinese holidays. In front of it a theatre had been erected under the open sky. Its entertainment had been offered gratuitously—in the promenade forum—to the public, who were invited also to purchase refreshments from stalls in the temples; which stalls were, in fact, the altars of the gods.

I did not hear or see the beginning or end of the play. The middle, I must own, puzzled me exceedingly. The affair was complicated. There were some spectators who had paid for a few special privileges, one of which was a right, if they could secure it, to establish a seat on the stage; but the stage was very small, and the number of actors was very great, and the spectators on the stage had a good deal of by-play with each other, so that it was really hard to tell what belonged to the piece, and what did not. Then, though the story required us to suppose many changes of place, the scene, whether it represented palace, forest, camp, or dungeon, was always one and the same saloon, with a door at each side and a throne in the middle, flanked by musical instruments. The play was, nevertheless, gorgeously got up, according to Chinese fashion; that is to say, no expense had been spared in the dressing of the actors. Chinese managers pay lavishly when they desire to set up a piece so as to produce a great sensation; they pay their money, however, not to scene-painters, but to the tailors. The story of the play about which I am speaking seemed to concern a Chinese boy, magnificently costumed as a princess; boys, as formerly in Europe, representing always female characters. This princess plied in prison, but was about to be delivered by a knight who sang a song—heart-rending, I dare say, ear-rending I know—and was on the point of success when the vigilant keeper of the tower moved the princess down into a dungeon, deeper and darker than ever, with twoside doors and a throne in the middle, upon which throne tea-cups were placed; and the princess, the jailor, the knight, a brave army of twelve, and eighteen people who were sitting on the stage, drunk tea together in a most confounding manner. The great body of spectators looked at the whole performance very reverently. The Chinese respect the dignity of the stage much more than that of the altar, I should think; there were no loud plaudits or hand clappings—only subdued moans and sighs expressed the admiration and the interest of the whole animated multitude.

The Chinese drama is sustained by actors who are very perfect masters of pantomime, and by pieces written with considerable care. The comedies differ from the tragedies chiefly in being more interspersed with music, and in treating of everyday life; the tragedies treat commonly of events that took place under the dynasties before the Tartars.

There is another kind of play delightful to the Chinaman; he greatly enjoys games of chance. The Chinese ragamuffin to whom a *piece* is thrown, runs off to hazard it at double or quits with a play-fellow; nobles and princes stake estates and lands; and the people often justify their passion by describing the gratification of it as a religious duty. The British Government, in eighteen hundred

and ten, closed all the public gambling houses in George Town, and enacted penalties against the gamblers. In the first eight years after the enactment came into force, as many as one thousand four hundred Chinese were indicted for gambling, some of whom were convicted even for the ninth time. In the main, however, Chinese cunning has been more than a match for the police, the cunning being aided by all the machinery that can be brought into its service by the secret associations called the Congia. The Congia employ a class of Chinamen whose character is so bad that their interests run altogether counter to good government. They are at the bottom of a great deal of dishonesty, and excite also many a disturbance, especially on the occasion of the Loya festival—a period of Saturnalia during which the Loyes, at all other seasons condemned outcasts, are feasted and venerated as though they were prophets. It happens, therefore, through the aid of these secret associations, that very few gamblers are convicted in Penang, though George Town is full of "hells," and so is Singapore.

I went to one of them. I was led out of the street into a long dark passage, and then suddenly pushed through a door into a large dirty room well lighted by lanterns. It had no windows, and no other outlet except by a flight of stairs that led up to I know not what. A great number of Chinese were at play round a roulette table. I was told that in their game cheating was impossible, and therefore wondered very much that almost every body lost except the banker. I followed out of the room a Chinese hand-labourer, who had lost all but a small fragment of his weekly wages. He went to the opium inn.

There, behind mosquito-curtains, a few Chinamen lay stretched upon a hard couch, with their heads resting on pillows made of plaited cane. A lamp burned on a table near them, and there lay near it a few paper kindlers, and a small jar of opium (in the shape of a juice thicker than molasses,) and an opium pipe. Every now and then one of the dozers raised himself on one arm drowsily, smeared a little juice over the hollow of his pipe, set light to it, and inhaled a mouthful or two of the smoke, then handed the pipe to his neighbor as he sank back into blissful stupefaction. The dull eyes of these men stared, empty of thought, from pale and sunken faces. One of them was poring over a blank sheet of paper, as though he were reading from it interesting matter. A dirty Malay girl sat between two others, smoking a cigar, and occasionally putting aside the tobacco for a whiff of opium when one of her fishy-eyed admirers offered her the pipe. A handsome fresh-colored young fellow in the corner was in a state of amazed intoxication. It was the first of his visits to the place perhaps; and, unhappily, it would not be the last.

It is one of the singular facts of the present state of society, that the qualities which in theory we hold to be most lovely and desirable, are precisely those which in practice we treat with the greatest contumely and disdain.

Envy is a mean man's homage.

IN THE DARDANELLES.

Our man-of-war, the *Modeste*, entered the Dardanelles surrounded by a fleet of merchant vessels. When the breeze over the high-land caught our sails we ran ahead: when a deep current rushing round some headland caught our hull we fell astern; and we were enjoying the excitement of a grand regatta, when, at the narrowest part of the strait between the inner castles of Europe and Asia, a heavy shot from the fort came right across our bows. The captain was below at the moment, and just as he got on deck and was giving orders to shorten sail, another shot fell astern and ricocheted close alongside, sending showers of spray over the gangway. We could see a crowd of officers at a house in the fort, and others were at the same time busy laying other guns. There was no misinterpreting the hint. We accordingly bore up, and in the midst of a heavy squall of wind and rain anchored off the consular offices at the town of the Dardanelles.

Our consul soon coming on board, from him we learnt that all men-of-war must have a firman, or permission to pass, from Constantinople before they are suffered to ascend the Dardanelles. We knew nothing of this regulation, since by some chance no notice had been taken of it in the general orders to the squadron. It was clear that the Pacha in command of the fort had exceeded his instructions, as the rules are that in a case like ours two blank cartridges shall be first fired, and then followed up by shot if necessary. The captain accordingly went ashore to demand an explanation. His apology was the truth, that he thought we wished to pass him in defiance of the regulations, and had an idea that we looked as if blank cartridge would not stop us. We were obliged to wait until a letter could be written to and answered from Constantinople. It was Tuesday, no steamer would go up before Thursday, and no answer be had before Saturday. Accordingly we had five days before us, and as our stroll about the town quite satisfied our curiosity, I agreed with a friend to trot over the classic ground of Troy. The brother of our consul was an old acquaintance and a local merchant; he volunteered to go with us, taking his servant, a young Jew, to look after our horses. On Wednesday afternoon, therefore, we hired a caïque to take us to the village at the entrance of the Dardanelles. There we proposed to sleep. We had a very pleasant run down with the current, and landed just outside the outer castle of Asia in a sandy bay. That was the bay in which the Greek galleys had been drawn up at the siege of Troy, if ever there was such a siege. If never, there was one Homer made it real, and I believe in it as steadily as in the death of Nelson. Close by our landing-place was a pyramidal mound

of stones called the Tomb of Achilles, and there was another some two hundred yards inland, in which lie, or ought to lie, the bones of Patroclus. As usual in such cases, there is a dispute as to which tomb is which, or whether the two friends were not both buried in a single heap. We were not disposed to vex ourselves with doubt; and as we stood on the summit of the chief mound with the Hellespont at our feet, we thought of Hector's challenge to the Greeks, and his promise that if he conquered the body of the vanquished should be sent to their navy:—

"Given on the shore shall rise a monument;
Which when some future mariner surveys,
Wash'd by broad Hellespont's resounding seas,
Thus shall he say: A valiant Greek lies there,
By Hector slain, the mighty man of war;
The stone shall tell the vanquished hero's name,
And distant ages learn the victor's name."

There rose up in our minds also other associations, and we endeavoured vainly to seize, while on the spot, the mysterious link by which those plains are connected with the Troy weight known to us in boyhood. The sun was setting behind Imbros and Samothrace, and throwing its last beams over the plains of Troy; while in the distance Mount Athos stood out sharply as a pyramid in the western horizon. We saw with a proper amount of feeling Tenedos laved by the surges, and rocky Imbros break the rolling wave. Between the two islands are ragged islets, any one of which may have contained the cave at which Neptune put up his chariot when on his way to save the ships of the Greeks from their assailants. I recollected a severe caning, that I had received when young, which had immediate connection with that very incident. Jackals have grubbed for themselves holes in the tomb of Achilles, and nest there, just as commentators make their nests now in the works of Homer; our Jewish companion proposed that we should smoke one out. Plenty of dry furze about the place gave a practicable look to his suggestion; but as we did not see wherein the fun of the proceeding would consist, we wandered on along the shores and thought about the venerable Chryses, the bright Chryseis, and other people of that set. Here, we thought, where the peasant now sleeps in his mud hut on a bed of rushes were the tents of the Grecian host. The smoke of the fire yonder which cooks somebody's meal let us call fumes from the altars of Phoebus piled with hecatombs of bulls and goats; or let us imagine that it rises from the decks of burning galleys. We undertook to suppose that the hills were covered with the "lofty towers of wide extended Troy." We supposed ourselves to be favoured by the jackals and the owls with echoes—or traditions preserved on the spot—of ancient battle cries. The evening breeze we proposed to consider heavy with the souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain. In the blue

mist rising from the Hellespont, we determined to see Thetis rising from her crystal throne, and all her Nereids getting out of their pearly beds to follow the unhappy mother up the Trojan strand. Not until we had paid our debt to sentiment did we allow ourselves to think of supper.

A walk of a few minutes past a multitude of windmills brought us to a village of mud-huts at the top of the hill, built upon the site of the ancient Sigœum. We made at once for the house of a Greek known to our friend Calvert, and sent down to the boat for our luggage. Each of us had taken a large blanket, a change of linen, and the necessaries of the toilet; for all else we looked to fate. The Greek gave us no reason to regret our trustfulness. His house was one of the largest in the village, built with walls of mud dried in the sun, having outside stairs also of mud, and an interior divided into two stories by a wooden floor. The house roof was of tiles. There was a large court-yard surrounded by a mud wall, the resort of oxen, goats, and geese, and fowls. There were also some out-houses filled with chaff, of which the flat roofs formed a terrace. Upon that we took up our quarters, very much preferring open air on a fine starlight night in August, to close air and fleas. There was a good supply of large fresh rushes, which, when spread out, formed the best of beds, or a chair or a couch, when heaped together. On some fish just caught and fried, some boiled eggs, and a most delicious melon, we supped like Trojans before we retired to our respective blankets, using stars for night candles.

The clarions of innumerable Trojan cocks awoke us before daylight, and we prepared betimes for our day's march. The horses hired the night before had, however, to be shod, breakfast, had to be eaten, and our blankets packed upon an extra horse that was to be ridden by a guide. We were not fairly off till six o'clock. The plains of Troy were then before us, and our first object was to ride across them to the ruins of Alexandria Troas. Round about the village, there were fields in stubble of barley and maize, there were others covered with dwarf vines, then bearing ripe fruit; and in other places melons or pumpkins straggled over the parched ground.

As we passed on the signs of cultivation disappeared, and we rode over what is evidently marsh in winter, but in summer dry and fissured mud. Here and there a pool of stagnant water still supported a small colony of snipe and wild duck, and twice on our ride we passed a corn-growing tract. In such places, the old Homeric threshing-floor was to be seen in full activity. We rode at a slow pace, and according to the custom here, in a line, the guide first: the rest following at a break neck pace of about three miles an hour.

It was past eleven before we had cleared the shore of Besika Bay, and crossed some rising ground which brought us down upon the harbor of Alexandria Troas. There our horses found the refreshment of a fountain, we the refreshment of a melon. So revived, we continued our ride over some hilly ground covered by the vallonias oak to the principal remains of the city. These are on the summit of a hill which commands a very fine view of the islands of Tenedos and Imbros, the bay and the surrounding hilly country. There are numerous foundations of houses formed of a hard limestone, frequent traces of the city walls, a few sarcophagi, the towers of a gateway, and a singular structure called the Palace of Priam.

We enjoyed a couple of hours' rest and a light luncheon among those Roman ruins, fanned by a cool fresh breeze, and shaded by the oak trees which have sprung up on all sides. At about four o'clock we started again, in the same order as before, over the hills to see a granite quarry in which were some large columns ready cut. Our track was over hills covered with vallonias, and we passed not a house or a living thing for some miles, except one party of shepherds with their dogs and flock. A ride of about two hours brought us to a ridge of granite. At the very top of the ridge, on one side of the hill, is an old quarry, and there were the seven columns as they were finished when the town was alive, all ready for removal. We measured them with our walking sticks and did what else was necessary, then went on.

About half a mile from this quarry is the village of Kotsioli Bashy, most picturesquely situated on a slope near the summit of one of those granite-capped hills. Its white minaret forms a beautiful object in contrast with the heavy background of the granite rocks. Here we were lucky enough to meet with a Jew broker in the service of our friend, who was on his annual tour about the country, purchasing vallonias for exportation to England. He procured us quarters in a garden close to the mosque, and we spread out our blankets upon mats beside a fountain and beneath a rich covering of grapes trained over trellis work. No meat could be procured, but our host promised us a turkish dinner, and served it to us in the garden quickly. The new moon appeared above the hills, the stars shone out, a delightful breeze played with the vine leaves, and the trickling fountain soothed us by its murmur. With such lights and music, we sat down before a low stool, on which a circular tin tray formed a table-cloth. The feast was then served to us by turbaned genii. First came a pilau of rice; then a thick soup made of the jelly of rice, with milk and minced eggs, the whole flavored with vegetables; next, a stick of stewed bagnioles; then eggs fried in butter; and lastly, a wort

of pancake, eaten dipped in honey; a dessert of melon and grapes wound up the entertainment. We slept where we had dined.

On taking a stroll, soon after daylight, round the village, we saw a herd of upwards of forty camels which had been brought thither to convey vallonias to the shore. This is the chief produce of the country, the cup of the acorn being the only part of this oak sent to Europe; the acorn itself is used by the people of the place as food for cattle. The cup is packed in woollen bags and sent to Mr. Calvert's chief warehouse for exportation. A large tree in a good season will produce as much vallonias as is worth three pounds, on the spot; but, taking tree for tree, perhaps the annual average is not above a dollar. However, very little care seems ever to be bestowed upon the trees. They do not belong to government, but to a number of small peasant proprietors. The walk and breakfast over, we were off again by six o'clock for the village of Bournabashy, which is near the site of Old Troy and the sources of the Scamander, odious to schoolboys.

In about three hours and a half we arrived at the low land where this river rises. In the space of about an acre there are forty points at which the water gushes, cool and clear, from fissures in the limestone rock. The small streams trickle about till they unite and form a tolerable brook surrounded by luxuriant vegetation. Numbers of tortoises and many large fish were to be seen swimming about in the muddy brook; water-cresses grow upon its surface, and a large vegetable garden, surrounded by a blackberry hedge, fills the valley formed by the divisions of the stream. I found Scamander water-cresses very good. The village of Bournabashy is just above this river source, upon a hill which we passed on our way to the heights of the original Old Troy.

The first thing to be seen on the top of these heights is a pyramid of loose stones called the Tomb of Hector. The situation is magnificent. It is on one side of a deep ravine, through which the Simois winds in its course from Mount Ida to join the Scamander in the Trojan plains. The plains are to be seen extending to the Hellespont; while, in the opposite direction, mountain ridges fill up all the scene. About fifteen square stones, laid together without mortar, are the sole remains, or supposed remains, of the walls of Troy. We sat on them and talked moralities. A little further on, the sides of the ravine become precipitous, and at one spot almost perpendicular. Down that abyss, tradition says, the Trojans threw the wooden horse. Nothing more was to be seen, and we departed. The descent is steep beneath the tomb of Hector, and we led our horses down to cross the river at a ford about a mile below. Then we made for a farm, called Chiflik, or

the Marsh farm, which is occupied by Mr. Calvert. Near this farm is a tumulus which popular tradition holds to be the burial-place of the Greeks killed at the siege of Troy. Mr. Calvert had it opened lately, and did really find in it a thick stratum of burnt bones, but nothing else of interest. He was not scholar enough to know whether the bones were Greek. The farm buildings at this place are extensive, and it is probable that the plain will yield rich harvests of corn. In winter the shooting both of woodcock, snipe, waterfowl, and hares is excellent. After a couple of hours' rest, and a luncheon of melon, cheese and barley-bread, the sole provision of the farm people, we rode on to the village of Ranqui, where Mr. Calvert has a country-house and a large storehouse for vallonias. We arrived at sunset, having been eight hours on horseback—much riding for sailors. On our way, in a narrow path, we had met another party. First came a horse laden with two large travelling trunks, then another carrying a guide armed to the teeth; then the traveller, an Englishman, with a straw-hat and umbrella; lastly, his travelling servant; and though in passing we even had to touch each other in the midst of a wild, desolate country, not a word, or smile, or bow was exchanged between the children of Britain. We behaved at Troy as well as we should have behaved in Piccadilly.

Mr. Calvert's house at Ranqui is situated on a hill that overlooks the Dardanelles from the entrance up to the inner castles. The vallonias warehouse there established is a large building, used not only as a storehouse, but as a sort of factory, for there they separate the acorn from the cup; a process which provides employment for some fifty women and children. About three thousand tons are shipped annually from this warehouse. The price per ton varies between twelve and seventeen pounds, and the freight to England costs about two pounds per ton. It is principally shipped to Liverpool by schooner, and small brigs, carrying from one hundred to one hundred and fifty tons. Thus our tanners find bread for the Trojans of to-day. From Ranqui no very long ride brought us, the next morning, back to the village of the Dardanelles. We were well pleased with our excursion. We had thought about the past and seen the present; the deeds of Achilles, and the trade in acorn-cups.

We seldom wish for what we are convinced is quite unattainable; it is just when there is a possibility of success that wishes are really excited.

How many an enamoured pair have courted in poetry and lived in prose!

Hurry and cunning are always running after despatch and wisdom, but have never yet been able to overtake them.

THE COUGAR, AND AN ADVENTURE WITH ONE.

THE only indigenous long-tailed cat in America north of the parallel of 30 degrees is the cougar. The wild cats, so called, are lynxes with short tails; and of these there are three distinct species. But there is only one true representative of the genus *Felis*, and that is the animal we have mentioned. It has received many trivial appellations. Among Anglo-American hunters, he is called the panther—in their patois, painter. The absence of stripes, such as those of the tiger—or spots, as upon the leopard—or rosettes, as upon the jaguar, have suggested the name of the naturalists, concolor. Discolor was formerly in use; but the other has been generally adopted. There are few wild animals so regular in their colour as the cougar; very little variety has been observed among different specimens. Some naturalists speak of spotted cougars—that is having spots that may be seen in a certain light. Upon young cubs, such markings do appear; but they are no longer visible on the full grown animal. The cougar of mature age is of a tawny red colour, almost over the whole body, though somewhat paler about the face and the parts underneath. This colour is not exactly the tawny of the lion; it is more of a reddish hue—nearer to what is termed calf-colour.

The cougar is far from being a well-shaped creature: it appears disproportioned. Its back is long and hollow; and its tail does not taper so gracefully as in some other animals of the cat kind. Its legs are short and stout; and although far from clumsy in appearance, it does not possess the graceful *tournure* of body so characteristic of some of its congeners. Though considered the representative of the lion in the New World, his resemblance to the royal beast is but slight; his colour alone entitles him to such an honour. For the rest, he is much more akin to the tigers, jaguars, and true panthers. Cougars are rarely more than six feet in length including the tail, which is usually about a third of that measurement. The range of the animal is very extensive. He is known from Paraguay to the great Lakes of North America. In no part of either continent is he to be seen every day, because he is for the most part not only nocturnal in his activity, but one of those fierce creatures that, fortunately, do not exist in large numbers. Like others of the genus, he is solitary in his habits, and at the approach of civilization betakes himself to the remoter parts of the forest. Hence the cougar, although found in all of the United States, is a rare animal everywhere, and seen only at long intervals in the mountain valleys or in other difficult places of the forest. The appearance of a cougar is sufficient to throw any neighbourhood into an excitement similar to that

which would be produced among us by the chase of a mad dog.

He is a splendid tree climber. He can mount a tree with the agility of a cat; and although so large an animal, he climbs by means of his claws—not only by hugging, after the manner of the bears and opossums. While climbing a tree, his claws can be heard crackling along the bark as he mounts upward. He sometimes lies 'squatting' along a horizontal branch—a lower one—for the purpose of springing upon deer, or such other animals as he wishes to prey upon. The ledge of a cliff is also a favourite haunt, and such are known among the hunters as panther-ledges. He selects such a position in the neighbourhood of some watering-place, or, if possible, one of the salt or soda springs (licks) so numerous in America. Here he is more certain that his vigil will not be a protracted one. His prey—elk, deer, antelope, or buffalo—soon appears beneath, unconscious of the dangerous enemy that cowers over them. When fairly within reach, the cougar springs, and pouncing down upon the shoulders of his victim, buries its claws in its flesh. The terrified animal starts forward, leaps from side to side, dashes into the papaw thickets, or breasts the dense cane-brake, in hopes of brushing off its relentless rider. All in vain! Closely clasping its neck, the cougar clings on, tearing its victim in the throat, and drinking its blood throughout the wild gallop. Faint and feeble, the ruminant at length totters and falls, and the fierce destroyer squats himself along the body, and finishes his red repast. If the cougar can overcome several animals at a time, he will kill them all, although but the twentieth part may be required to satiate his hunger. Unlike the lion in this, even in repletion he will kill. With him destruction of life seems to be an instinct.

There is a very small animal, and apparently a very helpless one, with which the cougar occasionally quarrels, but often with ill success—this is the Canada porcupine. Whether the cougar ever succeeds in killing one of these creatures is not known, but that he attacks them is beyond question, and his own death is often the result. The quills of the Canada porcupine are slightly barbed at their extremities; and when stuck into the flesh of a living animal, this arrangement causes them to penetrate mechanically deeper and deeper as the animal moves. That the porcupine can itself discharge them to some distance, is not true, but it is true that it can cause them to be easily detached; and this it does when rashly seized by any of the predatory animals. The result is, that these remarkable spines become fast in the tongue, jaws, and lips of the cougar, or any other creature which may make an attack upon a seemingly unprotected little animal. The fisher (*Mustela Canadensis*) is said to be the only animal that

can kill the porcupine with impunity. It fights the latter by first throwing it upon its back, and then springing upon its upturned belly, where the spines are almost entirely wanting.

The cougar is called a cowardly animal; some naturalists even assert that it will not venture to attack man. This is, to say the least, a singular declaration, after the numerous well attested instances in which men have been attacked and even killed by cougars. There are many such in the history of early settlement in America. To say that cougars are cowardly now when found in the United States—to say they are shy of man, and will not attack him, may be true enough. Strange, if the experience of two hundred years' hunting, and by such hunters too, did not bring them to that. I might safely affirm, that if the lions of Africa were placed in the same circumstances, a very similar shyness and dread of the upright biped would soon exhibit itself. What all these creatures—bears, cougars, lynxes, wolves, and even alligators—are now, is no criterion of their past. Authentic history proves that their courage, at least so far as regards man, has changed altogether since they first heard the sharp detonation of the deadly rifle. Even contemporaneous history demonstrates this. In many parts of South America, both jaguar and cougar attack man, and numerous are the deadly encounters there. In Peru, on the eastern declivity of the Andes, large settlements and villages have been abandoned solely on account of the perilous proximity of those fierce animals.

In the United States the cougar is hunted by dog and gun. He will run from the hounds, because he knows they are backed by the unerring rifle of the hunter; but should one of the yelping pack approach too near, a single blow of the cougar's paw is sufficient to stretch him out. When closely pushed, the cougar takes to a tree, and, halting in one of its forks, he humps his back, bristles his hair, looks downward with gleaming eyes, and utters a sound somewhat like the purring of a cat, though far louder. The crack of the hunters rifle usually puts an end to these demonstrations, and the cougar drops to the ground either dead or wounded. If only the latter, a desperate fight ensues between him and the dogs, with several of whom he usually leaves a mark that distinguishes them for the rest of their lives.

The *scream* of the cougar is a common phrase. It is not very certain that the creature is addicted to screaming although noises of this kind heard in the nocturnal forest have been attributed to him. Hunters, however, have certainly never heard him, and they believe that the scream talked about proceeds from one of the numerous species of owls that inhabit the deep forests of America. At short intervals, the cougar does make himself heard

in a note which somewhat resembles a deep-drawn sigh, or as if one were to utter with an extremely guttural expression the syllables: 'Co-oa,' or even 'Cougar.' Is it from this that he derives his trivial name?

Some years ago, while residing in Louisiana, I was told a squatter's story, which I have reason to believe to be true in every particular. I had it from the squatter himself, and that is my reason for endorsing its truth, as I knew the narrator, rude creature though he was, to be a man of undoubted veracity. As an incident of hunter-life, the story may possess some interest for the general reader; but to the naturalist it will be equally interesting, as illustrating a curious trait in the character of the cougar, as well as other preying animals, when under the influence of fear—the fear of some common danger. These lose at all times their ferocity, and will not molest even those animals upon which they are accustomed to prey. I have observed this forbearance oftentimes myself, but the story of the squatter will fully illustrate it. I shall give it in the language that fell from his own lips as nearly as I can remember it:—

'Wal, stranger, we hev floods hyur in Loozyanny, sich as, I guess, you've never seed the like o' in Engiand. Engiand ain't big enough to hev sich floods. One o' em ud kiver yur whole country, I hev heern said. I won't say that ar's true, as I ain't acquaint with yur jography. I know, howsomdever, they're mighty big freshets hyur, as I sailed a skift more'n a hundred mile acrosst one 'o 'em, whar thar wan't nothin' to be seen but cypruss tops peepin' out o' the water. The floods, as ye know, come every year, but them ar big ones only onst in a while. Wal, about ten yearn ago, I located in the Red River bottom, about fifty mile or thereabout below Nacketosh, whar I built me a shanty. I hed left my wife an' two young critters in Massissippi state, intendin' to go back for 'em in the spring; so, ye see, I war all alone by me-self, exceptin' my ole mare, a Collins's axe, an' *of coores* my rifle.

'I hed finished the shanty all but the chink-in' an' the buildin' o' a chimney, when whar shed come on but one o' em tarnation floods. It war at night when it began to make its appearance. I war asleep on the floor o' the shanty, an' the first warnin' I hed o' it war the feel o' the water soakin' through my ole blanket. I had been a-dreamin', an' thort it war rainin', and then agin I thort that I war bein' drowned in the Massissippi; but I wan't many seconds awoke, till I guessed what it war in reality; so I jumped to my feet like a started buck, an' groped my way to the door. A sight that war when I got thar. I hed clurred a piece o' ground around the shanty—a kupple o' acres or better—I hed left the stumps a good three feet high; thar wan't a stump to be seen. My

cleayin', stumps an' all, war under water; an' I could see it shinin' among the trees all round the shanty. Of coorse, my fust thoughts war about my rifle; an' I turned back into the shanty, an' laid my claws upon that quick enough. I next went in search o' my ole mar. She warn't hard to find; for if ever a critter made a noise, she did. She war tied to a tree close by the shanty, an' the way she war a squealin' war a caution to cats. I found her up to the belly in water, pitchin' an' flounderin' all round the tree. She hed nothin' on but the rope that she war hitched by. Both saddle an' bridle hed been washed away; so I made the rope into a sort o' halter, an' mounted her barebacked. Jest then I began to think whar I war a-goin'. The hul country appeared under water; an' the nearest neighbor I hed lived acrosst the parairy ten miles off. I knew that his shanty sot on high ground, but how war I to get thar? It war night; I mout lose my way, and ride chuck into the river. When I thort o' this, I concluded it mout be better to stay by my own shanty till mornin'. I could hitch the mar inside to keep her from bein' floated away; an' for meself, I could climb on the roof. Howsomdever, while I war thinkin' on this, I noticed that the water war a-deepenin', an' it jest kim into my head, that it ud soon be deep enough to drown my ole mare. For meself I warn't frightened. I mout a clomb a tree, an' stayed thar till the flood fell; but I shed a lost the mar, an' that critter war too vallyable to think o' sich a sacryfize; so I made up my mind to chance crossin' the parairy. Thar warn't no time to be wasted—ne'er a minnit; so I gin the mar a kick or two in the ribs, an' started.

'I found the path out to the edge of the parairy easy enough. I hed blazed it when I fust come to the place; an', as the night war not a very dark one, I could see the blazes as I passed between the trees. My mar knew the track as well as meself, an' swalttered through at a sharp rate, for she knew too thar warn't no time to be wasted. In five minnites we kim out on the edge o' the parairy, an' jest as I expected the hul thing war kivered with water, an' lookin' like a big pond. I could see it shinin' clur acrosst to the other side o' the openin'. As luck ud hev it, I could jest git a glimp o' the trees on the fur side o' the parairy. Thar war a big clump o' cypress, that I could see plain enough; so I knew this war dost to my neighbor's shanty; so I gin my critter the swich, an' struck right for it. As I left the timmer, the mar war up to her hips. Of coorse, I expected a good grist o' heavy wadin'; but I hed no idee that the water war a-gwine to git much higher: thar's whar I made my mistake. I hedn't got more'n a kuppel o' miles out, when I diskivered that the thing war a-risin' rapidly, for I seed the mar war

a-gettin' deeper an' deeper. Twan't no use turnin' back now. I ud lose the mar to a dead certainty, if I didn't make the high ground; so I spoke to the critter to do her best, an' kep on. The poor beast didn't need any whippin'—she knew as well as I did meself thar war danger, an' she war a doin' her darndest, an no mistake. Still the water riz, and kep a-risin', until it come clur up to her shoulders. I begun to get skeart in airnest. We warn't more'n half acrosst, an' I seed if it riz much more we ud hev to swim for it. I wan't far astray about that. The minit arter it seemed to deepen suddintly, as if thar war a hollow in the parairy: I heerd the mar give a loud gouf, an' then go down, till I war up to the waist. She riz agin the next minnit, but I could tell from the smooth ridin' that she war off the bottom. She war swimmin', en' no mistake.

'At fust I thort o' headin' her back to the shanty; an' I drew her round with that intent; but turn her which way I would, I found she could no longer touch bottom. I guess, stranger, I war in a quandaary about then. I 'gun to think that both my own an' my mar's time war come in airnest, for I hed no idee that the critter could iver swim to the other side, 'specially with me on her back, an' purticularly as at that time these hyer ribs had a sight more griskin' upon 'em than they hev now. I wan't much under two hundred at the time, an' that ar no light weight I reckon. Wall I war about reckonin' up. I hed got to thinkin' o' Mary an' the childer, and the old shanty in the Massissippi, an' a heap o' things that I had left unsettled, an' that now come into my head to trouble me. The mar war still plungin' ahead; but I seed she war sinkin' deeper an' deeper, an' fast loosin' her strength, an I knew she couldn't hold out much longer. I thort at this time that if I got off o' her back, an' tuk hold o' the tail, she mout manage a leetle better. So I slipped backwards over her hips, an' gruppud the long hair. It did do some good, for she swum higher; but we got mighty slow through the water, an' I had but leetle hopes we should reach land.

'I war towed in this way about a quarter o' a mile, when I spied somethin' floatin' on the water a leetle ahead. It hed growed considerably darker; but thar war still light enough to show me that the thing war a log. An idee now entered my brain-pan, that I mout save meself by takin' to the log. The mar ud then have a better chance for herself; an' maybe when eased o' draggin' my carcass, that war a-keepin' her back, she mout make footin' somewhar. So I waited till she got a little closer; an' then, lettin' go o' her tail, I clasped the log, an' crawled on to it. The mar swum on appeerintly 'thout missing me. I seed her disappear through the darkness; but I didn't as much as say good-by to her, for I

war afeard that my voice might bring her back agin, an' she mought strike the log with her hoofs, an' whammel it about. So I lay quiet, an' let her hev her own way.

'I wan't long on the log till I seed it war a-driftin', for thar war a current in the water that set tol'ble sharp acrosst the parairy. I had crawled up at one eend, an' got stridelegs; but as the log dipped considerable, I war still over the hams in the water. I thort I mout be more comfortable towards the middle, an' war about to pull the thing more under me, when all at once I seed thar war somethin' clumped up on t'other eend o' the log. 'Twan't very clur at the time, for it had been a-growin' cloudier ever since I left the shanty, but 'twar clur enough to shew me that the thing war a varmint: what sort, I couldn't tell. It mout be a bar, an' it mout not; but I had my suspects it war eyther a bar or a painter. I wan't left long in doubt about the thing's gender. The log kep making circles as it drifted, an' when the varmint kim round into a different light, I caught a glimps o' its eyes. I knew them eyes to be no bar's eyes: they war painter's eyes, an' no mistake. I reckon, stronger, I felt very queery jest about then. I didn't try to go any nearer the middle o' the log; but instead o' that, I wriggled back until I war right plum on the eend of it, an' could git no further. Thar I sot for a good long spell 'ithout movin' hand or foot. I darn't make a motion, as I war afeard it mout tempt the varmint to attack me. I hed no weepun but my knife; I had let go o' my rifle when I slid from my mar's back, an' it had gone to the bottom long since. I wan't in any condition to stand a tussle with the painter nohow; so I war determined to let him alone as long's he ud me.

'Wal, we drifted on for a good hour, I guess, 'ithout eyther o' us stirrin'. We sot face to face; an' now an' then the current ud set the log in a sort o' up an'-down motion, an' then the painter an' I kept bowin' to each other like a pair o' bob-sawyers. I could see all the while that the varmint's eyes war fixed upon mine, an' I never tuk mine from his'n; I know'd 'twar the only way to keep him still.

'I war jest prospectin' what ud be the endin' o' the business, when I seed we war a-gettin' closter to the timmer: 'twan't more than two miles off, but 'twar all under water 'coptin' the tops o' the trees. I war thinkin' that when the log shed float in among the branches, I mout slip off, an' git my claws upon a tree, 'ithout sayin' anythin' to my travellin' companion. Jest at that minnit somethin' appeared dead ahead o' the log. It war like a island, but what could hev brought a island thar? Then I recollects that I hed seed a piece o' high ground about that part o' the prairy—a sort o' mound that hed been made by Injuns, I s'pose. This, then,

that looked like a island, war the top o' that mound, sure enough. The log war a-driftin' in sich a way that I seed it must pass within twenty yards o' the mound. I determined then, as soon as we shed git alongside, to put out for it, an' leave the painter to continue his voyage 'ithout me.

'When I fust sighted the island I seed somethin' that I hed tuk for bushes. But thar wan't no bushes on the mound—that I knowd. Howsomdever, when we got a leetle closter, I diskivered that the bushes war beasts. They war deer; for I spied a pair o' buck's horns atween me an' the sky. But thar war a somethin' bigger than a deer. It mout be a horse, or it mout be on opelous or ox, but I thort it war a horse. I war right about that, for a horse it war, sure enough, or rayther I shed say, a *mar*, an' that mar no other than my ole critter! Arter partin' company, she hed turned with the current; an', as good-luck ud have it, hed swum in bee line for the island, an' thar she stood lookin as slick as if she hed been greased. The log hed by this got nigh enough, as I kalklated; an', with as little rumpus as possible, I slipped over the eend an' lot go my hold o' it. I wan't right spread in the water, afore I heard a plump, an' lookin' round a bit, I seed the painter hed left the log, an' tuk the water too! At fust, I thort he war arter me; and I drewed my knife with one hand, while I swum with the other. But the painter didn't mean fight that time. He made but poor swimmin' himself, an' appeared glad enough to get upon dry groun' 'ithout molesting me; so we swam on side by side, an' not a word passed atween us. I didn't want to make a race o' it; so I let him pass me, rayther than that he should fall behind, an' get among my legs. Ofcoorse, he landed fust; an' I could hear by the stompin' o' hoofs, that his siddent appearance hed kicked up a jolly stampede among the critters on the island. I could see both deer an' mar dancing all over the groun', as if Old Nick himself had got among 'em. None o' 'em, howsomdever, thort o' takin to the water. They hed all hed enough o' that, I guess. I kep a leetle round, so as not to land near the painter; an' then touchin' bott'm, I climbed up on the mound. I had hardly drawn my driplin' carcass out o' the water, when I heern a loud squeal, which I knew to be the whigher o' my old mar; and jest at that minnit the critter kim runnin' up, an' rubbed her nose agin my shoulder. I tuk the halter in my hand, an' sidlin' round a leetle, I jumped upon her back, for I still war in fear o' the painter; an' the mar's back appeared to me the safest place about, an' that wan't very safe, I reckon.

'I now looked all round to see what new company I hed got into. The day war jest breakin', an' I could distinguish a leetle better

every minnit. The top o' the mound which war above water wan't over half an acre in size, an' it war as clur o' timber as any other part o' the parairy, so I could see every inch o' it, an' everythin' on it as big as a tumble-bug. I reckon, stronger, that you'll hardly believe me when I tell you the concatenation o' vermin'ts that war then an' thar caucused together. I could hardly believe my own eyes when I seed sick a gatherin', an' I thort I hed got aboard o' Noah's Ark. Thar war—listen, stranger—just my ole mar an' meself, an' I wished both o' us anywhar else, I reckon—then thar war the painter, yur old acquaintance—then thar war four deer, a buck an' three does. Then kim a catamount: an' arter him a black bar, a'most as big as a buffalo. Then thar war a 'coon an' 'possum, an' a kupple o' gray wolves, an' a swamp rabbit, an' darn the thing! a stinkin' skunk. Perhaps the last wan't the maist dangerous varmint on the groun' but it sartintly war the most disagreeable o' the hul lot, for it smelt as nothin' but a cussed polecat can smell.

'I've said, stranger, that I war mighty tuk by surprise when I first seed this curious clanjamfrey o' critters; but I kin tell you I war still more dumbfounded when I seed thar behaevyur to one another, knowin' thar different naturs as I did. Thar war the painter lyin' clost up to the deer—its nat'ral prey; an' thar war the wolves too; an' thar war the catamount standin' within three feet o' the 'possum an' the swamp rabbit; an' thar war the bar and the cunnin' old coon; an' thar they all war, no more mindin' one another than if they hed spent all thar days together in the same penn. 'Twar the oddest sight I ever seed; an' it remembered me o' a bit o' Scriptor my ole mother hed often read from a boek called the Bible, or some sich name—about a lion that war so tame he used to squat down beside a lamb, 'ithout laying a claw upon the innocent critter. Wal, stranger, as I'm saying, the hul party behaved in this very way. They all appeared down in the mouth, an' badly skeart about the water; but for all that, I hed my fears that the painter or the bar—I wan't afeard o' the other—mout git over thar fright afore the flood fell; an' therefore I kept as quiet as any one o' them during the hul time I war in thar company, an' stayin' all the time clost by the mar. But neyther bar nor painter showed any savage sign the hul o' the next day, nor the night that follered it.

'Stronger it ud tire you war I to tell you all the movements that tuk place among these critters durin' that long day an' night. Ne'er a one o' 'em laid tooth or claw on the other. I war hungry enough meself, and ud a liked to have taken a steak from the buttocks o' one o' the deer, but I darn't do it. I war afeard to break the peace, which mout a led to a general shindy. When day broke, next

morning' arter, I seed that the flood war a-fallin'; and as soon as it war shallow enough I led my mar quietly into the water, and climbin' upon her back, tuk a silent leave o' my companions. The water still tuk my mar up to my flanks, so I knew none o' the varmint could follow 'ithout swimmin', an' ne'er a one seemed inclined to try a swim. I struck direct for my neighbor's shanty, which I could see about three miles off, an' in an hour or so, I war at his door. Thar I didn't stay long, but borrowin' an extra gun which he happened to hev, an' takin' him along with his own rifle, I waded my mar back to the island.

'We found the game not exactly as I had left it. The fall o' the flood had given the painter, the cat, an' the wolves courage. The swamp rabbit an' the 'possum war clean gone—all but bits o' thar wool—an' one o' the does war better than half devoured. My neighbor tuk one side, an' I the other, an' ridin' close up, we surrounded the island. I plugged the painter at the fust shot, an' he did the same for the bar. We next laid out the wolves, an' arter that cooney, an' then we took our time about the deer—these last an' the bar bein' the only valley'ble things on the island. The skunk we kilt last, as we didn't want the thing to stink us off the place while we war a-skinnin' the deer. Arter killin' the skunk, we mounted and left, of coorse loaded with our bar-meat an' venison I got my rifle arter all. When the flood went down, I found it near the middle of the parairy, half buried in the sludge.

'I saw I hed built my shanty in the wrong place; but I soon looked out a better location, an' put up another. I hed all ready in the spring, when I went back to Mississippi, an' brought out Mary and the two young uns.'

Thus ended the squatter's story.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.

A very few days ago, a poor little chimney-sweep, begrimed with soot and his teeth as white as dominoes, went into a gunsmith's shop, in the New Road, and asked the price of a dozen bullets, for duelling pistols. "Eightpence," replied the shopkeeper. "But what do you want with duelling bullets?" "Oh," rejoined the little black imp, "I only want a dozen or two just to practice with!" handing, as he spoke, a shilling to the shopkeeper, who gave him a dozen bullets. He was about to give him the fourpence in change, when *Buckley* said, "I do not like to be burdened with halfpence in my pocket; so give me t'other half dozen bullets!" This is positively a fact.—*Brighton Gazette*.

We love much more warmly while cherishing the intention of giving pleasure, than an hour afterwards when we have given it.

The base metal of falsehood is so current because we find it much easier to alloy the truth than to refine ourselves.

THE NEW YEAR.

Oh, ever-fitting shade no tears can win;
 Time! that still hold'st unmov'd, thy equal
 course,
 Thou ever busy traveller, unseer,
 Persuing still, regardless of remorse,
 The track of agony; and, sorrow bow'd,
 Loving the paths inclining to the dead!
 Ruler of all created things allowed,
 At whose command the great and good have
 fled,
 Pride of the forest, as the lowly flower;
 And owning whose imperial control,
 Must universal nature brave her hour,
 And hasten to her last—her final goal!

Dread arbiter alike of weal or woe,
 Another era of thy race begun,
 Whispers how transitory all below,
 How swiftly days, months, years, their course
 have run;
 And, ah! how soon, the mortal barrier past,
 The soul must wing her passage o'er the flood,
 Jordan's chill wave; and to her haven haste,
 Her final rest—the bosom of her God!

Oh, ever fitting Time! propitious deign,
 Upon the New Year's birth, oh, deign to smile;
 And be, to grace the dawning of its reign,
 Each blossom given can human care beguile;
 Hope's fairy flowers to brighten o'er its path,
 While gentle airs, with soft far'ring breeze,
 Shall speed us onward, and, from tempest's wrath,
 Conduct in safety o'er "wide walt'ring" seas!

Oh, ever-fitting Time! thy brows entwine
 Alone with myrtle, and the fragrant rose;
 And hastening to yon far-off world divine,
 That better land of undisturbed repose!
 Oh, ever-fitting Time! be thine to bid
 The new-born era speed on golden wing,
 And pain, and disappointment, far recede,
 Nor death his fatal knell, relentless, ring!

Oh, ever-fitting Time! in pity grant,
 As summer fair, the circling hours may speed;
 And for the yew, the gladsome olive plant,
 And roses scatter where now flaunts the weed:
 Then, in the age of yon bright and starry sphere.
 This lower world a paradise shall bloom;
 And thine, be thine, oh, highly gifted Year,
 To banish grief, and triumph o'er the tomb!

THE RUSSIAN BROTHERS.

TOWARDS the middle of the eighteenth century there lived in a small village of the Ukraine, two poor orphan children, who subsisted entirely on public charity. Their whole property consisted of a tambourine, which served to accompany their singing on holidays in the neighboring town of Kharkow. They were both handsome boys, but dissimilar in their appearance. Ivan, the eldest, wore his miserable rags with a certain air of dignity, and arranged his beautiful hair in long and graceful curls. The second, Plato, was a simple, rustic child who enjoyed the noisy comrades, as much as Ivan did an hour of proudly pensive

solitude. Both possessed rich and powerful voices, whose sound gained them a scanty subsistence.

One night as they lay down together on their straw bed in the corner of a farmer's stable, Ivan said suddenly—"Brother, people say that St. Petersburg is very large!"

"Brother," replied Plato gravely, "don't people also say that Paradise is very fine?"

"I will go to St. Petersburg, and see all the grandeur and glory of the court," murmured Ivan; "may God and St. Nicholas assist me!"

Next morning, when Plato awoke, he found his brother's place empty. Greatly alarmed, he followed his track on the new-fallen snow for several miles, until, fatigued and dispirited, he returned to Kharkow weeping and alone.

Ivan, meanwhile, pushed on bravely, singing as he went, and regardless of fatigue and privation. At the end of six weeks he described the white buildings of the capital. Hungry and faint, without a single kopeck in his pocket, he entered its stately streets, and during the ensuing five years, no one has traced a record of the vicissitudes which marked his lot. At the end of that period, we find him a handsome youth of one-and-twenty, singing as chorister in the chapel of the Empress Elizabeth. By degrees he rose to be the prime favourite of the Empress of all the Russias. He was installed in the palace as grand chamberlain, and it was ascertained that he belonged to the ancient house of Rasoumowski, in Podolia.

Two years passed on. Ivan increased in favor, until he enjoyed at St. Petersburg an almost unlimited power. He seemed to have completely forgotten his brother, who remained at Kharkow, as poor and ragged as ever. Plato, however, often thought of him, and longed to ascertain the fate of his dear Ivan. The fame of the rising favourite at length penetrated into the far Ukraine. The name of Prince Ivan Rasoumowski, struck the ear of the village singer, and the seemingly wild idea occurred that this Ivan might possibly be his lost brother. "I will go and see him!" he exclaimed. "Beware, my son," said an old man to whom he had confided his intentions. "Even if this prince should prove to be thy brother, thou art only going in search of captivity and death. Royal favourites have no relations." Plato, however, set out on his journey, and arrived at St. Petersburg as hungry and poor as his brother had done. He hastened to the palace, and tried to enter, proclaiming to the guards that he was the prince's brother. They, very naturally, thought him mad, and thrust him, with very scant ceremony, into the street. During three days he continued to hover around the palace, but without being able to intimate his presence to his brother. Faint and foodless on the third evening, he felt ready to sink from exhaustion. The night was calm and lovely. Russia seemed trying to emulate the sky of Italy, and soft odours gushed from the open windows of the palace. Presently some one stepped out on the balcony, and the poor wanderer, making a last effort, took his tambourine, and sang, in a plaintive tone, one of the airs which he and his brother were wont to sing long ago through the streets of Kharkow.

An exclamation came from the balcony, the window was quickly shut, and Plato, murmuring the words,—“My brother, my beloved Ivan!” sank on the ground.

Four men came out of the palace, seized the unhappy Plato, and despite his feeble resistance, carried him off, and placed him in a close travelling chariot. Four swift Livonian horses soon left St. Petersburg far behind them, and Plato, thoroughly overcome by hunger, fatigue, and sorrow, sank down in a state of insensibility.

When he recovered his consciousness, he found himself in a small, low room, lighted only from the roof, by a window of a foot square.

“Ah, brother!” he exclaimed, “imprisonment is easier to bear than thy forgetfulness!”

“Will your excellency choose to take some refreshment?” said an obsequious voice beside him.

Plato stared with astonishment at the speaker, who wore a splendid uniform, and whose name, as he afterwards learned, was Colonel Spranskoi.

“Perhaps,” continued the latter, “your excellency would wish to put on a more suitable costume. This costume”—

The colonel was interrupted by Plato, who, casting a proud glance over his own rags, exclaimed, his thin face crimson with indignation:

“Vassal, go tell thy master, Prince Rasoumowski, that Plato Alexiewitch, in a dungeon, is ashamed to call him brother!”

“A dungeon!” repeated the other with astonishment.

“A truce to insult!” cried Plato; “you have said your say—begone!”

Without another word, Spranskoi bowed respectfully and retired.

Left alone, Plato remained for some time plunged in a sorrowful reverie. He remarked with surprise that his cell moved visibly, and began to think that he was to be assassinated by an explosion. Four heidues entered, bearing a table covered with delicious food and wine. Bowing profoundly, one of them said—

“Colonel Spranskoi begs most respectfully to know if your excellency will permit him to wait on your repast.”

The dishes exhaled a delicious odour. Plato cast a longing look at the table.

“I suppose,” thought he, “they’re going to poison me—no matter, I’ll eat my dinner.”

He answered the heidue by an affirmative gesture, and immediately attacked the food with a marvellous appetite.

Meantime, Ivan Rasoumowski continued to do the honors of his ball at St. Petersburg with the most perfect self-possession. The Empress herself honored him with her presence; and it was while conversing with her on the balcony, that he recognised his brother’s voice. The favorite was not a depraved man. Like many others, he had been forgetful in prosperity, but the sight of his long absent brother touched his heart, and his first impulse was to run and clasp him in his arms. But then came the fear—terrible fear for a *parvenu*!—that Plato, rude, uneducated, and dressed in rags, would disgrace him amongst the courtiers. A thought struck him. Making some excuse to the Empress, he went out, and calling Colonel Spranskoi, said to him—

“You will find a man lying beneath the balcony; take him instantly to Narva, put him on board a vessel, and convey him to France.”

After giving some other directions, he added—“This man is not quite right in his mind, but treat him with all possible respect, for he is my brother, Plato, Count Rasoumowski!”

The moving prison, therefore, was the cabin of the brig; and Plato himself soon became aware of his mistake. He was easily induced to put on the rich dress prepared for him, yet he could not help feeling disappointed at his brother’s conduct.

At length the vessel reached the coast of France. Spranskoi entered the cabin, and asked if his excellency would please to land.

“Where are we?” asked Plato.

“At Dunkirk.”

“Dunkirk—where is that?”

“His Excellency is pleased to be merry,” said the colonel with a respectful smile, “but of course it is my duty to reply—Dunkirk belongs to the king of France.”

“Farewell, then, my country!” cried Plato. “Do with me what you will. I care not.”

When they landed, Spranskoi presented him with a letter, which with some difficulty he read:

“Brother—I thank thee for having sought me. Go to Paris; the Russian ambassador there will introduce thee at court. I trust we shall soon meet to part no more, and then I will explain to thee everything. IVAN.”

Half wild with joy, Plato began to sing his wild songs of the Ukraine.

The colonel tried his best to calm him, and Plato, embracing him, said—“You are a capital fellow! Tell Ivan I am quite satisfied with him, and—lend me a few kopecks for my journey.”

Colonel Spranskoi escorted him to a carriage, and on parting, handed him a large sum in gold.

In Paris, Plato soon became noticed at court; his simplicity delighted the wits of the age. Voltaire named him *Candide*, and M. de la Harpe composed some dithyrambics in his praise. It was wonderful with what speed and facility he assumed the language and manners of a nobleman. Ivan confided his secret to Spranskoi, and at the end of a year the colonel came to Paris for the purpose of judging whether the *quondam* singer was as yet fitted to appear at the Muscovite court. His report was highly satisfactory, and poor Plato once more danced and sang for joy, when told that he might now return to his native country. The meeting of the two brothers was very touching. The Empress received Plato with marked distinction, and speedily conferred on him several decorations, together with the rank of field-marshal.

All these honors, however, did not alter the simple goodness of his character. He preserved in a box his peasant’s rags, and freely showed them to his visitors. Many traits of unaffected generosity are recorded of him.

Court sarcasms, of course, were not wanting at this sudden elevation. Elizabeth sent the newly-made field-marshal to Prussia on a diplomatic mission. Frederick II. a satirist by profession, and knowing the history of the Rasoumowski’s, affected during the first day to speak of nothing but music. He extolled the popular airs of the Ukraine, and begged that her Imperial

Majesty's ambassador would sing some of them. The Count bowed respectfully, and quietly declined. On the morrow, Frederick invited him to a grand review of his troops, and spoke to him of nothing but military manoeuvres. Plato bowed to everything, but said as little as he had done on the preceding day.

"Well, M. le Comte," said Frederick, at last, "will you not give us your opinion?"

"I trust your Majesty will excuse me," replied Plato, "I have forgotten music, and I have not yet learned the art of war.

Ivan died without heirs male. Plato left five sons, of whom one, Gregory, was well known and esteemed in Russia, as a writer on natural history.

The eldest of the five, Andrea, enjoyed in a high degree the favor of Paul I. After the death of that king he settled in Vienna, and played an important part in the political drama of 1811, and the following years. Since the accession of the Emperor Nicholas, the glory of the house of Rasoumowski has gradually faded away.

A PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION.*

BY A MEDICAL STUDENT.

PART III. BOB WHYTE'S EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

FROM this, as from the light shining through the crevices of the door and windows, I concluded there was an evening party of some sort, assembled.

In a minute, another, a very beautiful voice began to sing, accompanied by the horn only. The song proved to be "Kathleen O'More," and it was sung with much feeling. I could hear each syllable of the words and every note of the music. The same train of thoughts continued in my mind, and, as the strain went on, every other emotion faded, and gave place to overwhelming sorrow, till at the words—

The bird of all birds that I love the best,
Is the robin that in the churchyard builds its nest,
For it seems to watch Kathleen—hope lightly o'er
Kathleen,

My Kathleen O'More!—

at these words, and the heart-touching pathos of the music, the chord within me gave way, a flood of tears gushed to my eyes, and I fell forward with my face upon my knees as I sat, and wept and sobbed most bitterly and loudly.

This must have continued for some time—how long I do not know. I was aroused by hearing voices around me, and, looking up, perceived the door open, and three or four well-dressed persons, with lights in their hands, regarding me with surprise, wondering probably to see a mus-

cular and not very refined-looking young man display so much emotion.

I got up, moved away, and shortly heard the shutting of the house-door ring through the solitude of the street; and once more sorrow and I were left alone together.

Slowly moving along, I emerged from the end of the street into a lonely road. It was one that had been made to shorten the way to a small country town, the old road to which came from a remoter corner of the city, and, after crossing the river by an ancient bridge of its own, some two miles off, joined this at a point above double that distance away. By the old way I might return, thus fetching a circuit.

The road I travelled was nearly straight. A high stone wall fenced each side, over which the trees behind sent their sombre branches, nearly meeting in the midst, so that its melancholy character accorded well with the mood I was in. There was not visible either moon or stars, yet a kind of vague impalpable luminousness was shed through the clouds, by which I could just indistinctly make out my way. Not one living thing did I see or hear from the time that house-door was closed. I was in perfect solitude, silence, and darkness, and frequently as I moved I stopped, and, leaning against the wall, gave scope to my gloomy emotions.

At length I came to the point where the roads joined, and turning into the other one, went slowly back towards the city. It must now have been some time after midnight; the same darkness visible continued, but from the trees being less frequent I could see about me much more clearly. But that was of little consequence, for I knew every step of the way, and could have walked it blindfold, for this had been the route of many a joyous ramble in the days of my boyhood and since. Presently I reached the bridge. It was very narrow and lofty, with arches of great height and span, for the river was liable at certain periods to floods which would have carried away any less elevated structure. Walking along, I passed at the highest point over the key-stone of the central arch, and, leaning over the parapet, looked down upon the black waters gliding sullenly along in depth and darkness many a fathom beneath me. I could dimly distinguish their flow, with an indistinct sparkle in the gloom now and then, while an indefinite increase of shadow, far away to either side, denoted the banks. I heard, too, the ripple of the current round the massive piers, with its echo up the hollow arch, so stillly was the windless night.

As I continued thus motionless leaning over

* Continued from page 580, vol. 3.

the ledge, at once the idea of *SUICIDE* sprang living up before my mind, divested of its terrors, and wearing rather an inviting aspect.

There was a refuge and release from all my torture, flowing far below, ready to receive me into its bosom. I began deliberately and philosophically to consider the arguments for and against self-murder, especially those I could bring to bear upon my own case. They were numerous and conflicting. You will find them in Hamlet's soliloquy. But there was one which is not there—"Might not this act be the portal through which to find my way to *her* once more?"

This ended the debate; I was resolved; and, summoning all my fortitude, and murmuring a hurried prayer to Him to be with me in mercy, I raised my knee upon the parapet. My prayer was answered. Upon the instant I heard a step approaching, and this arrested me.

"I shall wait," thought I, "till he passes, and then—"

The step appeared to be upon the road, about fifty yards from the end of the bridge by which I had approached. It was a distinct, firm, steady tread, as of a heavy muscular man, coming up at an ordinary pace. With the exception of the rippling water underneath, there was no other sound, and I could hear plainly and count every pace. Nearer and nearer it came; presently it advanced upon the bridge. I declare to you I marked clearly the difference of sound as it left the macadamized roadway, and came upon the hard greenstone pavement.

It is some laborer, thought I, going to his happy home after his weary spell in the mine; and I fancied him for a moment with grimed face and clothes, and twinkling little lamp dangling in front of his cap, as I had often seen them.

But as the footstep came near, there was a change in the time and weight of the tramp. The walker seemed to have seen me, and to be regarding me with some interest and caution as he came on. I was still in the same position on the wall in which I had been arrested by the first sound. When it had approached to about the distance of twenty feet from me, I thought I would turn round and greet the passenger as he went by, to divert his suspicions from my intentions; but ere I had time to move a muscle, or even to will the action, the tread was suddenly and extremely increased in rapidity and weight, as if the being, whoever he was, had made a desperate rush up to my very side, to fling me headlong from the bridge.

I almost deemed I felt his touch upon my person, and on the moment sprang back into the

middle of the roadway, with a wild scream of frantic fear, and, while the cold sweat bathed my skin, and my body quivered with terror and amazement, raised my stick aloft to strike down in defence.

But there was *no one there*. No living thing was to be seen on either side along the bridge. There was light enough to see dimly but distinctly to each end, and I could mark every one of the stones raised to protect the parapet walls from wheels.

I was in a panic of alarm and anxiety. I looked around, into the air, over the walls, but I was perfectly alone.

"It must have been a delusion," said I; "it was the wind."

But there was no wind.

"It was the sound of the river."

But all the while I had heard the tread and the ripple of the water quite separate, and well marked.

"It was the skirt of my pea-jacket flapping against the wall."

But on trying to repeat it I could produce scarcely any sound at all, and that widely differing from the regular, decided tramp of the footstep.

Then I came with awe to the conclusion, that in my extremity I had in very truth been visited by HIM WHO WALKS UNSEEN.

There was a most complete revulsion in my feelings—the instinct of self-preservation had been roused into powerful action, and along with strong supernatural dread, had taken complete possession of my mind, to the quashing or extirpation of my former train of ideas. I had now no thought for my calamities, so great were my wonder, awe, and fear, and, my gratitude that I had been so strangely preserved from mortal danger. I felt that I had but a moment before been in the actual presence of some superior being, of whose nature, or sphere, or way of existence, my finite mind could form no conception, and was actuated by an urgent desire to flee to the city, and, by mingling among the abodes of men, rid my mind of the effect of these unnatural circumstances.

From the idea of self-destruction I now recoiled with horror, appalled and amazed that I could ever for a moment have entertained it, and in my own bosom I fervently implored from heaven pardon for my meditated crime in contempt of Providence.

I hurried with my utmost speed along the road, and met no living creature till I entered the city.

A humbled and much-altered young man, I applied myself once more to my pursuits. Shortly my circumstances brightened, and in a few months I was better off, to use a common expression, than I had ever been before. New prospects dawned upon me, new friends I had, but never a new love. The memory of her loss never leaves me, but it is now divested of its acuteness, and has subsided into a sad, yet pleasing feeling, which at times I would not be without.

The stranger, during this narrative, had been regarding my friend with an appearance of surprise and much interest. When it was concluded, after thanking him for the pleasure with which we had heard it, he began to offer some suggestions to account for the phenomenon from natural causes. Bob, like all others who imagine they have been distinguished by a supernatural visitation, refused to be convinced.

Since then, however, I may say he has stated to me his belief that the whole might have been the product of an over-excited imagination.

It was now time for us to set out on our return to the city, and Bob, expressing a regret that the charm of the stranger's society should have led us to linger so long, proposed an immediate departure. The latter, looking at his watch, remarked with a smile, that he had no idea how rapidly the time was passing, and, starting up, we went out together, my chum taking the opportunity to give a sly pinch and a kind word to the pretty waitress, as she received from him her own share of the reckoning. A gig was waiting at the door, a servant in charge of which, touching his hat to our companion, addressed him by the title of "My Lord."

Bidding us farewell with an appearance of some feeling, he drove off, and, staying till he was out of sight, we made inquiry about the inn as to who he was. We were told that he was some great parliament lord, but as to his particular title we could obtain no information.

"Well, at all events," said Bob, "lord or no lord, he is a deuced clever man—one of Nature's nobility, I'll be bound."

We now hurried along towards the little town, or rather village, talking little, and certainly feeling the weight, he of his box, and I of my tin case, both of which were charged with specimens of rock fossils and ores.

We had not gone far, when a pedlar, emerging from a cottage, joined us. He was an uncommonly shrewd, sagacious-looking individual, with a ludicrously-hypocritical twitching about the corners of the eyes and mouth, and appeared

the very fellow that could sell you a bargain in any sense of the term.

"Good evening, my old commercial traveller," said Bob. "Warm weather, isn't it?"

"Stormy, awee," quoth he drily; and he eyed our burdens askance. "'Y' are in the merchant line too, are ye? Hech, that's a heavy pack ye carry! Ye'll hae hardware in that, haena ye?"

"Oh, deuced hard, I assure you, and the carrying it is the hardest of all."

"Ye'll hae jewellery, too, nae doubt?"

"Well, I should hope there are some precious stones in my box."

"And ye sell cheap, too, I wadna wunner?"

"Yes, but we lads of the pack, you know, are apt to spell our cheap with a 't'."

"Guid forgive us," said the pedlar, with a deep sigh, and an upturning of the whites of his eyes, indicative of a sanctified and deprecatory acquiescence. "Well," continued he, "I have been abune a dozen year on this beat mysel, and I cannot say I've seen either o' ye between the een afore."

"No, this is our first trip."

"And div ye like the beat?"

"Why, yes, we've been rather lucky, I think."

"Pick'd up some tin?"

"Yes, and a little copper (pyrites)."

"Phew."

Here the old chap began to whistle a tune. He had not piped many notes, however, before we got so marvellously tickled at the whimsicality of the strain, that with one accord we commenced the accompaniment of a chaste and beautifully pitched "guffaw" for two voices. A most racy and original requiem it was, upon the whole, appearing to consist of a strange and ingenious amalgamation of the more sublime passages of "Yankee Doodle," "Jenny dang the Weaver," and "Drops of Brandy," all blended harmoniously into one rich and relishing ditty—a delicious sort of musical *tria juncta in uno*, of which pathos was certainly not the most prominent characteristic.

"Hillo!" cried Bob, "where did you pick up that melody, may I ask? Just whistle it over again—I'd give anything to learn it."

The pedlar repeated the air till he could whistle it with considerable accuracy.

"Weel," quoth the latter, that's gay and gude, but I'se be bail ye'll forget it again before you come to cross the cross o' Drittenbrook."

"I'll bet you a bottle of ale I don't."

"I'll bet you a bottle of the very best Edinburgh ale, that ye'll no stand at the cross and whistle the same tune."

"Done!" cried Bob.

"I agree wi' you there; ye're *done* if ye do."

This was spoken aside by the vagabond, not so much so, however, but that I heard him, and feared, as I heard.

And now we were marching into the town, and, as there is a fearful catastrophe coming, the which I am anxious to protract, as much as possible, I will, with your permission, picture a Scotch village scene shortly after sunset.

We had passed frequent groups of children playing about the wayside, with generally a flower-dressed infant in their midst. Once or twice, too, we met a tall, stalwart young man idling along by the side of a slim, sly girl, who, as we passed, persevered in looking over the hedge—he chewing a twig, and she affecting to be knitting a stocking—or haply, if in a more lonely place, she looking blushful to the ground, and he, with his hand upon her shoulder, and his eye gleaming upon her's like the sun's reflection on a piece of glass, pouring into her ear hurried and half-whispered sentences, whilst the massive head of the fellow, and his harsh but most intellectual features, told it was from such a peasantry that Burns, and Watt, and Telford sprang.

Approaching nearer, we found a family of beggars, lounging back to their quarters at the village from their day's excursion among the farm houses, laden with "scrans-bags," and seeming not to be unhappy in their degradation. The cottager's cow, too, we noticed quietly cropping the tufts of grass by the wayside, while the herds of the more wealthy denizens moved lowing homewards from the fields with milk-distended udders. Of labourers returning from work we passed several, and also the wives of the younger going out to meet them.

Then the one long wide street of the village opened upon us, with its small, thatched white houses, the owners sitting on stone seats outside the doors, enjoying the balmy evening, smoking and chatting together, and playing with their children. In one part were collected a group of boys, at some noisy sport, in another a party of young girls danced merrily round and round, singing and chanting at that curious dramatic game,—that acted courtship—which is peculiar to them, while a knot of half-boys, half-youths, watched their graceful and most coquettish amusement from the corner.

Oh, well do I remember the times of summer evening, and of life's joyous morning, when I have sat on the grass the centre of a cheerful circle, whilst those mad girls danced and sang in rings

around me, and my boy companions stood by laughing, and pointing at me, and calling me "lassie!"

But what recked I of their mirth or their taunts, when I looked, little yellow-frock, at thy yellower curls, as thou sattest, finger in mouth, beside me, and I stole often a bashful peep into thy dear blue eyes, turned askance to me in childish affection? Reader, bear with my silliness—these scenes are now, in very truth, far distant. Many a year of time, and many a league of ocean divide them from me; and if in fancy I can wing my way back over the storms of either, grudge me not, I pray you, the single sentence in which I snatch the transient pleasure.

But the prime assemblage was at the stone cross. Here the young men were met to put the stone, pitch the bar, sling the hammer, and perform other rustic feats, whilst the big-wigs of the place stood by spectators, arguing now on points of the game, and now on points of politics as intricate and important, a thin, wavery vapor of tobacco-smoke hovering above the groups. The public-house, too, was hard by, and from the open windows of the tap-room leant, idly lounging and occasionally putting in a word or a joke from a distance, several sturdy tradesmen, taking their evening relaxation after their labors.

All the while we had been marching along, I had heard Bob whistling away at the marvellous aria, evidently anxious to prevent its escaping his memory, and to secure the pedlar's bottle of ale, which, from the warm and dusty travelling, was become now rather a desirable object of speculation.

Hurriedly did he wend his way among the honest folks till he reached the stone cross, placing his back against which he began to pipe his whistle, loud, clear, and richly toned as throstle's melody, while the upper part of his visage, with his two fun-fraught eyes, beamed a smile of triumph and delight—to appearance taking no thought but of the pedlar's discomfiture. But the latter had popped himself quietly into the public-house, and now from the open windows stood regarding the proceedings with a gloating grin of satisfaction that was anything but to be looked for on the face of a man who saw himself "let in" for a bottle of the best ale.

Right slapdash into the tune did Bob launch, entering with his whole heart into its spirit, nodding with his head to the time, and drumming with his cudgel upon the end of his box. The effect was instantaneous, and most miraculous. It acted like a talisman. The whole doings around came at once to a stop, and every eye

was bent upon him with an expression of astonishment and indignation, while every ear was erected at his extraordinary warbling. For half a minute this lasted, and then the charm was broken. The Vulcan of the place, a fellow like a bronze colossus, had just been in the act of slinging his ponderous sledge-hammer, when the sound arrested him. He stood motionless like the rest at first, till satisfied he heard aright. Swinging the tremendous weapon thrice round his shoulder, he hurled it, with a horrible imprecation after it, by way of feather to guide its course, right at the audacious whistler's head.

The latter saw the fearful missile coming, and had but time to duck his crown when over him it flew, and, hurling through the air, went crash like a thunderbolt through the roof of a neighboring pigsty, the hideous screeching that immediately arose from the inmate of which told that, if Bob's timely stoop had saved his bacon, it was at the expense of other people's.

Thereupon arose from every lip loud cries of—

"Down with him!"

"Kill him!"

"Murder him!"

"Fell him!"

With oaths, curses and denunciations of divers strength and quality, all mingled into one confused roar of a most valor-quelling description. Then I could see folks rushing from every door, eagerly inquiring the cause of the affray, and immediately swelling the hostile multitude that was advancing, a wrathful and most formidable phalanx, upon the daring but now devoted Bob.

For him,—when he saw this strange and most unaccountable effect of his music, his gleeful whistle sank, through a quaver of astonishment and apprehension, into a positive shake of consternation. Nathless, albeit well perceiving the desperate nature of his case, he nerved himself for the coming conflict, and seemed prepared to make a resolute running fight of it. But the butcher of the parish, a blood-thirsty blade, eager to have the first blow at the yet unbruised victim, rushed forward before the rest, with double fists aiming at the nose. Him he saluted with a tap on the scone from his Jacobin club, whereupon procurrent in the road he bit the dust inglorious. But his dame, a ferocious termagant, seeing him thus evil treated, snatched in eager haste a bullock's heart, and with dire shriek discharged it at his vanquisher, but, her physical not being equally praiseworthy with her mortal aim, the gory missile flew squash into the faces of the advancing crowd, giving Bob a moment's opportunity to make a forlorn manœuvre in his own

favor. This he did by lending the exciseman (one of his most vigorous assailants) a left-handed compliment on the jaw that laid him on his face across the prostrate man of blood, and then kicked that part of his frame which thus, by the revolution of events, was fated to be uppermost for once. A burly grocer next, intent on earning high renown by tripping up his heels, received a remonstrative thwack across the stomach that bent him double, while from his grinning lips a howl flew up to heaven, at the sound of which the butcher's dog scampered away with his tail between his legs, and a cadger's donkey at the other end of the street brayed a responsive "hee-haw!"

But here, alas! the fortunes of the day were changed, for Victory in the shape of a powerful sow (that appeared to have escaped maimed from ruined sty, and not to know whither to flee in the tumult), made directly between Bob's legs, and, whipping him neatly off his feet, capsized him in the road. As he fell, his box was dashed with him against the ground, and, what with the force of the blow and the weight of its contents was shattered to fragments, and there rolled among the dust geological and mineralogical specimens, the sight of which would have made the very bowels of Buckland yearn within him.

Alas! poor Bob! Would that I could draw a veil over the remaining events of that disastrous evening—that I could skip at once to thy rich revenge! But no; that candour, that regard to truth, which thou didn't labour continually to instil into my youthful mind, compels me to detail with equal perspicuity thy defeat as thy many triumphs.

No sooner was the single-handed hero thus by unclean beast laid low, than the whole of the infuriated crew rushed at once upon him. One hobnailed giant hopped up and down his ribs, with limbs like paviers' rammers; the butcher recovered his legs but to kick the fallen enemy, while the grocer and gauger, as he strove to rise, pummelled him about the head with amazing pith and activity. But this was not all—insult was heaped upon injury, and those geologic specimens which it had been his pride to collect, were used as rocks of offence against himself. Then did he fully ascertain the nature of Gneiss-wack, whilst transition rocks made rapid transitions from the hands of his assailants to his own jaws, and his skull was battered by fragments that, from the effect upon his brains, deserved well their name "conglomerate."

Oh! scientific reader, does it not touch you to the heart to think a geologist, after a long day's search for a specimen of trap, should at last me e

with such a one as this, and at the hands, too, of a rascally pedlar?

But let it not be supposed that all this while I was only wasting my wind in unavailing apostrophes, such as the above. No; with all the enthusiasm of boyish friendship, and that for such a friend as he, I was straining every muscle to effect a feeble diversion in his favour. With the nicety of an experienced foot-ball player I insinuated my feet among the ever shifting ankles of his clumsy assailants, and not a few by this time did I precipitate on their noses, though, I grieve to say, at the expense of a copious largess of blows and kicks, garnished with maledictions, to myself.

But at length he recovered his feet, and, wrestling the Jacobin from the hands of one who struggled to win it as a *spolium optimum*, made a sweeping blow at the shins of half a dozen of them—a proceeding which immediately opened a breach in the circle. Through this he sprang, and, grasping me by the collar to help me along, bounded away down the road, with the whole pack at our heels, shrieking, cursing, hurling stones and sticks, and sending after us entreaties, more earnest than persuasive, to come back and be murdered.

But they pursued in vain, for he was one of the fleetest runners that ever chased a football in the park of Soandso, and although, a little burdened with my unequal steps, yet soon made the fact manifest. As the last of them, however, a long-legged tailor, gave up the chase, he picked up a pebble from the road, and sent it after us by way of a tangible token of his regard. It struck me on the leg, rendering the limb useless to me for the time; I should have dropped to the ground but for the hold my friend maintained of my collar. When the latter was made aware of this, with a hearty anathema at the donor of the favor (for which fairest of all lady readers I know you have already forgiven him,) he swung me across his shoulders, and scampered along, with undiminished speed.

As soon as we were safe from the chances of pursuit, he set me down, and proceeded to examine the nature of my hurt with as much gentleness as if my very mother fondled me. It was not serious, but quite incapacitated me from walking, and gave an additional gloom to the long journey before us.

We were now upon the moor we had crossed so joyously in the morning, and, looking back, saw the little village sleeping below us in the soft, gray twilight, that was now fast "gloaming" into night. Whereupon Bob, kneeling upon one

knee, howled back his curse, like Mazeppa, upon the little town and its whole population, but chiefly on the heads of the blacksmith, butcher, grocer, tailor and exciseman; vowing at the same time that, if his wits stood him in good stead, he would have revenge as consummate as it should be absurd. Then he insisted upon taking me up, and carrying me along once more. It was in vain that I essayed to move unaided. My hurt was now exceedingly painful, and I saw I must either be carried or lie down for the night on the open moorland. I felt myself now a burden to my friend in every sense of the word, and could not help frequently expressing my concern at the circumstance. Nevertheless, onward the noble fellow trudged, assuring me that he hardly felt my weight, and only hoped my pain was less.

Judge of the gratitude I felt when I reflected that he had already travelled that day many a mile—and that he fought two desperate fights, and once been thoroughly thrashed—that every bone in his body must be aching and every muscle clogged in its action.

Our progress was slow, very slow, indeed; but the night was beautiful, and his exhaustless fancy continually kept alive my flagging spirits. In the course of this we speculated much upon the remarkable effect of his whistling, at which, after all our misfortunes, we could not help laughing loudly and long. We came ultimately to a conclusion which, on after inquiry, we ascertained to be perfectly correct, viz:—that this tune was the air of a song made long ago in ridicule of the Dribbenbrookians by some wandering bard who had met with rough courtesy at their hands.

The richness of the music as well as of the words to which it was wedded, made a bitter bolus to its objects, and as much a favourite with the denizens of the neighbouring places; so that to whistle, play, or sing it in the hearing of one or more of the former became, among the latter, to be proverbially considered the height of daring. When we had convinced ourselves of this we began to see through the duplicity of the scheming packman, and to lament that we should have been, even with so much art, betrayed into such a piece of verdure, (*i. e. greenness.*)

It was past midnight before we reached the labyrinth of cross-roads where the footpath across the moor emerged into the highway, and as my friend was excessively worn out with fatigue, I positively refused to go farther, and proposed that we should pass the night at a little roadside alehouse which we were now near.

Just as I made this suggestion a sound struck our ears, which heard, as we heard it, as mid-

night on a lonely road, would be apt to raise a certain queerness of feeling in the minds of the most skeptical. It was a hollow, churchyard rumbling, accompanied by a trampling of horses, and presently the object causing it broke into view in the shape of a huge hearse with a grove of towering black plumes nodding and waving above it in the darkness of night. It was drawn by six horses, all housed to the heels in inky drapery, with lofty clusters of feathers of a similar complexion tossing on their heads.

As it came nearer, a noise of strange unearthly talking and laughter seemed to play around it. My own hair now began to arch, and presently Bob's knees began to knock together, and he dropped me from his shoulders. This phenomena he afterwards accounted for on the plea of exhaustion.

But our terrors were changed to rejoicing when we saw the dread vehicle draw up abruptly at the ale-house-door, that stood open, and two postillions and a driver, every one of a more spectral exterior than his neighbor, jump from their seats and make a mirthful *entrée*, calling loudly for a pot of strong beer, hot.

In we went, along with them, and presently we were all laughing, singing, and roystering together over a can of ale. Never did I see a jollier set of dogs than these same "ushers of the black road," as they called themselves; and the heartiness wherewith they acceded to our request for a ride to Soandso in their sepulchral drag was as gratifying as it was timely.

They were returning, they told us, from having conveyed the body of a gentleman deceased, from the city to his family burying-place in the country.

As soon as we had snatched a hastily prepared supper of eggs and bacon—

"Come now, comrades," quoth the sombre charioteer; "don't you think we had better proceed to *rehearsal*, as the players say?"

"Good again!" cried Bob; "just wait one moment till my friend and I light our cheroots, and then on to Soandso as fast as you like. The sooner this poor fellow gets home the better, so rattle along like winking. You have carried the dead long enough; there can be but little harm in carrying the quick for once in your lives."

Soon we had taken our seats within the gloomy conveyance, the doors of which were kept open for air, and away we were whirled, while the singing, roaring, and laughing were kept up at even a brisker rate than before; and we, between the puffs of smoke, joined chorus again with all

the strength of our lungs. A most startling apparition we must have presented to the frequent nocturnal travellers we met or overtook, as half an hour's hard galloping brought us into the immediate vicinity of the city, some of whom we saw dropping on their knees, others scampering across the fields, as we swept pass in all our terrors of sight and sound—of which the red glowing spark and the smoke of our cheroots, seen from behind, formed, perhaps, not the most insignificant portion.

But what was their fear to the consternation of my excellent landlady, as, awakened in the darkness of the night by the rumble resounding through the quiet street, and the thundering at her door, the worthy woman flew to the window, and saw dimly, without her spectacles, the ghostly vehicle draw up, and her favorite boy borne from its recesses?

In a paroxysm of horror she swooned away nor was she recovered until, effecting an entrance by one of the windows, Bob Whyte restored her to consciousness by puffing tobacco-smoke into her nostrils, for want of hartshorn.

Some three or four days after this I found myself once more beside my friend in the apparatus-room of the Soandsonian University. I was now all right; nor did he give much token of what he had undergone, beyond a big piece of plaster across his forehead, a beautiful areola of divers colors round his left eye, and a habit he appeared to have contracted of clapping his hands to his ribs suddenly whenever he happened to cough or breathe deeply.

We then concocted together a scheme, the working out of which forms the third part, or end, of this my epic reminiscences.

It had been the opinion of the wise and philanthropic founders of the Soandsonian University that knowledge should be afforded to all classes and ranks, and not only that they should have it if they liked, but that it should be offered—nay pressed upon their acceptance.

In consequence—besides numerous popular courses from which thousands drank the nectar of instruction—it was the custom of the professors to volunteer lectures, explaining, in a simple and untechnical form, different branches of science, in the churches of various parishes around the city. For this the people were always eminently grateful—a fact which they testified in various ways, equally satisfactory to the governing committees of the institution and the lecturers themselves.

(To be continued.)



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XII.

[*Major, Laird and Doctor.*]

(The Laird looking out of the window observes—)

LAIRD.—Weel Major, Winter has been lang in coming, but the auld carle is here at last, and blythe am I to see that he has thrown a white mantle round auld mither Earth's shouthers, for ye trow the auld saying, "a green yule aye maks a fat kirk yard." Hech, sirs, but it is cauld!

MAJOR.—It is cold, but still I would not exchange the season, were it even in my power. Winter, Laird, is a type of both of us, and, the heyday of life's summer past,

"Dans chaque feuille qui tombe
Je vois un presage de mort."

LAIRD.—Hoo aften hae I telt ye Major aye to speak to me in my ain mither tongue.

MAJOR.—Excuse me, I forgot your dislike to aught save your own vernacular. What I meant was that you and I Laird should recognise in each leaf, that noiselessly falls, our own end; that our fall is typified by the slow silent descent of the flakes of snow; and the silence and equality of the tomb presented to us in that white shroud which lends an appearance of uniformity, alike to the oak and the tuft of grass, the castle and the cot.

DOCTOR.—I should have imagined that those emotions would be melancholy rather than pleasing.

MAJOR.—By no means. I can still say with the poet

"O Winter, ruler of th' inverted year,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art."

The glow of the summer's day, and the bright colors of nature fill us with a momentary burst of cheerfulness; the song of the birds, the apparent enjoyment of all creation, from man to the butterfly, communicate a sympathetic pleasure, arising from the feeling that everything around us is happy and contented. But, there is something in the dry chill of the wintry atmosphere, in the hollow melancholy sound of the December storm, which rouses in our minds the sweet sensations of pity and of charity, suggested by the recollection that there are some, who, less fortunate than ourselves, are exposed to wander without a home, during the inclemencies of the season.

DOCTOR.—It appears to me Major, that there is a spice of natural selfishness in your idea.—You like to have people colder than you are in order to have the pleasure of warming them.

MAJOR.—Shame on your remark Doctor, but I know you are only quizzing.

DOCTOR.—You are right my old friend. I was but in jest. You know full well that I am not the man to question the power and beneficence of the Deity, because it has not seemed meet to him that all paths do not, alike, lie through pleasant places. I do not forget that the practice of charity is enjoined, not alone as a precept, but that it is also intended to afford the practicer of it, while yet on earth, the most pleasurable emotions that can fill our bosoms. I remember all these things, nor do I forget, that nature, so seemingly in repose, is now actively at work, and in her secret laboratory is preparing her essences, moulding her fruits, and fabricating her forms for

the summer's gales, that from winter's leafless death-like season springs

"All the magic created by May."

I am infinitely more attracted by the confidence reposed in us by the wanderers of the feathered tribe, whom the frost has deprived of their food, and who, trusting to our hospitality, plaintively demand relief at our window, than by their more lively songs during the happier season of summer. I would at any time exchange the glowing tint, and soft air of a summer evening, the leafy honors of the forests

"Whose confessed magnificence deride,
Our vile attire and impotence of pride."

with all the varied and delightful emotions of love and pleasure which they excite, for the lonely silence of the winter night. It is when the myriads of animated things that

"Peopled every woodland glade,"

have departed, or are no more, that the unbroken solemnity of nature fills us most with ideas of religion and eternity. It is when the clear winter's sky exhibits the immensity of Creation, that our mind "expanded becomes colossal," and appreciates the system which is there presented to our view in splendor and magnificence.

MAJOR.—Right Doctor. The truth of the lines "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the Firmament sheweth his handy works," is never more felt than when your gaze pierces, as it were, the deep blue abyss that is presented to the view on a clear frosty night. I know nothing that equals such a sight in magnificence.

LAIRD.—Talking o' magnificence, I mind weel when I was a bairn, and the holidays were on, that I was never weary o' looking into the vast depths o' the windows whaur a' the Christmas cakes were exhibited. Do ye ken, Major, that it is wi' a sair heart that I see a' the gude auld observances ganging oot o' repute. Naebody cares a prin noo about being my first foot, and even the callants forget the pleasurable anticipations o' Hansel Monday.

MAJOR.—It is too true, Laird; all the old customs we found such interest and delight in have passed away, and have become now mere traditions. Doctor, hand me that big book and the Laird and I will go over some of the old fashions for the sake of auld lang syne. [*Major reads.*]

THE YULE BLOCK.

"Our forefathers," remarks Bourns, "when the common devotions of Christmas Eve were over and night coming on, were wont to lay a log of wood upon the fire, which they termed a Yule Clog." This practice is still adhered to in many

parts of England, and particularly in the northern counties, with much ceremony and formality. The etymology of the word Yule has been variously accounted for. It appears to have been derived from a Saxon word, designating, among the northern nations, not only the month of December, called the Jul-month, but the great feast of this period. Although, as we have before remarked, the Yule Block is still not uncommon in many parts of England, the ceremony which attended its introduction upon Christmas Eve appears to have been discontinued. In former days, the Yule Clog, or Christmas block (a massy piece of firewood, frequently the enormous root of a tree, and which was supplied by the carpenter of the family), was brought into the house with much parade, and with vocal and instrumental harmony. After it had been placed in the centre of the hall, or passage of the house, each of the family in turn sat down upon it, sang a Yule song, and drank to a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. It was then removed to a large open hearth, and lighted with the last year's brand, carefully preserved for this express purpose; and the family and their friends seated round it, were regaled with Yule cakes (on which were impressed the figure of an infant Jesus), and with bowls of frumenty made from wheat cakes or creed wheat, boiled in milk with sugar and nutmeg. To these succeeded tankards of spiced ale, which were commonly disposed of while the preparations for the succeeding day were going on in the kitchen. The following curious song, by Herrick, which quaintly describes some of these performances, was most likely written for the purpose of being sung during the kindling of the Yule clog:—

Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psalteries play,
That good luck may
Come with the log that is a teeming.*

Drink now the strong beer,
Out the white loaf here,
The while the meat is a shredding;
For the rare mince pie,
And the plums standing by
To fill the paste that's a kneading.

CHRISTMAS EVERGREENS.

The custom of decorating the windows of every house, from the nobleman's seat to the cottage of the peasant, with holly, laurel, and ivy leaves, is carefully observed in the country; and is continued during the whole of the Christmas holidays, and sometimes until Candlemas, when, as we learn from a passage in one of Herrick's poems, entitled "Ceremonies for Candlemas," these ceremonies give place to box and yew.—"Against the feast of Christmas," says Stowe, in his *Survey of London*, "every man's house, as also the parish churches, were decked with holly, ivy, and bayes. The conduits and standard

* Kindling, a Saxon word.

in the streets were likewise garnished."—The windows of most of the churches, chapels, and public buildings in England, whether in town or country, still continue to exhibit at Christmas similar emblems of the season. This custom has been differently accounted for. "Laurel," says Polydore Virgil, "was an emblem of peace among the Romans, and is therefore still employed with the same signification."—The celebrated Dr. Pegge, in an essay in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1765, suggests that the ancient custom of dressing churches and houses at Christmas with laurel, box, holly, or ivy, originated in the figurative allusions in the prophecies to Christ the *Branch of Righteousness*.* "It is not at all unlikely," says the same learned antiquary, "that this custom was further intended as an allusion to those passages of the prophet Isaiah which foretell the felicities attending the advent of Christ—"The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify my sanctuary." Isaiah ix. 13.—William of Malmesbury, however, describes the practice as commemorative of the *Oratory of the Wrythen Band or Boughs*, which was the first Christian church erected in Britain. We are rather disposed to incline to the former of these hypotheses.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

"As soon as the morning of the nativity appears (says Bourne) it is usual for the common people to sing a Christmas carol, which is a song upon the birth of our Saviour, and generally sung from the nativity to the Twelfth-day; this seems to be an imitation of the 'Gloria in Excelsis' or 'Glory to God on high,' which was sung by the angels as they hovered over the fields of Bethlehem on the morning of the nativity; for even that song, as Bishop Taylor observes, was a 'Christmas carol.' They are still in many parts of England bawled from door to door every night during the season, as a pretence for subsequently levying contributions on the inhabitants. Compositions of this kind were, during the sixteenth century, sung through almost every town and village in the kingdom. This ceremonial, performed with the view of obtaining that species of largess known under the name of Christmas boxes, is said to have been derived from the usage of the Catholic priests, who ordered masses at this time to be made to the saints in order to atone for the excesses of the people; but as these masses were always purchased, the poor were allowed to gather money with the view of liberating themselves from the consequences of the debaucheries of which they were enabled to partake through the hospitality of the rich. The convivial caroll, or *chansons à boire*, sung either by the company or by itinerant minstrels during the holidays, were of course of quite a different order. They were also frequently called wassail songs, and may be traced back to the Anglo-Norman period. Numerous collections of these festive compositions were published during the sixteenth century; one of the earliest of which was printed by Wynken de Worde, in 1521, and entitled 'Christmasse Carolles.'

* Vide Jeremiah, chapter xxxviii., verses 5—23. Isaiah, chapter iv., 2—13; Hll., 2; xl., 1, 10. Zechariah, iii., 8; vi., 12. Ezekiel, xlvii., 22, 23; xxxviii., 25. Micah, iv., 7.

PLUM-PUDDINGS AND MINCE-PIES.

This agreeable *pabulum* is also of very old standing. Tusser, among the articles of *Christmas Husbandlie Fare*, does not neglect to mention it; for instance—"Good drinke, a blazing fire, beef, mutton, pork, shred, or minced pies of the best, pudding, pig, veal, goose, capon, turkey, cheese, apples, nuts, with jollie carols," a pretty ample provision for the table of either a Lord or Commoner. Plum pudding and mince pies are said to have originated in the offerings of the wise men of the east, of which their various ingredients were considered to be typical; and the latter made long, with pieces of paste over them in the form of the cratch or hay-rack, in commemoration of the manger in which our saviour was laid. The present mince-pie is a relic of the Yule cake divested of the figure which used formerly to be impressed upon it.

THE WASSAIL BOWL.

This was with our ancestors a large vessel, out of which they were wont to imbibe copious libations on special occasions. When Hengist and Horsa first visited this kingdom at the solicitation of Vortigern, Prince of the Silures, the British chief became deeply enamoured of Rowena, the beautiful niece of Hengist, who, instructed by her uncle, at a banquet prepared in honor of Vortigern, presented to the aged prince a cup of spiced wine, with the words—"Be of health, Lord King," to which he answered through his interpreter, "I drink your health." A passage in Robert of Gloucester, referring to this circumstance, has been thus rendered in the *Antiquarian Repository* :—

"Health my Lord King," the sweet Rowena said,
"Health," cried the chieftain to the Saxon maid,
Then gaily rose, and 'mid the concourse wide,
Kissed her hale lips, and placed her on his side;
At the soft scene such gentle thoughts abound,
That healths and kisses 'mongst the guests went round;
From this the social custom took its rise,
We still retain, and still must keep the prize.

From that period *Wace-Hael* became the name of the drinking cups of the Anglo-Saxons in all their future entertainments. Wessell, wassail, &c., are only altered modes of spelling the ancient *wace-hael*, or wish-health bowls.

CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

Our ancestors considered Christmas in the double light of a holy commemoration and a cheerful festival, and accordingly distinguished it by vacation from business, merriment, and hospitality. They seemed eagerly bent to make themselves and everybody about them happy. The great hall resounded with the tumultuous joys of servants and tenants, and the gambols they played served as amusements to the master of the mansion and his family. Ben Johnson has given us a curious epitome of these revels in his *Masques of Christmas*, where he has personified the season and its attributes. The characters introduced in this piece are Misrule, Carol, Mince-pie, Gambel, Post and Pair, New Year's Gift, Mumming, Wassail Offering, and Babie Coche. Of the conviviality which reigned at this time of the year, a correct estimate may be formed from a few lines by the author of the "*Hesperides*," who, in address-

ing a friend at Christmas, makes the following request:

When your faces shine
With bucksome meate and capering wine,
Remember us in cups full crowned,
Until the roasted chesnuts leape
For joy to see the fruits ye reape
From the plump chalice, and the cup
That tempts till it be tossed up
* carouse
Till *Liber Pater** twirls the house
About your ears.
Then to the bag-pipe all address,
Till sleep takes place of weariness;
And thus throughout the Christmas playes
Frolic the full twelve holidayes.

DOCTOR.—Stop, Major. I verily believe the Laird is fast asleep.

LAIRD.—Not a bit. I just closed my een to keep them warm; but I'm no' ill pleased ye're done wi' your stories about Christmas. I say, my dear Crabtree, can you recommend to me some nice illustrated volume which would be suitable as a New Year's gift for Girzy? She has contrived, puir woman, to fit up her drawing room at Bonnie Braes in a very tastfu' manner, and as I got sax and three-pence for my bit handfu' o' wheat this fall, I am desirous to gie her something worth while, to set aff her round table.

MAJOR.—Here is the very article which you desiderate. Mr. Hugh Rogers was so good as to send it out to the Shanty for my inspection.

LAIRD.—Eh man, but it has got a braw coat to its back, and if the fruit be only equal to the blossom, it will be a windfa' indeed. But mind ye, before I open the covers, that if the affair be anything like "*The Book of Home Beauty*," that I saw on a stationer's counter this morning, I would na' let my sister touch it wi' a pair o' tange! Just think o' an entire volume being devoted to sic a theme as the leddies of Dollar-dom! Leddies, indeed! lang nosed, sawlow-complexioned, thorny-minded randies, hugely tinctured wi' pawtriotism and dyspepsy!

DOCTOR.—Why, you old, surly Cincinnatus, there is no reason why you should lose your small modicum of temper after such a preposterous fashion. Surely the dames and spinsters of the neighbouring republic have as good a claim to pictorial and literary immortality, as their Anglican sisters!

LAIRD.—I deny your proposition root and branch; in the aristocratic auld country it comes natural-like to see sculptures and effigies o' the aristocracy, just as natural as it is to see a coronet painted on the door o' a Duke's shandridan. But the case is widely different in the United States o' America. There everybody claims to be as guld as everybody—a' are free and equal, unless the "Declara-

tion o' Independence" tells a thundering bouncer! Consequently, (I speak under correction, as we say in the Presbytery,) it seems to be a little short o' high treason against the Sovereign mob, to stick the likeness o' a Wall street usurer's fat rib into a gilded quarto, and omit conferring a similar distinction upon the help-mate o' a gutter o' oysters, or concocter o' sherry cobblera!

DOCTOR.—Pshaw! all stuff and nonsense!

MAJOR.—Craving your pardon, Sangrado, there is no small glimmering of truth and common sense in what our agricultural *amicus* has advanced.

DOCTOR.—I dinna' like to raise a disturbance, when the auld year is just at the point o' death, but once for a' I have to insist that ye abandon that heathenish custom, o' distinguishing me by Greek and Hebrew names. *Amicus* may mean an honest man, or it may mean a cheat-the-wuddy, and I hae nae notion o' being libelled even in the vernacular o' Homer or Josephus.

MAJOR.—I cry your pardon *carissime*, but—

LAIRD.—Mahoun tak' the man! he's at it again, and the word o' rebuke hardly oot o' my mouth.

DOCTOR.—But in the middle of the meantime we are clear forgetting the volume which is to captivate the unsophisticated affections of the virtuous Griselda.

MAJOR.—Take it good Laird, and, "see and judge for yourself"—as the huxters of dry goods and groceries say in their appeals to the *hoi polloi*!

LAIRD.—Let me brighten up my specs. What! *The Works of Sir David Wilkie*! This is a treasure indeed, and nae mistake. Wilkie is the Hogarth o' puir auld Scotland, and has done wi' the pencil for her farmers, and gaberlunzies, and blin' fiddlers, what Walter o' Abbotsford has accomplished wi the pen.

DOCTOR.—Are the prints well executed in this edition?

MAJOR.—Remarkably so. The engraver has come to his undertaking, as to a work and labour of love, and in the vast majority of instances has succeeded in preserving the spirit and essence of the originals.

LAIRD.—Here is a confirmation o' what you are saying. In my humble opinion nothing could be mair correct than this copy o' "*Duncan Gray*." Weel do I mind standing for hours at the window o' a picture shop in Princes street in auld Reekie, when the print was first published, and see I can testify to the fidelity o' the copy. Oh it is a sappy piece that "*Duncan Gray*." Just look at the depth o' meaning in the tormented wooer's countenance! It is plain as a pike-staff that he is in the transition state between the frames o' mind

described in the following incomparable verses.
Stop, I'll just sing them to you:—

"Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleert and blin',
Spak o' loupin' ower a linn—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Slighted luvie is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Shall I like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzey dee?
She mag go to—France for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't"

MAJOR.—Let me glance at the engraving.
Yes!—the story is told even as you say.

LAIRD.—Just look at Meg! There's a specimen o' womankin for ye—weel worth all the Diana's o' Ephesus, and Medicine Venus's ten times over. Ye can notice wi' half an ee that she has lang reigned supreme as the belle o' her clachan, and has nae idea o' striking her colours to Duncan at the first, or even at the second time o' asking. Still it is plain the himsey begins to fear that she has carried the joke a trifle too far! The old flag o' insubordination and independence is manifesting itself in the begrutten, but at the same time manly check o' her lover. It needs nae spae-wife to prophecy that before lang she will be in the following dismal predicament:—

"How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg grew sick—as he grew well,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't

Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O! her een, they spak' sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't."

DOCTOR.—What a glorious commentator would Wilkie have made on the anthology of North Britain! Did he ever illustrate any other Scottish song!

LAIRD.—Yes, that most exquisite ballad "Auld Robin Gray," which, I will be bound to say, has called forth as many tears since it was written, as would hae floated Neah's ark.

DOCTOR.—What point of the story does Sir David fix upon?

LAIRD.—This unsurpassed stanza—

My father argued sair—my mother didna' speak.
But she looked in my face till my heart was fit to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me."

MAJOR.—I much question whether Wilkie

ever conceived and executed any thing finer than this picture, which I notice is admirably rendered in the collection before us. There is a profundity of quiet, but most tragic sorrow, which stirs the heart like the flourish of a funeral trumpet!

DOCTOR.—It is refreshing to reflect that a work of such sterling merit has been brought out at a rate, which places it within the reach of almost every one. Mr. Rogers, I trust, will be enabled to procure subscribers for a goodly number of copies. As yet, the fine arts are but at a low ebb in Canada West, and nothing could tend so materially to elevate and instruct public taste, as correct versions of the works of our pictorial classics. Pray, Laird, let me look once more at the book.

LAIRD.—See that I get it back again, however! It gangs oot wi' me to Bonnie Braes, should it be the only copy in North America! Mony an unctuous reading will Grizy and me hae o' these noble pictures during "the lang nights o' winter!"

DOCTOR.—A Scottish bull! Read a picture! Ha! ha!! ha!!!

LAIRD.—Hech, sirs, but a wee thing can mak some folk laugh! If I am wrang in my expression, I sin in high company. The great Horace Walpole, when speaking o' Hogarth, said—"I do not look at his paintings merely, I read them!" Nicher at that noo! But the same idea which would be lauded when coming fra an Earl, doubtless fa's to be basted like a bull when enunciated by a bit ploughman body!

MAJOR.—Pray Doctor, have you looked over the volume which I lately commended to your attention? I mean "*Spiritual Vampirism*."

DOCTOR.—I have, and with feelings of considerable disappointment. The author's idea, I grant, is a good one. Etherial, the heroine makes the discovery, "that the immediate result of the contract of marriage had been a rapid increase of her own spiritual and mental illumination, accompanied as well by a corresponding decline on the part of the husband in both these respects."

MAJOR.—In the hands of William Godwin, or of his daughter, Mrs. Shelley, such a theme would have been pregnant with stirring interest.

DOCTOR.—True, but unfortunately the mantles of these great fictionists have not lighted upon the shoulders of Mr. Webber, the engenderer of the romance under notice. He starts the game, but can no more run it down, than a cow can climb a pine tree, and despoil a crow's nest! The volume is an unappetizing olla podrida of me-

dramatic rant! It is full of "sound and fury, signifying nothing!"

LAIRD.—It is often been a marvel to me how it comes to pass that so sma' a per centage o' the novels published in the model republic, are worth mair than the price o' the paper on which they are printed.

MAJOR.—Various reasons might be given to account for a state of things which is undeniable, but in my opinion the leading cause is to be found in the host of magazines and newspapers which prevail in Dollardom.

LAIRD.—I canna' say that I precisely comprehend you.

MAJOR.—My meaning, I opine, is pretty obvious. The demands made upon the brains of literary men, by the aforesaid periodicals, leave them but little time to construct stores of ambitious dimensions. Besides novel writing is a far more uncertain trade than journalism. Except in the case of "big bugs," who have acquired a "marketable name," booksellers usually decline to give a specific sum in name of copy right, preferring to deal with authors on the sharing system. Thus it may chance that the poor fellow, who, for six months has been slaving and toiling at a romance, will find that a Lenten "O," denotes the utmost of his gains! In journalism, on the other hand, the writer's remuneration is not dependent upon any such contingency. He receives the price of his lucre-bration all the same whether the public relish or turn up their noses thereat.

LAIRD.—I begin to understand.

MAJOR.—The rule which I have been enunciating, holds good in the old country, as well as in the land which boasts of "the peculiar institution." Almost every thing in the shape of readable fiction which Great Britain has produced during the last dozen years, appeared first in serial form. In proof of this assertion I need only cite the names of Bulwer, Dickens, Lever, Thackeray, and Warren, who have all adopted the principle of "short rations, and quick returns."

DOCTOR.—A great amount of valuable mental material is now expended upon the newspapers of the United States. Look, for instance, at the New York *Tribune*. Hardly a week elapses which does not witness in the columns of that sheet, one or more articles worthy of preservation in a volume of "elegant extracts." Take the following as a sample—

LITTLE JANE.

Tarrying a moment at the Jersey ferry, we saw a little slab of marble leaning up in a corner, and whiled away the time till the boat's return in de-

ciphering, through the shadow, the inscription and device. All the words were

LITTLE JANE.

Two words, but it seemed to us full of the simple, unaffected eloquence of the stricken heart.

Do they conjure up a little vision of a blue-eyed, black-eyed treasure—somebody's treasure—that took hearts away with her when she went? And are there not an empty cradle and a vacant chair, and a tiny frock, and a pair of little shoes laid away somewhere in a till or drawer? And in the years to come, when the mother, with a smile in her eye, and a song on her lip, shall open that drawer or that till, and see the little garment lying there, how will the eye grow dim and the song be hushed, as she remembers the wearer that has triumphed over time, and through all the changeful years has remained a child still, and never grown old at all.

Over the words a rose tree was sculptured, and the only bud detached from the parent stem was—what do you think? Falling earthwards? Oh, by no means—drifting heavenward in some gentle breath the sculptor could not catch.

It seemed to us a beautiful expression of a beautiful thought.

LAIRD.—Eh, man, but that's bonnie! Did ony o' ye see my pocket-handkerchief lying about? A kind o' dimness has come into my een a' o' a sudden.

DOCTOR.—Has anything worthy of special note in the novel department recently issued from the London press?

LAIRD.—In my humble opinion, *Merkland; or Self-Sacrifice*, by the authoress of *Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland*, is ane o' the maist natural and life-like stories o' its class which has appeared since the days o' my auld freend and crony, John Galt.

MAJOR.—I have looked into the affair, and must admit that it is passable.

LAIRD.—We are getting condescending, it would appear, in our auld age! Passable, indeed! it's mair than passable, by many a long degree and that ye wad doubtless admit, if it waana for your rank Prelacy! I ken weel whaur the shoe pinches your corny tae! It's because Presbyterianism is lauded in *Merkland* that ye are sae costive o' your commendation!

MAJOR.—Far from it, my worthy ruling elder! You were never more off your eggs in all your life! With all my Prelacy—and I do not seek to deny the "soft impeachment"—I can cotton to genius whether it deals with a manse or a parsonage! Fully and frankly do I admit that *Merkland* abounds with clever pictures of Scottish still life, and that the dialogue (no small consideration) is natural and characteristic; but—

LAIRD.—I would hae sworn that there was a derogatory *but* at the bottom o' your meal pock!

MAJOR.—If you will permit me, I was going to observe that the plot is singularly clumsy and in-artistic, and just what you would expect to meet on the boards of a minor theatre. Nothing would be more forced, I may almost say, impossible, than the manner in which "Mr. Patrick" contrives to escape, for so many years the consequences of the homicide which he had committed. Such coin might pass current with the shilling gallery patrons of Astley's, but amongst no other classes of her Majesty's subjects.

LAIRD.—Had Mr. Lumsden been ane o' your white-socked rectors, I'll be bound to say that your estimate o' the bulk would has been far mair favorable.

MAJOR.—To demonstrate the injustice of your hypotheses, I think that the character of that reverend gentleman is exceeding well drawn. He furnishes a favorable specimen of what is called the "evangelical" party in the Scottish establishment, and, in fact, he is one of the main redeeming features of a clever, but ill-digested story.

DOCTOR.—As our communing threatens to assume a polemical aspect, I beg leave to call a new aspect.

MAJOR.—Here is unquestionably *the* book of the season.

LAIRD.—That's a big word.

MAJOR.—Yes; but a true one. The work to which I refer is Taylor's Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, the greatest historical painter, in my humble opinion, England has produced during the last century.

LAIRD.—Haydon!—Was that the lad that executed "Christ's entry into Jerusalem?"

MAJOR.—The same.

LAIRD.—Man, but that was a grand thing! I saw it in Glasgow mair than twenty years ago, and I hae never forgotten the surpassing dignity and, at the same time, life-like simplicity of the picture.

DOCTOR.—Has Taylor done justice to the theme?

MAJOR.—He has. Haydon left behind him a journal so copious and so continuous, as to form a regular autobiography, and with much good taste, the editor (for Mr. Taylor professes to be nothing more) has suffered the artist to tell, almost exclusively, his own tale.

DOCTOR.—And a sad and dreary tale the story of that life must be!

MAJOR.—Most true! To my mind, the whole range of fiction presents nothing more tragic than the strange but bootless fight which this distinguished genius waged from first to last against the cross-sea of troubles in which the bark of his

destiny ever floated! Always when he deemed that he had surmounted the most rugged portion of "Hill Difficulty," the props upon which he depended gave way, and he was thrown back chafing and writhing, but still determined to renew the struggle.

LAIRD.—And what was the upshot?"

MAJOR.—Suicide! The sickness of hope deferred resolved itself into the cureless fever of settled despair, and the hand which had added so many glorious stones to the cairn of high art, and so often struck out against the winter tide of misfortune, broke the fretted "bow!" and loosed the care-worn "silver cord!"

DOCTOR.—Like Hamlet, Haydon's moral imaginings were too strong for his physical resources. The acorn expanding burst the clay flower-pot which contained it!

LAIRD.—Will ye favor us wi' an inkling o' the career o' this noble martyr to the arts?

MAJOR.—Impossible, good Laird! You must read the volumes in order to form an estimate of the man, his aspersions, and disappointments. A mere abstract would give but as imperfect an idea of the epic-tragedy, as a few detached stones would do of the architecture of a stately palace!

LAIRD.—At ony rate ye may gie us a few glimpses o' the man.

MAJOR.—Here are the artist's reflections at the close of a year, when his sun, though frequently obscured, was not devoid of cloudless manifestations:—

"December 31st. The last day of the year 1825. How many last days of years with sage reflections do my journals contain! This year has been one of mingled yarn—good and evil; but the good, as it generally does, preponderated. I have to bless God for many great mercies indeed. After being deprived of my bread by the abuse of the press, a historical commission started up, gave me an opportunity again to burst forth, and saved us from ruin. I have finished it, and hope God will bless it with success. On it depends really my future subsistence, and my power to bring up my boys like gentlemen. I am now sitting in my parlour with Milton's Christian Doctrine before me, reading, and quietly awaiting the new year; in an hour it will be here. 1826! Shall I live to see 1856? Yes; by temperance, and piety, and keeping my mind tranquil, and pursuing my enchanting art. By God's blessing I shall; but not else. I think I may say I have conquered several evil feelings. I am more regular; not so rash or violent. I have subdued my hankering after polemical controversy; conduct myself more as if constantly in the eye of my Maker. All this I attribute to the purity of feeling generated by marriage. O God! for Thy infinite blessings throughout accept my deep gratitude. Pardon the many errors my dear Mary and myself have been guilty of. We acknowledge Thy goodness in humbleness and awe.

Thou hast blessed us with another boy. Oh, give us life to protect him till he can protect himself; to educate him in Thy fear and love, and make him, with our other children, good, virtuous, and distinguished. Grant these things, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen, in awe."

LAIRD.—Haydon must have been a religious man.

MAJOR.—He was so, and, indeed, no one who had not been deeply impressed with the truth of divine revelation could have conceived or executed the works which he did. The scriptural subjects are full of pictorial devotion and artistic orthodoxy, if I may use such expressions.

DOCTOR.—I comprehend your meaning. There may be development of cant and mere sentimentalism upon canvas, as well as in the pulpit.

MAJOR.—The chronicle gets mirker as we peruse it. There is something very affecting in the following entry:—

"31st December. Another last day—so we go on and on. The sun rises and sets as he has ever done, while we rise and fall, die and become earth—are buried and forgotten.

"For want of a vent, my mind feels like a steam-boiler without a valve, boiling, struggling, and suppressing, or fear of injuring the interests of five children and a lovely wife.

"Bitterly I have wanted and intensely I have enjoyed during this year.

January and February	Low and harassed.
March	Hard work and harassed.
April	Sketched and harassed.
May	Ill and harassed.
June	Began Alexander.
July	Hard at work.
August	Hard at work.
September	Hard at work.
October	Hard at work.
November	Brighton and Petworth.
December	Finished Alexander, and more harassed than ever.

"Thus ends this year, and I am harassed to death for paltry debts. My Mary is well, and quite recovered: all the children are wonderfully better, and we have all passed a merry Christmas. Last year I was not harassed in petty money matters, but sickness had seized the house. I have therefore to thank God sincerely for the mercy of my dear family's health, and hope He will grant me strength to conquer and bear up against my wants. O God, grant it! Grant me the means this ensuing year to diminish my debts. Grant me this time twelvemonth I may have deserved less pain of mind in that point, and may have it. O God, protect us, and grant us all that is best for our conduct here, and our salvation hereafter. Amen,

"Alas! how unlike the endings of former years! No noble scheme animates and inspires me. The coldness of men in power—the indifference of the people—the want of taste in the King, and the distressing want of money—the state of the Academy—all, all, press down hope, and freeze up the most ardent and enthusiastic imagination.

"I have tried the people, and was nobly supported. I have tried the ministers, and was coolly sympathized with. I have tried the Academy, and cruelly persecuted. But the people alone could do nothing. Time—time—time.

"I do not despond, but I do not see how. I have lost my road, and am floundering in by-paths. I see no more the light that led astray. It has sunk, and left me groping—hoping, but cheerless.

"Still I pray I may not die till the Grand Style is felt and patronized. Amen, with all my soul."

LAIRD.—waes me! waes me!

MAJOR.—Like Bunyan, our painter "lighted upon a certain place where there was a den,"—in other words, got incarcerated in the King's Bench Prison. The prisoners got up a mock election, which Haydon thus describes:—

"In the midst of this dreadful scene of affliction, up sprung the masquerade election—a scene which, contrasted as it was with sorrow and prison walls, beggars all description.

"Distracted as I was, I was perpetually drawn to the windows by the boisterous merriment of the unfortunate happy beneath me. Rabelais or Cervantes alone could do it justice with their pens. Never was such an exquisite burlesque. Baronets and bankers—authors and merchants—young fellows of fashion and elegance, insanity, idiotism, poverty, and bitter affliction, all for a moment forgetting their sorrows at the humour, the wit, the absurdity of what was before them.

"I saw the whole from beginning to end. I was resolved to paint it, for I thought it the finest subject for humour and pathos on earth."

LAIRD.—And did he paint the mad jinks o' the pair ne'er do weels?

MAJOR.—He did, and I had the privilege of viewing it.

LAIRD.—Was it a funny thing?

MAJOR.—Funny is not the proper word. It abounds with humour of the highest order—humour cognate to that of Hogarth; but, amidst all the grotesqueness you can perceive a thread of seriousness, such as would season the mirth of a man whose heart was sick and sore!

DOCTOR.—Pray favour us with the closing scene.

MAJOR.—Listen then.

"17th. Dearest Mary, with a woman's passion wishes me at once to stop payment, and close the whole thing. I will finish my six, under the blessing of God; reduce my expences; and hope His mercy will not desert me, but bring me through in health and vigour, gratitude and grandeur of soul, to the end. In him alone I trust. Let my imagination keep Columbus before my mind forever. O God, bless my efforts with success, through every variety of fortune, and support my dear Mary and family. Amen.

"In the morning, fearing that I should be involved, I took down books that I had not paid

for to a young bookseller with a family, to return them. As I drove along, I thought I might get money on them. I felt disgusted at such a thought, and stopped and told him I feared I was in danger; and as he might lose, I begged him to keep them for a few days. He was grateful, and in the evening came this £50. *I know what I believe.*

"18th. O God, bless me through the evils of this day. Great anxiety. My landlord, Newton, called. I said, 'I see a quarter's rent in thy face, but none from me.' I appointed to-morrow night to see him, and lay before him every iota of my position. Goodhearted Newton! I said, 'Don't put in an execution.' 'Nothing of the sort,' he replied, half hurt.

"I sent the Duke, Wordsworth, dear Fred, and Mary's heads to Miss Barrett to protect. I have the Duke's boots and hat, and Lord Grey's coat, and some more heads.

"20th. O God, bless us all through the evils of this day. Amen.

"21st. Slept horridly. Prayed in sorrow, and got up in agitation.

"22d. God forgive me. Amen.

Finis
of

B. B. Haydon.

"Stretch me no longer on this rough world."
—*Lear.*

"End of Twenty-sixth Volume."

LAIRD.—Did the catastrophe ensue immediately after that dreary entry in the log book o' life?

MAJOR.—To quote Mr. Taylor's words it "was made between half-past ten, and a quarter to eleven o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 22nd of June. Before eleven, the hand that wrote it was stiff and cold in self-inflicted death.

DOCTOR.—Alas poor Haydon!

MAJOR.—Have you seen this tragedian who has been creating a species of furore in Muddy Little York?

DOCTOR.—You allude, I presume, to Couldock?

MAJOR.—I do.

DOCTOR.—I saw his Shylock, and was much pleased therewith.

LAIRD.—Nae sma' commendation frae ane wha is aye swearing by auld Kean!

DOCTOR.—He is far from being mentioned in the same day with that wonderful artist, but still is an actor of mark and promise. His portraiture of the carnivorous Jew, though rough and unpolished, is strongly marked by originality—in fact it is *his own*. Couldock may yet reach excellence in his profession—even at present he is hardly surpassed in the higher range of melodrama, especially in such parts as "the advocate," in "Luke Fielding" in the Willow Copse. His Iago is also a very fine bit of acting. It is, however, time to get on with our other business. Suppose you give us your chit-chat, Major.

MAJOR.—Since July last I have been keeping a species of gossiping log, wherein I register the memorabilia of the Province. With permission of this fair company, I shall give an inkling of its contents.

LAIRD.—On wi' ye, like a house on fire!

[Major reads.]

A severe hail-storm passed over Three Rivers, on the 28th of June, accompanied with thunder and lightning. The stones were, many of them, larger than pigeons' eggs, and fell thick and fast for fifteen minutes. Much damage was done to fruit trees and vegetables.

On Saturday, the 9th July, the fine steamer, the Queen of the West, was totally consumed by fire at Hamilton.

The Hon. William Allan, one of the earliest settlers in Toronto, died on the 11th July, at the advanced age of 83. He came to Canada in 1796.

Three men were carried over the Falls of Niagara on the 19th Sept. One of them, named Joseph Avery, was caught in a stump in the Rapids, in which position he remained during an entire day. Being at length entirely worn out, he finally shared the dreadful fate of his companions, in spite of every attempt to save him.

After a shameful delay, the rebuilding of the Brock monument at Queenston has been commenced.

In July a sharp frost occurred at Orangeville, causing injury to the crops.

Captain Gaskin sold at Liverpool the three-masted schooner Cherokee, built by him at Kingston, for about £3000 sterling.

The time for the payment of fees, and proof of performance of settlement duties upon locations of Crown lands, is further extended to the 1st of August, 1854.

Horse stealing largely prevailed in Western Canada during the bygone summer.

In all parts of the Province, the heat during the months of July and August was excessive. Several persons died, and the drying up of wells and small streams caused the greatest inconvenience to the holders of live stock. In some places farmers had to drive their cattle five and six miles to be watered.

The Hon. Louis Hypolite Lafontaine was, in August, appointed Chief Justice for the Court of Queen's Bench for Lower Canada.

A large quantity of Bibles were found hidden under a bridge on the township line between Albion and Caledon East. It is supposed that the carrier of them had been murdered.

On the 25th of August, A. H. Meyers, Esq., M.P.P. of Trenton, was shot at and severely

wounded by a man named Charles Marsh. The offender being subsequently tried and convicted, was sentenced to fourteen years' confinement in the Provincial Penitentiary. Meyers, it is alleged, had seduced the sister of Marsh, and consequently public sympathy was strongly expressed in his favor.

The Table Rock at the Falls of Niagara fell on the 9th of September.

A bear, weighing two hundred pounds, was shot in Chinguacousy in September.

Those disgusting monsters, the Siamese twins, exhibited themselves, along with their children, through Canada during the past year.

At the Provincial show, holden in Hamilton, Mr. Banney of Dereham exhibited a cheese, weighing upwards of half a ton. It measured fifteen feet in circumference and twenty-three inches in diameter. What a stud of *night mares* it will stable!

Both at Hamilton and Montreal the Provincial fairs passed off with signal *déclat*.

Lord Elgin and family left Canada for England in August. His lordship, it is said, will not return to the Province.

An insane convict, confined in the Provincial Penitentiary, subsisted for twenty-seven days on about a quart of water and half an ounce of salt per diem. When he resumed his usual sustenance, his strength was very little impaired.

During the year 1852, the North American colonies cost the mother country as follows:—

Canada, - - -	- £322,203
Nova Scotia, - - -	- 132,570
New Brunswick, - - -	- 12,415
Prince Edward's Island, -	- 3,245
Newfoundland, - - -	- 31,100

Total - - - £501,533

The *St. John's Courier* says that during the past two years a constant drain of the population of Newfoundland has been going on to the neighbouring Provinces and the United States. The low price of produce, and the dislike which the people have taken to subsist upon fish, are stated as the causes of the movement.

The debt of the city of Toronto is one million dollars.

Both the civil and military investigations into the Gavazzi riot killing ended in nothing. The evidence was too conflicting to bring home the blame specifically to any party or parties.

In October, the steamer *Fairy Queen* was lost in the Gulf.

Out of 158 newspapers published in Canada, only 12 are French.

In October a monster eagle of the Rocky Mountain variety was shot in Puslinch, by Major-General Reeves. It measured ten feet from the tip of each wing.

The Gore powder mill, in Halton, C.W., exploded in November. The shock was felt at places forty miles distant.

At Kingston, C.W., a calamitous fire occurred on the 12th November. Wharves and store-houses were consumed to the value of £30,000.

The Prince Edward Island fisheries have proved failures during the past season.

Hugh Scobie, Esq., proprietor of the *British Colonist*, died at Toronto on the 4th of December, in the 42d year of his age.

During the year 1853, the following railroads were opened—The St. Lawrence and Atlantic; the Northern, from Toronto to Barrie; the Great Western, from Hamilton to Niagara Falls on the east, and to London, on the west. On the 14th of September the first sod of the European and North American Railway was turned by Lady Head at St. John, New Brunswick, in presence of 25,000 spectators,

Now, Doctor, while I take breath, you may give us your News from abroad.

DOCTOR.—I will begin, as a matter of course, with Great Britain. [*Doctor reads:*]

GREAT BRITAIN.

In reply to Parliamentary interrogations the ministry announced that no orders had been given to interfere in Chinese affairs. It was also stated that the Burmese province of Pegu had been annexed to British India, by way of indemnification for expenses of the war.

Lord John Russell has asserted the unqualified right, and determination of Great Britain to interfere in the future position of Cuba, stating that a revolution, followed up by seeking shelter under the flag of the United States, would be regarded in the light of annexation.

The success of the Dublin Industrial Exhibition has been most complete. Her Majesty visited it, and was received with the most profuse demonstrations of loyalty and attachment.

Lord Clarendon shows in his address on the Russian manifesto, that the invasion of the principalities was an unwarrantable violation of Turkish territory, that the pretext of making it, in consequence of the advance of the fleets, was false, and that England only took up her position by the side of Turkey as the defender of that power, on grounds of justice and public law.

Intelligence has been received by dispatches from the Arctic expedition, announcing the

discovery of the North-west Passage. Captain McClure has entered the North Sea by Behrings' Straits, and the intelligence received shows that he has reached a point which has already been attained from the east. We propose to enter on this subject fully in our next issue.

FRANCE.

The premature accouchement of the Empress has again revived the hopes of all parties opposed to the present Usurpation. An unsuccessful attempt was made to assassinate the Emperor, at the opening of the Opera Comique. The Emperor was, however, sufficiently alarmed to postpone his visit to the south in consequence of this attempt, and the well grounded reports that secret societies have been formed, in the south, for his destruction, and the re-establishment of a new order of things, but whether of Legitimacy, Simple Monarchy, or Republicanism, is not known. The French Industrial Exhibition for all nations is to take place at Paris in 1855.

AUSTRIA.

An incident occurred at Smyrna of importance to the relations existing between this country and the United States. A Hungarian named Kosta was forcibly seized in a *café* and taken on board an Austrian brig, the Austrian Consul having issued orders to carry him away. Captain Ingraham commanding the U. S. sloop of war *St. Louis*, who was then in port, having learnt that Kosta had announced his intention of becoming an American citizen, and that he had an American passport, protested against the seizure, and brought his guns to bear on the Austrian brig. An engagement was prevented by the French Consul taking charge of him until the claims of the two governments should be settled.

It is difficult to determine which party is most to blame; the Austrian power had not a shadow of right to seize Kosta on Turkish territory, although entitled to demand his surrender. The interference of Captain Ingraham, although it may have led to a beneficial result, was improper and outrageous in the extreme.

On the 19th August the Emperor was affianced to the daughter of the Arch Duke Maximilian of Bavaria. The Hungarian Regalia, which disappeared during the war, have been discovered buried at Orsova.

PORTUGAL.

The death of the Queen has thrown the various courts of Europe into mourning.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

We must content ourselves with merely stating the facts connected with the disagreement which

has arisen between these two countries, without offering any comment, or at least anything more than is actually required. A long existing grievance, the custodianship of the Holy Places at Jerusalem, was the first pretence urged by the Russian government. As this, however, involved the interests of both France and Rome, and as the former of these powers would neither concede her own rights nor those of the Pope, an amicable arrangement was entered into. This did not, however, suit the views of the Russian Emperor, who, misled in all probability by the insane conduct of the Peace Congress in England, and considering that Louis Napoleon would have enough to attend to in securing his own power, determined to find some other cause of quarrel against the Sublime Porte. This was found in the pretended grievances of certain Christians, resident in the Turkish dominions, professing the religion of the Greek Church.

That this was a mere pretext, the subsequent conduct adopted by these very Christians most clearly demonstrates. The first cause of disagreement between these two powers having been arranged, Russia advanced her claim to be the protectorate of the religion of the Greeks throughout the Turkish dominions. This claim was resisted by the Emperor of Turkey, who at the same time issued a proclamation confirming to his Greek subjects the privileges they had enjoyed. Prince Menschikoff, having only given four days for the consideration of his demand, at the expiration of that time, left for St. Petersburg, where his proceedings were approved by the Czar, who repeated his demand, giving eight days for their acceptance. The French and English fleets were now placed at the disposal of the Sultan by the respective ministers of those countries, the Turks making great preparations for war, heartily assisted by the very Greeks in whose behalf the Russian demand was made.

The Danubian principalities were now occupied by the Russians, this step being at the same time accompanied by a declaration that the movement was not to be considered a "*casus belli*." Count Nesselrode repeating his demand that Menschikoff's note should be accepted, and threatening that the Russian troops would, in case of refusal, cross the frontiers of the Empire. This proposition was refused by Reschid Pasha, who referred to the Firman already issued, and at the same time protested against the occupation of Turkish territory by the Russians.

Russian intentions were now clearly developed by the Ukase issued by the Czar, who, notwithstanding the hostile position assumed by the very

Greeks in whose cause the pretence of war was urged, persisted in his demand, alleging that his occupation of the Danubian principalities would prove to the Porte to what end his stubbornness must tend, but that at the same time he had no desire to precipitate hostilities, even at this date, professing his willingness to stop the movements of his troops, should he receive a guarantee that the religious and orthodox opinions of the Greek subjects should be respected. Count Nesselrode at the same time declared that by sending their fleets to the Dardanelles, England and France had but complicated matters, having made as it were the commencement of a combined hostile demonstration against Russia, and rendering it necessary for Russia to make a corresponding military movement by the occupation of the Danubian principalities, reiterating his declaration that the occupation was neither a warlike demonstration, nor with any intention for permanent occupancy, but would cease when the Czar's demands were complied with, should this not, however, take place, the Russian government could not answer as to what the Emperor's refusal might lead.

Russian pretensions were still more clearly defined by Nesselrode's declaration of the Czar being the virtual protector of all professing the orthodox religion in the East.

The accusation made by the Czar of seeming hostility on the part of France, was denied by the French minister, who, at the same time, asserted the injustice of the demands of Russia, declaring that the Emperor's Firman had removed all cause of complaint, and that in a matter so nearly touching the honor and integrity of Turkey, the four powers had not deemed it advisable to influence the Porte in his rejection of Russian interference, having only taken such steps as the protection of their own interests and the preservation of a balance of power rendered absolutely necessary, but that the Russian occupation of the Danubian principalities was a direct violation of existing treaties, and that the Porte had an undeniable right to consider this step as an act of war, adding that the interests of nations must be opposed to the recognition of such claims or measures as asserted or taken by the Czar.

This letter was followed by the Emperor's protest against the Russian occupation of the Danubian principalities.

The four powers drew up a note which was accepted by the Czar, but rejected by the Porte, on the grounds, that it embodied all the claims previously preferred by the Czar, and charging his allies with unfair dealing, in first proposing a

mediation, the expectation of which had prevented his at once considering the occupation of the Danubian principalities as a declaration of war, and then in virtually siding with Russia by embodying in their note the Czar's demands. The Czar now stated that he accepted the Vienna note, considering that its rejection by the Porte would be followed by the non-interference of the four powers, should hostilities ensue on that rejection, and calling on them to preserve their implied promise of neutrality.

Russia declared at the same time her mission to be the extermination of Paganism, and that those opposing her in that sacred mission would be annihilated with those Pagans.

The Sultan now demanded the evacuation of the Danubian principalities within a given period (a fortnight) stating explicitly that a negative answer, or non-compliance, would be met by instant hostile movement on his part. A negative answer was returned; but, as non-compliance had previously furnished grounds for hostilities, before the answer had been received, war was actually begun. Since the commencement of hostilities, the successes of the Turks by land have been without a check; but a summary of the proceedings is out of the question, as if even all the various reports are authentic, the details would occupy our whole Magazine. There is no doubt, however, that in three battles the Turks have been victorious. One significant circumstance must not be passed over, the presence of various Englishmen at the battle of Oltenitz, the most serious engagement that has yet taken place. The fleets of France and England are in the Bosphorus, and there is no probability that war can be prevented, or that the leading powers of Europe will not be drawn into it. A severe lesson seems to be impending over the Czar; and it is to be regretted that French and English vacillation should not have prevented a less costly one, while there was yet time. The position of Austria in the meantime is a humiliating one, - *liée* with the Roman Catholic powers, who are all opposed from religious principles to the claims asserted by the Czar, bankrupt in exchequer, and closely bound to Russia by policy, the position of the young emperor is by no means an enviable one. It was expected that the next important intelligence would be the bombardment of Sebastopol, the Russian Gibraltar of the Black Sea. The latest accounts, however, show that the Turks have sustained so serious a loss in the only naval engagement that has taken place, that it is scarcely to be hoped that this can take place. Some English Prints charge France and England

with having purposely waited for a reverse on the part of the Turks, in order to interfere. The bad policy which destroyed the Turco-Egyptian fleet at Navarino is now likely to be felt.

The Turkish troops are reported to be in the highest spirits, and assurances of fidelity, accompanied with liberal voluntary supplies of money, are being poured into the imperial exchequer.

UNITED STATES.

Beyond railroad collisions and steamboat accidents which have been attended with the most lamentable and awful loss of life, there has been little to record during the past six months. Yellow fever has prevailed in the south, and has occasioned great mortality. Two exploring expeditions have sailed, one for the purpose of again seeking for Franklin; another for scientific purposes, and destined for the south. An expedition was sent to Japan to insist on the establishment of commercial relations, which was received in a friendly manner, and has as yet been successful in its objects.

John Mitchell, the Irish rebel, made his escape from Australia, and arrived at San Francisco. It appears as if the citizens of the Union had, however, enough to sicken them in other adventurers. Mitchell, therefore, has met with little favour except at the hands of a few ultra democrats. We congratulate the Union on the acquisition of so valuable a subject.

Three very extensive fires have occurred in New York within the last few weeks. Messrs. Harpers, the most extensive publishing house in America, was totally destroyed on the 10th, and nearly all his valuable stock destroyed. His stereotype plates, which were in vaults, were saved. The damage was estimated at £350,000, on which there was an insurance of £62,500. The second occurred on the 27th, when several very extensive establishments were destroyed, with several vessels lying at the wharves. Among these were the packet ship *Joseph Walker*, the mammoth clipper ship *Great Republic*, loaded with cotton, and several other vessels. The loss is estimated at nearly £590,000. The third, which was in John Street, destroyed the printing establishment of Putney Russell, with several other buildings. The loss here is something under £250,000.

MEXICO.

Santa Anna has again resumed the reins of government; but so surrounded with difficulties is he, that it is hard to foretell what success will crown his efforts. There is, however, very little doubt but that these very difficulties have been

the means of preserving peace, as, on first assuming power, his warlike intentions towards the United States, were no secret.

SOUTH AMERICA.

It is scarcely worth while to chronicle the various revolutions that are continually taking place in the minor states of Southern and Central America. One remarkable proposition has, however, been brought forward, that the five powers of Central America, should unite in a customs-union, similar to the German Zollverein.

CHINA.

The Revolution in China has been, as far as can be ascertained with any degree of certainty, so far successful. One of the most extraordinary features connected with it is, that the leader has been brought up, and is, a Christian, and that it is his intention to overthrow the present idolatrous system established. Hitherto the proceedings of the insurgents have been unmarked by cruelty—the officers forming the council are said to be Frenchmen.

MAJOR.—You must be almost hoarse, Doctor, so I think before chess we will have facts. Come, Laird.

LAIRD.—Here they are. I'll just read on, and bad luck to him who first cries "Hold, enough!" [Laird reads.]

HEAVY PROFITS OF CLEANLINESS.

Although but little sectarian in feeling we have a high respect for most of the religious sects of the age; yet we think all of them might make a decided improvement in their creeds, by embodying another article requiring strict CLEANLINESS in all their commandments. We once knew an eminently pious woman on whom this very subject was strongly enforced, with practical results, through a dream. She was not only an inveterate smoker, but suffered the fumes to operate as an antagonistic to cleanliness. She dreamed of her own death, and arrived at the gates of paradise; but the registering angel, to her astonishment and consternation, was unable to find her name. While just on the brink of despair, it was at last discovered, having been almost wholly obscured by a thick cloud of tobacco-smoke! This is a literal fact, and this lady afterwards became widely known for her interest in the cause of Christianity, and opposition to tobacco.

It may seem strange to some, that we place this quality in such distinct prominence. This is because its benefits, and the evils of its contrary vice, are so little felt. It is only a proof of the wide prevalence of the evil. In a moral point of view we have little to say, except the simple suggestion of the impossibility, almost of becoming familiar with the rubbish and filth of an unswept house and unwashed linen, without becoming at the same time too little averse to the rubbish and dust of sluggish morality. For how can one be expected to attain the

mental discipline required for moral purity, who is too lazy to preserve a cleanly person.

It is however, in an *economical* point of view that our present remarks are chiefly intended. We have heard farmers dissuaded from cultivating neatness, as something unnecessary, and urged to devote all their time to such labor as will yield immediate profit. Instead of being embellished with shrubs and shade trees, their door-yards must be marked with the ruts of loaded carts; soap must be economized on wearing apparel, and scrub-brooms, on the dairy and kitchen-floor. Now, we hope none of our readers will ever listen to such advice for a moment. We do not believe a word of it.—We have had occasion to visit, both privately and officially, many of the best farms in the country,—those which have proved pre-eminent for their heavy profits by good management,—and without a single exception, they were specimens of neatness throughout. The door-yards were not covered with chips, barrel-hoops, cast-off shoes, or puddles of dish-water; the barn-yard was not reeking with the fumes of manure heaps wasting through summer in the hot sun; nor were the fences lined with thistles, briars, and burdocks; but every part showed the complete control which was exercised by the touch of a master, not only in raising large crops, but in keeping out all intruders, whether animals, weeds, or refuse matter. The same energy which preserved a neat ornamental lawn, kept in motion the clock-work of an excellent management.

FARMERS' CLUBS.

As the season when farmers have more leisure than at any other time of the year is approaching, we wish to call attention to the importance of some organized system of improvement. There are abundant facilities for becoming thoroughly acquainted with the most successful modes of culture in practice, and all that is requisite is a sufficient degree of interest to call out the farmers, bring together their knowledge, and form a joint-stock company, with the sum total of each man's wisdom for a capital. Every farmer has had experience, and claims to have derived from it certain rules which guide him in his farming; and yet very few are governed by the same rules. A considerable proportion of farmers read more or less on agricultural subjects, and obtain in this way very much information, which may be made useful to their neighbours. The farmer who has not observed a single new fact or learned any thing worth communicating during the past year, must have been very negligent or extremely dull, and certainly needs such instruction as his more active brethren can give him. Those who know most about agriculture, are ready and waiting to learn more from the experience of the most humble laborer, and all may be alike benefited by making a common fund of all the available knowledge, from which each may draw as he has occasion.

There are many advantages to be derived from well conducted Farmers' Clubs. Among the more important, we mention the following. They serve to create an inquiring spirit, and lead the farmer to reflect upon and digest his observations and his reading. When called upon for an opinion on a subject, the farmer finds that he has not

thought upon it sufficiently, or that his notions are in a crude and unavailable shape, and the result is, that he goes home resolved to inform himself with regard to the subject before another meeting. Immediately connected with this, is the tendency to accuracy in experiment which such associations foster. It is not enough that the member of the club satisfy himself with an approximate experiment. He must be careful at every step, and precise in every detail, in order to satisfy all the members of the soundness of his conclusion. The member of the club is more than an individual farmer; he is one of an associate body who are pledged to each other's interests, and laboring for the greatest good of the greatest number. He is a public-spirited man, and soon learns to attach some importance to his observations, and to regard himself as of some consequence in the agricultural world. The club operates against that spirit of isolation and seclusion which is much too prevalent among farmers. It calls them together—calls for their views, and, gives them a dignity and a power they had not in an unorganized condition. It infuses a new purpose into the mind of every individual member namely, that of doing something constantly for his own improvement, and the progress of his profession. It leads him to read more, and to read more carefully and understandingly, and if he discharge his duties properly, it assists him materially in expressing his ideas. Farmers are not wanting in talent, or natural capacity; they need only practise to enable them to explain to others clearly and forcibly their own persuasions; and this practice is afforded by a club, where every one feels free to express himself, and obliged to contribute something to the general fund. The formation of a club would also enable the farmers in every town to own an agricultural library, and to have the reading of all the best agricultural journals. If at the outset twenty farmers contribute five dollars each, the club will have the means of purchasing many of the standard works on agriculture, and with them can form the nucleus of a library which can be increased as funds will permit. Another advantage, which should not be lost sight of, is the beneficial effect which these club meetings would have on the sons of farmers and the youth generally. They would be led to regard farming as a rational and pleasing pursuit, rather than a slavish drudgery, and would turn their attention to studying agriculture, and to observation, instead of avoiding everything that savors of the soil.

AN AMERICAN ACCOUNT OF THE HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT OF THE PROVINCIAL FAIR, UPPER CANADA.

The floral hall which is at all times the principal attraction, was situated on the summit of the elevation. It was one hundred and twenty feet long by eighty feet broad, forming a centre hall about twenty-four feet wide the whole length, and two side halls also the whole length of the building. The eastern side hall was devoted chiefly to the flowers and vegetables.

There was a good display of annuals and Verbenas. The display of Dahlias was not so great. There were some very tastefully done up table bouquets. There was a very pretty floral design

by Mr. Kerr's gardener, filled up in the different plots with Asters, Marigolds, Verbenas, &c. There was a fine box of annuals from Messrs. Thompson & Murray, of the City Gardens, Hamilton. Judge Campbell, of Niagara, had some very good Cockscombs, seemingly the same that figured at the Horticultural Show in Toronto lately, and received so much merited praise. J. F. Moore, of Hamilton, had a very fine display of Balsams. Eneas Kennedy had a very good collection of plants, from his own private garden. Mr. Fleming, of Toronto, had a pretty fair collection of green-house plants. Thomas & Murray had a very pretty flowering Jessamine, very useful and suitable for a hall window; it flowers in the early part of the season, and gives out a powerful and most delightfully fragrant odor. They had a fine specimen of Veronica, and a very pretty Gesneria zebrina, a plant of beautiful foliage. The Torenia Asiatica, from the same gardens, was a very fine specimen, with a beautiful soft blue Memulone flower. It grows easily, and flowers freely; but requires a good deal of heat to bring it to perfection. There was a very graceful Japan Pine from the same garden. This plant is well adapted for a conservatory. The Lantana Ewingii, a flower something like a Verbena, but more variegated. The flower first becomes orange, it then fades to a soft fine pink, and from that comes nearly to a white, the flowers appearing in all their different stages in one plant at the same time. It flowers from the beginning of June all the way to winter, and is well adapted for bedding out. It has been only recently introduced. There was one plant, a native of California, termed the *Zauchneria Californica*, with a beautiful scarlet flower, resembling a Fuschia somewhat. This plant is also well adapted for bedding out. J. F. Moore exhibited a very healthy Indian Rubber plant, and one Orange tree, with one specimen of the fruit upon it. There were two fine specimens of Aloes, and a very fine specimen of the *Abutilon stratum*, with a beautiful striped well-shaped flower; a considerable variety of Cacti, and a rather curious plant—the *Eschynanthus zebrina*—from the same garden.

On the opposite side of this hall there was a great display of cabbages, chiefly from Toronto gardens. There were also squashes, in great variety; celery, large beets, and also some remarkably fine table beets. Mr. Leslie showed a good collection of pears and quinces, of very fine quality. In the western hall there was a most magnificent display of white and red onions, the finest by far that has yet been exhibited at any of our fairs. There were some tomatoes of a very large size, but not very tempting; there were some very fine small ones. There was a display of white table turnips, very fine. The capsicums were a very good display. There were some good cauliflowers, two heads especially very fine. The chicory looked well—it was chiefly from Pear's garden, Yonge street. The carrots were a very good display. There were three baskets of varieties of vegetables. The Baron de Longueuil displayed some very fine egg plants, of a large size. The water-melons were rather an ordinary display. The Normal School, Toronto, exhibited specimens of the production of the experi-

mental garden; there were cabbages, oats, barley, potatoes, corn, carrots, beets, mangel wurzel, turnips, &c., &c., with a full report of the quantity raised, and all the particulars connected with the various specimens.

The peaches were a very good display. There were some very excellent hot-house grapes, from W. H. Boulton's garden. Enoch Turner and W. B. Jarvis, of Toronto, and W. P. McLaren, of Hamilton, had also some very fine specimens. There was a very prolific specimen of grapes, we think from Mr. Lewis, of Saltfleet; there were upwards of forty bunches on one vine about three feet long. Mr. Humphreys, of Toronto, exhibited a basket of very excellent Sweet Water grapes. This was decidedly the best specimen of that kind of grapes in the exhibition. There were fifty-six different entries of "twelve winter apples." The winter table apples made a very good display. The Ribston Pippins were very fine. There were some excellent baking apples, from Leslie's Garden. There were seven entries of twenty varieties of apples, some of them very fine, from Leslie, Turner, Bruckly, of Hamilton, and others.

Dr. Oraige's son displayed some very fine specimens of dried plants, very well prepared. There were only a few of them displayed, the greater part of them being left in the portfolio.

MAJOR.—Thanks, Laird. I am not sorry we are nearly done. I smell supper. Where's Mrs Grundy. Laird, ring the bell.

DOCTOR.—While Mrs. Grundy is coming, I must bring to your notice a new collection of music, which, for cheapness and good style is getting up, surpasses anything I have yet seen in this country, and, I may add, in the old. The publisher—A. Montgomery, Spruce Street, New York—has sent me the first four numbers, which contain—"Coming through the rye;" "Friendly is thine air, Rosalia;" "the Prima Donna valse;" "La valse d'amour"—the first by Jullien, the second by Kœnig. "The home where changes never come," and "My own, my gentle, mother"—two songs, both by Glover. The whole of that music cost one shilling sterling. It is well printed, and some of the pieces are very celebrated. Can anything be cheaper?

Mrs. GRUNDY (*who has entered while the Doctor was speaking*).—Cheap, certainly; but I think that I know as cheap a work, which I have already introduced to you—I mean the "Monitor of Fashion." I have made several extracts from it, and I can cordially recommend it. Are you ready, gentlemen, for my gatherings?

MAJOR.—By all means. [*Mrs. Grundy reads.*]

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.—BALL COSTUME.

Jupe of rich white satin, with wreath of roses festooned at the bottom. Dress of figured game with a broad horizontal stripe of pink satin: low pointed body opening on a stomacher of white

matin, the pointed *berthe* formed by a broad and rich *Chantilly* lace; the stomacher is ornamented by roses and foliage; a rose is also placed on each shoulder: the very short sleeve is trimmed with *Chantilly* lace. The skirt is looped up on each side, and fastened by a full blown rose and foliage.

OBSERVATIONS ON LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS
FOR DECEMBER, 1853.

The unusually favorable weather we have been enjoying during nearly the whole of the past month, has caused our *Artistes des Modes* to produce some delightful novelties in bonnets and cloaks for out-of-door costume. In Paris, the *MAGAZINE DE LA PRESIDENCE, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin*, has produced many charming mantles.

Black lace, deep silk fringes, and bands of *moire antique*, continue to be the favourite trimming for cloaks, whether of velvet or satin: for cloth or cashmere stamped velvet is used, of which there are an endless variety of patterns. For dresses for the *promenade*, narrow fringes and black velvet are used as trimming for flounces. For home costume, *caracos* of velvet are worn, with silk, poplin, or cashmere skirts; they are generally made closing to the throat.

For evening dresses a new material, called *Lama d'orée*, will be much in favour; some of these have only one band to the flounces, and the dress spotted with gold."

GENERAL AMERICAN OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS
AND DRESS.

The preparations for the winter balls and soirées are already apparent in the number of new and rich ribbons which have made their appearance. Many of these new ribbons have gold and silver tastefully interwoven in patterns composed of flowers of every hue. The skilful combination of gold and silver, renders these ribbons admirably well adapted for head-dresses during the winter. One of the most elegant and *distinguées* coiffures we have seen, was composed of blue therry velvet ribbon figured with silver and flowers. The ribbon, which was rather wide, was disposed in a point which drooped over the hair on the left side of the head. To this point were attached two bows of the same ribbon with very short ends. From the centre of the bows issued silver sprays, which imparted great brilliancy to the head-dress. Some of the new head-dresses consist of *fanchons* of white or black tulle, ornamented with embroidery in gold, pearls and velvet application.

"Dresses of black silk have recently been very much worn. They are trimmed with flounces, more or less richly ornamented with braid or vel-

vet. Two or three rows of black velvet ribbon, one above the other, are very generally placed at the edge of the flounces of black silk dresses. Ornaments of velvet of an open-work arabesque design, or of the palm-leaf pattern, are rich, the latter being sometimes large enough to cover the whole flounce. Trimmings of black velvet are very effective on a dress of plain violet or dark-blue silk. Trimmings of violet, dark-green and dark-blue velvet, are employed to ornament black silk flounces. It should be borne in mind, that flounces ornamented with velvet trimmings, require very little fulness.

"Among the new dresses may be mentioned some of grey and steel-color silk, having flounces bordered by a band of plush woven with silk. This plush is often of a deeper tint than that of the silk composing the dress, and it is frequently figured. A dress of green silk, just completed, flounces edged with bands of plush ornamented with spots, in black, maroon, and brown.

"We must not omit to mention a very elegant dress which has been made up. It consists of dark-blue silk, and is without flounces, but the skirt is ornamented with twelve horizontal rows of black velvet foliage. The corsage has a basque slit up at each side, and open in front, the opening being filled up by rows of velvet foliage and bows of black velvet. The sleeves are slashed; having two openings, the one above and the other under the elbow, and the edges of these openings are united by *traverses*, or horizontal rows of velvet and bows of velvet ribbon.

"Black velvet will, this winter, certainly hold its wonted place among the favorite materials for dresses. Some black velvet dresses are made with the skirt quite plain, the corsage and sleeves being edged with braid figured with velvet. One, however, has the skirt ornamented with plain leaves embroidered with bright-green silk. These leaves are of graduated sizes, the smallest being near the waist. An embroidery of palm-leaves is carried up the front of the corsage, which is close and high as the throat. The sleeves are of the mousquetaire form, having revers or turned cuffs, entirely covered with embroidered palm-leaves. The dress we have just described has been made for a lady of rank and is intended to be worn in the carriage or in the negligé home costume.

"It appears probable that close corsages will be more prevalent during the winter months than they have been for some time past. The open corsage has had so long a reign, that a reaction in favor of an opposite form may reasonably be looked for."

Bonnets are still worn back on the head, and it will apparently be some time before this ungraceful style of wearing the bonnet goes out of favour: some are even mistaking this style, and wear the ordinary form of bonnet thrown back on the head, whereas it is the peculiar form of the crown which gives this appearance, by being made very low and sloping towards the back: the bonnets, viewed in the front, have the form of the brim oval, which is the opposite to those worn last winter; they were wide and had a flat appearance.

DOCTOR.—Now for chess. [*Doctor reads.*]

CHESS.

(To Correspondents.)

J. H. —, It has been laid down as a rule that in any Problem where the King and Rook occupy their original squares, it is lawful for the King to Castle. Many chess authorities however, are opposed to this rule.—

A. E. P. —, Your Problem admits of solution in three moves by playing for first move B to K 2nd. Ch.

Solutions by J. H. R., and Eese, are correct; all others wrong.—

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 1.

WHITE.

1. K R P, one (ch.)
2. Castles.
3. B or B mates.

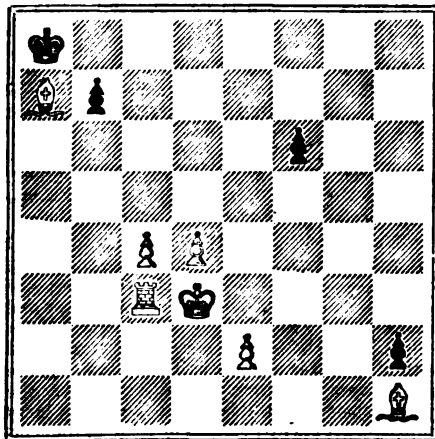
BLACK.

K moves.
Anything.

PROBLEM No. II.

BY J. B. C.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

CHESS.

CHAPTER IV.—THE MODERN WRITERS ON CHESS.

We now come to the modern treatises; and in comparing such works as Lewis's last edition of his Treatise on Chess, Walker's Art of Chess Play, and Von Hydebrant der Lasa's Work, with those of by-gone times, we cannot but be astonished at the rapid progress that has been made in the art during these last few years; and we cannot help thinking that this is mainly attributable to the many cheap publications that treat of this noble pastime.

The Practical Chess Grammar, by W. S. Kenney, (published in 1817.) was the first to lead the way to its extended practice among all classes of society. The thin quarto volume, with its colored plates, was at that time eagerly purchased, and although it has passed through no less than five editions, it has been for some years out of print.

In point of utility, the Chess Grammar has been superceded by the elementary works of Lewis and Walker; and to those two gentlemen the Chess-players have every reason to be grateful.

Mr. Lewis has published translations of all the best writers mentioned in our last chapter, and his last treatise is a work that cannot be too highly spoken of. Mr. Walker has laboured hard and successfully in the cause of Chess, and deserves to be rewarded. Mr. Staunton, also, has issued a couple of invaluable books, published by Bohn in his Scientific Library, and entitled the Chess-player's Handbook and Chess-player's Companion; and in addition to these Mr. Bohn has published the games played at the Chess Tournament in London, during the year 1851.

Periodicals devoted exclusively to Chess, satisfactorily show the solid hold that this glorious game has taken in the homes of our countrymen. The Chess Player's Chronicle has now reached its seventh volume, and still continues to be ably edited by Mr. Staunton.

"La Palamede," a French periodical, established by De la Bourdonnais, and now under the superintendence of M. St. Amant, represents that nation.

In the United States, a few years ago, a Chess Magazine was commenced, but it, we believe, fell through after two or three volumes had been issued. If such be the case, we hope that it may speedily be revived.

The Illustrated London News, and Bell's Life in London, supply weekly, admirable games and it is not a little gratifying to know, that a considerable number has been added to the circulation of both these papers, from the fact of their having devoted a portion of their columns to the recording of Chess Matters. And in conclusion, we may venture to express the hope that the Anglo's humble endeavours to foster a love of Chess in the British North American Colonies, may be similarly rewarded.

ENIGMAS.

No. 16 by M. D'Orville.

WHITE.—K at Q R 3d; R at Q B sq; Kt at K 5th and 6th; P at Q R 5th.

BLACK.—K at Q Kt 4th; Q at K R 6th; R at K Kt 8th; Kts at K B 6th and Q R 3d.

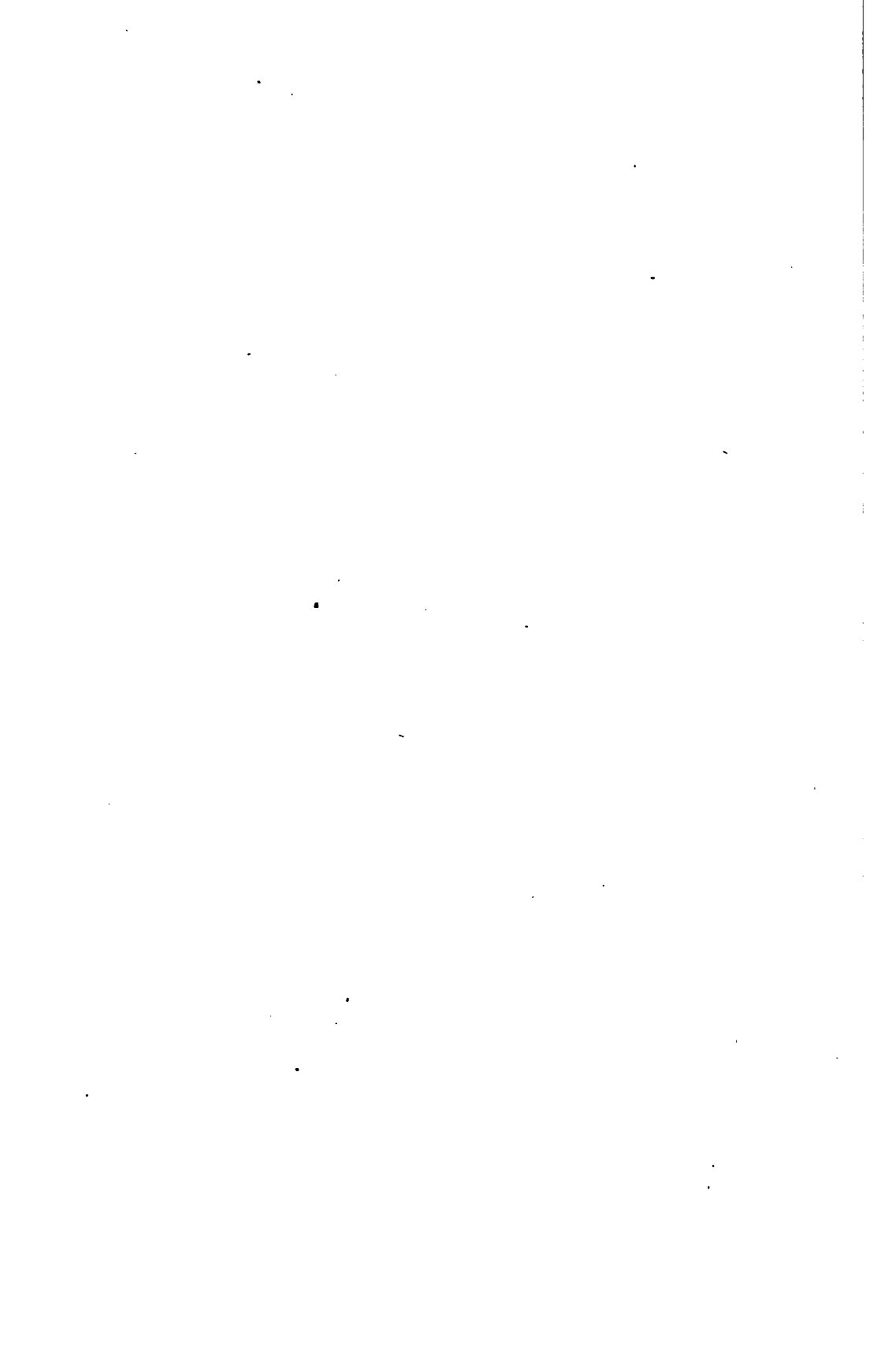
White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 17. By Mr. Kling.

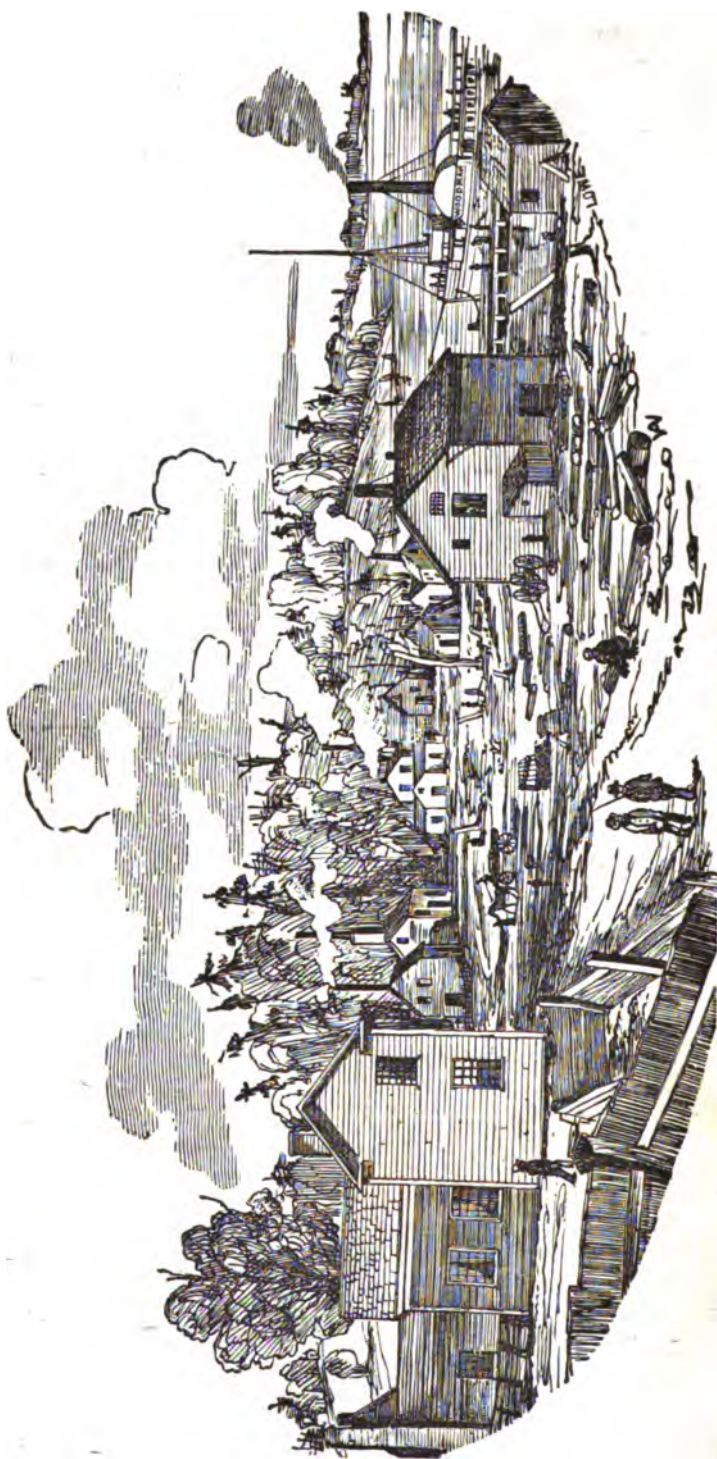
WHITE.—K at Q Kt 8th; R at K B sq; Kt at Q 8th; Ps at Q 4th, Q Kt 5th and Q R 4th.

BLACK.—K at Q Kt 3rd; Ps at Q 3rd and 4th; Q Kt 2nd and Q R 4th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

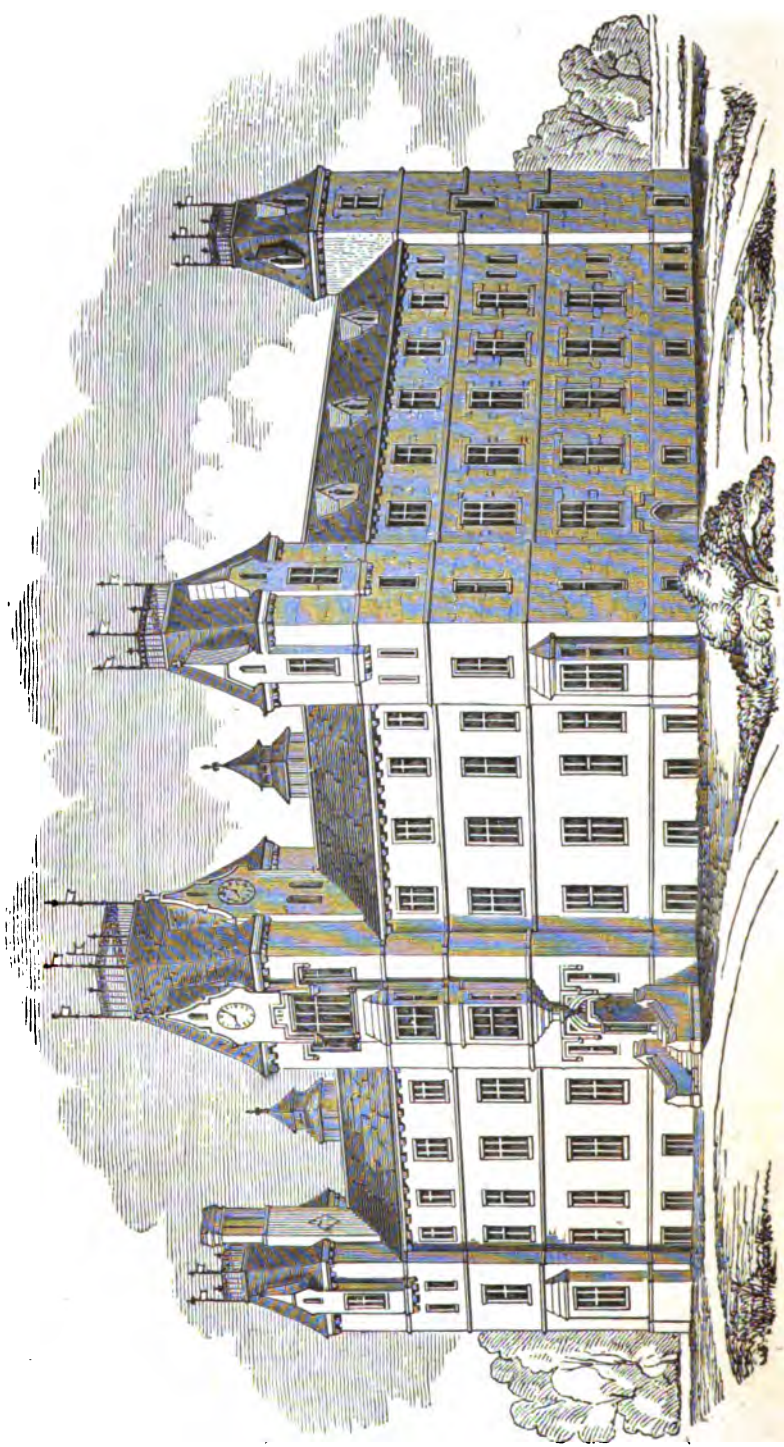






SCENE ON LAKE SCUGOG.





THE PROPOSED NEW GENERAL HOSPITAL.

Paris Fashions for February.



THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.—TORONTO: FEBRUARY, 1854.—No. 2.

HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER XIV.

For some time before the expedition against Fort Meigs and Fort Stephenson, of which the result was so disastrous, General Proctor had found himself seriously embarrassed by the difficulty of finding food for the large number of Indians who had flocked to his standard. The stores of provisions along the Detroit, which would have amply sufficed for the demand of his own troops, and even of the Indian warriors, were soon exhausted by the necessity of providing food, as well for these claimants, as for the families of the Indians. Other circumstances, too, conspired to increase the difficulty: the absence of the militia from their homes had materially diminished the supply to be expected from the spring crops, as these had, in a great measure been neglected. The American command of the lake precluded all hope of supplies by water, and transportation of stores by land, adequate to meet the demand, was altogether out of the question. The only hope, then, lay in the arrival of such reinforcements from the Lake Ontario fleet as would enable Captain Barclay to open the navigation of the lake to the British. The expectation of all was directed to this point, but neither

guns nor men appeared, meanwhile the exigence became hourly more pressing. The *Detroit* was, however, launched, the forts were dismantled to meet the emergency, and these lumbering guns were fitted in the best manner possible to suit the ports of the *Detroit*, or as we should rather have said the ports were fitted to receive the guns. To complete still farther this botching business, the other four vessels were stripped of part of their armament to complete the equipment of the *Detroit*. Fifty seamen had arrived from Ontario to man the five vessels, with an intimation that no further assistance could be afforded, consequently, General Proctor was compelled to complete the manning of the fleet by a detachment of the 41st regiment.

With a fleet manned and armed in this manner, Captain Barclay found himself compelled by the pressure of circumstances to sally forth upon the lake on the 9th September, to meet a well-provided and almost doubly superior force. The result may be easily anticipated, on the morning of the 10th, the fleets met, and after a bloody and hard struggle, during which, in spite of all advantages, victory seemed to declare herself on the side of the British, the whole British squadron was captured—Captain Barclay's letter gives a truthful account of the affair.

His Majesty's late Ship *Detroit*,

Put-in Bay, Lake Erie, Sept. 22d.

SIR,—The last letter I had the honor of writing to you, dated the 6th instant, I informed you, that unless certain intimation

was received of more seamen on their way to Amherstburg, I should be obliged to sail with the squadron, deplorably manned as it was, to fight the enemy (who blockaded the port,) to enable us to get supplies of provisions and stores of every description; so perfectly destitute of provisions was the port, that there was not a day's flour in the store, and the squadron under my command were on half allowance of many things, and when that was done there was no more. Such were the motives which induced Major-general Proctor (whom by your instructions I was directed to consult, and whose wishes I was enjoined to execute, as far as related to the good of the country,) to concur in the necessity of a battle being risked under the many disadvantages which I laboured, and it now remains for me, a most melancholy task, to relate to you the unfortunate issue of that battle, as well as the many untoward circumstances that led to the event. No intelligence of seamen having arrived, I sailed on the 9th instant, fully expecting to meet the enemy next morning, as they had been seen among the islands; nor was I mistaken; soon after daylight they were seen in motion in Put-in-bay, the wind was then at S. W. and light, giving us the weather-gage. I bore up for them, in hopes of bringing them to action among the islands, but that intention was soon frustrated, by the wind suddenly shifting to the south-east, which brought the enemy directly to windward. The line was formed according to a given plan, so that each ship might be supported against the superior force of the two brigs opposed to them. About ten the enemy had cleared the islands, and immediately bore up, under easy sail, in a line abreast, each brig being also supported by the small vessels. At a quarter before twelve I commenced the action, by giving a few long guns; about a quarter past, the American Commodore, also supported by two schooners, one carrying four long twelve-pounders, the other a long 82 and 24-pounder, came to close action with the Detroit; the other a brig of the enemy, apparently destined to engage the Queen Charlotte, supported in like manner by two schooners, kept so far to windward as to render the Queen Charlotte's 20-pounder carronades useless, while she was with the Lady

Prevost, exposed to the heavy and destructive fire of the Caledonia and four other schooners, armed with long and heavy guns, like those I have already described. Too soon, alas! was I deprived of the services of the noble and intrepid Captain Finnis, who soon after the commencement of the action fell, and with him fell my greatest support: soon after, Lieutenant Stokes of the Queen Charlotte, was struck senseless by a splinter, which deprived the whole country of his service at this very critical period. Provincial Lieutenant Irvine, who then had charge of the Queen Charlotte, behaved with great courage, but his experience was much too limited to supply the place of such an officer as Captain Finnis, hence she proved of far less assistance than I expected.

The action continued with great fury until half-past two, when I perceived my opponent drop astern, and a boat passing from him to the Niagara (which vessel was at this time perfectly fresh,) the American commodore, seeing that as yet the day was against him, (his vessel having struck soon after he left her,) and also the very defenceless state of the Detroit, which ship was now a perfect wreck, principally from the raking fire of the gun boats, and also that the Queen Charlotte was in such a situation that I could receive very little assistance from her, and the Lady Prevost being at this time too far to leeward from her rudder being injured, made a noble and alas! too successful an effort to regain it, for he bore up, and, supported by his small vessels, passed within pistol shot, and took a raking position on our bow; nor could I prevent it, as the unfortunate situation of the Queen Charlotte prevented us from wearing; in attempting it we fell on board her. My gallant Lieutenant Gariand was now mortally wounded, and myself so severely, that I was obliged to leave deck. Manned as the squadron was, with not more than fifty British seamen, the rest a mixed crew of Canadians and soldiers, who were totally unacquainted with such service, rendered the loss of officers more sensibly felt, and never in any action was the loss more severe; every officer commanding vessels, and their seconds, were either killed or wounded so severely, as to be unable to keep the deck. Lieut. Buchan, of the Lady Prevost, behaved most nobly, and

did everything which a brave and experienced officer could do in a vessel armed with twelve pound carronades, against vessels carrying long guns. I regret to state that he was severely wounded. Lieut. Bignall, of the *Dover*, commanding the *Hunter*, displayed the greatest intrepidity; but his guns being small (two, four, and six pounders) he could be of much less service than he wished. Every officer in the *Detroit*, behaved in the most exemplary manner. Lieut. Inglis showed such calm intrepidity, that I was fully convinced that, on leaving the deck, I left the ship in excellent hands; and for an account of the battle, after that, I refer you to his letter which he wrote me, for your information.

Mr Hoffmeister, purser of the *Detroit*, nobly volunteered his services on deck, and behaved in a manner that reflects the highest credit on him. I regret to add, that he is very severely wounded in the knee. Provincial Lieut. Parvis, and the military officers, Lieutenants Garden, of the Royal Newfoundland Rangers, and O'Keefe, of the 41st regiment, behaved in a manner which excited my warmest approbation; the few British seamen I had behaved with their usual intrepidity, and as long as I was on deck, the troops behaved with a calmness and courage worthy of a more fortunate issue to their exertions.

The weather-gage gave the enemy a prodigious advantage, as it enabled them not only to choose their position, but their distance also, which they did in such a manner as to prevent the carronades of the *Queen Charlotte* and *Lady Prevest* from having much effect; while their long guns did great execution, particularly against the *Queen Charlotte*. Capt. Perry has behaved in a most humane and attentive manner, not only to myself and officers, but to all the wounded. I trust that although unsuccessful, you will approve of the motives that induced me to sail under so many disadvantages, and that it may be hereafter proved that under such circumstances, the honor of his Majesty's flag has not been tarnished. I enclose the list of killed and wounded.

I have the honor to be &c.

(Signed)

R. H. Barclay, Commander,
and late-Senior officer.

In our notes,* Commodore Perry's official letter will be found. This letter we have very little fault to find with, except that it contains no allusion whatever to the bravery evinced by Capt. Barclay and his very inferior force. This inferiority will at once be seen when we give the weight of metal thrown by the American guns, and their number of men, in opposition to the British force.

Americans. British.

Weight of metal.....lbs 928.....459

No. of men.....580.....345

Commodore Perry's acknowledgment of this circumstance, although it might have lessened somewhat his claim to a Nelsonic

* U. S. Schr. *Ariel*, Put-in-Bay, 13th Sept. 1812.

Sir,—In my last, I informed you that we had captured the enemy's fleet, on this lake. I have now the honor to give you the most important particulars of the action:—On the morning of the 10th instant, at sun-rise, they were discovered from Put-in-Bay, where I lay at anchor, with the squadron under my command. We got under weigh, the wind light at S. E. which brought us to windward; formed the line, and bore up. At fifteen minutes before twelve, the enemy commenced firing; at five minutes before twelve, the action commenced on our part. Finding their fire very destructive, owing to their long guns, and its being mostly directed at the *St. Lawrence*, I made sail, and directed the other vessels to follow, for the purpose of closing with the enemy—every brace and bow line being soon shot away, she became unmanageable, notwithstanding the great exertions of the sailing-master. In this situation, she sustained the action upwards of two hours, within canister distance, until every gun was rendered useless, and the greater part of the crew either killed or wounded. Finding she could no longer annoy the enemy, I left her in charge of Lieut. Yarnell, who, I was convinced, from the bravery already displayed by him, would do what would comport with the honor of the flag. At half past two, the wind springing up, Captain Elliot was enabled to bring his vessel, the *Niagara*, gallantly into close action; I immediately went on board of her, when he anticipated my wish, by volunteering to bring the schooners, which had been kept astern by the lightness of the wind, into close action.

It was with unspeakable pain that I saw, soon after I got on board of the *Niagara*, the flag of the *St. Lawrence* come down; although I was perfectly sensible that she had been desanded to the last, and that to have continued to make a show of resistance, would have been a wanton sacrifice of the remains of her brave crew. But the enemy was not able to take possession of her, and circumstances soon permitted her flag again to be hoisted. At forty-five minutes past two, the signal was made for "close action;" the *Niagara* being very little injured, I determined to pass through the enemy's line—bore up, and passed

victory, would certainly have raised him in the opinion of every candid reader.

A careful examination of the circumstances connected with this affair, proves that Capt. Barclay lost the day from two causes; the first, that of not being in a position to take possession of the *St. Lawrence* when she struck; the second, the unfortunate loss of the few naval officers on board the fleet. This fact was particularly dwelt upon in the sentence of the court martial which was held on Capt. Barclay and the surviving officers

ahead of their two ships, and a brig, giving a raking fire to them, from the starboard guns and to a large schooner, and sloop, from the larboard side, at half pistol-shot distance. The smaller vessels, at this time, having got within grape and canister distance, under the direction of Capt. Elliot, and keeping up a well directed fire, the two ships, a brig, and a schooner and sloop making a vain attempt to escape.

Those officers and men, who were immediately under my observation, evinced the greatest gallantry; and, I have no doubt but all others conducted themselves as became American officers and seamen. Lieut. Yarnell, 1st of the *St. Lawrence*, although several times wounded, refused to quit the deck. Midshipman Forest, (doing duty as Lieutenant,) and sailing master Taylor, were of great assistance to me. I have great pain, in stating to you the death of Lieut. Brook, of the marines, and Midshipman Lamb, both of the *St. Lawrence*, and Midshipman John Clark, of the *Scorpion*; they were valuable and promising officers. Mr. Hamilton, Purser, who volunteered his services on deck, was severely wounded, late in the action. Midshipman Claxton, and Swartwout, of the *St. Lawrence*, were severely wounded. On board of the *Niagara*, Lieutenants Smith and Edwards, and Midshipman Webster, (doing duty as sailing master,) behaved in a very handsome manner. Captain Brevoort, of the army, who acted as a volunteer, in the capacity of a marine officer, on board that vessel, is an excellent and brave officer; and, with his musketry, did great execution. Lieut. Turner, commanding the *Caledonia*, brought that vessel into action in the most able manner, and is an officer, in all situations, that may be relied on.

The *Ariel*, Lieut. Packet, and *Scorpion*, sailing master Champlin were enabled to get early into action, and were of great service. Captain Elliot speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Magrath, purser, who had been dispatched in a boat, on service, previous to my getting on board the *Niagara*; and, being a seaman, since the action has rendered essential service in taking charge of one of the prizes.

Of Captain Elliot, already so well known to the government, it would be almost superfluous to speak:—in this action, he evinced his characteristic bravery and judgment; and, since the close of the action, has given me the most able and essential assistance.

and seamen. We transcribe the sentence pronounced by the court, of which Admiral E. J. Foote was president:

“That the capture of his Majesty's late squadron was caused by the very defective means Capt. Barclay possessed to equip them on Lake Erie; the want of a sufficient number of able seamen, whom he had repeatedly and earnestly requested of Sir James Yeo to be sent to him; the very great superiority of the enemy to the British squadron; and the unfortunately early fall of the superior officers in

I have the honor to enclose you a return of the killed and wounded, together with a statement of the relative force of the squadrons. The Captain and 1st Lieutenant of the *Queen Charlotte*, and 1st Lieut. of the *Detroit*, were killed. Captain Barclay, senior officer, and the commander of the *Lady Prevost*, severely wounded. The commander of the *Hunter* and *Chippewa*, slightly wounded. Their loss, in killed and wounded, I have not been able to ascertain; it must, however have been very great.

I have caused the prisoners, taken on the 10th inst. to be landed at Sandusky; and have requested Gen. Harrison to have them marched to Chillicothe, and there wait, until your pleasure shall be known respecting them.

The *St. Lawrence* has been so entirely cut up, it is absolutely necessary she should go into a safe harbor; I have, therefore, directed Lieut. Yarnell to proceed to Erie, in her, with the wounded of the fleet; and dismantle, and get her over the bar, as soon as possible.

The two ships, in a heavy sea, this day at anchor, lost their masts, being much injured in the action. I shall haul them into the inner bay, at this place, and moor them for the present. The *Detroit* is a remarkably fine ship; and is very strongly built; the *Queen Charlotte* is a much superior vessel to what has been represented;—the *Lady Prevost* is a large, fine schooner.

I also beg your instructions, respecting the wounded; I am satisfied, sir, that whatever steps I might take, governed by humanity, would meet your approbation;—under this impression, I have taken upon myself to promise Captain Barclay, who is very dangerously wounded, that he shall be landed as near Lake Ontario as possible; and, I had no doubt, you would allow me to parole him; he is under the impression, that nothing but leaving this part of the country will save his life. There is also a number of Canadians among the prisoners—many who have families.

I have the honor, &c.,

O. H. PERRY.

Hon. W. Jones, Sec. Navy.

The Return above alluded to by Commodore Perry, admits the American loss to have been twenty-seven killed, and ninety-six wounded—total one hundred and twenty-three.

the action. That it appeared that the greatest exertions had been made by Captain Barclay, in equipping and getting into order the vessels under his command; that he was fully justified, under the existing circumstances, in bringing the enemy to action; that the judgment and gallantry of Capt. Barclay in taking his squadron into action, and during the contest, were highly conspicuous, and entitled him to the highest praise; and that the whole of the officers and men of his Majesty's late squadron conducted themselves in the most gallant manner; and the court did adjudge the said Captain Robert Henry Barclay, his surviving officers and men, to be most fully and honorably acquitted."

A great deal of bombastive nonsense was circulated by the American press on the subject of Commodore Perry's "victory," and loud was the crowing, but even this was not recompense enough for a grateful country, a resolution was therefore passed in the Senate and House of Representatives to the following effect:

"That the thanks of Congress be, and the same are hereby presented to Captain Oliver Hazard Perry, and through him to the officers, petty officers, seamen, marines, and infantry serving as such, attached to the squadron under his command, for the decisive and glorious victory gained on Lake Erie on the 10th Sept., in the year 1813, OVER A BRITISH SQUADRON OF SUPERIOR FORCE."

In reference to the "*superior force*" it is plain that Congress had no grounds whatever for this part of their resolution. No where in Commodore Perry's letter will there be found the slightest allusion to a "*superior force*," and Yankee commanders were not generally backward in asserting their full claim, and generally much more than their just claims, to the admiration and gratitude of their countrymen. Not even in the ready tool of government, the official organ at Baltimore, is there to be found such assertions as could warrant the addition of this sentence. The thanks of Congress were not, however, deemed sufficient, so the following farther resolutions were unanimously passed:

"*Resolved*, That the president of the United States be requested to cause gold medals to be struck, emblematical of the action between the two squadrons, and to present them to

Captain Perry and Captain Jesse D. Elliot, in such manner as will be most honorable to them, and that the president be farther requested to present a silver medal with suitable emblems and devices to each of the commissioned officers either of the navy or army serving on board, and a sword to each of the midshipmen and sailing masters who so nobly distinguished themselves on that memorable day.

"*Resolved*, That the president of the United States be requested to present a silver medal with like emblems and devices to the nearest male relative of Lieutenant Jno Brooks of the marines, and a sword to the nearest male relative of midshipmen Henry Lamb, and Thomas Claxton, Junior, and to communicate to them the deep regret which Congress feels for the loss of those gallant men, whose names ought to live in the recollection and affection of a grateful country, and whose conduct ought to be regarded as an example to future generations."

From the last resolution it would appear that Congress thought that honor and medals were sufficient rewards for officers, but that petty officers and seamen not being actuated by the same high spirit, required something more substantial. It was, therefore, resolved, "That three months' pay be allowed, exclusively of the common allowance, to all the petty officers, seamen, marines and infantry, serving as such, who so gloriously supported the honor of the American flag under the orders of their gallant commanders on that signal occasion."

This was a curious distinction to make in a country like the United States, when by the constitution all men are declared to be born free and equal.

We have seen how the American Government rewarded their countrymen, let us now enquire into the reward obtained by Captain Barclay from his country, what recompense was made to him for the noble and chivalrous spirit which urged him to seek an enemy twofolds his superior. Captain Barclay's appearance at the Court Martial is represented to have drawn tears from the spectators, so mutilated was he. One arm he had lost previously, the second was so badly wounded by a grape shot, that it required artificial support, besides this he had received several

flesh body wounds. It will scarcely be believed that, notwithstanding the flattering sentence of the court, and the severity of his wounds, Captain Barclay was only promoted to post rank in 1824, or nearly eleven years after the action.

With the loss of the British fleet vanished all prospect of supplies either of men or provisions, and consequently

no hope remained that effectual resistance could be offered to the advance of the enemy, or to his occupation not only of the Michigan territory, but also the western portion of the peninsula. In fact Proctor was at once reduced to the necessity of abandoning all his positions beyond Lake Erie, and by this abandonment he ran the farther risk of being deserted by his Indian allies. Already had a vast number of boats been collected by the Americans, for the purpose of conveying the troops, who had assembled, in the neighbourhood of Forts Sandusky and Meigs, to the number of ten thousand men, across the lake, now that their success had left them undisputed masters in that quarter, when General Proctor found it essential to the safety of his troops to take immediate measures for a retreat. A council of war was held, and the Indian chiefs invited. At this council, General Proctor, after an exposition of the numerical strength of his force, of their position without provisions or other supplies, and the impracticability of procuring the actual necessities for supporting life, proposed that, as it was utterly impossible to prevent the landing of the enemy in overwhelming force, the forts of Detroit and Amherstburg, together with the various public buildings, should be destroyed, and that the troops and Indians should retire on the centre division at Niagara. It is much to be deplored that this proposition was not acted upon, and that General Proctor suffered himself to be induced by Tecumseh's mingled reproaches and entreaties to change his purpose. Tecumseh's speech, which follows, is said to have been delivered with great energy, and to have produced the most startling effect on his brother Indians, who are described to have started up to a man, brandishing their tomahawks in a most menacing manner:—

"Father,—(he thundered,) listen to your

children, you see them now all before you. The war before this, our British father, gave the hatchet to his red children when our old chiefs were alive. They are now all dead. In that war our father was thrown on his back by the Americans, and our father took them by the hand without our knowledge, and we are afraid our father will do so again at this time.

"Summer before last, when I came forward with my red brethren and was ready to take up the hatchet in favour of our British father, we were told not to be in a hurry—that he had not yet determined to fight the Americans.

"Listen! When war was declared, our father stood up and gave us the tomahawk, and told us he was now ready to strike the Americans—that he wanted our assistance; and he certainly would get us our lands back, which the Americans had taken from us.

"Listen! You told us at the same time to bring forward our families to this place—we did so, and you promised to take care of them, and that they should want for nothing, while the men would go to fight the enemy—that we were not to trouble ourselves with the enemy's garrisons—that we knew nothing about them, and that our father would attend to that part of the business. You also told your red children that you would take good care of your garrison here, which made our hearts feel glad.

"Listen! When we last went to the Rapids, it is true we gave you little assistance. It is hard to fight people who live like ground-hogs.

"Father—Listen! Our fleet has gone out; we know they have fought; we have heard the great guns; but we know nothing of what has happened to our father with one arm. Our ships have gone one way and we are much astonished to see our father tying up everything and preparing to run away the other, without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us to remain here and take care of our lands; it made our hearts glad to hear that was your wish. Our great father, the king, is the head, and you represent him. You always told us you would never draw your foot off British ground; but now, father, we see you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our

father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father's conduct to a fat animal, that carries its tail upon its back, but when frightened, it drops it between its legs and runs off.

"Listen Father!—The Americans have not yet defeated us by land; neither are we sure that they have done so by water; we therefore wish to remain here, and fight our enemy, should they make their appearance. If they defeat us we will then retreat with our father.

"At the battle of the Rapids, last war, the Americans certainly defeated us; and when we retreated to our father's fort at that place, the gates were shut against us. We were afraid that it would now be the case; but instead of that we now see our British father preparing to march out of his garrison.

"Father! You have got the arms and ammunition which our great father sent for his red children. If you have any idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go in welcome, for us. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it is his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

The scene that ensued is described to have been of the most imposing character. Richardson's account says—"The Council room was a large lofty building, the vaulted roof of which echoed back the wild yell of the Indians, while the threatening attitude and diversified costume of these latter formed a striking contrast with the calm demeanor and military garb of the officers grouped around the walls. The most prominent feature in the picture, however, was Tecumseth. Habited in a close leather dress, his athletic proportions were admirably delineated, while a large plume of white ostrich feathers, by which he was generally distinguished, overshadowing his brow, and contrasting with the darkness of his complexion, and the brilliancy of his black and piercing eye, gave a singularly wild and terrific expression to his features. It was evident that he could be terrible."

After some opposition General Proctor prevailed on Tecumseth and his brother chiefs to assent to a second proposal, viz., to retire on the Moravian village, distant nearly half-way between Amherstburg and the outposts of the

centre division, and there await the approach of the enemy.

This course of action having been decided on, the troops were immediately set about destroying the fortifications, and various public buildings in Detroit and Amherstburg, and these places presented for some time a scene of cruel desolation. All stores that it was deemed impossible to move were committed to the flames. The work of demolition having been completed, and the baggage waggons and boats sent on in advance, the troops commenced their march; and never was a march set out on, under more dispiriting circumstances.

The situation of the men was deplorable in the extreme; they had been for some time on short allowance; and even their pay had not been regularly received. Arrears were due, to some for six, and to others for nine months. A Canadian winter was fast approaching, and few of the troops had blankets; to all greatcoats were a luxury quite unknown. The same privations which they had experienced during the winter of 1812 were, therefore, likely to be doubly felt during the coming season. To all these real hardships was joined the painful certainty that the families of many of the militia were exposed to similar privations at home.

Under these circumstances, the troops commenced their retreat towards the end of September, and proceeded up the Thames, a river navigable for small craft, up which the boats had already preceded them. On the 27th the American fleet, "composed of sixteen vessels of war and upwards of one hundred boats," received on board General Harrison's division, and landed it, on the afternoon of the same day, at a point three miles below Amherstburg, which post was reached just three days after it had been evacuated by the British.

The two armies, numerically considered, stood thus—The British retreating force consisted of about eight hundred and thirty men, exclusive of five hundred Indians; the Americans mustered fully five thousand men.

We have adopted James's statement of the American force, as he seems to have been at much trouble in arriving at something like the truth. "The number of American troops," says James, "with which General Harrison

so sanguinely expected to overthrow General Proctor's army does not appear, either in General Harrison's letter or in any of the American accounts, minute as they are in other less important particulars. Perhaps, by putting together such items of numbers as, in the general plan of concealment, may have escaped the notice of the different editors, we shall get within one or two thousands that landed below Amherstburg 'without opposition.'"

By following out this plan, James has arrived at the number which we have adopted above.

The British movements were extremely slow, as they appear to have been encumbered with a very unnecessary amount of baggage, and, when they arrived at the Moravian village, the pursuing party was but a few leagues behind.

This village, situated on a small plain, offered every facility for defence, being skirted on one side by a thick wood highly favorable to the operations of the Indians, and on the other by the Thames, while immediately in front, a deep ravine, covered with brushwood, and capable of being commanded by artillery, presented an obstacle peculiarly unfavorable to the passage of cavalry, of which a large portion of the advancing columns consisted.

It is impossible to understand the motives which could have induced General Proctor to abandon his original plan of making a stand at this point, and withdrawing his troops into the heart of a wood. It could scarcely have been that he expected by this means to render the cavalry, of which reports averred the major portion of the pursuing force to consist, comparatively useless, as, had even General Proctor been ignorant of the material out of which the American cavalry was formed, the Indians were not in the same state of ignorance, and there can be very little doubt but that this very point was discussed at the meeting, when Tecumseth urged the impolicy of a retreat.

In General Harrison's despatch * he says,

* *From major-gen. Harrison to the American secretary at war.*

Head-quarters, Detroit, Oct. 9th, 1813.

SIR,—In my letter from Sandwich of the 30th ultimo, I did myself the honor to inform you that I was preparing to pursue the enemy the follow-

the American backwoodsman rides better than any other people; a musket or rifle is no impediment, he being accustomed to carry them on horseback from his earliest youth. The Indians knew this as well as General Harrison, and it is not probable but that they put General Proctor in possession of the fact—so acute an observer as Tecumseth was not likely to leave his commander in the dark on so important a point. The British regulars on the other hand were just as ill suited for this irregular kind of bush fighting, where their tactics and previous training would be useless, as their opponents were the reverse. Taking, then, all these points into consideration general Proctor's manoeuvres are more and more difficult to be accounted for, especially when we remember that all his former operations had been marked by decision and clear-sightedness. Richardson who was present at the battle, says "on the 5th, at one o'clock in the afternoon, we were within two miles of the Moravian village, but in defiance of that repeated experience which should have taught us the hopelessness of combating a concealed enemy, the troops were ordered to defile into the heart of a wood, not very close it is true, yet through the interstices of which it was impossible for the view to extend itself to a distance of more than twenty paces, much less to discover objects bearing so close a resemblance to the bark and foliage of the trees and bushes, as the costume of the Americans; whereas on the contrary, the glaring red of the British troops formed a point, in relief, on which the eye could not fail to dwell."

James does not seem to consider the position to have been unfavourable. He says "this position was considered an excellent one; as the enemy, however numerous his force could not turn the flank of the British, or present a more extended front than theirs," we are rather pleased to be able to bring forward even so slight a palliation as James' opinion, of that unlucky affair, we have not been able to find in any other in-

ing day. From various causes, however, I was unable to put the troops in motion until the morning of the 22nd inst., and then to take with me only about 140 of the regular troops—Johnson's mounted regiment, and such of governor Selby's volunteers as were fit for a rapid march,

stance, even the shadow of an excuse offered. Christie says "this disaster to the British arms, seems not to have been palliated by these precautions, and the presence of mind, which, even in defeat reflect lustre on a commander. The bridge and roads in the rear of the retreating army were left entire, while its progress was retarded by a useless and cumbersome load of baggage. Whether the omission sprang from an erroneous contempt of the enemy, or from disobedience of the orders of the commanding officer is not well

understood." We are however anticipating, as we have not yet given an account of the battle, if we may so call it.

The disposition of the troops is a point disputed. One author asserts that the line formed an obtuse angle; Thompson, that the line was straight. Christie strange to say gives as Proctor's position, the identical one which we have been lamenting that he *did* not occupy. Richardson was present on the occasion, as he was taken prisoner on the field of battle; following him, therefore, we

the whole amounting to about 3500 men. To general M^r Arthur, (with about 700 effectives) the protecting of this place and the sick was committed; general Cass's brigade, and the corps of lieutenant-col. Ball were left at Sandwich, with orders to follow me as soon as the men received their knapsacks and blankets, which had been left on an island in Lake Erie.

The unavoidable delay at Sandwich was attended with no disadvantage to us. General Proctor had posted himself at Dalson's, on the right side of the Thames, (or Trench) 56 miles from this place, which I was informed he intended to fortify, and wait to receive me. He must have believed, however, that I had no disposition to follow him, or that he had secured my continuance here, by the reports that were circulated that the Indians would attack and destroy this place upon the advance of the army, as he neglected the breaking up the bridges until the night of the 3d instant. On that night our army reached the river, which is 25 miles from Sandwich, and is one of four streams crossing our route, over all of which are bridges; and they being deep and muddy, are rendered unfordable for a considerable distance into the country. The bridge here was found entire; and in the morning I proceeded with Johnson's regiment to save, if possible, the others. At the second bridge, over a branch of the river Thames, we were fortunate enough to capture a lieutenant of dragoons and 11 privates, who had been sent by general Proctor to destroy them. From the prisoners, I learned that the third bridge was broken up, and that the enemy had no certain information of our advance. The bridge having been imperfectly destroyed, was soon repaired, and the army encamped at Drake's Farm, four miles below Dalson's.

The river Thames, along the banks of which our route lay, is a fine deep stream, navigable for vessels of a considerable burthen, after the passage of the bar at its mouth, over which there is six and a half feet of water.

The baggage of the army was brought from Detroit in boats, protected by three gun-boats, which commodore Perry had furnished for the purpose, as well as to cover the passage of the army over the Thames, or the mouths of its tributary streams; the bank being low and the country generally (prairie) as far as Dalson's, these vessels were well calculated for that purpose. Above Dalson's, however, the character of the riv-

er and adjacent country is considerably changed. The former, though still deep, is very narrow, and its banks high and woody. The commodore and myself, therefore, agreed upon the propriety of leaving the boats under the guard of 150 infantry; and I determined to trust to fortune and the bravery of my troops to effect the passage of the river. Below a place called Chatham, and four miles above Dalson's, is the third unfordable branch of the Thames; the bridge over its mouth had been taken up by the Indians, as well as that at M^rGregor's Mills, one mile above. Several hundred of the Indians remained to dispute our passage; and upon the arrival of the advanced guard, commenced a heavy fire from the opposite bank of the creek, as well as that of the river. Believing that the whole force of the enemy was there, I halted the army, formed in order of battle, and brought up our two 6-pounders to cover the party that were ordered to cover the bridge. A few shot from those pieces soon drove off the Indians, and enabled us in two hours to repair the bridge and cross the troops. Colonel Johnson's mounted regiment, being upon the right of the army, had seized the remains of the bridge at the mills under a heavy fire from the Indians. Our loss upon this occasion was two killed, and three or four wounded; that of the enemy was ascertained to be considerably greater. A house near the bridge, containing a very considerable number of muskets had been set on fire; but it was extinguished by our troops, and the arms saved. At the first farm above the bridge, we found one of the enemy's vessels on fire, loaded with arms, ordnance, and other valuable stores; and learned they were a few miles a-head of us, still on the right bank of the river, with a great body of Indians. At Bowles' Farm, four miles from the bridge, we halted for the night, found two other vessels and a large distillery filled with ordnance, and other valuable stores, to an immense amount, in flames; it was impossible to put out the fire; two 24-pounders, with their carriages, were taken, and a large quantity of ball and shells of various sizes. The army was put in motion early on the morning of the 5th. I pushed on in advance with the mounted regiment, and requested governor Shelby to follow as expeditiously as possible with the infantry. The governor's zeal, and that of his men, enabled them to keep up with the cavalry, and by nine o'clock we were at Arnold's mills, having taken in the course of the

may safely record that the British were drawn up in line, in a wood, not a very great distance from the Moravian settlement, with the Indians on the right, and a six pounder on the left.

The whole British force thus drawn up amounted to four hundred and seventy six. Originally it numbered about eight hundred and forty—but of those one hundred and seventy four had been just captured in the batteaux, and nearly one hundred and

morning, two gun-boats and several batteaux, loaded with provisions and ammunition.

A rapid bend of the river at Arnold's mills, affords the only fording to be met with for a considerable distance; but upon examination, it was found too deep for the infantry. Having, however, fortunately taken two or three boats, and some Indian canoes, on the spot, and obliging the horsemen to take a footman behind each, the whole were safely crossed by 12 o'clock. Eight miles from the crossing we passed a farm, where a part of the British troops had encamped the night before, under the command of colonel Warburton. The detachment with general Proctor was stationed near to, and fronting the Moravian town, four miles higher up. Being now certainly near the enemy, I directed the advance of Johnson's regiment to accelerate their march for the purpose of procuring intelligence. The officer commanding it, in a short time, sent to inform me, that his progress was stopped by the enemy, who were formed across our line of march. One of the enemy's waggons being also taken prisoner, from the information received from him, and my own observation, assisted by some of my officers, I soon ascertained enough of their position and order of battle, to determine that which it was proper for me to adopt.

I have the honour herewith to enclose you my general order of the 27th ult. prescribing the order of march and of battle, when the whole of the army should act together. But as the number and description of the troops had been essentially changed, since the issuing of the order, it became necessary to make a corresponding alteration in their disposition. From the place where our army was last halted, to the Moravian town, a distance of about three miles and a half, the road passes through a beech forest without any clearing, and for the first two miles near to the river. At from 2 to 800 yards from the river, a swamp extends parallel to it, throughout the whole distance. The intermediate ground is dry, and although the trees are tolerably thick, it is in many places clear of underbrush. Across this strip of land, their left *appuyed* upon the river, supported by artillery placed in the wood, their right in the swamp, covered by the who's of their Indian force, the British troops were drawn up.

The troops at my disposal consisted of about 120 regulars, of the 27th regiment, five brigades of Kentucky volunteer militia infantry, under his excellency governor Shelby, averaging less than

seventy were either in the hospital or were on duty guarding the baggage.

The American force, even by their own admission, mustered twelve hundred cavalry, nineteen hundred and fifty infantry, and some one hundred and fifty Indians, thus, exclusive of officers, out numbering Proctor's force seven-fold. General Harrison drew up his forces in two lines, and commenced the attack by a simultaneous charge on both British and Indians, in both cases the first charge

600 men, and colonel Johnson's regiment of mounted infantry, making, in the whole an aggregate something above 3000. No disposition of an army opposed to an Indian force can be safe, unless it is secured on the flanks and in the rear. I had therefore no difficulty in arranging the infantry conformably to my general order of battle. General Trotter's brigade of 500 men formed the front line, his right upon the road, and his left upon the swamp. General King's brigade as a second line, 150 yards in the rear of Trotter's; and Child's brigade, as a corps of reserve, in the rear of it. These three brigades formed the command of major-general Henry; the whole of general Desha's division, consisting of two brigades, were formed *en potence* upon the left of Trotter.

Whilst I was engaged in forming the infantry, I had directed colonel Johnson's regiment, which was still in front, to form in two lines opposite to that of the enemy; and upon the advance of the infantry, to take ground to the left; and, forming upon that flank, to endeavour to turn the right of the Indians. A moments reflection, however, convinced me, that from the thickness of the wood, and swampiness of the ground, they would be unable to do any thing on horseback, and that there was no time to dismount them, and place their horses in security; I therefore determined to oppose my left to the Indians, and to break the British line, at once, by a charge of the mounted infantry; the measure was not sanctioned by any thing that I had seen or heard of, but I was fully convinced that it would succeed. The American back-woodsmen ride better in the woods than any other people. A musket or rifle is no impediment, they being accustomed to carry them on horseback from their earliest youth. I was persuaded, too, that the enemy would be quite unprepared for the shock, and that they could not resist it. Conformably to this idea, I directed the regiment to be drawn up in close column, with its right at the distance of 50 yards from the road, (that it might be in some measure protected by the trees from the artillery,) its left upon the swamp, and to charge at full speed as soon as the enemy delivered their fire. The few regular troops, under their colonel, (Paul,) occupied, in column of sections of four, the small space between the road and the river, for the purpose of seizing the enemy's artillery: and some 10 or 12 friendly Indians were directed to move under the bank. The crotchet formed by the front line and

was repulsed, but a second decided the fate of the day, the British troops giving way first, and the Indians retreating on seeing the fate of their allies, we now take up Richardson.—The result of an affair, against a body of such numerical superiority, and under such circumstances, may easily be anticipated.—Closely pressed on every hand, and principally by a strong corps of mounted riflemen, the troops were finally compelled to give way and, completely hemmed in by their assailants, had no other alternative than to lay down their arms—about fifty men only, with a single officer of the regiment, (Lieut. Bullock) contriving, when all was lost, to effect their escape through the wood. General Proctor, mounted on an excellent charger, and accompanied by his personal staff, sought safety in flight at the very commencement of the action and being pursued for some hours by a detachment of mounted Kentucky riflemen, was in imminent danger of falling into their hands.

The main body of the enemy, who had by this time succeeded in breaking through our centre, and had wheeled up, in order to take the Indians in flank, now moved rapidly upon us in every direction; so that the resistance the light company had hitherto opposed,

was now utterly hopeless; of any successful result. Persuaded, moreover, from the sudden cessation of the firing in that direction, that our centre and left, (for the wood intercepted them from our view) had been overcome, we, at the suggestion and command of Lieutenant Hailes, the only officer with us, prepared to make good our retreat, but, instead of going deeper into the wood as we purposed, we mistook our way, and found ourselves unexpectedly in the road; when on glancing to the right, we beheld, at a distance of about five hundred yards, the main body of our men disarmed—gronped together, and surrounded by American troops. On turning to the left, as we instinctively did, we saw a strong body of cavalry coming towards us, evidently returning from some short pursuit, and slowly walking their horses. At the head of these, and dressed like his men in Kentucky hunting frocks, was a stout elderly officer whom we subsequently knew to be Governor Shelby, and who, the moment he beheld us emerging from the wood, galloped forward and brandishing his sword over his head, cried out with stentorian lungs, "surrender, surrender, it's no use resisting, all your people are taken, and you had better surrender." There was no alternative. The channel to escape had

general Desha's division, was an important point. At that place the venerable governor of Kentucky was posted, who, at the age of 66, preserves all the vigour of youth, the ardent zeal which distinguished him in the revolutionary war, and the undaunted bravery which he maintained at King's Mountain. With my aide de camp the acting-assistant adjutant-general, captain Butler, my gallant friend commodore Perry who did me the honour to serve as my volunteer aide de camp, and brigadier general Cass, who having no command, tendered me his assistance, I placed myself at the head of the front line of infantry, to direct the movements of the cavalry, and to give them the necessary support. The army had moved on in this order but a short distance, when the mounted men received the fire of the British line, and were ordered to charge; the horses in the front of the column recoiled from the fire; another was given by the enemy, and our column at length getting into motion, broke through the enemy with an irresistible force. In one minute the contest in front was over, the British officers seeing no hopes of reducing their disordered ranks to order and our mounted men wheeling upon them, and pouring in a destructive fire, immediately surrendered. It is certain that only three of our troops were wounded in the charge. Upon the left, however, the contest was more severe with the

Indians. Colonel Johnson, who commanded on the flank of his regiment, received a most galling fire from them, which was returned with great effect. The Indians still further to the right advanced, and fell in with our front line of infantry, near its junction with Desha's division, and for a moment made some impression on it. His excellency governor Shelby, however, brought up a regiment to its support, and the enemy received a severe fire in front, and a part of Johnson's regiment having gained their rear, they retreated with precipitation. Their loss was very considerable in the action, and many were killed in their retreat.

I can give no satisfactory information of the number of Indians that were in action; but there must have been considerably upwards of 1000.—From the documents in my possession, general Proctor's official letters, (all of which were taken) and from the information of respectable inhabitants of this territory, the Indians kept in pay by the British were much more numerous than has been generally supposed. In a letter to general De Rottenburg, of the 27th ult., general Proctor speaks of having prevailed upon most of the Indians to accompany him. Of these it is certain that 50 or 60 Wyandott warriors abandoned him.

The number of our troops was certainly greater than that of the enemy; but when it is recol-

been closed by the horsemen in the wood, as well as those in the road, and a surrender was unavoidable. We accordingly moved down to join our captured comrades, as directed by Governor Shelby.

The most serious loss we sustained on this occasion was that of the noble and unfortunate Tecumseth. Only a few minutes before the clang of the American bugles was heard ringing through the forest, and inspiring to action, the haughty Chieftain had passed along our line, pleased with the manner in which his left was supported, and seemingly sanguine of success. He was dressed in his usual deer skin dress, which admirably displayed his light yet sinewy figure, and in his handkerchief, rolled as a turban over his brow, was placed a handsome white ostrich feather, with which he was fond of decorating himself, either for the Hall of Council or the battlefield. He pressed the hand of each officer as he passed, made some remark in Shawanee, appropriate to the occasion, which was sufficiently understood by the expressive signs accompanying them, and then passed away for ever from our view. Towards the close of the engagement, he had been personally opposed to Colonel Johnson, commanding the American mounted riflemen, and having

severely wounded that officer with a ball from his rifle, was in the act of springing upon him with his tomahawk, when his adversary drew a pistol from his belt and shot him dead on the spot. It has since been denied by the Americans that the hero met his death from the hands of Colonel Johnson. Such was the statement on the day of the action, nor was it ever contradicted at that period. There is every reason to infer then that the merit, (if any merit could attach to the destruction of all that was noble and generous in savage life) of having killed Tecumseth, rests with Colonel Johnson. The merit of having flayed the body of the fallen brave, and made razor strops of his skin, rests with his immediate followers. This too has been denied, but denial is vain.

Discussion relative to the affair at the Moravian town.

No affair during the whole war led to such bitter recrimination as that at the Moravian town. The first and principal cause of this was the general order issued by Sir George Prevost, which reflected very severely on the 41st regiment. It is difficult to apportion the censure which the document deserves, or to ascertain whether Sir G. Prevost or Gen. Proctor is the more blameworthy.

lected that they had chosen a position, that effectually secured their flank, which it was impossible for us to turn, and that we could not present to them a line more extended than their own, it will not be considered arrogant to claim for my troops the palm of superior bravery.

(Here follows an encomium upon the officers generally.)

Major Wood, of the engineers, already distinguished at Fort-Meigs, attended the army with two 6-pounders. Having no use for them in action, he joined in the pursuit of the enemy, and with major Payne of the mounted regiment two of my aides de camp, Todd and Chambers, and three privates, continued it for several miles after the rest of the troops had halted, and made many prisoners.

I left the army before an official return of the prisoners, or that of the killed and wounded was made out. It was, however, ascertained that the former amounted to 601 regulars, including 25 officers. Our loss is seven killed, and 22 wounded, 5 of whom have since died. Of the British troops, 12 were killed, and 22 wounded. The Indians suffered most, 38 of them having been found upon the ground, besides those killed on the retreat.

On the day of the action, six pieces of brass artillery were taken, and two iron 24-pounders

the day before. Several others were discovered in the river, and can be easily procured. Of the brass pieces, three are the trophies of our revolutionary war; they were taken at Saratoga and York, and surrendered by general Hull. The number of small arms taken by us and destroyed by the enemy, must amount to upwards of 5000; most of them had been ours, and had been taken by the enemy at the surrender of Detroit, at the river Raisin, and Colonel Dudley's defeat. I believe the enemy retain no other military trophy of their victories than the standard of the 4th regiment. They were not magnanimous enough to bring that of the 41st regiment into the field, or it would have been taken.

You have been informed, sir, of the conduct of the troops under my command in action. It gives me great pleasure to inform you, that they merit also the approbation of their country for their conduct, in submitting to the greatest privation with the utmost cheerfulness.

The infantry were entirely without tents, and for several days the whole army subsisted upon fresh beef, without either bread or salt.

I have the honour to be &c.

W. H. HARRISON.

General John Armstrong,
secretary of War.

P. S. General Proctor escaped by the fleetness of his horses, escorted by 40 dragoons, and a number of mounted Indians.

General Order, Head Quarters, Montreal—
Nov. 24th 1813.

His Excellency the Commander of the Forces has received an official report from Major General Proctor of the affair which took place on the 5th October, near the Moravian village, and he has in vain sought in it for grounds to palliate the report made to His Excellency by Staff Adjutant Reiffenstein, upon which the General Order of the 18th October was founded—on the contrary, that statement remains confirmed in all the principal events which marked that disgraceful day; the precipitancy with which the Staff Adjutant retreated from the field of action, prevented his ascertaining the loss sustained by the division on that occasion; it also led him most grossly to exaggerate the enemy's force, and to misrepresent the conduct of the Indian Warriors who, instead of retreating towards Machedash, as he had stated, gallantly maintained the conflict, under their brave Chief Tecumseth, and in turn harassed the American Army on its retreat to Detroit.

The subjoined return states the loss the right division has sustained in the action of the fleet on Lake Erie, on the 10th September and in the affair of the 5th of October, near the Moravian village, in the latter but very few appear to have been rescued by an honorable death, from the ignominy of passing under the American yoke, nor are there many whose wounds plead in mitigation of this reproach. The right division appears to have been encumbered with an unmanageable load of unnecessary, and forbidden private baggage—while the requisite arrangements for the expedition, and certain conveyance of the ammunition and provisions, sole objects worthy of consideration, appear to have been totally neglected, as well as all those ordinary measures resorted to, by officers of intelligence, to retard and impede the advance of a pursuing enemy. The result affords but too fatal a proof of this unjustifiable neglect. The right division had quitted Sandwich on its retreat, on the 26th September, having had ample time, for every previous arrangement, to facilitate and secure that movement. On the 2nd October following, the enemy pursued by the same route, and on the 4th succeeded in capturing all the stores of the division, and on the following day, attacked and defeated it almost without a struggle.

With heart-felt pride and satisfaction the Commander of the Forces had lavished on the Right Division of this Army, that tribute of praise which was so justly due to its former gallantry and steady discipline. It is with poignant grief and mortification that he now beholds its well-earned laurels tarnished, and its conduct calling loudly for reproach and censure.

The Commander of the Forces appeals to the genuine feelings of the British soldier from whom he neither conceals the extent of the loss the Army has suffered, nor the far more to be lamented injury it has sustained, in its wounded honor, confident that but one sentiment will animate every breast, and that zealous to wash out the stain which, by a most extraordinary infatuation, has fallen on a formerly deserving portion of the Army, all will vie to emulate the glorious achievements recently performed, by a small but high spirited and well disciplined division, led by officers possessed of enterprise, intelligence, and gallantry, nobly evincing what British soldiers can perform, when susceptible of no fear, but that of failing in the discharge of their duty.

His Excellency considers it an act of justice, to exonerate most honorably from this censure the brave soldiers of the right division who were serving as marines on board the squadron on Lake Erie. The commander of the forces having received the official report of Capt. Barclay of the action which took place on Lake Erie on the 10th September, when that gallant officer, from circumstances of imperious necessity, was compelled to seek the superior force of the enemy, and to maintain an arduous and long contested action under circumstances of accumulating ill fortune.

Captain Barclay represents that the wind, which was favorable early in the day, suddenly changed, giving the enemy the weather-gage, and that this important advantage was, shortly after the commencement of the engagement, heightened by the fall of Captain Finnis, the commander of the Queen Charlotte. In the death of that intrepid and intelligent officer, Captain Barclay laments the loss of his main support. The fall of Captain Finnis was soon followed by that of Lieut. Stokoe, whose country was deprived of his

services at this very critical period of the action, leaving the command of the Queen Charlotte to Provincial Lieutenant Irvine, who conducted himself with great courage, but was too limited in experience to supply the place of such an officer as Capt. Finnis, and in consequence this vessel proved of far less assistance than might be expected.

The action commenced about a quarter before twelve o'clock, and continued with great fury until half past two, when the American commodore quitted his ship, which struck shortly after, to that commanded by Capt. Barclay (the Detroit.) Hitherto the determined valor displayed by the British squadron had surmounted every disadvantage, and the day was in our favor; but the contest had arrived at that period when valor alone was unavailing—the Detroit and Queen Charlotte were perfect wrecks, and required the utmost skill of seamanship, while the commanders and second officers of every vessel were either killed or wounded: not more than fifty British seamen were dispersed in the crews of the squadron, and of these a great proportion had fallen in the conflict.

The American Commodore made a gallant, and but too successful an effort to regain the day. His second largest vessel, the Niagara, had suffered little, and his numerous gun-boats which had proved the greatest source of annoyance during the action, were all uninjured.

Lieutenant Garland, First Lieutenant of the Detroit, being mortally wounded, previous to the wounds of Captain Barclay, obliging him to quit the deck, it fell to the lot of Lieutenant Inglis, to whose intrepidity and conduct the highest praise is given, to surrender His Majesty's ship, when all further resistance had become unavailing.

The enemy, by having the weather gage, were enabled to choose their distance, and thereby avail themselves of the great advantage they derived in a superiority of heavy long guns, but Captain Barclay attributes the result of the day, to the unprecedented fall of every commander, and second in command, and the very small number of able seamen left in the squadron, at a moment when the judgment of the officer, and skilful exertions of the sailors, were most imminently called for.

To the British seamen Captain Barclay be-

stows the highest praise—that *they behaved like British seamen.* From the officers and soldiers of the regular forces serving as marines, Captain Barclay experienced every support within their power, and states that their conduct has excited his warmest thanks and admiration.

Deprived of the palm of victory when almost within his grasp, by an overwhelming force which the enemy possessed in reserve, aided by an accumulation of unfortunate circumstances, Captain Barclay and his brave crew have, by their gallant daring and self devotion to their country's cause, rescued it's honor and their own, even in defeat."

The 41st Regiment had uniformly behaved so gallantly that this severe censure appears almost uncalled for, and this feeling seems to have pervaded all ranks. No official document, relative to the affair, from general Proctor to Sir George Prevost is to be found, consequently these are no direct proofs that Sir George issued his order in consequence of General Proctor's representations, still, in the line of defence adopted by General Proctor on the court-martial, subsequently held on him, there were precisely such statements brought forward as would have been likely, had they been previously made, to have brought down upon the troops the reprimand conveyed in the General order—we should hesitate to ascribe to General Proctor this underhand proceeding had he not so ungenerously endeavoured on his court-martial to shift the blame from his own shoulders to those of the troops under his command. Whether, however, Sir George Prevost issued his general order, on General Proctor's representations, or not, we cannot help feeling that this order was an ill-advised one. From the facts elucidated afterwards in the court martial, it became apparent that the publishing of it was premature, and this fact seems only to render the hasty conduct of the commander-in-chief more reprehensible. It was clearly his duty, before publishing a document, the tendency of which was to cast odium upon a corps, which he himself admits to have previously won his warmest admiration—to have carefully considered all the information furnished him, and to have distinctly stated whether it was in the representation of their general that the right Division was thus reprimanded.

A cotemporary writes thus relative to the affair, handling Sir George Prevost very severely.

"Well timed indeed, and with a befitting grace does the insulting censure, contained in the opening of the order, emanate from the man who had previously made a descent upon Sackett's Harbour, with a view of destroying the enemy's naval and military works and who at the very moment of accomplishment of the object of the expedition, and when the Americans were retreating, turned and fled with precipitation to his boats, presenting to the troops who were unwilling sharers in his disgrace, the monstrous yet ludicrous anomaly of two hostile armies fleeing from each other at the same time.—Well does it become the leader, who, at Plattsburgh, covered the British army with shame, and himself with enduring infamy, by retiring at the head of 15,000 men—chiefly the flower of the Duke of Wellington's army—before a force of Americans not exceeding as many hundreds; and this even at the moment when the commander of these latter was preparing to surrender his trust without a struggle.—Well does it proceed from him, who through timidity and vacillation alone, at an earlier period of the war, entered into a disgraceful armistice with the enemy at the very moment when General Brock was preparing to follow up his successes on the Western frontier, by sweeping the whole southern border of the St. Lawrence. Happily was it devised by the authority to whose culpable inattention and neglect alone was owing the loss of our gallant Barclay's fleet, and the consequent helplessness of that very Right Division he has hesitated not to condemn for a disaster attributable to himself alone. Nay, well and most consistently does the sting issue from the Commander of the Forces, who, on the occasion of the capture of Detroit, and the victory obtained at the river Raisin, ordered Royal salutes to be fired in honor of conquests which had been achieved principally by the 41st Regiment, and whose remarks, even on the occasion of their unavoidable repulse at Sandusky, convey rather a compliment than dispraise."

What added materially to the severity of the reprimand, was the high eulogy pronounced and most deservedly so, on the officers and seaman of Captain Barclay's fleet.

Christie's observations on this unfortunate affair, to be found in our notes,* are pertinent and just, and throw much valuable light on the affair.

* General Proctor had, to this time, served with honour and distinction in Upper Canada, and was universally considered a brave and able officer; but his retreat, and the events of this untoward day, blasted his fame and at once ruined him in the public estimation.—Some, however, were of opinion that the severity of the general order, by Sir George Prevost, on the occasion, was premature, and a prejudicial of the case of his unfortunate brother in arms, who it was thought before so complete a condemnation from his superior officer, ought to have had the benefit of a trial. This he ultimately did get, but not until upwards of a year after the occurrence alluded to, before the expiration of which, Sir George Prevost himself, had fallen still lower than he, in the public estimation, by his own inglorious retreat from Plattsburgh, more humiliating to the national pride than even Proctor's affair. His retreat and discomfiture were of but a small and isolated division of the army, hitherto distinguished for its gallantry, but which, by the loss of the fleet, becoming destitute of its resources, had no other alternative than a speedy retreat, or an immediate surrender. He took his chance of the former. The retreat, it seems, was ill-conducted; but was, in fact, that of Sir George Prevost, taking all in all, any thing better? He advanced to Plattsburgh, at the head of an effective force of at least twelve thousand troops, the *élite* of the army under his command, recently from France and Spain—men accustomed to victory, and again marching to it, as they believed—well provided with an abundant commissariat, and stores of all kinds, and led on by experienced and able officers.—These, however, on the naval defeat, (the loss of the fleets being, in both cases, the immediate cause of retreat) he countermarched, to their inexpressible humiliation and disgust, without their being allowed once to see, much less to be in contact with the enemy. A further advance, after the loss of the fleet, was, indeed, out of the question; but nothing could justify the precipitancy of retreat, sacrifice of public stores, and demoralisation in the army that took place in consequence of it. The district of Montreal, was immediately in his rear, and at the short distances of three, or at most four marches from Plattsburgh, upon which he might, it is said, have fallen back at his leisure. It is, however, but justice to remark, time has materially worn down the asperities with which Sir George Prevost was also in his turn prejudged, with respect to this, to say the least of it, most unlucky expedition.

Major general Proctor being tried at Montreal, in December, 1814, on five charges preferred against him for misconduct on this occasion, was found guilty of part of them, and sentenced "to be publicly reprimanded; and to be suspended from rank and pay for six months." It was found "that he did not take the proper measures for conducting the retreat,"—that he had, "in many instances, during the retreat, and in the disposi-

The two defeats, Captain Barclay's and General Proctor's, were productive of the greatest benefit to the Americans, as not only was the whole territory of Michigan, except the port of Michilimacinae, reconquered, but the whole of the western district lost also.

tion of the force under his command, been erroneous in judgment, and in some, deficient in those energetic and active exertions, which the extraordinary difficulties of his situation so particularly required."—"But as to any defect or reproach with regard to the personal conduct of major general Proctor, during the action of the 5th October, the court most fully acquitted him."

His royal highness, the Prince Regent, confirmed the finding of the court, but animadverted upon it rather severely, by the general order issued on the occasion, dated, "Horse Guards, 9th September, 1815," for its "mistaken lenity" towards the accused, as the following extracts will explain:—

"Upon the whole, the court is of opinion, that the prisoner, major general Proctor, has, in many instances during the retreat, and in the disposition of the force under his command, been erroneous in judgment, and in some, deficient in those energetic and active exertions, which the extraordinary difficulties of his situation so particularly required.

"The court doth, therefore, adjudge him, the said major general Proctor, to be publicly reprimanded, and to be suspended from rank and pay, for the period of six calendar months.

"But as to any defect or reproach, with regard to the personal conduct of major general Proctor, during the action of the 5th October, the court most fully and honorably acquits the said major general Proctor.

"His royal highness, the Prince Regent, has been pleased, in the name, and on the behalf of His Majesty, to confirm the finding of the court, on the 1st, 3d, 4th, and 5th charges.

"With respect to the second charge, it appeared to his royal highness to be a matter of surprise that the court should find the prisoner guilty of the offence alleged against him, while they, at the same time, acquit him of all the facts upon which that charge is founded; and yet, that in the summing up of their finding, upon the whole of the charges, they should ascribe the offences of which the prisoner has been found guilty, to error of judgment, and pass a sentence totally inapplicable to their own finding of guilt, which can alone be ascribed to the court having been induced, by a reference to the general good character and conduct of major general Proctor, to forget, through a humane but mistaken lenity, what was due by them to the service.

"Under all the circumstances of the case, however, and particularly those which render it impossible to have recourse to the otherwise expedient measure of re-assembling the court for the revival of their proceeding, the Prince Regent has been pleased to acquiesce in and confirm so much of the sentence as adjudges the prisoner to be publicly reprimanded; and in

l'our comble de malheur, too, the services of the Indians were lost; and American editors boast that General Harrison, after the battle of the Thames, made peace with three thousand warriors.

carrying the same into execution, his royal highness has directed the general officer, commanding in Canada, to convey to major general Proctor, his royal highness's high disapprobation of his conduct; together with the expression of his royal highness's regret, that any officer of the length of service, and the exalted rank he has attained, should be so extremely wanting in professional knowledge, and deficient in those active energetic qualities, which must be required of every officer, but especially of one in the responsible situation in which the major general was placed.

"His royal highness, the commander in chief directs, that the foregoing charges preferred against major general Proctor, together with the finding and sentence of the court, and the Prince Regent's pleasure thereon, shall be entered in the general order book, and read at the head of every regiment in his Majesty's service.

"By command of his royal highness the commander in chief.

H. GALVERT, Ad.-general."

WORDS TO THE IRISH FUNERAL CRY.

Oh! joy of our hearts, why left you us mourning,
To sleep 'neath the turf and to dwell in the grave!

Why did you go without hope of returning
To hear our glad welcome!—Oh! why did you die!

Why did you die, and thy house filled with plenty,
And the wife of thy youth and thy children all there!

Why did ye go where thy love had not sent ye!
Avourneen, Avourneen!—Oh! why did you die!

Light of our eyes, the glad sunshine is glowing,
But cold is the gloom of the dark narrow house!

Sweet is the breath of the summer wind blowing,
Acushla, Acushla—Oh! why did you die!

The house of thy dwelling is as still as the grave,
The wail of thy children floats wild on the air,
The dog waits thy coming, the boat rides the wave—

Why did you leave us?—Oh! why did you die.

O'er thy cold narrow house shall the wail of her sorrow

Rise wide on the gale from the wife thou hast left,

And the eyes of thy children shall wait for thee tomorrow,

To see thee returning—Oh! why did ye die!
Why did ye die when the world did not grieve thee—

And each cherish'd blessing of life was thine own—

When no joy had forsaken, no friend had deceived thee!

Gramachree, Gramachree!—why did ye die

THOUGHTS FOR FEBRUARY.

HUMAN SORROW—HUMAN SYMPATHY.

The flower's bloom is faded,
Its glossy leaf grown sore;
The landscape round is shaded
By Winter's frown austere.

No Songs of joy to gladden
From leafy woods emerge;
But winds, in tones that sadden,
Breathe Nature's mournful dirge

All sights and sounds appealing,
Through merely outward sense,
To joyful thought and feeling
Seem now departed hence,

But not with such is banished
The bliss that life can lend;
Nor with such things hath vanished
Its truest, noblest end.

Enjoyments' genuine essence
Is virtue's, godlike dower;
Its most triumphant presence
Illumes the darkest hour.

These lines of Bernard Barton recurred to us as, seated in one of the cars of the northern line, we were rapidly whirled on our way citywards. The shades of evening were falling upon a waste of brown earth, partially covered with snow, and interspersed here and there with a patch of melancholy green.

As we repeated the last stanza, the determination we expressed, in our last number, that our next retrospect should be of a brighter character, set us seriously to consider what steps we had taken to redeem that pledge. We reflected on our promise, and, as the cold air was admitted into the car by the conductor's opening the door, we were reminded of the inclemency of the season, and of the numerous poor families, struggling against the hardships to which poverty is heir, in the city we were fast approaching. This train of thought gradually led us to the consideration of Human sorrow and Human sympathy, and a bitter feeling of reproach rose and smote upon the heart as we reflected how little, individually, we had endeavored to temper the wind to the shorn lamb, by extending the cup of charity sweetened by sympathy. Each of these houses, we thought, contains a family, and in how many there are untended sick, and neglected dying. Oh how the heart sickened as it thought over the vast variety of human suffering concentrated in that spot where forty thousand inhabitants dwelt. We were now hurried past, first the Lunatic Asylum, and shortly afterwards the Hospital. Here, at least, we thought, charity has done much to alleviate tangible evils, and diminish the sum of bodily suffering; but alas, how sorry an

antidote for human sorrow is the mere giving of alms without sympathy. Philanthropists may proudly direct our attention to institutions and subscription lists as noble and substantial effects of man's sympathy for the miseries of his fellow man. This is well; but no one can walk through a city without observing how awfully the evils, that can only be alleviated by the hand of private charity, preponderate over all the good that can be done by public institutions. Food may relieve hunger; medicine may assuage sickness; money may convey warmth and plenty to the abodes of poverty; but it is sympathy which really smooths human sorrow, calms its dark and troubled depths, and medicines the soul where "lie the griefs that kill."

We forget what writer it is who says, "strip sympathy of the false charms with which weakness and romance have adorned it, and what is its real worth? Taken at its altitude, when it operates as a practical principle, manifesting itself by a thousand marked and unobtrusive kindnesses, it is still a vain thing. It can merely excite momentary gratitude and consolation. Could the whole world weeping with us, lighten our agony, when the hand dear to us as our own soul has given its last pressure, and is cold and stiffening in our grasp?"

No. We feel that all that man can do is as nothing, that it is Omnipotence alone which is able to estimate fully the sorrows of the human heart; Omnipotence alone which has power to support the sufferer or to relieve the suffering; but we also feel and know, that is not that which is most apparent, that which may be told and relieved, which makes up the bitterest portion of human suffering. Then it is that sympathy, hand in hand with the consolation drawn from the blessed truths of religion, proves its efficacy in ministering to human sorrow. Had the writer of that passage been schooled by affliction, or had his heart been acquainted with the dark realities of human suffering, he would never have closed his meditations with this further passage, "The efficiency of human sympathy in human sorrow is a beautiful fiction, and, as such, let poets and novelists continue to give it honor due."

As a contrast to this sentiment, I recalled to mind some very appropriate lines,—

I lay in sorrow, deep distressed;
My grief a proud man heard;
His looks were cold, he gave me gold,
But not a kindly word.
My sorrow pass'd,—I paid him back.
The gold he gave to me;
Then stood erect and spoke my thanks,
And bless'd his charity.

I lay in want, in grief and pain:
 A poor man pass'd my way
 He bound my head, he gave me bread,
 He watch'd me night and day.
 How shall I pay him back again
 For all he did to me?
 Oh, gold is great, but greater far
 Is heavenly Sympathy.

Our reflections were here interrupted by the sudden stopping of the train, and a recurrence to business taught us that, in the month dedicated to St. Valentine, gloomy thoughts should form no part of our meditations. To relieve, therefore, somewhat their nature, we append an appropriate article from Jerrold's pen, entitled:—

A PAPER FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

THE WAYS OF COURTING.

"Alas! and is domestic strife—
 That sorest ill of human life—
 A plague so little to be feared,
 As to be wantonly incurred!"

We most of us know what Courtship is, and so can better judge what it ought to be. With Courtship, society connects, as a matter of course, an endless string of sentimental wanderings and flagrant work. Man, when Courting, seems to be serving a most taxing and labyrinthian apprenticeship, with an employer, who is, in due time, to be superseded in command by the late apprentice. Where is the man who would not, with pleasure, day after day, and night after night, escort his mistress to balls, theatres, routs, &c. &c.? And where the woman, who would, for a moment, scruple to drag the blinded puppet after her, to do all the fal-lal work required, when out shopping, or in the ball-room? This, really and truly, appears to be the sum total of Courtship.

It is astonishing, too, to notice the many victims who, wide awake, fall into the trap. The women, with a multitude of examples before them—with a certain knowledge of the approaching change—willingly, resignedly, find that change theirs. They see the mistake of a near and dear friend—"an unfortunate match;" and yet, trusting souls they think themselves safe. *He* is a different sort of man—so kind—so very attentive. Or, if suspicion lurk about them for a while, they can't entertain it long; *he* makes another offer—another vow of love—calls the cherished one a little Venus—and she—poor weak heart, with a sort of it-can't-be-helped resignation—becomes a wife, and adds another to the list of those devoted creatures who hear the morning clock strike three, twice a week, with each time a firm determination of "not putting up with it."

It may not prove uninteresting or useless to consider for a moment the circumstances which may have made one of the aforesaid devoted crea-

tures of a great mistake. We will call our heroine Miss Smith. With a peculiar and earnest wish not to be considered personal, we do so—or, if anybody will find in herself the original Miss Smith, with a bland and courteous smile, we can confidently assure her, that the lady who sat for the portrait was a next-door Smith. Or if, unluckily, there should not be a Smith next door, the door after that is a safe reference. Well, having christened our heroine, proceed we to the same task with our hero: we have decided upon the sentimental cognomen Jones—and type shall be his godfather. We are not going, be it well understood, to work out here an elaborate plot, and so give an unearthly and impossible mystery to a plain and everyday occurrence: it would be like putting bad varnish on a good picture—it may look the better to uneducated and superficial observers, but, to the learned and attentive, the bad dressing will be an eyesore. To begin then:

Miss Clementina Smith and Mr. Milkwhite Jones have met. They first saw each other at a friend's house—at a ball; and, as Milkwhite waltzed with the lovely Clementina, he felt that his sweet partner must extend the term of agreement, and become his for life. Poor fellow! Worse-fated Smith! Each evolution but strengthened the determination. And then Clementina! Who shall attempt to paint her—who be rash enough to vulgarise with ink the Smithian charms? She laughed and talked—talked and laughed: each word, each smile, driving sense from the brain of Jones. Mamma, with a brace of daughters to marry—grandpapas, with grand dittos, also ripe for matrimony—uncles, with orphan and ugly nieces—all chuckled simultaneously at the perfect conquest. Said we that all looked smilingly upon the lovers? Apology is due, then, to a black-satined and jewel-bedecked group in a further corner of the apartment. They, poor souls, looked like sour milk upon the interesting scene. Not out of envy—for they all had many offers in their time—yet, strange to say, not one had been accepted. No! They had, for twenty years, looked with scorn upon the male of mankind—had withered, with a frown, the more presumptuous of the sex. Some whispered that the art of frowning had, by them, been learned, as early, and had been so zealously cherished, as often practised, that, at five-and-twenty (some fifteen years ago) the accomplishment sat upon their brows, unmistakeable evidence of the further attractions within. Leaving the reader to decipher the feelings of the single bores, whose cherished family was frowning, be it at once declared, that in the minds of all those present at

the eventful scene above depicted, a Smith had become a Jones!

The next morning following the ball beheld the postman standing at the door of John Smith, Esq. The said man of letters grinned knowingly as the door opened; he handed a note to the maid, and she smiled also, covered her greasy fingers with an apron, and, with all the delicacy she could muster, took the missive (gilded and perfumed) between her thumb and forefinger; she again grinned a responsive grin to the grinning postman, and closed the door.

The evening of the same day gave birth to a somewhat similar scene without the gate of Primrose Lodge, the town and country house rented by the senior Milkwhite Jones. A boy, dressed in nethers and jacket to match, of that color which comes under the peculiar denomination of pepper and salt, responded to the summons of the postman. The opened gate discovered the page of the Jones' establishment in his second best: which, as a facetious guest once remarked, time had despoiled of the salt, substituting the very best black pepper. Leaning his back against one post of the gate, and sliding his feet so as to prop himself steadily across the threshold, the liveried juvenile surveyed the liveried figure of her Majesty's deputy with complacency and, may be, impudence. "Well, Walker, what's for us now? Master's coming it rather strong in this railway dodge, arn't he?" said the youngster. The postman smiled, but said not a word. "What ha' yer got there, wrapt up in that out-and-out manner? Shares arn't so walable as all that." "No," responded the postman; "nor them specs don't find such envelopes as this!" and the little man held forth a lace-paper letter. "I call that coming it strong, if you like." "My eyes! it just is," said the urchin, as he closely examined the paper, "it just is," he again repeated, as he discovered a flowered wafer. "Stay a minute, Walker; what's this here on the wafer?" "A *violet*, to be sure, yer little mole; can't yer see that?" retorted the letter-carrier, as he rang the next-door bell. "Little! little!" shouted the boy, touched at the contemptuous allusion to his size. "Come, you arn't so big neither, my fine feller; so don't you talk." Satisfied with this rebuke, the small domestic closed the gate, and went to deliver the fragrant letter to Milkwhite Junior, for to that gentleman it was addressed.

Some half hour after the holding of the above refined conversation, the junior Milkwhite issued from his father's halls, evidently in high spirits. Twenty minutes of the intervening time might be traced in the whiskers and creases of the devoted

young gentleman: and yet he did not blush—did not, as he ought to have done, look as bright a vermillion as the blooming scarlet-runner—seeing the awful waste he had made of those twelve hundred seconds. He thought of the captivating Clementina; the wiles and smiles of that lovely female; the beauty of her writing; the exquisite sensibility of her heart. Her heart! How much knew he of the light and bounding thing! How could he tell, with such small experience, whether the soft and glowing substance which said it clung to him, would not, like Indian rubber, upon the slightest check, bound back and cling again elsewhere; find in its second clinging a like repulsion, only a weaker one; till, poor toy! worn out, each rebound being alighter than the one before it, the shattered, forgotten, wayward bauble might, friendless and alone, grow dead. Such the coquette's heart—such often her fate.

SONG OF THE HAT-TURNER.

BY ONE WHO MOVED IN THE HIGHEST CIRCLES.

All round my hat I turn until I'm ill O!

All round my hat, 'spite of Mr. Faraday:
And when anybody asks me the reason why it
turns so,

I tell him what from reason sounds far far away.

Some say the action's muscular, and some it is
galvanic,

While others call it humbug in a scientific way:
And some there are assign it to an agency Satanic.

And vow the devil's in it if there's not the
deuce to pay.

Yet all round my hat I still persist in turning,

Unheeding what the sceptical and scientific say:
And tho' perhaps a character for verdancy I'm
earning,

I've nothing else to turn to for whiling time
away.

DISGUSTING EXHIBITION.—A brute in human shape lately undertook, for a trifling wage, to devour (uncooked) 12 cabbages, 12 spring-greens, 2 ropes of onions, and 10 artichokes. We understand that the only excuse given for this disgusting performance was, that the fellow was a Vegetarian.

PRESERVES WITHOUT SUGAR.—Take turnips, beans, barley, wheat, oats, rye, or clover, in any proportion of acres; to these add a few young plantations, and coppices, and do them in covers: stock with hares, partridges, and pheasants, and set keepers to watch. Trout in rivers may be preserved the same way. These preserves are expensive; but very filling: they fill the County gaols.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEDAILY.

No. XX.

WHEREIN THE STORY OF LAIRD DREGHORN AND HIS NEPHEW IS ADVANCED A STAGE.

MULTIFORM and busy were the preparations which took place at the mansion house of Hungry Knowes, on the morning after the visit of the peerless Prudence M'Thrift thereto. The diligent peruser of these records will not have forgotten that the laird and his nephew had entered into a covenant to dine at Glen Skinflint on that day, and David Dreghorn was determined that so far as their equipment was concerned, no pains should be spared in order to produce a "striking effect," to use the language of playhouse announcements. Garments which for long years had slumbered in the recesses of cabinets and napery chests, were once more pressed into active service, to the pestilent discomposure of sundry colonies of moths who had indulged the Utopian dream that, through prescription, they had obtained an unquestionable life-lease of the raiment.

[Mr. Powhead here digresses into a minute and elaborated description of the costumes which the thane of Hungry Knowes selected for the adornment of himself and his squire, Gavin Park. This we deem expedient to omit, merely observing that master and man, when rigged out, exhibited a striking flavor of the crusty old gentleman and antique servitor to be met with in almost every comedy. As for John Embleton, it would appear that he refused point blank to make use of any portion of the antediluvian wardrobe. His avuncular relative strove hard to induce him to assume a brocade waist at least, with flaps extending to the knees; but the young man declared that, sooner than submit to the infliction, he would follow the unsophisticated example of the aboriginal Britons, and dispense *in toto* with the superfluities of dress!]

As the family chariot of Hungry Knowes had been long on the superannuated list, lacking, to be candid, the somewhat indispensable locomotive requisite of one of the hind wheels, it was resolved that the trio should accomplish their pilgrimage to the hospitable region of Glen Skinflint on horseback. Mr. Thong, who was fortunate enough to witness the cavalcade, certiorated me that the appearance out by the laird and his henchman on this expedition was unique and striking in the highest degree. It reminded him of an equestrian burlesque which he had once been cognizant of in a circus, and, indeed, sundry strangers who chanced to behold the phenomenon concluded, without dubitation, that the party

formed the advance guard of a troop of peripatetic mountebanks, John enacting the part of the dandified master of the ring. The poor youth, it is hardly necessary to add, keenly felt the ridiculousness of his position, and when a sight-seeing old woman interrogated him "whaur the tumblers were ganging to haud forth," he broke out into a series of maledictions, which would have done no discredit to the warriors who served with Uncle Toby in Flanders.

Long is the road which has no turnings, however, and in process of time the visitors found themselves in the *dulce domum* of the representative of the M'Thrift dynasty. That virtuous maiden received her visitors with every mark of distinction, and ere long they were seated at her hospitable board. The word "hospitable" here must be understood in a somewhat limited acceptation. If the table "groaned"—as tables sometimes are in the habit of doing—most assuredly it was not on account of the prodigality of viands which it exhibited. A Trappist monk might have partaken of every dish, then and there paraded, without having materially infringed upon the austere simplicities of his gustatorial vows! The thin and aqueous broth would have been described by a Paisley shuttle compeller as "mushin kail." When the guests were invited to solace themselves with fish, their choice was limited to the somewhat Spartan relish of salted herring, or "Glasgow magistrates," as they are termed in North Britain. And as for the pudding, called by a soaring flight of imagination, "plum," if raisins had been deadly in their nature as the fruit of the upas tree, the revellers would have run slender risk of mortuary damage, seeing that these condiments were few and far between as the visits of angels.

Though this signal frugality was not by any means enthusiastically appreciated by John Embleton, it entirely squared with the notions of his more thrifty uncle. That excellent economist could not refrain from lauding the self-denying forethought displayed by the landlady, and after his heart had been opened by sundry libations of whiskey (for the extravagance of wine was not tolerated at Glen Skinflint), he openly proclaimed that he could die in peace if he could behold such a model of prudence presiding over the destinies of Hungry Knowes. Warming in his theme, the laird rose from his chair, and dragging John to the immediate presence of Prudence (who strove hard, though somewhat bootlessly, to conjure up a blush), joined the hands of the couple, and invoked upon their craniums all the blessings which he could reckon up on the spur of the moment!

This feat accomplished, Dreghorn made a speedy exit from the banquet chamber, intimating that "three spoiled sport," and that he would be more profitably employed discussing a pipe in the kitchen!

It is utterly impossible to describe the consternation which pervaded poor Embleton at this crushing and most unexpected eclaireissement of his uncle's views and aspirations! If the idea of his relative's union with the kiln-dried Prudence had been productive of signal discomposure to him, what must have been this more hideous and spirit-scunnering revelation? The atmosphere, all of a sudden, appeared teeming with endlessly multiplied images of Dorcas Rubric, and the heiress of Glen Skinfint, and the ripe and rotund beauties of the former contrasted crushingly with the skeleton-like characteristics of the latter. Venus, emerging fresh and sparkling from the amorous sea, and a mummy newly disinterred by Belshazzar from its resting lair of three thousand years, could not have presented a more emphatic and suggestive picture of incongruity and disappointment! The "Hyperion and Satyr" of that amiable but somewhat flighty young prince, Hamlet, were not "circumstances" in comparison!

For a lengthened season John remained in his brown, or rather his black Study, utterly incompetent to realize the full honours of the "fix" in which he had been placed by the joint agency of the Fates and his uncle. How long he would have continued in his psychological maze it is impossible to say, had it not been dispelled after a most practically physical fashion. Seeing that there was no probability of the swain making the preliminary advance, the nymph determined to take the initiative in the campaign of wooing.—Starting from her chair, Prudence threw her arms around the shrinking neck of the Cataleptic Embleton, and in tones not *quite* so dulcet as those of a nightingale, professed that he had won her young and unsophisticated affections!

If John Embleton had given way to his primary and most potent impulse, he would unquestionably have passed a doom of terrible import on this maidenly demonstration, of his ardent admirer! Privation, however, had taught him prudence. He realized the hopelessness of his condition, if he should run counter to the schemes and behests of his uncle—and though it went sorely against his grain, he forced himself to mutter some unintelligible words complimentary to the withered spinster, from whose contact he inwardly recoiled.

Thus it eventuated that when the Laird of

Hungry Knowes, his smoke being discussed, rejoined the "young" couple—as by anachronism, (as far at least as one of the parties was concerned) he styled them, all things appeared to be progressing according to his wishes. John might have been a fraction more ardent, he opined, and no great harm done, but Hungry Knowes had long learned to be thankful for microscopic mercies, or in the words of the orthodox old song:

"Contented wi' little, and content wi' mair!"

As uncle and nephew rode home that night, the former expatiated might and main, upon the multiform advantages which could not fail to accrue from the conjunction of Hungry Knowes, and Glen Skinfint. Such another estate as the twain would form, would not be met with in bonnie Scotland, and many a hint, broad enough to be called a command, did he throw out, to the effect that the sooner the double union of lands and bodies was carried into effect, the better. These words fell upon the ear of Embleton, about as genially as molten lead would harmonize with a back, fresh from the operations of a cat o' nine tails!

During the succeeding six months, nothing occurred calling for special notice from the historian. Miss M'Thrift paid frequent visits to Hungry Knowes and the Laird religiously took care that the debts of courtesy thus incurred should be liquidated with the slightest possible delay. It is hardly necessary to add that whenever he shaped his course to Glen Skinfint the hapless Embleton was constrained to accompany him. This he did with the cognate aptitude and relish, which a badger evinces to be drawn from its seclusion by an obtrusive English bull dog, or Scottish terrier!

The more he saw of the tough and sapless spinster, the more he detested her, and he felt that if all the daughters of Eve should be swept away by some monster pestilence, except herself, he would preserve the virtue of celibacy to the close of his mundane curriculum!

About this season it so chanced, that Gavin Park was smitten with a sore and wasting sickness, from which Dr. Puke McBock, the family physician, pronounced that without the intervention of a miracle he would never recover. The precise nature of the ailment it was difficult to determine. There were, amongst other things, a total loss of appetite, and a gradual wasting and withering away, indicating that the worm Death was busy at the root of the once lordly and stalwart gourd, and that ere long the place which once knew it, would know it no more forever!

At the bed-side of Gavin, John Embleton was

a frequent watcher, and into the ear of this humble and attached friend he poured forth the story of his griefs and apprehensions. Most thoroughly did Park sympathize in the trouble of his young master, for he hated Mademoiselle Thrift with a perfect hatred for this, among other reasons, that the mercantile spinster made a practice of selling the game which was engendered upon the scores, over which she exercised dominion. In the eyes of the scandalized servant this was a delict more unpardonable than an infraction of the Decalogue in one lump. As he often declared, murder and highway robbery were venial sins when weighed against the vendition of hares and snipe fowl "as if they had been see mony stirks, or barndoor chuckies!" In all this there was nothing unnatural or extraordinary. There is a conventional sanctitude (if I may so use the expression) in all matters connected with the "chase," which has a mighty influence upon the votaries of the gun and angling-rod. The poacher who would not hesitate for one second, to blow out the brains of an antagonistic game-keeper, would shudder at the idea of shooting a bird when sitting, or using drugs to stupify the fish, to slay whom was his illegitimate mission. These remarks, of course, have only reference to thorough bred sportsmen, and have no applicability to the skum of vagrants vomited forth by cities, upon "fests" and holidays on the rural districts, and who would bring down their own grand mothers with as little compunction as they would so many partridges if they had them squatting behind furze bushes, or dry-stone Dykes.

Amidst all this virtuous *furore*, however, Gavin continued to inculcate patience and forbearance, upon his young friend. He implored him not to come to any open rapture with his relative till the last extremity, assuring him that a will was in existence by which the domains of Hungry Knowes were conveyed in perpetuity to John upon the demise of his uncle, "just haud your whiesht, and hide your time" was the prudent counsel of the invalid—"and wha kens but the Laird may slip his tether some o' thae dark mornins, and leave you, your ain Laird and master wi' power to wed the Queen o' Sheba, provided ye think o' matching yonself "wi' a heathen limmer!"

But matters were soon to be brought to a crisis. Mr. Dreghorn one day informed his nephew, that it was befitting the question should be popped to the excellent Prudence, who had for some time been prepared to have the matrimonial interrogation propounded unto her.

"The entire parish o' Sour Sowans," said he, "has been lang wondering why the wedding has na' taken place, lang before noo, and, to my certain knowledge, Simon Shortbread the baker, has had the wedding cake prepared in anticipation for at least twa' months. They tell me that it has got a fraction mouldy by this time, which is a' the better, seeing that we can claim a liberal discount on the score o' the flaw."

Thus driven into a corner, John Embleton had no option, but to reveal how things really stood, so far as his affections were concerned. Falling upon his knees he confessed that his heart was not at his own disposal, having years ago been made over, with all its parts, pendicles, and pertinents, to a certain maiden, answering to the name of Dorcas Rubric.

"And wha' may this Dorcas, as ye ca' her be?" interjected the angry Laird of Hungry Knowes. Or rather what may be the amount o' her means and estate? That's the real root o' the matter I trow. For my ain part, I set but sma' value upon your hearts and darts, seeing that they are commodities which every kirkless preacher and road-side beggar claim as their perquisites, though they should na' hae twa' bawbees to jingle in an auld hat."

With downcast eyes, poor John was constrained to admit, that his charmer's comely face constituted the main bulk of her portion; and that when a brace of sparkling eyes, a nose of faultless shape, and a mouth which might create envy in the celestial bosom of Venus herself, were deducted, little remained to Dorcas except the raiment which sheltered her person from "summer's heat and winter's snow."

"Awa' wi' your noses and een!" exclaimed the aggravated Dreghorn, "I would like to see sic fusionless sunkets furnish a hungry man wi' a meal. When ye come hame frae a hard days wark will a row o' ivory grinders mak' up for the absence o' a haggia, or a dish o' Scot's collops? A slabboring kiss may be a bonnie enough thing in its way, (though I nee' could see the virtue o't) but tell me, you muckle calf, will it supply the place o' a jug fu' o' beer, or a tumbler o' whisky toddy? Learn wisdom, ye born idiot, frae the wisest sang that ever that auld wig-maker Allan Ramsay composed:

"Gie me the lass with a lump o' land,
And we for life shall gang thegither;
Tho' daft or wise, I'll ne'er demand,
Or black or fair, it mak's na whether.
I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
And blood alane's nae worth a shilling;
But she that's rich, her market's made,
For lika charm about her's killing.

"Gie me a lass with a lump o' land,
And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;
Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,
Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
Laugh on wha likes: but there's my hand,
I hate with poortith, though bonnie to meddle;
Unless they bring cash, or a lump o' land,
They're ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

"There's meikle gude love in lands and bags;
And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion;
But beauty and wit and virtue in rags,
Have lost the art of gaining affection;
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And castles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows,
And naething can catch our modern sparks,
But weel-tocher'd lasses, or jointured widows."

The recitation even of this most suggestive lyric, had no effect in shaking the resolution of the enamoured Embleton. Firmly, though respectfully he announced to his frowning uncle that he would prefer a crust of dry bread, aye or starvation itself, with Dorcas, to a coal pit replete with new minted guineas, if burdened with the mallow, parchment-like hand of Prudence M'Thrift. "By this blessed book I swear," continued the excited youth, "that all the powers of earth or perdition, shall never shake my resolution by one hairs breadth." So saying he gave the cover of the volume which he grasped, a thundering salute, and stood confronting his uncle as Saint George might have confronted the dragon; or Petruchio, the fair but vixenish Catherine. It so chanced that the osculated octavo turned out to be a copy of Burns' Poems, but the vow was not the less sincere on that account.

David Dreghorn was for a season struck dumb by the contumacious audacity exhibited by a stripling who he had been in the habit of regarding as an obsequious and unreasoning dependant. Had one of his pigs become gifted with speech, and protested against the enormity of bipeds uplifting the knife against the bristle-teeming tribe, he could not by any possibility have been taken more aback.

No sooner had the senior recovered the use of his faculties than he proceeded to pass sentence upon the delinquent. That sentence, it is hardly necessary to say, was a doom of utter and absolute disinherittance. David vowed that sooner than permit Embleton to derive one morsel of sustentation from the lands of Hungry Knowes, he would with pleasure behold the aforesaid lands, together with all the crops, timber and dwellings thereon sunk "beyond plummet's reach" in the Red Sea, or the most insatiable peat bog of the Emerald Isle!

Gavin Park having obtained an inkling of what had occurred, earnestly besought an audience of

his master, and when Dreghorn in compliance with the request entered the sick chamber, the invalid pled with might and main that he would rescind his determination. He dwelt upon the youth of John, and the comparative senectitude of Prudence. With indignant eloquence did he enlarge upon the mercenary venditions of game, by which that spinster had disgraced her rank as a landed proprietress. Pathetically did he expatiate upon the memory of the Laird's departed sister, and upon the fact that Embleton was the sole being upon earth, within whose veins a drop of his blood did flow. In conclusion, the dying retainer made a recapitulation of his own faithful and slenderly remunerated services, conjuring his master by all these multifarious considerations to re-admit John unconditionally into favour, and permit him to follow his own inclinations, so far as the choice of a wife was concerned.

In dogged silence did the Laird of Hungry Knowes listen to these pleadings and abjurations, and when Gavin had ceased speaking, he coldly told him that having so little breath to spare, it was foolish to expend it on a bootless theme. "Park," quoth he, "by the farthing candle of my blessed grandfather, which he blew out with his last gasp because he could see to expire in the dark, and that is an oath, which you know right well I never broke; this ungrateful, rebellious dog shall never finger a boddie of my money. I have cast him off, once and forever, and if I beheld him to-morrow dying on my door-step, I would not toss one of the house dog's half-mumbled bones, to keep the wretch's body and soul in companionship. I hate him, Gavin, because he has thwarted my darling and long cherished scheme of uniting the bonnie acres of Hungry Knowes and Glen Skinfint, and before I am a day aulder I shall let the hound ken to his cost what it is to anger a determined man—or a dour man, if ye like the word better. Cauld as is the weather, and snell as blows the frosty December east wind, I shall set off for Aberdeen this blessed night. My will, as ye brawly ken, lies duly executed in the custodiership of Hercules Horning, and by that deed John Embleton is declared heir of a' I possess. Ere this time to-morrow, Gavin Park, I shall have signed a new testament in which the name of Embleton will only be introduced in order to let the world ken how intensely I loathe and abominate the same. By the Aberdeen mail-coach, which passes the house at eight o'clock this evening, I shall depart on my errand of vengeance, and at this very moment Kirsty Sharn is engaging an out-side place for me at the stage office. Oh, if I should by any

misshap render up the ghost without altering that will, I never could enjoy a moment's happiness in Heaven!"

"Heaven!" shouted out the scandalised invalid hysterically. "Heaven did ye say? Ha-ha-ha! * * * * *

THE "NORTH-WEST" PASSAGE.

THE late discovery of the "North West," or rather as it has been made the *North East*, passage, by Captain McClure, has induced us to give to our readers, this month, a short account of the various expeditions which have from time to time gone forth to attain this desirable end, concluding our observations with as full an account of McClure's voyage as our limits will permit.

If explorations in the northern regions be useless in a pecuniary point of view, yet science has benefitted from them in the knowledge of facts which could by no other means be obtained. Their cost has, certainly, been great, but the results are such as reflect honor and credit on all engaged in them, besides affording a worthy memorial of the physical endurance and steady perseverance of human enterprise.

The first navigator who appears to have had an idea of making a voyage of discovery in the Arctic Seas was Cabot, who landed at Labrador eighteen months before Columbus discovered the continent of America, he contemplated a voyage to the North Pole and reached as high as $67^{\circ} 30'$ north latitude. This was during the reign of Henry VII, in the fifteenth century.

Frobisher made three voyages during the years 1576, '77 and '78, in search of a North-West passage, but having discovered the entrance to Hudson's Strait failed in penetrating further to the westward. Davis followed Frobisher, and in 1585-88 made three voyages and discovered the strait which still bears his name, thus opening the way into Baffin's Bay and the Polar Sea.

In 1607, Henry Hudson, with only ten men and a boy made his first voyage and penetrated as far as 82° of north latitude, but failing to discover a westerly passage, returned and made a second voyage on the track of Barentz, who attempted eleven years previously the North-East passage between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla; but Hudson, like Barentz, was unsuccessful. In 1610, he made a third voyage to the west, and discovered the strait and bay which are now known by his name. Assuming that through this bay was the much desired passage to be found, Hudson determined to winter here in order to renew his search early in the ensuing

spring. However, his crew wearied with hardships and privations, mutinied and turned Hudson, his son, and seven others adrift in a small boat, and they are supposed to have perished miserably at sea.

"Of all the sea-shapes death has worn,
May mariners never know
Such fate as Hendrik Hudson found
In the labyrinths of snow."

Great hopes were entertained that through Hudson's Bay the North-West passage would be found, and a good deal was said by the partizans of contending voyagers on this question. Old Purchas writes:—

"As the world is much beholding to that famous Columbus, for that hee first discovered unto us the West Indies: and to Portugal for the finding out the ordinarie and as yet the best way that is knowne to the East Indies by Cape Bona Speranza; so may they and all the world be in this beholding to us in opening a new and large passage, both much neerer, safer, and farre more wholesome and temperate through the continent of Virginia, and by Fretum Hudson, to all those rich countries bordering upon the South Sea in the East and West Indies."

During the next six years Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome and Fox's Channel were discovered; and in 1616 Baffin sailed into and explored the bay, which has been named after him. This bay he reported as extending 800 miles in length and 800 in breadth, but his statement was disbelieved and set down as an exaggeration till late discoveries confirmed the accuracy of his surveys. Even the latitudes laid down by him are almost identical with those recently determined with all the advantages afforded by superior instruments. Baffin saw Lancaster Sound, and had he explored it, Parry's discoveries would have been anticipated by two hundred years.

In 1743 a reward of £20,000 was offered by the Imperial Parliament to any one who should effect a North-West passage by way of Hudson's Strait, it being declared that this passage would be "of great benefit and advantage to the kingdom." However, afterwards, the clause that related to a passage by Hudson's Strait was altered to "any northern passage." £5,000 was also voted for any one who should get within one degree of the pole.

Mr. Hearne, during 1769, and three following years, made three attempts to reach the Polar Sea by an overland journey across the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, but was unsuccessful. The only remarkable feature in his explorations was the discovery, during his third journey, of the Coppermine River.

In 1778 the Royal Society having received communications on the possibility of reaching the

North Pole, Captain Phipps was sent out with two vessels to effect this interesting object. This expedition was unsuccessful, for after reaching $80^{\circ} 48'$ of latitude his vessels were stopped by the ice and he was compelled to return. The famous navigator Cook, in 1776, left England with instructions to effect a passage from Behring's Strait to Baffin's Bay. He, too, failed. Nor could he with all his perseverance get beyond Icy Cape in latitude $70^{\circ} 45'$. He here saw fields of ice stretching in one compact mass to the opposite continent which he also visited, sailing as far as Cape North. That Cook would have accomplished the object of his voyage appears to have been a very general impression, for in 1777, a Lieutenant Pickersgill was ordered to Baffin's Bay to await his arrival.

After so many failures, the attempt to discover this passage was for several years abandoned; nor was it till 1817 that the attention of the Admiralty was again called to this subject by the reports of several Greenland whalers who stated that the sea was clearer of ice that season than any they had previously known. The Council of the Royal Society was consulted, and the result was that in 1818 two expeditions were fitted out, one for the discovery of the long sought for passage, the other to reach the pole. That intended for the former of these objects was intrusted to Captain (now Sir John) Ross and Lieutenant (now Sir Edward) Parry in command of the vessels *Isabella* and *Alexander*. The mildness of the season and open state of the sea augured much for the success of this expedition, and in August the ships sailed up Lancaster Sound with every prospect of an easy passage westward; but the commander fancying he saw a range of mountains in the distance barring all further progress was unwilling to advance, and retraced his steps homewards, thus throwing away one of the most favorable opportunities that had as yet presented itself to these daring navigators. The failure of this expedition demanded a renewal of the attempt, and on the 4th of May, 1819, two ships, the *Hecla* and *Griper*, sailed under the command of Captain Parry, with instructions to explore Lancaster Sound and to determine the existence of the mountains seen there by Captain Ross; for many, who had sailed with Ross denied their reality, affirming the supposed mountains to be an ocular deception. Every effort was made to enter on the field of their operations as early in the season as possible, and about the middle of July the ships were forced into the "Middle Ice" in Baffin's Bay. This collection of ice is described as—

As striking a phenomenon in this part of the sea as are the great banks of weed, *Fucus natans*, which float with little or no change of place in the Atlantic, off the Azores and the Bahamas. As its name indicates, it occupies a position in the middle of the bay, leaving a narrow channel on the eastern side, more or less encumbered with drift ice, while on the western side the sea is generally unobstructed. The local position of this body of ice is supposed to be due to the action of conflicting currents, which retain it pretty nearly in one spot.

Whalers on meeting this ice pass round its northern extremity, which doubles the length of the voyage, but when possible, they endeavor to force their way through the lower portion of the pack. This was what Parry did, and after seven days unwearied exertions, he crossed the pack which was more than eighty miles in width. A clear sea was now before him, and by the end of July he was off the entrance of Lancaster Sound, waiting for an easterly breeze to carry him up. It came, and as Parry relates—

"It is more easy to imagine than to describe the almost breathless anxiety which was now visible in every countenance while, as the breeze increased to a fresh gale, we ran quickly up the sound. The mast-heads were crowded by the officers and men during the whole afternoon; and an unconcerned observer, if any could have been unconcerned on such an occasion, would have been amused by the eagerness with which the various reports from the crow's nest were received, all, however, hitherto, favourable to our most sanguine hopes. We were by midnight in a great measure relieved from our anxiety respecting the supposed continuity of land at the bottom of this magnificent inlet, having reached the longitude of 83° deg. 13 min., where the two shores are still above thirteen leagues apart, without the slightest appearance of any land to the westward of us for four or five points of the compass."

Whilst proceeding up the Sound, an inlet was discovered running southward, and supposed to extend to the American continent, this was in turn explored until their passage was stopped by the ice, when they returned to Barrow's Straits. This channel they named Prince Regent's Inlet, and whilst making their survey of it they noticed a curious phenomenon, that of their compasses becoming useless, the needles losing their directive power and remaining in any position placed, showing their proximity to the magnetic pole. This effect added much to the difficulties in navigating an unknown sea. On the 22nd of August another channel running northward was discovered, and clear of ice as far the eye could reach, but no attempt was made at its exploration, as Parry was anxious to proceed westward: it was simply called, Wellington Channel. Continuing their westerly course they passed a group of islands, now known as Parry's Islands; and, during this part of their voyage the needles were

observed to gradually change their direction from westerly to easterly, showing that they had crossed immediately northward of the magnetic pole. Sailing onwards, Melville Island was discovered and named, and on the 4th of September they had reached 110 deg. west longitude, and became entitled to the reward of £5,000 offered by parliament for the attainment of this position. In commemoration of the fact an adjacent headland was called Bounty Cape. The close of the season, frustrated any hopes they might have had of reaching Behring's Strait that year. The winter now rapidly set in, and they made their way back to a bay in Melville Island, where they made every preparation for rendering themselves as comfortable as possible during their imprisonment in this inhospitable region. It was not until August in the ensuing year that they were released, and after several abortive attempts in a westerly direction they were reluctantly obliged to turn to the eastward, and proceeded to England, where they arrived in November, after an absence of eighteen months.

It was thought after Parry's return that a North-West passage might be effected in a lower latitude than that of Melville Island, and it was considered that an entrance into the Polar Sea might be found through Repulse Bay by way of Hudson's Strait. Parry was, therefore, sent out a second time, in May 1821, in command of the *Hecla* and *Fury*, with instructions to examine this part of the American continent. He returned to Shetland in October, 1823, after an absence of nearly three years. The only knowledge acquired by this voyage was the impossibility of any entrance into the Polar Sea otherwise than through Barrow's Strait.

In 1824, a third voyage was made by Parry with the same ships, but it was his most unsuccessful one, for after losing the *Fury*, which was driven on shore by the ice, he returned to England in the *Hecla*. One fact connected with this voyage deserves notice, namely, that the loss of the directive power of the needle by the influence of the magnetic pole could be overcome by placing a circular plate of iron in the line of no direction of the ships, and near to the needle. Mr. Peter Barlow of Woolwich is the author of this simple contrivance, and Capt. Parry says:—

"Never had an invention a more complete and satisfactory triumph; for to the last moment of our operations at sea did the compass indicate the true magnetic direction."

The next expedition in search of the North-West passage was conducted by Captain Ross, with his nephew commander, (now Sir James)

Ross, and fitted out at the expense of Sir Felix Booth. This expedition sailed in May, 1829, in the *Victory*, which was fitted out with a small steam engine in order that the vessel might make headway when the winds were adverse, or in calms. They arrived at Prince Regent's Inlet in August, and took on board a large quantity of the *Fury's* stores which were piled on the beach when that vessel was cast away. They then coasted to the eastward about two hundred miles, and wintered in Felix harbour, where they were detained for nearly a twelve-month. This voyage was one series of disasters and mishaps; their steam-engine was thrown overboard as a useless incumbrance, and the ship at last was abandoned, the party taking to the boats and making their way to where the stores of the *Fury* were deposited, on which they subsisted for the next two years. In April, 1833, they began carrying their provisions along the coast, and making deposits in the direction of their route as the only hope of escape from this miserable imprisonment. At last, in August they made Barrow's Strait, and were rescued by a whaler and brought to England.

"One interesting fact," says Chambers, to whom we are principally indebted for the matter contained in this paper, "brought to light by this voyage affords some relief to its long and barren series of disasters—the discovery of the North Magnetic Pole (the situation of which is marked by a red + in our map). It was made by Commander James Ross on one of his exploring excursions. 'The place of the observatory,' he remarks, 'was as near to the magnetic pole as the limited means which I possessed enabled me to determine. The amount of the dip, as indicated by my dipping-needle, was 69 deg. 50 min., being thus within one minute of the vertical; while the proximity at least of this pole, if not its actual existence where we stood, was further confirmed by the action, or rather by the total inaction of the several horizontal needles then in my possession.' This was very nearly the position assigned to it by scientific men several years earlier, and arrived at by protracting the direction-lines of compass-needles in various circumjacent latitudes, till they met in a central point. Parry's observations placed it eleven minutes distant only from the site determined by Ross. 'As soon,' says the latter, 'as I had satisfied my own mind on the subject, I made known to the party this gratifying result of all our joint labours; and it was then that, amidst mutual congratulations, we fixed the British flag on the spot, and took possession of the North Magnetic Pole and its adjoining territory in the name of Great Britain and King William IV. We had abundance of materials for building in the fragments of limestone that covered the beach, and we therefore erected a cairn of some magnitude, under which we buried a canister containing a record of the interesting fact; only regretting that we had not the means of constructing a pyramid of more importance, and of strength sufficient to withstand the assaults of time and the Requinax. Had it been a pyramid as large as that of Cheops, I am not quite sure that it would have done more than satis-

your ambition under the feelings of that exciting day. The latitude of this spot is 70 deg. 5 min. 17 sec., and its longitude 96 deg. 46 min. 45 sec. west. Even if the pole were stationary, this determination could only be regarded as approximate; but when we know that the centre of magnetic intensity is a moveable point, we shall readily understand that the cairn erected with so much enthusiasm can now only show where it *was*. According to Hansteen, the pole moves 11 min. 4 sec. every year, and revolves within the frigid zone in 1890 years, so that it will not reach the same spot in Boothia until the year 5723!"

The next expedition in search of the North-West passage, if we except Back's was that which sailed in May, 1845, and is now absent under the command of Sir John Franklin. The ships selected were the *Erebus* and *Terror*, the *Terror* being commanded by Captain Crozier. These vessels were well found and provisioned for three years, and to add to their efficiency, a steam engine was placed in each. The orders under which they sailed, demanded them "to push directly westward from Melville Island to Behring's Strait, without deviation to the north or south, unless appearances were decidedly in favour of such a departure; and in the event of reaching the Pacific, Sir John was to refresh and refit at the Sandwich Islands, and return to England, by way of Cape Horn." Since their departure, with the exception of some letters dated a few weeks after their leaving port, and being seen by some whalers, nothing has been heard of them.

In 1847, some anxiety respecting the fate of Sir John, and his companions, began to be felt in England, and in 1848, two vessels, the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, under the command of Sir James Ross, were despatched in search of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. They, however, returned in the autumn of the following year, without any intelligence of the missing expedition. In 1849, the *North Star* went forth on a similar errand, but was also unsuccessful. Sir John Richardson, assisted by Dr. Rae, in 1848, conducted an overland expedition in search of Franklin and his comrades, but no trace of them was found. Also in 1848, Captain Pullen proceeded with the *Plover*, round Cape Horn to Behring's Strait, on the same mission; he was heard of in 1852, but not since then. In 1850, Captains Collinson and McClure, in the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, sailed for the Polar Sea, by way of Behring's Strait; but this expedition, as far as regards the discovery of Franklin, has been unsuccessful, though McClure, in the *Investigator*, has demonstrated the existence of the long-sought North-West passage. In addition to these expeditions in search of Franklin, we may mention the following vessels which have made voyages for a

similar purpose, without avail. The *Lady Franklin*, (Captain Penny), the *Assistance*, (Captain Ommaney), the *Resolute*, (Captain Kellett), the *Prince Albert*, two voyages, one under Mr. Kennedy, and the other, Commander Forsyth; the *Felix*, (Sir James Ross), and the *Isabel*, (Commander Inglefield). The *Advance* and *Rescue*, under Lieutenant de Haven, and Mr. Griffin, were sent out by the Americans, but unfortunately, were equally unsuccessful. The *Assistance*, the *Resolute*, the *Pioneer*, (screw), the *Intrepid*, (screw), and *North Star* are at present, engaged in this,—what, alas! we are forced to believe—hopeless search; and, though it may be better that a thousand lives should be imperilled in the discharge of a duty, rather than one should be suffered to be lost through neglect, still we cannot help thinking that the lives of no more men shall be endangered in this desperate undertaking.

Captain McClure, who left England in 1850 in company with and subordinate to, Captain Collinson of the *Investigator*, was born in the county of Wexford, Ireland, in 1808. He was originally intended for the army, but having expressed a wish to enter the naval profession, he was appointed a midshipman on Lord Nelson's old ship, the *Victory*. Having served in various quarters of the globe till 1836, when the British Government having determined to send out an expedition to discover, if possible, the North-West passage, he offered his services and was appointed, under Sir George Back, to the *Terror*. He was absent on this expedition two years. On his return, from 1838 to 1842, he was in active service, and in 1842 he was placed in command of the *Romney*, stationed at Havannah, where he remained five years. In the year 1848, Sir James Ross being about to proceed to the Arctic regions with the double object of discovering the North-West passage and determining the whereabouts of Sir John Franklin, Captain McClure volunteered a second time his services, and was appointed first Lieutenant on board the *Enterprise*. This expedition returned in November 1849, and McClure, for his activity and assistance, was raised to the rank of commander. On the following month, a similar expedition having been determined upon, the services of Captain McClure were a third time accepted by the Admiralty, who placed him in command of the *Investigator*, in which vessel he sailed from Sheerness in March 1850. Previous to the arrival of the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* at the Sandwich Islands, they had parted company, and Captain Kellett of the *Herald*, wishing the *Investigator* to remain until the *Enterprise*

had joined her, telegraphed his commands to Captain McClure. Captain McClure took upon himself the responsibility of disobeying these commands. This matter is thus noticed in some of the English papers:—"When her Majesty's ship *Investigator* reached the Sandwich Islands, on her way to Behring's Strait, she there fell in with her Majesty's surveying ship *Herald*, Capt. Kellett, C.B. The *Enterprise*, Capt. Collinson, O.B., had not at that time made her appearance, and as the season was drawing on, Com. McClure expressed a most anxious desire to proceed. Capt. Kellett seemed, however, desirous that he should await the arrival of his consort, but at length consented that he should continue his voyage. Commander McClure lost no time, weighed anchor immediately, and made sail. Captain Kellett, however, on second thoughts, decided upon recalling him; but it was too late; the gallant commander of the *Investigator* could brook no further delay, and telegraphed in reply—'Important duty—own responsibility, cannot stay,' and dashed on with an energetic determination to accomplish the object for which he had been fitted out."

On the 5th of August, 1850, he rounded Cape Barrow and bore away to the east, and on the 24th reached Point Warren, near Cape Bathurst. Continuing his course through shallow but navigable water, Cape Perry was reached on the 6th of September. The expedition progressed favorably up to the 11th, when the ship was beset with drift ice and more than once narrowly escaped destruction. On the 8th of October the *Investigator* was frozen in near the western entrance to the Prince of Wales' Strait, where she remained for the winter. However, the following extracts from Captain McClure's dispatches will better explain his proceedings than any description of ours can:—

"Sept. 11.—Ship beset, lat. 73 deg. 53 min., long. 117 deg. 3 min. W., but ice in motion.

"Oct. 8.—Since the 11th of last month have been drifting in the pack—narrowly escaped destruction several times—until, with a heavy nip at 3 A.M. this day, which listed the ship 34 degrees, we were firmly fixed for the space of nine months in lat. 73 deg. 47 min. long. 117 deg. 34 min.

"Oct. 21.—The Captain, Mr. Court, and party, started to trace the Strait towards the north-east.

"Oct. 23.—Discovered the entrance into Barrow's Strait in lat. 73 deg. 30 min. N., long. 114 deg. 14 min. W., which establishes the existence of a North-West passage.

"Oct. 30.—Five musk oxen shot upon Prince Albert's Land, which terminated our operations in 1850."

It was not until July 14th that the *Investigator* was released from her icy prison, when we again take up Captain McClure's dispatches,—

"July 14.—Ice opened without any pressure and the vessel was again fairly afloat, but so surrounded with it that we only drifted with the pack, having been able to use our sails but twice, and then only for a few hours, up to August the 14th, when we attained our furthest northern position in Prince of Wales Strait, lat. 73 deg. 14 min. 19 sec., long. 115 deg. 33 min. 30 sec. W.

"August 16.—Finding our passage into Barrow's Strait obstructed by north-east winds setting large masses of ice to the southward, which had drifted the ship fifteen miles in that direction during the last twelve hours, bore up to run to the southward of Baring Island.

"August 29.—Ship in great danger of being crushed or driven on shore by the ice coming in with heavy pressure from the Polar Sea, driving her along within 100 yards of the land for half a mile, heeling her 15 deg. and raising her bodily one foot eight inches, when we again became stationary and the ice quiet.

"Sept. 10.—Ice again in motion, and the ship driven from the land into the main pack, with heavy gale from the S. W.

"Sept. 11.—Succeeded in getting clear of the pack, and secured to a large grounded floe. Lat. 79 deg. 20 min. N., long. 123 deg. 20 min. W.

"Sept. 19.—Clear water along shore to the eastward. Cast off, and worked in that direction with occasional obstructions, and several narrow escapes from the stupendous Polar ice, until the evening of the 23rd, when we ran upon a mud bank, having six feet water under the bow, and five fathoms astern; hove off without sustaining any damage.

"Sept. 24.—At daylight observed Barrow's Strait full of ice, and large masses setting into this bay, determined on making this our winter quarters: and, finding a well-sheltered spot upon the south side of the shoal upon which we last night grounded, ran in and anchored in four fathoms, lat. 74 deg. 6 min. N., long. 117 deg. 54 min. W. This night were frozen in, and have not since moved. The position is most excellent, being well protected from the heavy ice by the projection of the reef, which throws it clear of the ship 600 yards.

"A ship stands no chance of getting to the westward by entering the Polar Sea, the water along shore being very narrow and wind contrary, and the pack impenetrable; but through Prince of Wales Strait, and by keeping along the American coast, I conceive it practicable. Drift wood is in great abundance upon the east coast of Prince of Wales Strait, and on the American shore, also, much game.

"In this vicinity the hills abound in reindeer and hare, which remain the entire winter; we have been very fortunate in procuring upwards of 4000 lbs.

"The health of the crew has been, and still continues, excellent, without any diminution of number, nor have we felt any trace of scurvy.

"It is my intention, if possible, to return to England this season, touching at Melville Island and Port Leopold, but should we not be again heard of, in all probability we shall have been carried into the Polar pack, or to the westward of Melville Island, in either of which to attempt to send succour would only be to increase the evil, as any ship that enters the Polar pack must be inevitably crushed; therefore, a depot of provisions, or a ship at winter harbor, is the best and only certainty for the safety of the surviving crew.

"No traces whatever have been met with, or any information obtained from the natives, which could by any possibility lead to the supposition that Sir John

Franklin's expedition or any of his crews, have ever yet reached the shores we have visited or searched, nor have we been more fortunate with respect to the *Enterprise*, not having seen her since parting company in the Straits of Magellan on the 26th of April, 1850."

This dispatch was dated April 12th, 1852, on board Her Majesty's discovery ship *Investigator*, frozen in the Bay of Mercy, and signed "ROBERT MCCLURE, Commander." It was discovered by a party from Captain Kellett's vessel, who were thus led to a knowledge of the *Investigator*'s position. Steps were immediately taken to communicate with the *Investigator*, and the meeting between Commander McClure from the east with Lieut. Bedford Pim, is thus described in a private letter from Captain Kellett, O.B., dated April 19, 1852.

"This is really a red-letter day in our voyage, and shall be kept as a holiday by our heirs and successors for ever. At nine o'clock of this day our look-out man made a signal for a party coming in from the westward; all went out to meet them and assist them in. A second party was then seen. Dr. Domville was the first person I met. I cannot describe my feelings when he told me that Captain McClure was among the next party. I was not long in resolving him and giving him many hearty shakes—no purer were ever given by two men in this world. McClure looks well, but is very hungry. His description of Pim's making the harbor of Mercy would have been a fine subject for the pen of Captain Marryat, were he alive.

"McClure and his first Lieutenant were walking on the floe. Seeing a person coming very fast towards them, they supposed he was chased by a bear, or had seen a bear. Walked towards him; on getting onwards a hundred yards, they could see from his proportions that he was not one of them. Pim began to screech and throw up his hands (his face as black as my hat): this brought the captain and lieutenant to a stand, as they could not hear sufficiently to make out his language.

"At length Pim reached the party, quite beside himself, and stammered out, on McClure asking him, "Who are you, and where are you come from?" "Lieutenant Pim, *Herald*, Captain Kellett." This was the more inexplicable to McClure, as I was the last person he shook hands with in Behring's Strait. He at length found that this solitary stranger was a true Englishman—an angel of light. He says:—He soon was seen from the ship; they had only one hatchway open, and the crew were fairly jammed there, in their endeavor to get up. The sick jumped out of their hammocks, and the crew forgot their despondency: in fact, all was changed on board the *Investigator*."

Lieut. Cresswell, of the *Investigator*, arrived in England with Commander McClure's despatches on the 7th October last, in company with Captain Ingfield, who then returned from his arctic expedition. Lieut. Cresswell says:—

"I have great satisfaction in reporting that, during the prolonged service on which we were employed in search of the crews of the missing ships, we have only lost three men since the spring of the present year."

In reference to the results of Captain Ingfield's expedition, that commander says:

"In natural history, we are able to add a large collection of minerals to our museum: nearly 1000 specimens of ores and earthy substances have been obtained at different parts of the coast of Greenland. Specimens also of the flower, leaf and root plants, of all the kinds we have met with, are carefully preserved; and such crustaceous and other creatures from the animal kingdom as our limited means have allowed us to collect, are prepared for the naturalists.

"A careful meteorological journal has been kept; a tide register at Holsteinberg; and a great many observations made on the direction, dip, and force of the magnet. These have been carried on by Mr. Stanton, and the late lamented M. Bellot, whose industry in this branch of science is well proved by the mass of valuable matter he has left behind."

M. Bellot was a Frenchman and lieutenant in the French navy. Capt. Ingfield gives the following melancholy details of his death:—

"I received, by an official letter from Capt. Pullen, a report of the melancholy intelligence of the death of M. Bellot, who had been sent by Capt. Pullen, on his return during my absence, to acquaint me of the same, and to carry on the original despatches to Sir Edward Belcher. This unfortunate occurrence took place on the night of the gale, when M. Bellot, with two men, were driven off from the shore on the floe; and shortly after, while reconnoitering from the top of a hammock, he was blown off by a violent rust of wind into a deep crack in the ice, and perished by drowning. The two men were saved by a comparative miracle; and after driving about for thirty hours without food, were enabled to land and rejoin their fellow-travellers, who gave them provisions; and then all returned to the ship, bringing back in safety the despatches; but three of them fit subjects only for invaliding."

To return to Captain McClure. He is said to have expressed his determination, before leaving England, of either discovering Sir John Franklin or the North-West passage, and in the event of a failure, that he never would return. The dangers and privations he has undergone to redeem his pledge, his despatches to the Admiralty fully show, and we may be pardoned, if, in conclusion we venture to adopt the following language from a contemporary, as our own.

The results of the labour of our famous country man cannot be estimated by the addition of geographical knowledge thus constituted, by the reduction of the labours of navigation, or by any commercial prospect which they appear to open up. For all practical purposes, this herculean task might never have been performed or undertaken. There are few seasons in which the North-West Passage, though discovered, would be possible. The results of this expedition are of a moral nature, they exhibit the conquest of human intelligence over the elements in their most appalling form: they represent the successful

conflict of mental energy with the powers of nature in their drear domain. The despatch of Commander McClure displays an amount of resolution, fortitude, and self-devotion, as honorable to human nature as it is truly marvellous.—We have read documents written in the presence of great peril, or under the shadow of an impending fate: such documents are to be found in ancient as well as modern history, and they extort our admiration, even in the case of those whose title to fame rests upon such displays of firmness; but the man who, in 74 degrees north latitude, far from all human assistance—uncheered by intelligence from home—disease amongst his followers—“sealed to the deep”—with starvation staring him in the face—the man who, under such circumstances, can calmly commit his thoughts to writing, possesses enviable firmness. The man who is so collected under such circumstances that he omits nothing which is necessary to be done, is still more to be admired, but he who not only does all this, exhibits all his firmness and sagacity, but who determines, moreover, in the midst of all, to go forward while *life lasts*, has attained the climax of heroism, acquires justly imperishable renown, as a bright example of the noblest qualities of our nature. Such a one has Captain McClure proved himself to be. The following extract from the despatch of this gallant sailor, attests the coolness and nerve, with which he contemplated being lost in the Polar regions:—

“After quitting Port Leopold, should any of her Majesty’s ships be sent to our relief, a notice containing information of our route will be left at the door of the house on Whalers’ Point, or on some conspicuous place; if, however, on the contrary, no intimation should be found of our having been there, it may be at once surmised that some accident has happened, either from our being carried into the Polar Sea or smashed in Barrow’s Strait, and no survivors left. If such should be the case—which I will not, however anticipate—it will then be quite unnecessary to penetrate further westward for our relief, as by the period that any vessel would reach that part, we must, for want of provisions, all have perished. In that case, I would submit that the effort may be directed to return, and by no means incur the danger of losing other lives in search of those who then will be no more.”

Such was the language of Commander McClure as he was about to commit himself to the chance before him. Captain McClure and his brave followers have, however devoted themselves to the services of a nation which knows how to value the noble qualities they displayed. All honour to the gallant Commander and his devoted band of followers, who have thus enlarged the domain of geographical discovery, at no little inconvenience, and no small risk of danger to themselves.

OLD ANNIE THE CHARWOMAN.

ANNIE BRIGGS was a genuine character. Her *physique* was most unprepossessing it is true, —she stooped with age and hard work; yet her heart was one of the most upright I have ever known.

Early risers may often have perceived the old woman walking briskly along in the grey of the morning, threading her way among the labourers and mechanics going to their work. With some of these she exchanged nods, for she had trod the same causeway for years, and nearly everybody knew old Annie Briggs.

She was neatly but very humbly, dressed, and the faded muslin cap upon her antique head (which evidently had done duty before on some much gayer head than hers) was adjusted in the most irreproachable manner. While many of the passers-by might, at the early hour at which she made her appearance out of doors, look yet drowsy and but half wakened up, Annie’s brisk and lively air, her clear eye, and her undisturbed appearance, showed that she had already been some time and was thoroughly awake. Indeed, she had already been up an hour or more, and making everything tidy at home against the rising of her little family.

Not that Annie had any family of her own. No: she was yet, and would most likely ever remain, a single woman; for who that could have youth and beauty would take up with a charwoman like her in her old age? No! And yet Annie used to speak of those whom she had left at home as “her family.” She always did so most respectfully, as if they were something superior to herself, and not as if they owed everything to her industry and economy, which they really did.

But I must tell my readers something about this “family” of Annie Briggs, and then they will be able to form some idea of the noble nature which lay hidden under her humble garb. And let me here add, that what I am about to relate is not fiction, but sober fact.

Annie, in her younger years, was a domestic servant; and a most faithful one she was. She grew up to womanhood in the same service; and her master and mistress admired and valued her exceedingly. When their only son got married, Annie removed from the old house into that of the young pair; where her experience, (as was naturally to be expected) gave her no inconsiderable importance in the household. But she never aspired to be more than a servant, nor did she ever venture to assume any “airs,” which indeed did not become her.

All went prosperously for several years in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, the master and mistress of Annie Briggs. Business prospered, children were born into the family, and all seemed to be going on hopelessly and happily, Annie being among the

most cheerful of them all. But this course of prosperity was soon brought to an end; Mrs. Reynolds fell ill; at first it was only a troublesome cough, to which no particular attention was paid; then there came a great prostration of strength, and an occasional spitting of blood, on which alarming symptom displaying itself the doctor was called in; soon after which it began to be whispered about the house that the mistress was laid up with consumption. A hectic flush showed itself on her cheeks, she was soon entirely confined to her bed, and it became clear she was rapidly sinking. When the mother knew that her days were numbered—for the fatal nature of her disease could not be concealed from her—after a great outburst of grief, not so much for herself as for the beloved children and the dear husband she was about to leave behind her, to unknown trials and dangers through which she might not hold them by the hand, she at length became gradually calmer and more resigned, and prepared to meet her fate in quiet Christian submission and resignation. Annie Briggs was constantly by her mistress's bedside during her last illness, and indeed wore herself to very skin and bone by her untiring devotion to her. The dying mistress's uppermost and last thought was for her children, and while she held Annie's hand in hers—looking up into her face with her wan eyes—she would say,—

"And, dear Annie, you will mind your sacred promise to me, not to lose sight of the dear children until they have grown up and can do for themselves."

To this appeal the sobbing Annie had but one answer:—"Never, dear mistress, never; indeed I will not leave them, if master will but let me serve them and him to the end of my days."

"He has promised and will perform. While he lives, you will have a home here; and though you cannot supply a mother's love and care, I know you will do what you can. Bless you, dear Annie, and be tender and careful over them, for my sake."

Annie's mistress died; the children cried bitterly because of their loss at first—but children's memories of the dear departed are happily short,—and Annie continued her charge of the young family as before. They consisted of one boy and two girls: the boy was a fine spirited fellow, full of fun and mischief, as most boys are who have a great deal of life in them; while the girls were of a more sedate and thoughtful cast, and looked as if the shadow of some great grief had early cast itself over their young lives. They gradually grew through boyhood and girlhood, owing much—how much indeed they could never describe in sufficiently grateful terms—to their faithful and affectionate serving woman, Annie Briggs.

But, meanwhile, severe and heavy trials fell one after another upon the Reynolds' family. Michael Reynolds sustained heavy losses in business, which brought his affairs into irretrievable disorder; and being a man of but little energy, he could never fairly buckle to the task of confronting or overcoming them. He was one of those men who, once, down, are fairly conquered, and who can never muster the courage to rise up again to their feet and stand boldly upright. He struggled on, but it was by shifts, which only made matters worse. Besides, he was growing old, in which case it is a difficult thing to begin the world anew. The world set him down for what he was, an unsuccessful man—and the world has little mercy on such. The short and the long of his story was this: that he failed utterly; was a bankrupt and ruined man; and his stock in trade, his household furniture, and even his late wife's jewellery and dresses—preserved by Annie Briggs with an almost reverential care, for the young misses—were sold off to pay the broken Michael's debts. And then he was cast forth from the home which had been promised to Annie Briggs for her lifetime; and "the world was all before them where to choose."

Annie now became the virtual head of the family. During her long years of service she had laid by a small store of savings, though a large portion of them had been deposited in the master's hands, and had gone with the rest of the wreck; but still she had something which she could call her own and use as such. Her first care was to provide a home for her "family."

In a humble house, in a mean back street, behold the Reynoldses now installed under the charge of Annie Briggs! But how was the family to be supported? Courage, Annie, *thou* shalt solve that question speedily. Annie has a pair of ready hands, a quick step, a clear eye, and a brave heart. Did not Annie solemnly promise to her dying mistress that she would never leave nor forsake her children while she lived? and Annie thinks of that solemn promise now. It nerves her arm and inspires her heart. Yes! she will work, she will slave, but those dear children of hers shall not want.

You understand now the origin of the charwoman, Annie Briggs! Is there any queen who can boast of a more royal nature than that humble woman? Is there any duchess registered in *Debrett* who is more deserving of the appellation of "noble?" No! And there are many true-hearted women such as Annie Briggs among our so-called "lower classes," who would be an honor to even the highest, but whose names are never uttered in the world's ear, because all their good deeds are done in secret, far retired from the noise and bustle of the crowd.

Cheerful, unrepining, laborious, and truly happy, this noble woman went on her way through life. She was becoming bowed down with work and age, and yet she pursued her noble vocation. One by one the members of her young family left her humble dwelling to earn bread for themselves, which they did so soon as they were able. The two girls got places as governesses; but you know how scanty is the pittance paid for female teaching, and it was years before they could contribute anything out of their earnings to help to maintain their old and now infirm father. They were glad enough at first to find a home, so that they could but relieve Annie Briggs of the burden of their maintenance.

The boy, John, had also been early put to a trade. The father wanted to make him a merchant, as he had been himself; but Annie, for once, overruled the judgment of "the master," as she still termed the old gentleman, and insisted that John should be put to a trade which would the soonest enable him to maintain himself. And she carried her point: the boy was put apprentice to a machine-maker.

At length, when the girls had gone to their several governess places, and John's apprenticeship over, he entered upon a situation abroad, with many promises that he would send money home for his father's support as soon as he was able—the old pair, Annie and her master were left to themselves. Though Annie was the support of the household, and had throughout been the mainstay of this family, strange to say, her relation to them had never changed: old Mr. Reynolds was still "master," and Annie waited on him and did his bidding as his "servant." Age and disappointment it had made him querulous, too, and he would now and then burst out into brief fits of ineffectual rage, which would have been ludicrous for one in his situation, were they not also so humiliating and so melancholy. These two aged beings, the one so much indebted to the other lived almost alone in the world. For many long hours Annie would be absent at her charring, and when she came in, worn out and exhausted—for she was growing daily feebler,—she was not unfrequently saluted with a scowl and a scold. "What can have kept you so long? You will kill me with your neglect, you will!" And Annie would then implore her "master" to forgive her, for that "she could not help it," but "would take fewer jobs for the future."

One day, on her return from a forenoon's charring, she found her old master lying senseless and speechless. He was stricken by palsy,—perhaps the result of low living. She tended him for two months, and expended her last store of savings on drugs and doctors; but it was all in vain. The old man

died, and she followed her dear old master almost alone to his grave.

She was now getting old and infirm, with only the prospect of the parish and its cold charity before her, having exhausted her store of strength in the desperate effort to maintain her independence, and to retain the blessings of a home, miserable and poverty-stricken though it was—when a letter reached her. It was from John Reynolds, of whom she had begun to despair—settled far away from England as he was. But his letter, though long in coming, gave her new life. The young man was doing well and thriving; and he enclosed the first fruits of his honest toil abroad, in the shape of a small sum of money as a help to support her in her old age. She did not value the money so much as the feelings of gratitude which the letter displayed. She now felt that all her toil was rewarded, and she could lay down to sleep in quiet. She had faithfully fulfilled her promise given by the bedside of her dear mistress so many years ago. She had indeed nobly performed her life's work. And the last days of Annie Briggs, the old charwoman, were days of peace—truly of the peace that passeth knowledge.

POP GOES THE QUESTION.—"Pop goes the question," has often led people a very pretty dance. It has been a pop that has always been exceedingly popular, and is revived from time to time, as much from necessity as fashion. The step is a very decided one; but though usually regarded as difficult, yet a little boldness and address is all that is required to make the gentleman a rapid proficient.

The steps are taken as follows:—Gentleman advances and bows to lady; chassex to lady's side; hands across; balances, and set (on a chair). Lady (makes) advances, and retreats (into herself); gentleman follows (up his advantage), and balances (on the chair); lady's chain (of endearments); cavalier seul; set (to work); right and left (with small talk); heads round (with excitement); down the middle and up again (with prepared speeches); gentleman takes lady's hand; lady withdraws it; pousette; right and left; hands across; gentleman drops on one knee, and turns the lady (to his purpose); grand round (of arm about the waist). *Pop goes the Question!*

This step is generally concluded by the figures joining hands, and uniting in a ring. The usual finale to the step is *childish* in the extreme.

SHAVING BY MACHINERY.—The only shaving by machinery that we are acquainted with is Shaving the Ladies as practised in the linen-draper's shops; and that is done in such an easy off-hand manner that the operation has become quite mechanical.

DISCOVERY IN A CROOK HOUSE.—The reason why a waiter always wears pumps, is because his business is to dance attendance.

HINT TO THE HOOKED.—If you desire to be released from a rash promise of marriage, breath vows of love continually after eating onions.

ABBOTT'S NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM THOMAS HALEY.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

WE have, all of us seen, at least on this side of the Atlantic, the fairest prospect of prosperity that the world has seen since "God said let there be light and there was light;" and it is our duty, it is the duty of every one of us, from the highest to the humblest, to protest against everything, and to oppose every one, by which, and by whom such fair prospect seems at all likely to be blighted. The steamship, the railroad, the wonder-working telegraph; shall we allow these to become the mere working tools of mad and ambitious tyrants? When this vast continent is just beginning to see its mighty tracts of wilderness converted into smiling fields and thriving cities, shall we without resistance see those fields and cities, wasted and made desolate by ruthless war, because, forsooth! a Czar, following up the traditional policy of his, by no means too respectable, ancestors, would fain add Turkey to his already too vast dominions; or, a self-created Emperor would imitate the foreign aggression, as he has already imitated the domestic usurpation, of the most ruthless and widely destructive aggressor that the world has ever seen? We ought not, we dare not, we *will* not! Peace, is the grand requisite, and peace we must have. True it is that we have right little confidence in the mere charistans who, forming themselves into small peace societies, talk fluent nonsense, look complacently around them, and cry, "Peace, peace!" where there is no peace! These men as we well know, cannot discern, or at all events cannot comprehend, the signs of the times. We have neither hope nor confidence in them; blind leaders of the blind are they, and we will neither trust them, nor, so far as we can make ourselves heard by the toiling millions, will we allow those millions to trust them. But we have great, almost unlimited confidence in a truly enlightened public opinion, and we trust, even yet, to hear the expression of such a public opinion telling, in tones of thunder, to all would-be usurpers and aggressors, that the day for their permanent triumph has gone by, wholly and forever.

We trust that we shall live to see the public criminal as completely amenable to public opinion, as helplessly liable to public and condign punishment, as any private criminal. We trust that for the time to come no new Napoleon, however unprincipled and however reckless, will find it possible to make any thing like a permanent conquest of the rights and the interests, the treasure and the blood, of his fellow-men. Against the advocates of tyranny, we invoke enlightened public opinion; against the tyrants themselves, we invoke the stern exercise of public force. Charles, of England, and Louis of France, were (as in the latter case we shall by and by have occasion to show,) sacrificed for the sins and the follies of others, made 'scape goats for the crimes which were either actually committed or made, humanly speaking, inevitable long years before they had birth. They were not executed, but murdered; but it by no means results from our detestation of murder, that, therefore, we should shrink from recommending the solemn trial and the condign punishment of the murderer; and who is he that will venture to affirm that the murder of thousands upon the battlefield is less a crime than the murder of one solitary victim on the highway or upon his own hearthstone? Is the pillage of a nation a smaller crime than the plunder of one poor cottage? Because a man has committed the one great crime of usurping authority, shall we be so base as to give him not merely absolution, but applause for all the "imperial" crimes he may commit in the name, and by the aid, of that authority? Yet this is what is done by all the fulsome eulogists of Napoleon the First. Even for the sake of abstract truth, even for the mere love of historical justice, we would protest against such slavish eulogy, but we are doubly bound to protest against it, to denounce it, and to render it powerless, when we know that it can remain powerful only to the world's great injury. Peace, we repeat it, is the one great want of the civilized nations of our time; and to that peace none are more insidious or more dangerous enemies than those who, by palliating past tyrannies, and falsely lauding a dead tyrant, encourage other tyrants to arise, in their fell and reckless might, to endanger that peace.

Taking this view alike of the past and the

present, we shall with a stern and steady hand, lift the veil which the utterly venal or the utterly mistaken have thrown over the real and hideous lineaments of the first Napoleon's character. If any of his or of his usurping relatives' admirers shall feel aggrieved at our plain speaking, they have only to thank themselves. Had they been but prudently silent, we had been silent also. But they have made it our duty to our maligned country, and to our whole long suffering humanity, to defeat all attempts at casting further imputations on the one, or inflicting new miseries on the other. A sacred duty, that; a duty from which we *dare* not flinch! We *dare* not be silent when men would apologise for the crimes, the meanness, the falsehood, the terribly selfish injustice, of one tyrant, and thus throw a false halo round the crimes, and offer an additional premium to the criminal perseverance, of another.

We repeat it; the crimes of the first Napoleon merited, if human crime ever can merit it, the extreme punishment of death. We

shall show that clearly, and in detail. May the exhibition truly and convincingly hold the mirror up to the evil natures alike of those who would tyrannise, and of those who would pay servile homage to tyranny, past, present, or to come!

We have, we trust, pretty clearly shown that the mere childhood of Napoleon, far from being amiable and free from all cruel bias, as his new Historian so laboriously, but with so ludicrous an ill success, endeavors to convince the world that it was; did in reality exhibit unmistakable tokens of those evil passions which only needed time and opportunity, to render them a curse and a calamity to the human race. We shall now proceed to examine in rather more detail, some of the great achievements of his manhood, giving him full credit for all that he did of really good, or of really great; but taking care that it shall, at least, be no fault of ours, if his New York advocates deceive the world into the suicidal folly of calling his meannesses *grandeurs*, or his crimes—*virtues*.

CHAPTER II.

Is our former chapter, we proposed to proceed at once to the youth and manhood of Napoleon; and a careful reperusal of Mr. Abbott's account of that unscrupulous and ruthless conqueror's boyhood has served but to confirm us in that design. Not that we have by any means exhausted what might be said either, as to our author's slovenly arrangement of his intrepidly borrowed materials, or as to his at once strikingly unfair, and strangely inconsistent commentaries upon them. But, childhood and mere boyhood are, after all, of comparatively little consequence to the historian and the politician, save as being indicative of the real nature of him with whose nature and, (whether for good or evil,) really potent and influential deeds, the Historian and the Politician have a real and important concern.— Leaving, then, the child Napoleon's duck pond and yard dog, and the boy Napoleon's cannon and snow fort, to the partial and tender care and keeping of Gotham's authors, we proceed to examine, as briefly as may be, the state of France, and Napoleon's own position, when Napoleon really commenced active and influential life, as a young and, as we cordially confess, a most promising officer of French Artillery.

All writers on the sanguinary French Revolution, not even excepting Sir Walter Scott have, as it seems to us, failed to to give sufficient consideration to the character and conduct of Louis the Fifteenth, as one of its chief causes. To us, that monarch has always appeared to have been, though remotely, one of the chief authors of the French Revolution, the chief though indirect Executioner of the truly unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth. But for the at once reckless and filthy extravagance of Louis XV, the horrible disgusting Sultan of the foul Seraglio, known as the Deer Park, the French finances neither would nor could, so early as the reign of Louis XVI, have fallen into a state of such inextricable confu-

sion and ruin, as defied the regenerating power of Necker and his less conspicuous but, probably, not less skilful, financial colleagues and subordinates; and but for the evil influence which the example of Louis XV, and his equally vile court had upon the morals of all ranks and conditions of the French people, the French Revolution, even *had* financial embarrassments given rise to it, would never have been attended by such frightful butcheries, nor by the spectacle, unexampled alike in its horror and in its worse than brutal folly, of a whole people proclaiming itself atheist, destroying the altars and slaying the priests, and then setting up, on a pedestal a half-naked Harlot, and paying homage to her as the Goddess of Reason. The Goddess and her self consecrated priests; (most of whom well knew how little she was under the influence of any strait laced prejudices in the way of decency of either word or deed), the Goddess, we say, and her priests, and her worshippers, were extremely well worthy of each other. But, far, as our readers must already be aware that we are, very far, from palliating the brutal follies, or the brutal cruelties of the Revolutionary French, in the time of the unhappy Louis XVI, and for many a day later, we still maintain that not all their folly, still less all their cruelty, fiendish as it was, can justly be attributed to them only. For the greater portion of both the folly and the cruelty, we hold that the detestable Louis XV and the even more detestable pimps, male and female, who filled his Seraglio called the Deer Park* with mistresses of from twenty down to (oh, horror of horrors!) nine years of age, were, and are accountable, alike in the sight of man, and in the sight of God. It was utterly impossible that such reckless extravagance and such bestial vices, as those of Louis

* *The Rare and Curious; all the horrors of which are known only to those who have read the graphic *Mémoires des vieux Châteaux de France*, or our honest English translation of that work.*

XV and his court, could fail to have the most fatal effect at once upon the public morals and upon the public finances; and it was impossible that such vice and extravagance should fail to render the people, in general, frightfully vicious, and practically infidels, and hopelessly, poor and distressed. The dreadful fate and previous suffering and humiliations of Louis XVI, his Queen, the Princess de Lamballe, and other illustrious victims, to say nothing of the thousands who subsequently fell in the internecine drownings, fusillades, and guillotining, among the revolutionary factions themselves, were, we repeat it, but the obvious and inevitable consequences of the odious immoralities, and debasing, as well as brutallizing, conduct of Louis XV, his pimps, male and female, and his detestably servile and compliant ministers. A good monarch, circumstances favouring his efforts, *may* do much towards elevating even the worst of his subjects in the moral scale, and towards elevating the most needy and degraded of them in the social scale; but a bad monarch, especially when his vices are of the expensive kind, *must* impoverish those of his subjects who have anything of which he can deprive them, and must demoralize all his subjects, whether rich or poor. So it was with that wretched and fatal Louis XV, and, of all the great causes of the French Revolution, the fatal legacy he left to France of debt, distress, and all but universal immorality, was, we firmly believe, the chief. It was one, too, which a far firmer monarch than Louis XVI, and a far abler financier than Necker, would have found it impossible, in all probability effectually and permanently to make head against. Amid general corruption of morals, the virtuous can do but little, comparatively speaking, towards the reformation of morals; and amidst extreme and almost universal distress, necessarily aggravated by the general corruption of morals, the wealthy few, however benevolently inclined, can do, but little toward the general relief.

Already, even when the plaudits and rejoicings of the giddy and unreasoning people hailed the marriage and the accession of the amiable, but no less weak and irresolute Louis XVI, the foundations of that disastrous Revolution which cost both him and his

illustrious Austrian bride both their throne and their lives, were laid, broad and deep, alike in the upper and in the lower classes of society; in the former, corruption, in the latter deep and unpitied distress; in all, the most detestable immorality, had prepared the way and made the paths straight for the human fiends of the Revolution, for the Dantons, the Robespierres, and the Marats, who were to destroy the altar and the throne, only to be themselves, in their turn, destroyed by the subordinate demons whom they *had* had the power to unloose, indeed, but whom they had not the power, and the spell to remand to their native Hades, until their dread mission of destroying and of purifying was fully accomplished. Already, we repeat, when Louis XVI, and his giddy and extravagant, though beautiful young queen, were hailed, whithersoever they went, with loud plaudits by the unthinking, the foundations were laid, broad and deep, for the great and terrible Revolution; and those foundations were laid, chiefly, by the at once boundlessly extravagant and frightfully immoral, Louis XV, that worst of modern Kings, who was not only sinful and most disgustingly vicious himself, but the cause of sin and the grossest vice in others.—No truly clear and precise understanding, then, of either the cause or the workings of the French Revolution can ever be obtained by those who neglect to apportion due weight and consequence, to the frightful effects which had long previously been produced or prepared by the, about equal extravagance and immorality, of Louis XV.

Let us not be mistaken; though we look upon that evil monarch as having been the chief author of the Revolution, other causes it undoubtedly had, but he it was who rendered them disastrously, and, humanly speaking, irresistibly active; his conduct it was that fused, as it were, many scattered evils into one vast evil, which neither Heaven nor earth could tolerate.

We are well aware that the *Grand Monarque*, Louis XIV, did not a little during his long reign towards preparing evil days for his successors. The pomps and vanities—to say nothing about the immoralities—of his court, and the warlike achievements of his armies, were alike prejudicial to the real welfare and permanent safety of that France which, during

so many years, all but worshipped him as being something more than merely human. "The philosophers," too, in unchristianizing the French people, necessarily, though perhaps in most cases undesignedly, and even unconsciously, did just so much towards revolutionizing them. Teach a people to revolt against religion, and they will not long be obedient to the civil power; lead them to consider it a virtuous and high-minded thing to deny their God, and it will be strange, indeed, if they long continue to acknowledge their king. But fully admitting the evil influence of both *le Grand Monarque*, and of those of the philosophers, who were so busy in his own reign, and that of his immediate successor; making also the fullest allowance for the evil influence of that worst of regents, the Duc d'Orleans, who sowed vice broad cast, alike by practice and by precept, by his own example and by the encouragement which he gave to other evil men to rival him in every description of iniquity; we nevertheless maintain, once and for all, that it was to the fatal influence of Louis XV; that Louis XVI, his family, and his subjects chiefly owed the surpassing horrors and enormities, of the great French Revolution.

We have ventured to dwell upon this point at the greater length, and with an even iterative emphasis, because it seems to us to have been hitherto wholly neglected, or only very insufficiently regarded by other writers, and also because we feel fully convinced that, without the fullest and most mature consideration of this point, it is impossible to do anything like justice, either to the difficulties of Louis XVI, and the loyal few, or to give a clear insight into the secret springs and causes of the proceedings of the mildest of the Girondists, or the fiercest and most criminal of the Jacobins and their assistant demons, the mere *canaille*.

It is no part of our purpose, or of our duty to enter at any considerable length into the details of the French Revolution; but, without devoting some few pages to these details, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to show so clearly as we think it requisite that we should show, the state of public affairs in France when Napoleon made his appearance upon the stage of public life; that stage upon which he was so soon, and for so long a period,

to play so conspicuous a part. Fortunately, these preliminary observations will be but few and brief; merely such as clearly to place before the reader that state of affairs of which Napoleon, at once so promptly, sternly, and dexterously took advantage.

When Louis XVI ascended the throne, France, as we have already remarked, was both greatly exhausted and greatly demoralized; such, indeed, was the general and excessive corruption of morals, that no dexterity and success in the improvement of the finances could either permanently or to any great extent have benefitted the country, unless the young king, instead of his own mildness and irresolution, had possessed the iron will and the iron hand, too, of a Cromwell or a Napoleon. and, unhappily, besides the natural misfortune of a weak and too gentle nature, the young monarch had the additional misfortune of being married to a princess whose unreflecting and incorrigible extravagance was to the full as remarkable as her grace of manner, and her real goodness of heart. Even before the first unmistakable peals of the Revolutionary thunder burst upon the ears of the startled king and his court; Marie Antoinette on more than one occasion,—and especially on that of the only too celebrated Diamond Necklace case, and the consequent scandal thrown alike upon the court and the church,—gave, by her want of reflection, opportunities to her own and her royal husband's enemies to accuse her to the distressed, and therefore doubly credulous people, of an extravagance far greater and more mischievous than she either was, or at any period could possibly be, guilty of; even had she been as thoroughly reckless as her worst enemies would fain have represented her as being. Extravagant she was. It would be at once a base and an utterly useless treason against truth either to deny or palliate that extravagance. We have always blamed her alike for extravagance and a certain levity which was justified neither by her German education nor by her French position; but we blame her only as we would blame the incautious child who should play with fire in the neighborhood of a powder mill. She, no doubt, did incautiously, and in that at once ignorant and innocent levity, which is so little dangerous under some circumstances, and so decidedly and awfully

fatal under others, do her part towards scattering those sparks which *fired the powder*; but the powder which folly and weakness, and a pardonable, because all but childish levity, thus fired, *the powder was placed there by others*. That Marie Antoinette was guilty of a most unwise extravagance, is, we repeat, only too certain; but had she been the most penurious of princesses, had she lived on bread and water and been clad in linsey-wolsey, her economies would have been to the state wants, but as a drop of water to a mighty river. Her extravagance was mischievous, inasmuch as it added one more item to the numerous prejudices, which, some well, and some ill-founded, were already aroused in such terrible activity against her doomed husband and sovereign. Thus far as regards her much talked extravagance, thus far and no farther Marie Antoinette mischievously erred; and alas, alas! fearfully was her error punished!

That Louis XVI *was* both weak and irresolute; we, detesting the murderous violence of his enemies as we do, cannot and will not deny; but had he been as firm as he unhappily was weak, it must surely be confessed that the difficulties of his position were terrible, and that their name was legion. Consider: his treasury not merely empty, but immensely in arrear, owing to the extravagance of his predecessors; his people for the most part, distressed and ignorant; the infidel and antimonarchical writings of the "philosophers," the only bible for which they had either ears or hearts; his queen extravagant, and his court, immersed in criminal or silly pleasures, too indolent to resist rabble outrage while resistance might still have proved practicable, and too haughty to assume humility when their show of the old aristocratic spirit might hasten alike the destruction of their sovereign and themselves, but could in no probability save either him or them. A talking and philosophising few who fancied that they could show the masses the way to bind the king in constitutional fetters, and yet prevent them from infringing the liberties or aiming at the life of that king; and, to crown all, ministers who hoped to appease the multitude by publishing elaborately detailed proofs of the nation's wants and distresses, without suggesting anything like a practicable plan for a speedy, far less a per-

manent, remedy of evils so widely spread and so appalling; a numerous and fierce, and—for let us not do even them injustice!—a highly and variously gifted body of demagogues, avowedly determined to ruin the monarchy, at whatever cost, and having the mighty, suffering, and deluded masses entirely at their command for evil, but as entirely uncontrollable by them for good; surely these were elements in the unhappy king's position which must have bewildered, and might have crushed, the wisest and firmest sovereign that ever wielded sceptre.

We do not intend to copy into our pages the melancholy details which so many historians have already, with indubitable accuracy, and with prolixity to spare, given of those sad, disgraceful, and harrowing events which preceded the murder of the King and the commencement of the Reign of Terror. Our readers are already aware how, listening now to the courageous, and anon to the timid, now to the politic, and then to the merely and blindly cunning, the unhappy King changed his opinions and his conduct as often as he changed his advisers; and scarcely in a single instance adopted a new line of policy, but to render his person more hateful to the deluded multitude, and the safety of both his crown and his person more utterly hopeless. It would be painful to linger over such details, even did the nature of our task render it necessary to do so, as it assuredly does not; we gladly, therefore, leave them to the legitimate historians, who already have so graphically and faithfully given them, in Gotham and elsewhere, an unenviable pre-eminence.

We have, however briefly, sufficiently pointed out the leading causes, both remote and immediate, of the terrible discontents against which the unhappy Louis XVI, with scarcely a single natural or acquired qualification for his fearful and gigantic task, was called upon to make head. Let us suppose the long and arduous struggle over, the King, his Queen, and their devoted, but, alas! powerless friends, slaughtered, and the masses at once more wretched and more furious for their success—squalid and pitiable in their vain cries for bread, and hideous in their tiger-like screams for blood, blood, still and ever, more blood!

Turn we now, then, to our proper subject,

that Napoleon, who was so long the terror and the scourge of the civilized world, and whose real character the enemies of British fame, and of British weal, have striven, and now once more are striving, to surround with a false and brilliant halo.

Corsican by birth, and from his very boyhood the avowed enemy of "the French" and of the "aristocracy," young Napoleon owed his education, as we have seen, to aristocratic recommendation and to the munificence of the French crown; and to the same patronage, he, on leaving Brienne, owed his appointment to the, at that time by no means easily obtained, post of second lieutenant of artillery. It is, as we indicated at the commencement of this second chapter of Mr. Abbott's eccentric performance, at this point of Napoleon's life that our review of the misrepresentations of his newest biographer, really and fitly commences; and here we deem it necessary clearly to lay down the principle upon which we intend to proceed in the performance of our task. On the one hand, we yield to no man in our admiration of all that was really great in the genius, or really good in the acts or in the aspirations, real or professed, of the First Napoleon; but, on the other hand, we are profoundly impressed by the truth of those brief but most significant words of Sir Walter Scott, who, in his preface, says:—"His splendid personal qualities, his great military actions, and political services to France, will not, it is hoped, be lessened in the narrative. Unhappily, the author's task involves a duty of another kind, the discharge of which is due to France, to Britain, to Europe, and to the world. If the general system of Napoleon had rested upon *FORCE* or *FRAUD*, it is neither the greatness of his actions nor the success of his undertakings that ought to dazzle the eyes or stifle the voice of him who adventures to be his Historian." Noble words these, of which we shall be ever mindful! Would that Mr. Abbott had been so; but, unhappily, he seems to read them as the wizards of the old day said their *pater noster*—backwards!

When Napoleon received his first appointment in the artillery, he was in his seventeenth year; but he had already given proofs of a reflective and deeply calculating spirit; and it is due to his memory to say that if his

new rank and his gay uniform pleased him, his pleasure was manifested, not in the vanity and *idleness* which almost universally mark the boy officer's first step, but by a more than usually close application to his mathematical studies—those studies, which he well knew to be only second, and scarcely second, to personal courage, in their importance to him in his new career. He had, in addition to his natural energy and ambition, that strongest and (when not so excessive as to wound the spirit too deeply) that best of stimulants to exertion—poverty.

It is true that Mr. Abbott's pages have told us that Charles Bonaparte, the Corsican lawyer, was able to "provide a competence" for his numerous family; but the case would have been more accurately stated, if it had been said, that though he was able to support his children in something like comfort and respectability during their earlier childhood, he, in fact, partly owing to the "troubles" in Corsica, left his widow and children in a state not very far from actual poverty; and at the very time when young Napoleon obtained his first commission in the army, his mother was in absolute poverty, and burdened, too, with a heavy family. We are of opinion that this was by no means the least importantly beneficial to him, at the least in a worldly point of view, of all the numerous circumstances which worked together to make him the untiring student, and prematurely grave and retiring young man he then was. With a greater command of means, it is far from improbable that, merely from that pride which formed so dominant an element in his character, he would have emulated, instead of sardonically spurning, the expensive and frivolous pursuits of his aristocratic brother officers, and would thus have lost much, not only of the actual fruits of his solitary studies at this period, but also that invaluable *habit* of study and self-denial which he then formed. Probably, in his after life, he would himself have taken this view of the case; but at the time he seems to have been deeply stung by his poverty as contrasted with the wealth of so many of his military companions, upon whom, justly and, indeed, inevitably looked upon as his inferiors.

Napoleon's New York biographer, with his usual felicity, takes occasion in this part of

his very novel performance, at once to heap the most unmeasured praise upon his hero, in the way of commentary, and by a single anecdote utterly to disprove by far the most important of all the eulogies which he had previously heaped upon him! That we may not be accused of speaking with an unjust degree of harshness of the inconsistency of this plagiaristic biography, we shall presently quote and comment upon the anecdote in question, and we venture to believe that our readers will confess, that if ever man possessed an unenviable power of self-refutation, that power is pre-eminently the property of our new biographer of Napoleon.

During the first seven years of Napoleon's military life, but little more can be said of him, than that he moved with his regiment from garrison to garrison, and suffering much in temper, and perhaps in heart, from his penury, was all that time under immense obligations to it for habitual seclusion—a seclusion which, such a mind as his, necessarily spent in study. At this time, he was, in words at least, an ardent republican; Mr. Abbott, who tells us this, as he tells us almost everything else, on the strength of unacknowledged authorities, does not think it necessary to perceive the inference, viz. that, even thus early, Napoleon had formed the determination on which he acted to his last hour, of making use of everything that could aid him. Self, from the cradle to the grave, was Napoleon's real idol, and it is very clear to us that at this time he, hating the aristocracy for its social superiority to himself, was a solitary Girondist, anxious for the abatement of the monarchy of which he was the paid servant, and for the destruction of aristocratic privileges, especially in the matter of military promotion, not because he thought either monarchy or aristocracy bad *per se*, but simply because he thought that a change in the state of public affairs would open a higher prospect for Napoleon Buonaparte. That he was ever, even for a single hour, a sincere Republican, it seems impossible for any one to believe, who attentively watches even the earlier days of his celebrity. His new Biographer who finds him so unexceptionable as an Emperor, seems to think that he was equally so as a Republican, though that same sincere Republican wore the king's uniform, and ate the king's bread. For our

own part, we confess that there is no part of Napoleon's whole career which puzzles us so much as this does. We are told that, whenever he did go into company, he made himself conspicuous by the fervency of his harangues in favor of Republicanism; and that *so* fervid, or, in plain English, so violent, was the young officer, that he made a great many enemies among the better classes, and on one occasion actually provoked a whole company of well bred people loudly to protest against his arrogance, and the mischievous tendency of his remarks. We say that this portion of his life puzzles us; and it really does so. We are by no means surprised that he, Corsican born, and only a very short time previously the avowed hater of the French nation, should thus early and thus violently interfere in the politics of a country of which he was a subject only by recent conquest, and of which he was a soldier only by aristocratic patronage and royal sufferance, far less are we surprised that he should take the Republican side, seeing, as so sagacious an observer needs must have seen, that partly by the vigour, ability, and unscrupulousness of the mob leaders, and partly by its own weakness and the tremendous difficulties of every sort by which it was surrounded, the French monarchy was doomed, not to say, effete. All this seems to us to be quite in keeping with the intense selfishness which we believe to have been his one fixed principle from his cradle in Corsica to his grave in St. Helena. Scott says that when Napoleon was spoken to on the anomaly of an officer in the royal army siding with the Republicans, he answered, "Had I been a general officer, I should have been a Royalist—being a subaltern I am a Republican." We firmly believe this anecdote, which Mr. Abbott has *not* given, to be true to the letter; few as the words are they bear internal evidence of being Napoleon's own; and whole volumes could not more accurately depict the character of the man. In that concise sentence, we find the key to everything that he ever did, from butchering a royal duke at midnight, to bullying an ambassador in his own consular audience chamber, and that, too, in a style of vulgarity of which even *his* sycophants could not but hint their disapproval. What we are astonished at, as regards this portion of Napoleon's life, is, that, living, as he necessarily

did, among military officers, who are almost without an exception gentlemen, he was not either cashiered by his superiors, or called out and run through the body by some one of his equals. But all the circumstances of that time were anomalous, and the friends of royalty seem to have thought of discipline only when it could not be enforced, and to have felt the fiery and sensitive devotion of the soldier to his sovereign only when it might possibly injure, or even ruin that sovereign, but could by no possibility benefit him.

To follow the very excursive and eccentric course of some compilers, would be to waste our own time and space without either benefit or amusement to our readers. We have already with correctness described all that is *narrative* in Mr. Abbott's book when we said that *all of it that is true is not new*; there is not a single fact of importance in the Life of Napoleon as given in this compilation which has not been patent to "all the world and his wife" for more than a quarter of a century past, and, as though this mere repetition of old stories were not bad enough, the arrangement is as utterly ridiculous as if the most ingenious design and most persevering labor had been bestowed upon rendering it so. From Napoleon, the mere child at Corsica, to Napoleon the Emperor, and from the Emperor back to the second Lieutenant of Artillery, such are the slight irregularities to which all must submit who determine to addict themselves to Napoleon's studies in Mr. Abbott's page. All that the writer has done either to exaggerate the merits of his hero, or to vituperate Britain might, by a writer of half his bile and more tact have been done, and more effectually done, too, in about sixteen of the octavo pages. He would have spared himself the trouble of "cutting out and pasting" and us the still greater trouble of reading, all that relates to the hackneyed anecdotes of Napoleon, had he hit upon some such title as "Napoleon the Friend of the Free, *verrus*, Britain the invader of every nation, the assassin of the Duc d'Enghien, and the cold-blooded Butcher of Prisoners of War." He, of course, need not have said a word in proof of the invasion, the assassination, or the butchery; he would, surely, have *taken them for granted*, (as he has so many pages of other men's anecdotes)

and then he could have printed, just as they now stand, his own precious tit bits and have spiced them up with a few anti-British "leaden articles" from some of the world's hundred and one slang newspapers. No doubt, had he done this, we should still have blamed him, as we now do, for an evident, and most unhandsome attempt at blackening the character of Britain by white-washing that of Napoleon; but, at least, he would not have been open to the charge of having without due acknowledgment borrowed right and left from other authors, and of having used his materials as clumsily as he conveyed ("*convey*, the wise it call;" saith Corporal Nym) them intrepidly and unscrupulously.

We, who have in view only *justice to all*, cannot afford either time or space for following so eccentric an author through all his gyrations and circumgyrations; through movements hither and thither, forward and backward, round and round, so numerous, so sudden, so strange, so utterly irreconcilable to any of the known rules of art, that we can only account for them on the supposition that our ingenious author has taken, among his many "takings," a hint from the gipsies, who when they steal a fair child, never fail so to darken its complexion that its own anxious parents would never know it again. We, however, as we have already said, cannot consent to follow, step by step, so eccentric an author. Our great purpose is to show that Napoleon was *not* the great and amiable man our author has, for purposes already mentioned, misrepresented him as being, and to show what Napoleon really *was*. We desire to write in something like an orderly fashion, and therefore we shall presently part company with Mr. Abbott, *taking him up as we want him* at the fitting stages in our own rapid view of the real character of Napoleon as proven by some of the most important events of his life as General, Consul, Emperor and Exile, and we promise Mr. Abbott that, though we will do full justice to his hero, we will spare neither hero, nor biographer, where we see occasion for censure. Before, however, we temporarily part company with our—in one sense of the word, at least—diverting biographer, we must imitate him; yes, we must actually imitate him for once by quoting an anecdote from him, as he has

himself quoted it, that is to say, without the slightest respect to chronology. It will be remembered that we spoke of an especial anecdote which we opined would abundantly suffice to prove Mr. Abbott's utter want of consistency. It would interfere with our own arrangement to give it elsewhere, but it is far too rich to be altogether unnoticed by us, so here it is, just as we find it in Abbott's page, and with only the slightest touch of complimentary commentary from our own pen.

In the course of our first notice of Mr. Abbott, we had occasion to show the singular inconsistency that existed between his anecdotes and his commentaries, and more especially on the subject of Napoleon's alleged freedom from cruelty. But his performance in this especial line of facetious mystification was not yet at an end; like a wise and kindly host, he kept his very best wine for a later hour in the banquet; and accordingly we have the following, which we take to be equal in genuine fun to anything in Joe Miller, or out of that venerable encyclopedia of old drolleries.

"An incident occurred during this brief period (while Napoleon was serving under General Dumerbion) which strikingly illustrates his criminal disregard for human life. It was then the custom of the convention at Paris always to have representatives in the army to report proceedings. The wife of one of these representatives, a virtuous and beautiful woman, fully appreciated the intellectual superiority of Napoleon, and paid him marked attention. Napoleon, naturally of a grateful disposition, became strongly but fraternally attached to her. One day, walking out with her to inspect some of the positions of the enemy, merely to give her some idea of an engagement, he ordered an attack upon one of the enemy's out posts. A brisk skirmish immediately ensued, and the roar of the artillery and the crackling of the musketry reverberated sublimely through the Alps. The lady, from a safe eminence, looked down with intense interest upon the novel scene. Many lives were lost on both sides, though the French were entirely victorious. *It was, however, a conflict which led*" (we may add which *could* lead) "*to no possible advantage, and (one) which was got up merely for the entertainment of the lady.* Napoleon

subsequently often alluded to this wanton exposure of life as one of his most inexcusable acts. He never ceased to regret it."

This precious anecdote must be dwelt upon for a few moments. Between "criminal disregard of life" and "cruelty," will Mr. Abbott be so kind as to explain the difference? Admitting, as he here does, that Napoleon was guilty of the one, with what face can Mr. Abbott, however much he may hate Britain and desire to elevate the character of the magnificent brigand whom she so righteously smote down; with what face, we ask, can he so emphatically, and again and again, assure us that his hero was innocent of the other? Of Mr. Abbott's talent for self-contradiction we have many proofs, but when, fresh from reading his assurances of Napoleon's innocence of cruelty, we came to *this* contradiction, we confess that for a moment we were staggered and puzzled. It required, however, only a moment's reflection to enable us to clear up the difficulty. Excepting when he slips in a sentimental reflection or a grandiloquent comment of his own, calculated to exalt Napoleon in the public estimation, and proportionally to lower that gallant Britain but for whom the self-crowned brigand would have been the unresisted tyrant of Europe, Mr. Abbott very evidently and invariably substitutes paste and scissors, for pen and ink. How unlucky that he forgot to cut off that opening sentence, about the "*criminal disregard of life.*"

The mawkish conclusion we believe to be Mr. A.'s own rightful property; for few writers out of Gotham, we think, would venture upon such wretched sentimentalism, with Jaffa and Vincennes' Castle ditch at hand in confutation and in shaming! Regret for the failure of a favorite scheme of self-aggrandizement, Napoleon may have often felt; but the regret that implies remorse, that selfish and godless man seems to have been utterly incapable of feeling. Penitence, true penitence, implies atonement and restitution, as far as they are possible, and a steady avoidance of evil similar to that repented of; but he who is thus unblushingly affirmed to have "never ceased to regret" the wanton and cold-blooded sacrifice of a handful of men of two nations, without the slightest chance, even, of any military advantage, and for the mere purpose of

"entertaining a lady," did not allow that "regret" to prevent him from causing the slaughter of tens of thousands of men to just as little advantage, excepting only to himself and his pack of lank and hungry Corsican brothers and sisters, or from ordering the savage midnight murder of a solitary young prince, and the cold-blooded butchery of gallant and unarmed prisoners! Out upon such drivelling attempts to impose upon the common sense of mankind!

But we have not yet quite done with this truly "elegant extract." Having thus clearly proven the utter freedom of his Corsican idol from the base and detestable vice of cold-blooded cruelty, Mr. A. proceeds to show that that same idol was both grateful and magnanimously generous. Just listen to the wisest of the wise men of Gotham! He continues to speak of the "virtuous and beautiful" fair one for whose "entertainment" Napoleon caused men to cut each other to pieces, without even the prospect of military advantage to himself, or to his republican masters.

"Some years after, when Napoleon was First Consul, this lady, then a widow, friendless, and reduced to poverty, made her appearance at St. Cloud, and tried to gain access to Napoleon. He was, however, so hedged in by the etiquette of royalty [eh, consular royalty!] that all her exertions were unavailing. One day he was riding on horseback in the park, conversing with some members of his court, when he alluded to this event, which he so deeply deplored. He was informed that the lady was then at St. Cloud. He immediately sent for her, and inquired with most brotherly interest into all her history during the years which had elapsed since they parted. When he had heard her sad tale of misfortune he said 'But why did you not sooner make your wants known to me?' 'Sire,' she replied, 'I have been for many weeks in vain seeking an audience.' 'Alas!' he exclaimed, 'such is the misfortune of those who are in power.' He immediately made ample provision for her comfort."

We imagine that even the least critical of readers will readily perceive that, short as that precious paragraph is, it yet displays the most consummate art. About the "Sire" and the "etiquette of royalty" we will say nothing, for the Corsican interloper was,

in truth, pretty nearly as much an absolute monarch when called First Consul, as when he had impudently usurped the Imperial crown. But we must not pass by, without all the honor which it deserves, the exquisite particularity with which we are told that Napoleon was "riding on horseback," and "conversing" with "some members of his court!" Bah! and what was he conversing about? About that cold-blooded butchery which he "never ceased to regret!" Was anything out of the pages of a Minerva-press novel—was anything ever written, we ask, so preposterous and at the same time so evidently intended for clap trap? Napoleon, be it remembered, was not at this time indulging in the senile garrulity of his sad St. Helena; he was in the pride of his vigorous intellect, in the full and energetic pursuit of his stern purposes; he would, at that period, at all events, far more willingly have committed half a dozen such atrocities than have confessed to mortal man that he "regretted" it either as atrocity, or blunder. And how opportune, too, his "regretful" gossip upon this atrocity just as "the lady" was at St. Cloud, and unable to get access to him, through his "hedge of etiquette that surrounds royalty!" And how generous of the "courtiers," so long playing the part of the "impenetrable hedge," to mention the presence of the woman they had so obstinately excluded; thus doing good to a poor widow, with a pretty fair prospect of a rap on the knuckles for not having done it sooner! The whole thing reads like—what it is—a romance, and a bitter bad one. Could we write no better romances, could we preserve no greater appearances of truth, could we manufacture no neater plausibilities than these, we would never write another tale, though Mr. * * * should tempt us with *carte blanche* for so doing. But the magnificent absurdity of this most egregious anecdote is not yet quite disposed of. It has all along been quite a rage with the ultra lovers of Napoleon to boast loudly of his liberality, his generosity, and his gratitude; and, of course, Mr. Abbott could not lose so favorable an opportunity as this, of celebrating those remarkable qualities of his hero. "He immediately made ample provision for her future comfort!" How complacently and, above all, how coolly he tells

us this! Ah, Napoleon was so grateful! And at whose expense? What more easy than to give to Paul when you have robbed several millions of Peters? We detest scandal; and, much as we detest the system upon which Napoleon appears to us to have from first to last acted, we would by no means adopt, or even believe, a tithe of the worse imputations contained in the Memoirs attributed to Fouché; and while we are far enough, also, from believing Napoleon to be the Joseph of chastity he is represented to have been, while we are strongly inclined to believe that in this, as in much else, he made caution and secrecy substitutes for virtue: we are by no means inclined, could we avoid it, to attribute criminality to his acquaintance with this "beautiful and virtuous lady," for whose especial delectation he ordered the slaughter of both French and Austrians, under circumstances which rendered military advantage to his command a thing altogether out of the question. But in this case how *can* we help suspecting, at the least, that all was not quite right? We say nothing about the early acquaintance of the equally gallant and *gallant* young officer and the "beautiful and virtuous lady," though we might fairly enough suppose that something beyond mere Platonics must have inspired the sanguinary homage that he paid to her charms; but it is not so easy to get over the precise particularity with which his eulogist assures us that he was "*fraternally* attached to her," and that he inquired "with most *brotherly* interest" into her history during the years which had elapsed since that wanton murder of both friends and foes, which he perpetrated for her amusement, and which he "never ceased to regret." When such a through thick and through thin eulogist as Mr. Abbott thinks it necessary to be thus iterative in defending his hero against an imputation which no one had cast upon him, we confess that we do not feel quite warranted in believing that the connection *was* an innocent one. We would believe it if we could; but his would be eulogist will not allow us to do so. But even admitting, as we do *not*, that Napoleon bestowed "provision for her future comfort," not upon a mistress, but merely upon a widowed and impoverished acquaintance, his generosity was, as we have already said, a mere giving to

Paul after plundering several millions of Peters. In the course of our fair, but unsparring commentary alike upon Napoleon's true character and upon the pages in which it is sought to throw a brilliant, but false halo around his fame, we shall again and again be compelled to notice the acts of what his fulsome flatterers call "gratitude" and "generosity," but what *we* call, just simply giving the picked bones to the jackals. This man entered France an absolute pauper; he had not one shilling of *fairly* acquired money from the moment that he made himself First Consul. He was a splendidly successful robber, we are compelled to admit, but he *was* a robber, nevertheless. The "provision for her future comfort," which he made for this "virtuous and beautiful lady" was, of course, only a very slight tax upon the public resources; but we take this opportunity to point out that in all cases, as in this case, Napoleon's "gratitude" and "generosity" were of that very easy description to which we have already alluded; the mere giving unto Paul, after having robbed several Peters. This is not exactly the proper place in which to do it, but we may just as well state here that we mean, not in vague assertions, not founding mere suspicions upon even such very fair grounds as Mr. Abbott's praises of Napoleon's disinterestedness as to pecuniary matters, but upon facts stated by *Napoleon himself*, tested by that homely, but very infallible means furnished to us by Cocker and Walkinghame, to show that, all the loud trumpeting of his republican friends in Gotham, to the contrary notwithstanding, Napoleon *had*, "an itching palm." We shall take his acknowledged income as General, as Consul, and as Emperor; we shall multiply the income by the years, we shall make only the most moderate deduction for his expenditure, and we shall then show that more than 200,000,000 of francs, which in the third section of his will he so coolly speaks of as being, his "private domain, of which no French law could deprive him, the 40,000,000 which he gave to Eugene in Italy," in the tribulation of the inheritance of his mother, the "two millions in gold with which he debits his very dear and well-beloved spouse, the Empress Marie Louise, the nine thousand pounds sterling (225,000 francs) which he confesses to having given to

Count and Countess Montholon, the 2,000,000 francs which he directs that Eugene shall dispose of in legacies; the six millions which he deposited on leaving Paris in 1815, and an immensity of fixed and moveable property in both Italy and France, we shall show conclusively, that the whole of this enormous fortune was, let his base flatterers call it by what fine name they may, neither more nor less than *accumulated plunder*. We will not insist, though in our own view of the case we very fairly might do so, either upon his personal expenditure as Consul or as Emperor, or upon the magnificent gifts and pensions which, as Consul and as Emperor, he bestowed upon more or less deserving objects; we will confine ourselves most strictly to the property of which he himself gives us an account in his, in many respects *atrocious last-will and testament*, and we will show that every franc and every franc's worth of the vast property there mentioned cannot by any man of commonsense and common honesty, be called by any other name than that of *public plunder*. When the Republicans (forsooth) of America the Free, insult public sense and public decency so far as to hold up such a man as Napoleon as a something to be all but worshipped, as a hero, *sans tache et sans reproche*, when they resort, for the purpose of exaggerating his merits, and of blackening the fame of Britain, to such means, we certainly will not imitate their manifest and very shameful unfairness, but, just as certainly, we will by no means lose one fair opportunity of showing up in their strongest and most glaring colours everything that was base and sordid, as well as everything that was cruel and dastardly, in the character of this so very much overpraised hero, and in all that regards that "itching palm" with which we charge him we shall speak on the *facts and the figures furnished to us by the hero himself*. We have ever looked upon authorship as only another priesthood; as a solemn trust and a sacred duty, and not for the fame of a Napoleon, or for ten times the amount of his *bequeathed plunder*, would we betray such a trust or palter with such a duty, and if there is any one portion of Mr. Abbott's very blame-worthy performance which more than any other portion, annoys and disgusts us, it is his nominal recognition of this lay priesthood and his

real paltering with it. Hating Britain and Britain's strictly and straightly limited monarchy, this gentleman copies from a whole host of preceding historians, biographers, and writers, of more or less authentic *memoirs, pour servir*, and adds only the new which is not true in praise of a successful *Usurper, Tyrant, Murderer and Robber*; and while thus holding up to public admiration a man whose whole life was one long violation alike of man's law, and of the laws of Christianity, just hear how daintily he speaks, this praiser of a dead tyrant, and inferential libeller of a mighty and a noble people, just hear how daintily he speaks of Republicanism, and, after reading what he says about Law and Christianity, wonder, and scorn while you wonder—how the man who thus learnedly prates about Law and Christianity, how this strange "picker up of unconsidered trifles" can set up on a pedestal, for the homage of Hero Worshipers, that Napoleon to whom murder was familiar, and plunder at once a passion and a pastime. "The Republicanism of the United States," says Abbott, the original, "is founded on the intelligence, the Christianity, and the reverence for laws so generally prevalent throughout the whole community. And should that dark day ever come, in which the majority of the people will be unable to read the printed vote which is placed in their hands, and lose all reverence for earthly law, and believe not in God, before whose tribunal they must finally appear, it is certain that the Republic cannot stand for a day. Anarchy must ensue, from which there can be no refuge but in a military despotism."

We will not "break a butterfly on the wheel," or we might point out to Mr. Abbott that he might greatly improve his style by the very simple process of placing his future and present tenses properly; but we will, we must ask him how he dares thus solemnly profane the name of God while putting forth such unblushing praise of the godless alike in word and in deed? Read the vote? *Oui bono*? Given—a rowdy candidate and rowdy mob to back him; required, the value of the vote—or the voter's life? We know our New York as well as our original illuminator of the Abbott's original page can possibly know it, and we tell him that though most of the rowdies and ruffians there may be able

to read the vote which is placed in their hands, there is not from Turkey to Timbuctoo a viler or more terrible despotism than that, under which every man in New York gives his vote for every public officer, from the president to those precious policemen of whom there are at this very moment two in the state prison for *midnight burglary*—for breaking into the house of one of those citizens whom they were both paid and sworn to protect! We state this deliberately, solemnly, not upon hearsay, but upon the evidence of our own senses; and we say further, let all who can "read the vote which is put into their hands," read also Mr. Abbott's *republican* praises lavished upon as vile a tyrant as ever prostituted a magnificent genius, and we dare venture to say that nothing more will be wanted to opening a brave prospect for a Yankee Napoleon—if Yankeeedom can but produce one.

We had intended a page or two back to take a temporary leave of Mr. Abbott, and to commence our own commentary in our own fashion; but we felt that we ought not to lose the opportunity which our discursive author afforded us, of once and for all, protesting against the attribution to Napoleon of the virtues diametrically opposed to those very vices which debased his vast genius, disgraced himself, and cursed mankind. Let our readers be firmly persuaded of this, that if we speak strongly and sternly either of the egregious papers which have challenged us into the lists, or of the great but cruel and crafty genius, Napoleon Bonaparte, we have not written and we will not write one line, nay, not even one word which we are not prepared to verify to the very letter, either by Napoleon's own words, or by those of the most servile and the most sycophantic of his eulogists. There are literary as well as some physical disorders which are, as the vulgar have it, "*catching*," and we have so far caught one vice from the Abbott's pages, that we have by that most unjust page been detained for a brief space from the proper matter of our own. Our readers, however, will readily perceive that dealing with a writer at once so discursive and so dexterously invidious as the New York biographer, it behoved us to mark, sternly and emphatically, "in season and out of season," our dissent from all that Mr. Abbott has (without acknowledgment)

quoted, or without justification in sound logic or in Christian morality, originated, in praise of Napoleon, and therefore, inferentially, in censure of Britain. Having made all proper and necessary use of this opportunity, we shall, as we had already proposed to ourselves, quit our discursive author, to take him up as we want him, from time to time, as we progress in our own commentary upon the least logical, the most unjust, and, excepting for the purpose of public detection, the most entirely useless pages that we ever perused.

Proceed we now, therefore, to take up the career of Napoleon at its real starting point.

Desiring, as far as possible, to avoid the discursive course pursued by Napoleon's newest biographer, we have proposed to dismiss, with mere allusion made in the fewest possible words, all those passages in Napoleon's strange and eventful life, which do not afford us ground for such critical remarks as may tend to effect our main purpose that, namely, of showing that, in despite of his admitted and indisputable genius, and the exaggeration of it by fulsome flatterers of diverse dates, and various degrees of literary incompetency, he was to all intents and purposes a selfish and unprincipled man, a public enemy at once so highly gifted, so perverse and so incorrigible, that England in resisting him, subduing him, and, finally, making him a strictly watched captive, deserved the thanks of the whole civilized world, and performed a duty which she could not have neglected without gross injustice to all the weaker powers of Europe, and equally gross ingratitude to that God who has made her so pre-eminent in arms, in arts, in commerce, and in laws, in external influence, and in internal peace.

Merely referring, therefore, to Napoleon's brief but bitter season of poverty and humiliation as a mere subaltern, now with mere garrison duty, and anon without any employment at all; we need scarcely be much more prolix as to his first really eminent achievement: the siege of Toulon. One of the Corsican deputies, who was also one of the ruffians who voted for the murder of the unfortunate Louis XVI, a man named Salicetti, had at one time been on rather intimate terms with Napoleon in their native island, but, apparently, on both personal and political grounds, they had become fierce and seem-

ingly, implacable enemies. Napoleon, especially, had spoken of Salicetti in terms equally contemptuous and rancorous. But Salicetti had become a somewhat influential Jacobin member of the Convention, and Napoleon, anxious for employment, seems to have understood the art of fawning in adversity, as well as, subsequently, he manifested the taste for trampling when in prosperity, and it seems pretty clear that he owed his first real step in public life, his employment at the siege of Toulon, to the influence and recommendation of that very Salicetti whom he had frequently spoken of as one of the meanest and most dastardly of mankind. Mr. Abbott relates much that took place between Buonaparte and Salicetti in Corsica. He tells us that, when the latter was denounced by the Jacobins and in a position of considerable peril, and had found shelter in the house of their mutual acquaintance, Madame Perinou, Napoleon, then on furlough in Corsica found out his retreat, and, in conversation with Madame Perinou, spoke of Salicetti as being "a villain," for having sought her protection, and thus endangered her. Mr. Abbott occupies very considerable space in giving us the details of this affair, and, throughout, shews, as usual, the strongest possible leaning to his great Idol. He tells us that Salicetti had, some years previously, caused Napoleon to be arrested and sent to Paris, on a charge of having expressed himself too strongly against the then, ruling powers. Mr. Abbott's narrative here, as elsewhere, is destitute of dates and of reference to his authorities, and we are strongly inclined to disbelieve the story, as relates to Salicetti's denunciation of Napoleon, and the arrest of the latter and his trial at Paris, on account of that denunciation. But setting that aside as matter of comparatively little importance, we would ask how it happens that Mr. Abbott has not chosen to say one word about his highminded hero having subsequently deigned, when in poverty and, well as he had already merited employment, almost despairing of obtaining it, how is it, we would ask, that he has said nothing about his highminded hero having obtained that employment at Toulon, which was his first real step in public life, by fawning upon a "villain," or if not actually fawning upon him at the least accepting his influence, the influ-

ence of one whom he had formerly called a "villain," and who had since by his regicide vote, abundantly proved himself to be one? Did our luminous and truth-telling biographer fear that even his grandiloquent powers could scarcely show Napoleon thus availing himself of the influence of a regicide, whom he had denounced as a "villain" without also exposing that which our biographer takes so much pains to conceal—viz: that, in his selfish determination to achieve his own ends, Napoleon knew how to exemplify and practise the "meanness that soars, and pride that licks the dust; and that from flattering a "villain" to fusilading a prince of the blood, all means were equal to him, provided they sufficed to the attainment of his ends. We would recommend Mr. Abbott, either to strike out all that he has said about Salicetti, or to give that man credit (and Napoleon proportionate shame) as the patron by whose aid Napoleon obtained the, as we shall presently show, invaluable opportunity of distinguishing himself at the siege of Toulon.

Although the revolutionary butchers had murdered their king, and although the sanguinary scenes which immediately preceded and followed that foul murder, had greatly and necessarily aggravated that horrible state of the public morals of which we spoke in the preceding chapter; although many who in their hearts detested their tyrants, yet from sheer cowardice, affected the greatest enthusiasm in their cause, and although still more mourned in secret the curse that had fallen upon their beautiful land, and sought their own safety in a profound silence upon the political events of the day, there were not wanting, even in that awful time of sin and terror, brave spirits who dared not only to declare their loathing and detestation for their ferocious oppressors, but also to combat them openly and to the death. Though, as compared to the misguided and ferocious rabble, the truly loyal and brave were but a mere handful, yet so generous was their enthusiasm, and so high their courage, that if, previous to the murder of the king, any really able and devoted general had gathered these brave spirits together into one consolidated force, we are of opinion, the king and his family and friends, might have been saved, and France spared the indelible disgrace of

showing itself a nation of butchers, and of solemnly proclaiming itself a nation of Atheists. To Lafayette and still more, to Dumourier, the glorious opportunity of thus saving the sovereign from death, and the people from disgrace, was more than once providentially offered. But Lafayette, notwithstanding all the high-sounding praises which the so-called republicans of New York are so fond of bestowing upon him, was, in fact, an officer fit enough to head a charge of a single regiment, but by no means fit for anything in the shape of an extensive command; and, moreover, there are several incidents in his career which suggest to us very painful doubts of his ever having been very earnest, if even he ever was quite sincere, in his wish to save the king. Dumourier had all the abilities requisite to the task of saving both the king and the nation, but it is pretty plain, we think, that he was far less inclined to do that, than to play the precise part which was subsequently played by Napoleon. That he actually wished the king's death we will not venture positively to affirm, but that he did wish his deposition as a very indispensable preliminary to his own dictatorship, under whatever title, we have no shadow of doubt; and had he not prematurely developed his hostility towards the Revolutionary ruffians, whose army he was commanding, it seems highly probable that he, instead of Napoleon, would have quelled the mob and established his own authority. But these, the only two men who could possibly have gathered the scattered Royalists together to useful purpose being unequal to the task, or from motives of their own, unwilling to undertake it, those who were still not only faithful to the cause of Royalty in their hearts, but, also, brave enough to peril life and property, for that cause, were isolated, scattered, utterly incapable of saving their king while he yet lived, or of avenging him when he had been atrociously murdered. It was natural under such circumstances, that while the aged and infirm left France in order to save their lives, and such portable property as they could snatch from the general wreck, the youth and the mature manhood of the Royalists also emigrated, but only for the purpose of joining the army of those European sovereigns who seemed at length determined to put an end to that fer-

cious mob government, which threatened to be a curse to the whole civilized world, no less by the impunity which had hitherto attended its vile example, than by the increasing boldness of its vices. Great Britain, ever the seat of *real* freedom, and ever the refuge of the oppressed, and the helpless, as it had been the first to afford shelter to those of the Royalists who only fled for safety, was also the first to afford encouragement to those emigrants who fled, not merely to save themselves, but also to return and save their country. In conjunction with Spain, England fitted out a fleet having on board an army of thirteen to fifteen thousand men, a very considerable portion of whom were Royalist Frenchmen, and with admirable judgment, dispatched this formidable force to Toulon, which, as our readers are aware, is a seaport on the Mediterranean, and was at that time one of the very strongest, and most amply munitioned, arsenals in all Europe. We say, that admirable judgment was shown in the selection of Toulon as the object of this expedition, and a very few words will suffice to show that our sentence is fully justified. Exceedingly strong as the place was, as a fortress, it had the strong recommendation of having within its walls more Royalists, probably, than could have been found in any other town in France, with a population which various accounts differently estimate at from twenty thousand to thirty thousand inhabitants. Previous to the sailing of the united English and Spanish fleet, an active correspondence was kept up between the emigrants in England and the Royalists of Toulon, and between these latter and the Royalists in the south of France, whence many thousands hastened to Toulon, and gave such preponderance to the Royalist power there, that when the combined Spanish and English force arrived, the city, its strong fortifications, its abundant munitions of war, and provisions, and all the shipping that lay in its harbour, were at once surrendered. What more natural than that the Royalists who had gathered together in Toulon should look upon the British and Spanish as friends and deliverers?

There is a sense of insecurity in the beginning of all change; we dread movement until we are fairly roused, and then we seem as if we could never know rest again.

THE PAGOTA.—A VENETIAN STORY.*

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

CHAPTER VII.

THE Albanian and the Dalmatian knew not what to do. The Venetian Archipelago is full of dangerous passages, and the good faith of this old pilot could hardly be called in question. Digia, struck with consternation, interrogated her mother with a look, and the latter observed, with much inquietude, the signs of intelligence which were in course of being exchanged between her husband and the Croat. As for the Frenchman, he seemed fully occupied with the dessert, and kept eating almonds with all the eagerness of a school-boy. At last it was time for him to come to the apples, and then he selected the largest, and asked for a plate. Digia gave him one, and he then pretended to observe for the first time the intense sadness which was depicted on her countenance. He laid down the knife with which he had been about to divide the apple, and asked of Digia, "What's the matter with you, poor child? You seem agitated."

"If we do not go away to-night," responded the Pagota, "I am afraid that I shall never again see Venice."

"Who talk- of not going away to-night?" replied the engineer. "Oh, I recollect," he immediately added, "this honest pilot believes that there is danger, and that we shall not be able to cross the strait. Seat yourself, my brave fellow, and drink first a glass of wine. If we offered you twice the ordinary price to conduct us across the channel, what should you think *then* of the contrary winds and of the reefs?" Reflect a moment on the matter."

"I regret to be obliged to refuse you, mon signor," replied the pilot, "especially since we sailors earn so little. But the sea is our mistress, and we cannot command the winds."

"Diable!" said the Frenchman; "since the glass of wine and the double pay have not been able to calm the waves, I see that the case is serious. And how long do you suppose these contrary winds will last?"

"Three days and three nights, your excellency, at the least, and that, too, without any interruption."

"Then it is just as it is sometimes in our canal of Brazza," said the Dalmatian.

"Exactly," answered the pilot; "the isle of Brazza forms a strait with the mainland exactly similar to this of Pago."

"But we can double the point of Brazza in all weathers," added the Dalmatian, "with a brigantine like mine and a cool-headed pilot."

"Without doubt, your excellency," re-

sponded the pilot; "and in that respect, also it is exactly the same here. Let me be assured that the evil spirits unchained by the foul wind will neither trouble my sight nor my heart, and I will conduct you wherever you wish to go in safety. But there is the difficulty. If the demons who are suffered to roam free in a wind like this should pay me a visit, I should lose heart, and everything would be lost."

"Vive!" cried the engineer. "I knew very well we should go to-night. Here, listen to me for a moment, my brave fellow, and drink another glass of wine. I am a native of a province in France, called La Vendée. There was once, in a little port of my country, a stranger who wished to embark in stormy weather, and cross the arm of the sea which lies between the island of Ré and the mainland. It was evening, and multitudes of light-houses upon points of rock lit up to warn the voyager that certain death awaited him upon the reefs on which they stood, and upon which the waves of the ocean broke with frightful violence. The stranger offered a pilot double the ordinary price, but the old sailor, though a man of courage, dare not expose his life and that of the ship. He knew his trade well enough, and could doubtlessly have conducted the vessel in safety to its destination; but he feared one thing—the demons that on such a night are let loose, as they are here, among the waves which wash that part of the coast of France. However, the stranger, who was dining peacefully with two foreign friends of his, declared that the passage might be made with ease and safety, and sustained his opinion with so much obstinacy and assurance, that the pilot set himself to examine the matter more attentively. I may remark, that this unknown stranger had nothing unusual in his appearance, unless we except a rather long beard and a little hair upon his forehead;" and as the Frenchman said this, he drew his own hair all in front, till it nearly covered his eyes, and stroked his beard out to the utmost length.

When they had served the dessert, the Frenchman took a large apple, and wrapped it in his napkin, then he took a very sharp knife, and said to the pilot, "Supposing, now, that I were to cut this apple to the core with a single stroke, and without cutting the napkin, do you think that the demons of the coast would be able to drown very easily such a man as me?" The pilot swore by all sorts of things, objects of his adoration, that he would go on board immediately if the stranger would show that he had power to do as he said, and to accomplish such a miracle. Accordingly the engineer essayed the task. He struck at the apple with the sharp knife with all his strength, and the blade of the knife penetrated to the apple's heart, and, wonderful to relate, on drawing out the knife, it was

found that the linen was not the least damaged.

The engineer, as though to bring his story more vividly before the eyes of the company he was relating it to, had wrapped an apple up in a corner of a tablecloth, in the fashion that he had been speaking of. He now placed the apple and its envelope in the middle of the table, and taking a knife, struck at it with all his might. Dolomir saw the knife penetrate as far as the core of the apple, and cried out that "it had cut and completely spoiled his tablecloth;" but the engineer drew out the knife, and showed that the tablecloth was still intact, to the great astonishment of the company. This *tour-d'adresse*, very simple when one is acquainted with the way of doing it, was unknown in Pago, and the witnesses (that is, the Pagote portion of them) did not doubt but that the Frenchman would be able to control with the utmost ease the whole of the spirits of the storm, and that he was a mighty sorcerer, if not the devil himself. The old Dalmatian cast a wondering look upon the engineer, who was eating the apple he had cut through with the greatest sangfroid imaginable, and a mock air of perfect innocence. The Albanian, endowed with a less impressible imagination, although he knew not how to perform the trick himself, comprehended that it was a matter of legerdemain, but he feigned an extreme surprise. "Now, then," said he, "there can be nothing to detain us in port, and my brigantine can put to sea without the least risk. If the pilot still hesitates, we will go away without him; for the signor Francois can take the helm; and would to heaven I had never had a worse pilot than I know he can make."

"You have faith," said Francois Knapen to the Albanian, upon whose lips he observed a light half-smile. "Perhaps even I may be capable of conducting your vessel," he then added, "I have never touched a boat's helm yet, it is true, but why should not I be as able a pilot for all that as the signor Francois? Let us see if I cannot cut another apple in the same way as monsieur did. If I succeed, give me the helm, and see how soon we shall all perish together!"

The Croat took an apple, and wrapped it up in the corner of the tablecloth. The engineer watched him with an apparently mocking air, under which, however, in reality was hidden deep inquietude, for he did not know but what the soldier should be as clever at the trick as he was, and equally aware that it was only a trick. But Knapen did not leave the tablecloth sufficiently loose, and it had not room to enter into the apple with the knife. Moreover, he struck his blow obliquely, and the consequence was, that when he drew away the cloth, he exhibited a large hole in it, to the infinite joy of the engineer, the Albanian, and the Pagota, and the vast

amusement of all the witnesses, with the exception of Dolomir.

"Well, my brave fellow, shall we put to sea?" asked the engineer of the old sailor.

"I am entirely at your orders, signor," was the answer of the pilot.

"You have no fear of the spirits, then," asked the engineer, "and neither your hand nor your heart will fail you?"

"No, your excellency, I shall be as though made of bronze."

"Come, then, Digia, get your baggage ready, and embrace your parents; and you, Dolomir, make haste, and give your child your benediction," said the Frenchman.

As soon as these parting ceremonials were over, the engineer took the Pagota's arm, and led her away, followed by the Albanian and the Dalmatian. The wind was blowing with extreme violence, the sea was rolling mountains high, and the heavens, laden with clouds, had the most menacing look imaginable. There was not a vessel to be seen beside the Albanian's brigantine, but it seemed capable of breasting any storm; and the pilot mounted it, and took the helm with the fullest confidence. The brigantine spread out its broad white wings, flew out of the port, and gained the middle of the strait almost instantaneously. Dolomir and his wife seated themselves upon a stone to watch its progress, and saw it manœuvre with ability and precision, and in a few moments to clear the most dangerous portion of the passage, and leave the reefs and breakers far behind it. They then re-entered the house with a pleasant smile, whilst Knapen, who had also been watching the vessel's progress, retired to a distance, that he might keep unseen.

CHAPTER VIII.

To the burning nights of the dog-days had succeeded the tempestuous ones of September, when I found the engineer one evening seated in his accustomed place in the Caffé Florian. I knew that he was as much the enemy of useless writing as of useless words, and I was, therefore, not in the least surprised at having received no letters from him. He had consequently everything to tell me *viva voce*. He did not wait for any questionings, but eagerly announced to me that Digia was in Venice, and then hastened to recount to me all the details of his expedition. Fearing that Marco, in consequence of his light-headedness, would not be properly prepared for the return of his mistress, I went away with the purpose of advising him of it. I had told him, when I left home, to wait for me near the Piazzetta, and thither accordingly I went in search of him. But he was not there. I went again, and there was no gondola—a third time, and still no nicolitto was to be seen. The rascal, accustomed to be principally his

own master, and to have the greater portion of his time at his own disposal, had gone to convey two Englishmen to the convent of the Armerians, and thence to Lido. Coletto and he came the next morning early to apologise for their absence when they were required, and I abridged my reproaches in order to announce the earlier, the arrival of the Pagota. Scarcely had I done so, ere some one knocked gently at the door, and Morco, opening it, found himself face to face with the handsome Muranella; who advanced into the middle of the room, and made me a low curtsy.

"Pardon me," she said, "for coming to importune your excellency so early; but it was absolutely necessary that I should speak to some one who possesses authority over this nicolitto. For the last month preceding my late departure from Venice, your gondolier courted me——"

"And you were quite willing," interrupted the nicolitto.

"Yes, I was quite willing," replied the Muranella, "because I did not know that you had another mistress, a fiancée; but you knew it very well all the time. Just now I have learned that this fiancée has come from Pago in order to marry you, and the news has deprived my poor heart of all its courage and all its hope. But still it is not too late for Marco to choose between us, and I hope and trust that he will choose me; and I beg of you, signor Francais, to intercede with him in my favour, and give him the command to love me as he ought."

"Mon enfant," replied I, "the conduct of Marco is most abominable; but I do not see that I can do anything at all in the matter, except it be to command the rascal to decide the matter this instant. In spite of the serious engagement which he has made with the Pagota, I dare say he will be perfidious enough to prefer you before her."

"Nay, that I shall not, your excellency," said Marco, all unmoved; "the Muranella makes an amusing and coquettish mistress; but in a wife one looks for rather more solid qualities. It is Digia I shall marry."

The eyes of the young girl at this glanced lurid lightning, and she stamped her foot upon the ground, and cried, with vehemence, "you will marry then a girl blind and disfigured; for I will tear her eyes out, and throw them in your face."

The expression of ferocity which lit up her countenance as she said this made her look, for the moment at least, something otherwise than a Madonna; but it soon departed, and was succeeded by a blush of shame. Her lips began to tremble, and she felt that her tears were about to burst forth, and being too proud to weep before us, she precipitately retired. I expected after this that a similar scene would soon be enacted with the little Pagota as chief performer, but I was disap-

pointed. Three days passed away, and she did not appear, nor did any of her old companions among the water-carriers even know that she was in Venice. On the fourth day, however, she re-appeared in her old place around the wells, and commenced afresh to serve her old clients with water. Coletto came to announce to me that he had met her several times, but that she had never deigned to speak to or acknowledge him. Marco watched for her, numbers of times, but with only the like success. See never spoke to him but once, and then she cried from a distance, as he pursued her, that she would have no more to say to him, for he was a deceiver, and took a Pagota for a Muranella. When Marco upon this asked my advice, I told him to act in whatever manner he thought proper, saying, I would have nothing further to do with his affairs, and advising him to reflect upon the wisdom of French proverbs.

One evening, after dinner, I perceived Digia in the street, walking along slowly, with her chain hanging over her breast. She was without her water-jars, and appeared fatigued and tired with the labours of the day. Her low and discouraged air disquieted me. I followed her at a short distance, in order that I might see where she was living; and I used all the care that I could to keep up with her, for Venice, with its four hundred bridges, its numberless turns and corners, and its narrow and crooked streets, seems built on purpose to baffle the indiscreet pursuer of a woman. I was led in this fashion by the Pagota into the Fressaria, and then to banks of the Grand Canal, which the Pagota crossed, and I after her—she, however, by a bridge, whilst I crossed in a gondola, the better to keep up with her without being observed. Arrived on the opposite bank; she turned down a little street, at the far end of which was a *rio*, whose water—an unusual thing in Venice—was both remarkably clear and very deep. I retired a short distance, in order to observe the Pagota without her seeing me. For a length of time she remained perfectly motionless, singing in a low voice a mournful song. I could not distinguish the words of the whole of it, but I could plainly make out these words of the refrain:—" *Acqua bella, dolce e limpida*," and those of the last three lines of the first verse—"Beautiful water! those who have lost all hope may still find a bed to dream upon beneath thy green robe." The thought immediately struck me that this plaintive song was intended only as a prelude to an attempt at suicide. I therefore slipped out of my hiding place, and called the Pagota by her name. She did not hear me; and so deep was her abstraction, that I had to place my hand upon her shoulder before I could render her sensible of my presence.

"Digia," said I to her, "the green bottom

of the lagoon is no fitting death-bed for a Christian girl like you."

"Why not?" she answered me, with much excitement. "The water knows me well; I have lived amongst it, and will die in it. It draws me gently towards it, that I may be cradled in its bosom!"

"Come, child," I answered, 'do not be so foolish. Do not let a little sorrow drive you to such an act of insanity. Life was not given to us to be always easy, and happy, and prosperous. Evil is its necessary companion; but for an all-wise and all-merciful end. And whence comes your despair? Is it caused by the infidelity of your lover? If so, you love him still, although unfaithful, and why not pardon him? Marco repents of his fault, and has received a lesson which I am sure he will profit by. Let me have the happiness of bringing him to your feet."

"Never!" responded the Pagota firmly; "they are only Venetian intriguantes, and worthless ones, who pardon such unfaithfulness. I am of Pago, and cannot act as they do. Tell the traitor that he will never see me more."

With this the Pagota turned round rapidly, and fled, and, as I was so bewildered that I knew not what it was best to do, I could not decide to follow her till it was too late. I therefore returned to the place of St. Mark, and recounted the whole story to the engineer. He laughed at my disquietude, and said what I called despair was only the sullen humour of a child. He declared, however, that he could see that he was himself the only person who could put the finishing hand to the affair, and asserted that, if Digia could be brought before him, he would undertake that in less than a quarter of an hour she should be happy and willing to espouse her nicolitto.

I spent nearly the whole first half of the next day in endeavouring to find her, and towards noon I had the pleasure of succeeding, and of also obtaining her consent to be conducted to signor Francais, who had rescued her from the toils of Francois Knapen. Accordingly I conducted her to the office of the salt-works, and on entering it drew out my watch, and reminded him that he must have but a quarter of an hour.

"Seat yourself, *ma mignonne*," he said to Digia, "and be attentive. I have learned that, in an excess of grief, you have had some thoughts of destroying yourself, and that is far from right. When I saved you from the effects of the machinations of the Croat, I contracted towards your family a great responsibility. They permitted you to come with me, on condition of my seeing you married in Venice; that was the sole end of my fetching you, and of their allowing you to come. What will they think of my intervention, and of your absence, if you remain un-

married? for your bringing yourself to commit the crime of self-destruction is out of the question, in a sensible and Christian girl like you. You will, by so doing, compromise both your reputation and mine; for they will naturally imagine that you are leading an evil life, and that I have been a party to an intrigue."

"It is not my fault, your excellency," responded Digia, "that Marco has deceived me, and I can no longer love him. Lay it not to my charge!"

"Well, if you love him no longer, think no more about him," said the engineer. "But, in that case, I shall have to look out for another husband for you, for it is absolutely necessary that you should be married. Now, there is my youngest gondolier, Ambrosio, a good-looking and industrious young man, who earns eighty livres per month. He has seen you, and is pleased with you, and it is necessary that you accept him, unless you can find some one who will please you better within a day or two. In the place of a marriage of love, this will be a marriage of convenience. Ambrosio will love you, will always act in an upright manner towards you, and you will be happy. As for your attempt at suicide, I will not speak of it any further. You do not wish, I know, to repay me for all the trouble I have been at for you by such an evil turn as that. It would not only compromise my honor, but would afflict me with a grief which would empoison all my days. Such ingratitude would be incredible, and I shall only offend you by saying more on the point."

"You are very good," cried the Pagota, with emotion, "and I will not so afflict you, rest assured. But, still, what you propose is quite impossible; I cannot marry Ambrosio."

"It is because," replied the engineer, "you have only as yet looked upon him with indifference. To-day you will see in his features those of a future husband, and he will appear charming. I did not like to mention the matter to him, without mentioning it to you first; but now, as he is in the courtyard, I can call him through this window."

"In the name of heaven, signor," cried the Pagota, catching hold of his coat to hold him back, "wait a moment, for—for—" and her embarrassment was so great, that she was obliged to stop suddenly and lower her eyes.

"Why, perhaps," said the engineer to her, "it may be, after all, that your aversion to Marco was in reality only wounded love. We must try and find that out clearly. Interrogate your heart a little, and make yourself sure of your own sentiments. But, above all, have no false delicacy or false shame. Consider me as a father, and do not let anything of pride drown or hide a sentiment which I now think that even yet you may entertain, and which would draw us so easily

out of our embarrassment, and add so much to the happiness of all parties."

The Pagota remained mute, but her breast heaved with emotion.

"Choose," the engineer continued, after a pause, "between these three plans. Pardon Marco, throw a veil over his faults, and marry him; or agree to receive the homage of Ambrosio, and let me call him through this window, and tell him what a nice little wife I have found for him; or else return immediately to Pago, and fall again into the clutches of the Croat. One of the three things you must do, or my own honor or yours will be lost. For my own part, I think the first plan would be incomparably the best. What say you—for you must decide at once—first, second, or third?"

"The first," murmured Digia, blushing up to the temples, and her whole frame agitated by a strong emotion; "the first I——"

"The fifteen minutes are gone," I interrupted her by saying, for I could see that she would be glad of some interruption.

"Yes," replied the engineer, "and now I think you may bring forward the pardoned criminal."

Accordingly I opened the door of the ante-chamber, in which Marco was waiting, by my orders, the end of the conference. I led him to the feet of the Pagota, saying to him, Your cause is gained, you rascal; and you are acquitted, upon condition of your making the amende honorable, and kissing the hand of your *fort charmante* mistress."

Thereupon the nicolitto fell upon his knees, and commenced a half-serious and half-comic discourse, in which he gave to Digia the title of *messer grande*, and also that of thrice excellent and thrice just signor. *Messer grande* was the magistrate who, in the days of the old republic, held jurisdiction over the nicolitti, and took cognizance of their crimes and their offences. The poor Pagota was obliged to laugh at his witty discourse, and, in consequence of it, after having given one more sigh, to become entirely herself again.

Three weeks afterwards the marriage was celebrated in the church of the good Saint Nicolo, at the bottom of the Canareggio. We conducted the bridegroom to church in an open gondola, and Marco then, for the first time in his life, travelled by water without himself touching an oar. During the ceremony, I observed that the magnifiquc signor was amongst the lookers-on. As the party left the church, he approached his former gondolier, and admirably forgetting his position as an insolvent debtor, whispered to him, "It is just as I predicted, Marco; I knew that my protections and my bounties would make your fortune. Your happiness is my work, and I rejoice at it."

A leave of absence of eight days, which I cheerfully granted him, enabled the nicolitto

to taste peaceably the happiness which the patrician thus declared was of his working. On the morning of his return, he presented me, on the part of his wife, with a branch of a creeping rose tree, upon which were sixty roses, to say nothing of the buds. The engineer received a similarly graceful present.

Digia, after her marriage, having become by it a Venetian, forsook the costume of Pago, and took in its stead that of her new countrywomen. She made her husband the very best of wives, and so arranged matters, that there was not a happier family than hers—for the nicolitti in due time clustered round her hearth—nor a more delighted or happy head of one in Venice.

As for the famous magnifiquc signor doge, when his first monthly instalment of three francs was due, he came to the engineer to explain, with flowers of eloquence of the most elevated order, how it was absolutely impossible for him to pay it this month, but how he would surely pay a double instalment next. The next month came, and with it the same flowers of rhetoric and the same story. In this way, by one excuse or another, he managed to let a year pass without paying anything towards his loan. As for the dogressa with the broad shoulders, she abused her lodger's complaisance to so unconscionable an extent, that, about the end of the time just named, the engineer decamped one fine bright morning, without waiting for the payment of his loan, glad to get out of the hands of his rapacious landlady at any price. Henceforth the magnifiquc signor, when he met him in the street, did not condescend even to acknowledge his existence. Other creditors, and other expedients, required all the resources of his genius. The man whom the doge had nothing to hope from was, as far as he was concerned, blotted out of existence as entirely as though the Canal Orfano had engulfed him.

To know a man, observe how he *wins* his object rather than how he loses it; for when we fail our pride supports us, when we succeed it betrays us.

Tears are as dew which moistens the earth, and renews its vigour. Remorse has none; it is a volcano, vomiting forth lava which burns and destroys.

The most exuberant encomiast turns easily into the most inveterate censor.

Reason is the flower of the spirit, and its fragrance is Liberty and Knowledge.

Next to the lightest heart, the heaviest is apt to be the most cheerful.

There are times when none of us would be found at home by any friend, if it were not for the fear of being found out.

The happiest of pillows is not that which Love first presses; it is that which Death has frowned on and passed over.

BRING BACK MY FLOWERS.

"Bring back my Flowers!" said a rosy child,
 As she played by the streamlet's side,
 And cast down wreaths of the flowerets wild,
 On the ever-hurrying tide.
 But the stream flowed on, and her treasures bore
 To the far-off sparkling sea,
 To return to the place of their birth no more,
 Though she cried "Come back to me,
 Ye fairest gems of these forest bowers;
 Oh, stream! bright stream! bring back my flowers."

"Bring back my flowers!" said a noble youth,
 As he mournfully stood alone,
 And sadly thought on the broken truth
 Of a heart that was once his own,—
 Of a light that shone on his life's young day,
 As brilliant as man e'er knew,—
 Of a love that his reason had led astray,
 And to him was no longer true.
 "Return," he cried, "life's brightest hours;—
 Oh, stream of Time! bring back my flowers."

"Bring back my Flowers!" a mother sighed,
 O'er the grave where her infant slept;
 And where in her stubbornness and pride,
 She her tearful vigils kept.
 "Oh, why does the cruel hand of Death
 Seek victims so fair as she?
 Oh, why are the loved ones of others left,
 While mine is thus snatched from me?
 Who gave to thee, Death, such cruel powers?
 Oh, grave! dark grave! bring back my flowers!"

"Bring back my Flowers!" said a grey-haired man,
 For the friends of his youth were fled;
 And those he had loved and cherished most
 Were slumbering with the dead.
 But a faith in his God still cheered him on,
 Though the present was dark and drear,
 For he knew that in Heaven he'd meet again
 The friends upon earth so dear.
 "Come, Death!" he cried, "for in Eden's bowers
 Our God will restore our long lost flowers."

We should not be too niggardly in our praise,
 For men will do more to support a character than
 to raise one.

Crimes sometimes shock us too much; vices
 almost always to little.

Fine sensibilities are like woodbines, delightful
 luxuries of beauty to twine around a solid, up-
 right stem of understanding, but very poor things
 if unsustained by strength, they are left to creep
 along the ground.

The vicious reproving vice is the raven
 chiding blackness.

BLANK BABIES IN PARIS.

THE Foundlings of Paris are an ancient com-
 munity. For upwards of four hundred years,
 they have been the object of legislative enact-
 ments. Their earliest protectors were the
 clergy; and it was to the Bishop of Paris and
 the Chapter of Notre Dame that they were
 indebted for their first asylum. As an hos-
 pital for their reception a building was
 assigned them at the port l'Evêque, which
 was called *Maison de la Crèche*; the word
crèche originally signifying crib or manger
 only, but now employed to designate the gen-
 eral reception-room in the present hospital.—
 That the newly-born children who were
 deserted by their parents might not perish
 from exposure in the public streets, a large
 cradle was established within the Cathedral
 of Notre Dame, accessible at all hours of the
 day or night, in which infants were placed,
 there to attract the attention of the pious.—
 This cradle was in existence as early as four-
 teen hundred and thirty one, for in that year
 died Isabella of Bavaria, the queen of Charles
 the Sixth of France—one of the most unnatu-
 ral mothers and one of the worst of wives—
 who bequeathed to the Foundlings the enor-
 mous legacy of eight francs.

Besides being the recipients of casual charity
 the Foundlings of Paris had a claim upon the
 High Justiciaries of the capital, all of them
 ecclesiastics; who, according to old usage,
 were bound to contribute towards their main-
 tenance. These spiritual nobles were, how-
 ever, too much under the influence of earthly
 considerations to perform their duties faith-
 fully; and, gradually stinting their donations,
 finally withheld them altogether. This was
 the occasion of much litigation; which was
 finally compromised by annual payments
 being compounded for by the making over two
 houses on the Port Saint Landry, within a
 stone's throw of the Cathedral.

Poorly paid, and having no sympathy for
 their charge, the servants of the establishment
 of the Port Saint Landry turned the miserable
 little orphans to their own profit. Street beg-
 gars wanting a new-born child wherewith to
 move the sensibility of the public, procured
 one at the Port Saint Landry. If a nurse
 required a child to replace one that through
 her negligence might have died, the substitute
 was ready at the Port Saint Landry. If a
 witch needed an infant for sacrifice, she ob-
 tained one at the Port Saint Landry. The
 price of a child in that establishment was just
 twenty *sous*!

This revolting traffic became a crying scan-
 dal, even in the city of cut-purse nobles and
 cut-throat citizens; and it attracted the atten-
 tion of the celebrated philanthropist Vincent
 de Paul. His first attempt to provide the
 Foundlings with a better home consisted in his
 procuring for them a new hospital near the

gate of Saint Victor. This was in the year sixteen hundred and thirty eight. He placed the new establishment under the care of the Sisters of Charity; who, moved by an appeal which he made to them, lent themselves to the good work; not very effectually however, at first; for the funds for the maintenance of the children—whose numbers fast increased—proving wholly insufficient, the administrators had recourse to a detestable expedient; they chose by lot the children that were to be provided for, and the re-*sidue* were allowed to die for want of food! When Vincent de Paul learned this, he assembled the ladies who had placed themselves at the head of the establishment, and earnestly besought them to consider the poor Foundlings in the light of their own children. His eloquent pleading prevailed. But he did not stop here; he addressed himself to the King; and eventually, the Parliament of Paris issued a decree, by which the High Justiciaries were compelled to pay an annual sum of fifteen thousand francs toward the maintenance of the Foundlings; and a house in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, with a large quantity of ground attached to it, was bought to serve as a permanent place of asylum for the unfortunate children.

Before this last settlement was made, Vincent de Paul died. But the impulse which he had originated never afterwards flagged. In the midst of his magnificence, Louis the Fourteenth issued an edict, dated June, sixteen hundred and seventy, in which was recognised the truth that "there is no duty more natural nor more conformable to Christian piety, than to take care of poor children who are abandoned, and whose weakness and misfortune alike render them worthy of compassion;" and six years later, Maria Theresa of Austria, the wife of the magnificent monarch, laid the first stone of a new and spacious edifice for the Foundlings in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, to which a church was attached. This example having been set, there was no lack, in that courtly age, of noble imitators, and large endowments were made by chancellors and presidents, and others high in authority. It was quite time; for, in a ratio that far exceeded the increase of population of Paris, the number of *enfants trouvés* was augmented. When Vincent de Paul first took up the cause in sixteen hundred and thirty-eight, the Foundlings numbered three hundred and twelve; but, at the close of the seventeenth century, they had multiplied to the extent of seventeen hundred and thirty eight. Monsieur Delaure took considerable pains to show (in his well known History of Paris) that during anarchical periods, the Foundling Hospital received the greatest number of inmates.

During the Republic, in consequence of the vast disproportion between the children who were deposited and those who survived, seven-

ral stringent laws were enacted. One of these, dated the thirtieth Ventose, year five (March twenty-second, seventeen hundred and ninety-seven) contained amongst other articles a decree obliging all nurses who had the care of Foundlings to appear every three months before the agent of their commune, and certify that the children confided to them had been treated with humanity. Those who succeeded in bringing up Foundlings till they reached the age of twelve years were rewarded with a present of fifty francs.

Amongst the sights of Paris at the present day, the Foundling Hospital is not the least attractive. But to look on the building where we last left it, in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, would be lost labor; neither does a subsidiary asylum which was established at the corner of the square (called the Parvis) of the cathedral of Notre Dame still exist—Both, in fact, were combined into one, and their inmates transferred in the year eighteen hundred to the premises in the Rue d'Enfer, originally occupied by the Oratory where the priests of that congregation performed their noviciate. This "Street of the Infernal Regions" owes its present designation to this simple cause; the street of Saint Jacques, which runs parallel to it and occupies higher ground, was formerly called the Via Superior (upper road), and the Rue d'Enfer, its lower neighbor, Via Inferior; a poetical imagination soon made the corruption.

We are not at all indebted, for our knowledge of the preceding facts, to the very excellent Sister of Charity who accompanied us over the Hospice des Enfants Trouvés when last we paid a visit to that establishment; but what she did relate may serve in some measure to show what is its present condition. When the moment comes we shall let her speak for herself; but our own impressions must first of all be recorded.

Before we reached the Hospital we had passed the previous half-hour in the gardens of the Luxembourg; and, although the flowers are not so fine nor the company so gay, as are to be seen in the rival parterres and avenues of the Tuileries, both were brilliant enough to form a striking contrast to the dull, deserted flowerless street which bears the redoubtable name already mentioned. It lay before us, grey, blank, and dreary, with nothing to relieve the monotony of its general aspect but an inscription over the gateway of a building on the right hand side, informing us that there stood the "Hospice des Enfants Trouvés." If the site had been selected expressly for the purpose of being out of the way, where no witnesses might see the trembling mother deposit her new-born child, it could not have been managed better. As we drew near the entrance a further indication of the purposes of the building was visible in the words "Panier des Enfants," very legibly inscribed

on what seemed to be the lid of a letter-box let into the wall, but which, on being raised—for it is never fastened—proved to be the children's basket, the *tour* or turning-box of the establishment. In obedience to a heavy single knock—there is a bell handle beside the turning-box, but that was not for our use having no infant to deposit—the wicket door opened with the customary squeak of the *cordón*, and we were admitted. Could we see the Hospital? Willingly; would we oblige the portress by walking into the little office on the left hand, by putting down our names in a register there, and by depositing a franc apiece towards the general funds of the asylum? All these things we did with great pleasure, and the portress then rang a bell, in obedience to which summons a Sister of Charity made her appearance from a door in the quadrangle, and we were consigned to her care to be conducted over the building. She was a quiet, grave, motherly woman, with evidently only one object in her thoughts—the duties of her profession. The Sisters of Charity soon learn what those duties are, and never fail in the performance of them. Sister Petronille—that, she said, was her name—conducted us across the courtyard to the door from whence she had issued, and together we ascended a lofty stair case, and passed into a tolerably large room. This was the *salle à manger*, but it was empty just then; so we proceeded to the next apartment the “day room” of the establishment, where we found about twelve or thirteen children, all, we were told, under two years of age, some of whom were in cradles, and the rest in the arms of the nurses.

“These are the little sick ones,” said Sister Petronille, “who are not kept in the infirmaries, but, for all that, require constant attendance. Those who suffer from graver maladies are in separate wards under the care of the doctors, who come constantly to see them.”

“And the healthy children, where are they?” we enquired.

A faint smile passed over Sister Petronille's pale features.

“God be thanked!” she replied; “they are all safe in the country. It was only yesterday that we sent away the last batch, all strong and hearty, and likely to live, if God permits them.”

“And these little ones?”

“Ah!” she sighed, “some of these too may go one day into the country, we hope. But it is not probable that all will; for they are very tender, and require careful nursing.”

“Then, are there none but the sick left here in Paris?”

“On the contrary; downstairs there are plenty; but they are the youngest: you will see them presently.”

From the “day-room” we retraced our steps to the landing place at the head of the staircase, and entered a long corridor which communicated with four general wards or infirmaries devoted to such of the children as were under medical or surgical treatment, or were affected by ophthalmia or measles. It was not possible that anything could be more neatly arranged than the white-curtained cots which held the little sufferers, nor was there a token of pain or restlessness that escaped the nursing sisters who remained in the rooms to watch over them.

“And do many of these die?” we asked.

“Alas, yes!” answered our guide sorrowfully; “you see they are principally the children of people who are the victims of poverty and sickness; and a great number bring with them the seeds of the disease of which they afterwards die. The doctors study the cases closely, and give to them all their attention; but the hereditary malady is too often stronger than their skill.”

“Do you know the proportion between the numbers lost and saved.”

“It varies of course: for there are maladies belonging to children which are more severe at some times than at others; but the general average throughout the hospital is very nearly one death in four.”

“And how many are admitted in the course of the year?”

This varied also, our informant said; during the time she had been attached to the hospital, she had witnessed a great change in that respect. The first year of her service, there were upwards of five thousand taken in, and, gradually declining, they fell in the course of ten years to a little more than three thousand. Since that time there had been an increase; and in the last year, for example, she remembered that the new-comers were exactly four thousand and ninety-five. There were received, she said, in different ways; the lying-in-hospital for the poor in the adjoining street, the Rue de la Bourbe, (“Mud Street,” and it well deserved the name when it was christened) sent in a great number; some were brought from the Prefecture of Police, the children of parents in the hands of justice; some came from the hospitals of Paris; but by far the greater part were abandoned by their mothers.

“But,” said Sister Petronille, anxious to soften the meaning of the word, “these poor things are not entirely abandoned, that is to say, exposed, without any further thought being given to them. Such might have been the case formerly, when no certificate of birth was necessary; but whoever is desirous from want of means, of sending an infant to this hospital, must apply to the Commissary of the quarter for a certificate of abandonment, so that it is known to the authorities who they are that send; and the mothers also, acting openly, are more at ease with respect to their

children. We find, too, that besides the certificates of the infant's birth which accompanies every deposit, mothers are careful now to add some particulars—either of name or personal description—by which, if circumstances should permit them, they may hereafter more certainly recognise their offspring."

"And are there any exceptions to this latter practice?"

"Seldom or ever, in Paris itself; but of the number born outside the walls, perhaps a hundred in the year, and these—we judge from various circumstances, but chiefly from the linen in which they are enveloped, belong to a better class than the rest. It is not for the want of the means to support them that such children are abandoned. It is the dread of their existence being known that causes it."

"Have you any means of knowing how many out of the whole amount are born in wedlock?"

The answer—given with some natural hesitation—was to the effect, that amongst four thousand foundlings, it was presumed only two hundred had "civil rights." During this conversation, Sister Petronille had led us through the wards, and conducted us by another staircase to the ground floor.

"Now," she said, opening another door, "you will see the most interesting part of the establishment."

This was the "*Crèche*," or general reception room. It was filled, or seemed to be full of infants of the tenderest age; there were between seventy and eighty altogether. They wore a kind of uniform—that is to say, there was a sort of uniformity in their costume—all being clothed in pink check nightgowns, and swathed with linen bands, like mummies on a very small scale; unlike mummies, however their little tongues were not tied. To soothe their pains and calm their heavy troubles, the nurses were assiduously engaged, some in rocking them to sleep in their cradles; others, in administering to such as were strong enough to sit upright that beverage which is, in France, the universal remedy, whether in old age or infancy. It was neither the wine nor the garlic which helped to make a man of Henri Quatre, nor the symbolical "tyre-largiot" which was given to the great Gargantua immediately after his birth—as Rabelais relates—but simple *eau sucrée* poured out of the long spout of a china tea-pot. We know that "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined;" so, in all probability, it is on account of their early introduction to sugar and water, that Frenchmen manifest, throughout their lives, so marked a propensity for the drink that neither cheers nor inebriates.

But the most attractive feature of the *Crèche* was in the centre of the room, where, directly in front of a blazing fire, on an inclined plane, covered with a mattress about the size of the stage of Mr. Simpson's Marionette

Theatre, lay seven or eight little objects all in a row, who might have passed for the Marionettes themselves only they were much smaller, were anything but gaily attired, and were a great deal too tightly swathed to stir a single peg, whereas the amusing puppets of the Lowther Arcade—but all the world is familiar with the flexibility and grace of their movements—But whatever they looked like, those infants, who were the latest arrivals, were certainly the most comfortable lot in the apartment, and, contrasting their passive enjoyment of the fire whose influence they felt with the screams of the victims of *eau sucrée*,

"—the philosophical beholder Sighed for their sakes that they should e'er grow older."

Young as they were, however, it would have been a difficult matter to say which was the youngest, for every second hour throughout the four-and-twenty brought a new comer. One of these arrivals happened while we were on the spot. We heard a bell ring, and at the same time saw a Sister of Charity leave the apartment. In a few minutes she returned, carrying something in a flannel bag, from which issued the semblance of a small Swedish turnip of a pinky yellowish hue. This was the head of a child, and when the contents of the bag were gently turned out on a blanket, they proved to be the remainder of a male infant just deposited. It was immediately submitted to the process of weighing, the test which generally decides the infant's chance of life. The arbiter of its destiny was a six pound weight, and we were very sorry to see that the Foundling kicked the beam. But though the odds were against it, the nurse to whose care it was confided omitted no precaution that might prolong its existence. It was clothed and swathed like the rest, and was assigned the warmest place on the mattress; and as we left the *Crèche*, Sister Petronille, whose organ of hope was very strongly developed, expressed her belief that it would survive, for she had seen smaller children than that who had turned out something quite astonishing both as to size and strength.

We now took leave of our guide, who with some difficulty was made to accept a small gratuity, and returned to the gates of the hospital. But before we were let out the portress suggested that we might be curious to see the registry of arrivals in the office, the blank baby having just been entered. We did so, and read the following personal description (*signalement*):—" (October 4, 185 . No. 9. A male child; newly born; weakly and very small; ticket round the neck with the name of Gustave; coarse linen; red stain on the left shoulder; no other mark."

These are the credentials necessary for the candidates for admission to the Paris Foundling Hospital.

MY FRENCH MASTER.

My father's house was in the country, seven miles away from the nearest town. He had been an officer in the navy; but, as he had met with some accident that would disable him from ever serving again, he gave up his commission and retired on his half-pay. He had a small private fortune, and my mother had not been penniless; so he purchased a house and ten or twelve acres of land, and set himself up as an amateur farmer on a very small scale. My mother rejoiced over the very small scale of his operations; and when my father regretted, as he did very often, that no more land was to be purchased in the neighbourhood, I could see her setting herself a sum in her head. "If on twelve acres he manages to lose a hundred pounds a year, what would be our loss on a hundred and fifty?" But when my father was pushed hard on the subject of the money he spent in his sailor-like farming, he had one constant retreat:

"Think of the health and the pleasure we all of us taste in the cultivation of the fields around us! It is something for us to do and to look forward to every day." And this was so true that as long as my father confined himself to these arguments, my mother left him unmolested: but to strangers he was a little apt to enlarge on the returns his farm brought him in; and he had often to pull up in his statements when he caught the warning glance of my mother's eye, showing him that she was not so much absorbed in her own conversation as to be deaf to his voice. But as for the happiness that arose out of our mode of life—that was not to be calculated by tens or hundreds of pounds. There were only two of us, my sister and myself; and my mother undertook the greater part of our education. We helped her in her household cares during part of the morning; then came an old-fashioned routine of lessons, such as she herself had learnt when a girl:—Goldsmith's "History of England," Rollin's "Ancient History," Lindley Murray's Grammar, and plenty of sewing and stitching.

My mother used sometimes to sigh, and wish that she could buy us a piano, and teach us what little music she knew; but many of my dear father's habits were expensive—at least for a person possessed of no larger an income than he had. Besides the quiet and unsuspected drain of his agricultural pursuits, he was of a social turn; enjoying the dinners to which he was invited by his more affluent neighbours; and especially delighted in returning them the compliment, and giving them choice little entertainments, which would have been yet more frequent in their recurrence than they were, if it had not been for my mother's prudence. But we never were able to purchase the piano; it required a greater outlay of ready money than we ever

possessed. I dare say we should have grown up ignorant of any language but our own, if it had not been for my father's social habits, which led to our learning French in a very unexpected manner. He and my mother went to dine with General Ashburton, one of the forest-rangers; and there they met with an emigrant gentleman, a Monsieur de Chalabre, who had escaped in a wonderful manner, and at terrible peril to his life; and was, consequently, in our small forest-circle, a great lion, and a worthy cause of a series of dinner parties. His first entertainer, General Ashburton, had known him in France, under very different circumstances; and he was not yet prepared for the quiet and dignified request made by his guest, one afternoon after M. de Chalabre had been about a fortnight in the forest, that the General would recommend him as a French teacher, if he could conscientiously do so.

To the General's remonstrances M. de Chalabre smilingly replied, by an assurance that his assumption of his new occupation could only be for a short time; that the good cause would—*must* triumph. It was before the fatal January twenty-first, seventeen hundred and ninety three; and then, still smiling, he strengthened his position by quoting innumerable instances out of the classics, of heroes and patriots, generals and commanders, who had been reduced by Fortune's frolics to adopt some occupation far below their original one. He closed his speech with informing the General that, relying upon his kindness in acting as referee, he had taken lodgings for a few months at a small farm which was in the centre of our forest circle of acquaintance. The General was too thoroughly a gentleman to say anything more than that he should be most happy to do whatever he could to forward M. de Chalabre's plans; and as my father was the first person whom he met with after this conversation, it was announced to us, on the very evening of the day on which it had taken place, that we were forthwith to learn French; and I verily believe that, if my father could have persuaded my mother to join him, we should have formed a French class of father, mother, and two head of daughters, so touched had my father been by the General's account of M. de Chalabre's present desires, as compared with the high estate from which he had fallen. Accordingly, we were installed in the dignity of his first French pupils. My father was anxious that we should have a lesson every other day, ostensibly that we might get on all the more speedily, but really that he might have a larger quarterly bill to pay; at any rate until M. de Chalabre had more of his time occupied with instruction. But my mother gently interfered, and calmed her husband down into two lessons a week, which was, she said, as much as we could manage. Those happy lessons! I remember them now, at the dis-

tance of more than fifty years. Our house was situated on the edge of the forest; our fields were, in fact, cleared out of it. It was not good land for clover; but my father would always sow one particular field with cloverseed, because my mother was so fond of the fragrant scent in her evening walks, and through this a foot-path ran which led into the forest.

A quarter of a mile beyond—a walk on the soft fine springy turf, and under the long low branches of the beech trees,—and we arrived at the old red-brick farm where M. de Chalabre was lodging. Not that we went there to take our lessons; that would have been an offence to his spirit of politeness; but as my father and mother were his nearest neighbours, there was a constant interchange of small messages and notes, which we little girls were only too happy to take to our dear M. de Chalabre. Moreover, if our lessons with my mother were ended pretty early, she would say—"You have been good girls; now you may run to the high point in the clover-field, and see if M. de Chalabre is coming; and if he is you may walk with him; but take care and give him the cleanest part of the path, for you know he does not like to dirty his boots."

This was all very well in theory; but, like many theories, the difficulty was to put it in practice. If we slipped to the side of the path where the water lay longest, he bowed and retreated behind us to a still wetter place, leaving the clean part for us; yet when we got home his polished boots would be without a speck, while our shoes were covered with mud.

Another little ceremony which we had to get accustomed to, was his habit of taking off his hat as we approached, and walking by us holding it in his hand. To be sure, he wore a wig delicately powdered, frizzed, and tied in a queue behind; but we had always a feeling that he would catch cold, and that he was doing us too great an honour, and that he did not know how old, or rather how young we were, until one day we saw him (far away from our house) hand a countrywoman over a stile with the same kind of dainty courteous politeness, lifting her basket of eggs over first; and then taking up the silk lined lapel of his coat, he spread it on the palm of his hand for her to rest her fingers upon; instead of which, she took his small white hand in her plump vigorous gripe, and leant her full weight upon him. He carried her basket for her as far as their roads lay together; and from that time we were less shy in receiving his courtesies, perceiving that he considered them as deference due to our sex, however old or young, or rich or poor. So, as I said, we came down from the clover field in rather a stately manner, and through the wicket gate that opened into our garden, which was as

rich in its scents of varied kinds as the clover field had been in its one pure fragrance. My mother would meet us here; and somehow—our life was passed as much out of doors as in-doors, both winter and summer—we seemed to have our French lessons more frequently in the garden than in the house; for there was a sort of arbour on the lawn near the drawing-room window to which we always found it easy to carry a table and chairs, and all the rest of the lesson paraphernalia, if my mother did not prohibit a lesson *al fresco*.

M. de Chalabre wore, as a sort of morning costume, a coat, waistcoat, and breeches all made of a kind of coarse grey cloth, which he had bought in the neighbourhood; his three-cornered hat was brushed to a nicety, his wig sat as no one's else did. (My father's was always awry.) And the only thing wanting to his costume when he came was a flower. Sometimes I fancied he purposely omitted gathering one of the roses that clustered up the farm-house in which he lodged, in order to afford my mother the pleasure of culling her choicest carnations and roses to make him up his nosegay, or "posy" as he liked to call it; he had picked up that pretty country word and adopted it as an especial favourite, dwelling on the first syllable with all the languid softness of an Italian accent. Many a time have Mary and I tried to say it like him; we did so admire his way of speaking.

Once seated round the table, whether in the house or out of it, we were bound to attend to our lessons; and somehow he made us perceive that it was a part of the same chivalrous code that made him so helpful to the helpless, to enforce the slightest claim of duty to the full. No half prepared lessons for him! The patience and the resource with which he illustrated and enforced every precept; the untiring gentleness with which he made our stubborn English tongues pronounce, and mispronounce, and repronounce certain words; above all, the sweetness of temper which never varied, were such as I have never seen equalled. If we wondered at these qualities when we were children, how much greater has been our surprise at their existence since we have been grown up, and have learnt that, until his emigration, he was a man of rapid and impulsive action, with the imperfect education implied in the circumstance that at fifteen he was a sous-lieutenant in the Queen's regiment, and must, consequently, have had to apply himself hard and conscientiously to master the language which he had in after life to teach.

Twice we had holidays to suit his sad convenience. Holidays with us were not at Christmas and Midsummer, Easter and Michaelmas. If my mother was unusually busy, we had what we called a holiday; though, in reality, it involved harder work

than our regular lessons; but we fetched and carried, and ran errands, and became rosy and dusty, and sang merry songs in the gaiety of our hearts. If the day was remarkably fine, my dear father—whose spirits were rather apt to vary with the weather—would come bursting in with his bright, kind bronzed face, and carry the day by storm with my mother. "It was a shame to coop such young things up in a house," he would say, "when every other young animal was frolicking in the air and sunshine. Grammar!—what was that but the art of arranging words?—and he never saw a woman but could do that fast enough. Geography?—he would undertake to teach us more geography in one winter evening, telling us of the countries where he had been, with just a map before him, than we could learn in ten years with that stupid book, all full of hard words. As for the French—why that must be learnt, for he should not like M. de Chalabre to think we slighted the lessons he took so much pains to give us; but surely, we could get up the earlier to learn our French." We promised by acclamation; and my mother—sometimes smilingly, sometimes reluctantly—was always compelled to yield. And these were the usual occasions for our holidays. But twice we had a fortnight's entire cessation of French lessons; once in January, and once in October. Nor did we even see our dear French master during those periods. We went several times to the top of the clover-field, to search the dark green outskirts of the forest with our busy eyes; and if we could have seen his figure in that shade, I am sure we should have scampered to him, forgetful of the prohibition which made the forest forbidden ground. But we did not see him.

It was the fashion in those days to keep children much less informed than they are now on the subjects which interest their parents. A sort of hieroglyphic or cypher talk was used in order to conceal the meaning of much that was said, if children were present. My mother was a proficient in this way of talking, and took, we fancied, a certain pleasure in perplexing my father by inventing a new cypher, as it were, every day. For instance, for some times I was called *Martia*, because I was very tall of my age; and just as my father had begun to understand the name—and, it must be owned, a good while after I had learned to prick up my ears whenever *Martia* was named—my mother suddenly changed me into "the buttress," from the habit I had acquired of leaning my languid length against a wall. I saw my father's perplexity about this "buttress" for some days, and could have helped him out of it, but I durst not. And so, when the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth was executed, the news was too terrible to be put into plain

English, and too terrible also to be made known to us children, nor could we at once find the clue to the cypher in which it was spoken about. We heard about "the Iris being blown down;" and saw my father's honest loyal excitement about it, and the quiet reserve which always betokened some secret grief on my mother's part.

We had no French lessons; and somehow the poor, battered, storm-torn Iris was to blame for this. It was many weeks after this before we knew the full reason of M. de Chalabre's deep depression when he again came amongst us: why he shook his head when my mother timidly offered him some snowdrops on that first morning on which we began lessons again: why he wore the deep mourning of that day, when all of the dress that could be black was black, and the white muslin frills and ruffles were unstarched and limp, as if to bespeak the very abandonment of grief. We knew well enough the meaning of the next hieroglyphic announcement—"The wicked cruel boys had broken off the White Lily's head!" That beautiful queen, whose portrait once had been shown to us, with her blue eyes, and her fair resolute look, her profusion of lightly powdered hair, her white neck, adorned with strings of pearls. We could have cried, if we had dared, when we heard the transparent mysterious words. We did cry at night, sitting up in bed, with our arms round each other's necks, and vowing, in our weak, passionate, childish way, that if we lived long enough, that lady's death avenged should be. No one who cannot remember that time can tell the shudder of horror that thrilled through the country at hearing of this last execution. At the moment, there was no time for any consideration of the silent horrors endured for centuries by the people, who at length rose in their madness against their rulers. This last blow changed our dear M. de Chalabre. I never saw him again in quite the same gaiety of heart as before this time. There seemed to be tears very close behind his smiles for ever after. My father went to see him when he had been about a week absent from us—no reason given, for did not we, did not every one know the horror the sun had looked upon! As soon as my father had gone, my mother gave it in charge to us to make the dressing room belonging to our guest-chamber as much like a sitting room as possible. My father hoped to bring back M. de Chalabre for a visit to us; but he would probably like to be a good deal alone; and we might move every article of furniture we liked, if we only thought it would make him comfortable.

I believe General Ashburton had been on a somewhat similar errand to my father's before; but he had failed. My father gained his point, as I afterwards learned, in a very un-

conscious and characteristic manner. He had urged his invitation on M. de Chalabre, and received such a decided negative that he was hopeless, and quitted the subject. Then M. de Chalabre began to relieve his heart by telling him all the details; my father held his breath to listen—at last, his honest heart could contain itself no longer, and the tears ran down his face. His unaffected sympathy touched M. de Chalabre inexpressibly; and in an hour after we saw our dear French master coming down the clover-field slope, leaning on my father's arm, which he had involuntarily offered as a support to one in trouble—although he was slightly lame, and ten or fifteen years older than M. de Chalabre.

For a year after that time M. de Chalabre never wore any flowers; and after that, to the day of his death, no gay or coloured rose or carnation could tempt him. We secretly observed his taste, and I always took care to bring him white flowers for his posy. I noticed, too, that on his left arm, under his coat sleeve (sleeves were made very open then,) he always wore a small band of black crape. He lived to be eighty-one, but he had the black crape band on when he died.

M. de Chalabre was a favorite in all the forest circle. He was a great acquisition to the sociable dinner parties that were perpetually going on; and though some of the families pique themselves on being aristocratic, and turned up their noses at any one who had been engaged in trade, however largely, M. de Chalabre, in right of his good blood, his loyalty, his daring "preux chevalier" actions, was ever an honored guest. He took his poverty, and the simple habits it enforced, so naturally and gaily, as a mere trifling accident of his life, about which neither concealment or shame could be necessary, that the very servants—often so much more pseudo-aristocratic than their masters—loved and respected the French gentleman, who perhaps came to teach in the mornings, and in the evenings made his appearance dressed with dainty neatness as a dinner guest. He came, lightly prancing through the forest mire; and, in our little hall, at any rate, he would pull out a neat minute case containing a blacking-brush and blacking, and re-polish his boots, speaking gaily, in his broken English, to the footman all the time. That blacking case was his own making; he had a genius for using his fingers. After our lessons were over, he relaxed into the familiar house friend—the merry play fellow. We lived far from any carpenter or joiner; if a lock was out of order M. de Chalabre made it right for us. If any box was wanted, his ingenious fingers had made it before our lesson day. He turned silk winders for my mother, made a set of chessmen for my father, carved an elegant watch-case out of a rough beef bone—dressed up

little cork dolls for us—in short, as he said, his heart would have been broken but for his joiner's tools. Nor were his ingenious gifts employed for us alone. The farmer's wife where he lodged had numerous contrivances in her house which he had made. One particularly which I remember was a paste-board, made after a French pattern, which would not slip about on a dresser, as he had observed her English paste-board do. Susan, the farmer's ruddy daughter, had her work box, too, to show us; and her cousin-lover had a wonderful stick, with an extraordinary demon head carved upon it;—all by M. de Chalabre. Farmer, farmer's wife, Susan, Robert, and all were full of his praises.

We grew from children into girls—from girls into women; and still M. de Chalabre taught on in the forest; still he was beloved and honoured; still no dinner-party within five miles was thought complete without him, and ten miles' distance strove to offer him a bed sooner than miss his company. The pretty merry Susan of sixteen had been jilted by the faithless Robert; and was now a comely demure damsel of thirty-one or two; still waiting upon M. de Chalabre, and still constant in respectfully singing his praises. My own poor mother was dead; my sister was engaged to be married to a young lieutenant, who was with his ship in the Mediterranean. My father was as youthful as ever in heart, and indeed in many of his ways; only his hair was quite white, and the old lameness, was more frequently troublesome than it had been. An uncle of his had left him a considerable fortune, so he farmed away to his heart's content, and lost an annual sum of money with the best grace and the lightest heart in the world. There were not even the gentle reproaches of my mother's eyes to be dreaded now.

Things were in this state when the peace of eighteen hundred and fourteen was declared. We had heard so many and such contradictory rumours that we were inclined to doubt even the "Gazette" at last, and were discussing probabilities with some vehemence, when M. de Chalabre entered the room, unannounced and breathless:

"My friends, give me joy!" he said. "The Bourbons"—he could not go on; his features, nay his very fingers, worked with agitation, but he could not speak. My father hastened to relieve him:

"We have heard the good news (you see, girls it is quite true this time). I do congratulate you, my dear friend. I am glad." And he seized M. de Chalabre's hand in his own hearty gripe, and brought the nervous agitation of the latter to a close by unconsciously administering a pretty severe dose of wholesome pain.

"I go to London. I go straight this afternoon to see my sovereign. My sovereign

holds a court to-morrow at Grillon's Hotel; I go to pay him my *devoir*. I put on my uniform of Gardes du Corps, which have laid by these many years; a little old, a little worm-eaten; but never mind; they have been seen by Marie Antoinette, which gives them a grace for ever." He walked about the room in a nervous hurried way. There was something on his mind, and we signed to my father to be silent for a moment or two and let it come out. "No!" said M. de Chabre, after a moment's pause. "I cannot say adieu; for I shall return to say, dear friends, my adieux. I did come a poor emigrant; noble Englishmen took me for their friend, and welcomed me to their houses. Chabre is one large mansion, and my English friends will not for sake me; they will come and see me; and, for their sakes, not an English beggar shall pass the doors of Chabre without being warmed, and clothed, and fed. I will not say adieu. I go now but for two days."

THE IRISH MATCH BOY.

A TALE OF NEW YORK.

"BLACKING! blacking! matches!" cried a little dirt begrimed imp, popping his head in as he opened the door of the reading-room of the Universe Hotel; and as, whenever the tympanum is touched by the above sounds, there is a sympathetic cord acting like a bell-pull upon the ejaculatory organs which forces them to say no, a chorus around sang out *unisono*, and with a precision our drilled and paid choruses at the Opera have never attained yet: "No, we don't want any." Mr. Jerome Green, an easy good-natured gentleman, who was in town for the holidays, was resting in an arm-chair, making use, however, of only its two hinder legs, his own feet being propped upon the window-sill, and sung out with the rest: "No, I do not want any." The little fellow, who had an intelligent but melancholy face, was just going to withdraw himself from the gorgeously decorated room, when Mr. Green, happening to turn his face to the door, caught sight of a muddy little foot, quite blue with the pinching cold—that is to say, that part of it which was not black with incrustations—and recollecting that he had actually been annoyed during the past week by the want of a match in his bedroom, cried, "Halloo! I do want some matches, though, little shaver: how do you sell them?"

"Eighteen-pence a dozen," was the ready reply; "and they don't smell."

"Don't they?" said Mr. Green, and thought to himself, "that is more than I can say of you, my young friend;" but he kept the thought to himself, being rather eccentric, and not wishing to hurt the match-boy's feelings.

All this time Mr. Green had held the bun-

dle of boxes pensively in his hand, as if he thought to get at their intrinsic value by weighing them. "Eighteen pence a dozen, and they don't smell," repeated the boy, blowing his little chilled hands. Still Mr. Green did not speak, for his mind was far away in some hypothetical match-factory, calculating the imaginary wages somebody must get for making matches to sell at eighteen-pence a dozen, and not smell.

"Warranted to keep and to burn freely," broke in the boy, who put his best foot forward, beginning to think his chance of a sale growing slim.

"But I do not want a dozen," our gentleman said, rousing himself: "I am sure half the quantity is enough to set me on fire a dozen times. Give me a couple of boxes—here is sixpence for you;" and tendering the boy a shilling, asked him for the change.

The boy's countenance, which had begun to brighten, fell again: he had no change, he had not sold anything that morning.

"Never mind," said easy Mr. Green; "you can bring it me to-morrow; you will find me here at about this hour. What is your name?"

The boy told him Peter, departing joyfully with professions of promptitude: and Mr. Green got up to saunter away, when his friend Smart, who had been a silent spectator of the scene, left off contemplating his boot-tips, and called after him: "I say, Jerry, what made you give that boy a shilling for two boxes? They are dear enough at sixpence."

"I gave him only sixpence," replied our easy friend; "he is to bring the change to-morrow."

"Surely you do not expect to see that boy again?"

"I positively do," was the quiet reply.

"I bet you a hat you don't."

"Done!" and "done!" followed in quick succession; and the friends parted.

We were standing that afternoon at the corner of X Street, with the same feelings of farlornness that take hold of some unfortunate overland pilgrim to California when he comes to a rapid stream, the Mormons in possession of the ferry, the fare asked five dollars, and the gentleman having spent his last effigy of our glorious eagle done in gold at the ferry of the day previous: or with the feelings of a very young man at a party, who stands in a knot of other very young men, and is dying to go up to that splendid girl Miss Peacock; only Miss Peacock sits at the other end of the room, and the very young man would have to traverse a howling desert to get to her, which he dare not do for his life. There we stood, staring across impassable Broadway, with a number of other individuals, whose breasts were filled with the same wishes which agitated our own. We all wanted to cross Broadway, and accumulate as little mud and break as few ribs as possible. On the other shore

stood our counterparts, lifting their umbrellas to heaven, and presenting a true picture of life; they would have given anything to stand where we stood, and we as eagerly desired to be where they were. All in vain. Kipp and Brown, Broadway and 49th Street, Tompkin's Square and Union Square*—all rolled by like the roaring and restless waves of the sea; coming up to scatter in different directions upon the shores of up-town, and rolling down again to be reunited into the bosom of South-ferry.† But there is a sudden lull, and everybody looks at his or her neighbour, as if to say: "Now then!" Everybody does it; everybody gets across. Did we say everybody got safely across? We are safely ashore on the side-walk, and look round. No; everybody has not got across safely. Looking only at the big ships, the omnibuses, a poor little match-boy has neglected to dodge the schooners and sloops of this perilous element, and has been run over by a butcher's cart, and his modest wares scattered all over the street. The driver swears awfully, and goes on; a crowd assembles; a compassionate working-man lifts the boy up, and carries him to the next drug-store. (We, with some other gentlemen, would have been glad to do it, but could not on account of our clothes.) The door closes; the crowd flattens its noses against the window; we cannot get in to help; we have not the time to wait, for the printer's devil is after us; so we wend our way down town, thinking of the poor little fellow!

The following morning found Mr. Green in the same place and position we have described in the beginning; and being intently engaged upon the *Tribune*, he did not observe a very small boy, a very speck of a boy, eyeing him wistfully, evidently trying to attract his attention; but in vain, for he was so small. At last, the miniature edition of humanity made such a discordant noise with the creaking door, that somebody ordered him, in a stern voice, "to clear out," when Mr. Green, thinking vaguely he had seen him before, beckoned to the child; for a child it was, such as ought to have been in a nursery, under the guardian care of a mother. What need to describe him? Was he not the reduced effigy of our friend Peter? The same blue toes, the same blue hands, and the same intelligent honest eyes. But, alas! such a looking out of a thin little face, on which tears had made channels in the incrustations. Mr. Green was making up his mind, to save further trouble, that the apparition before him must be the same Peter from whom he had bought the matches the day previous, who had shrunk and dwindled overnight—possibly from cold, probably from hunger—and who had now

come back to bring the change. But this idea struck him as too absurd; for how could such a Tom Thumb sell anything, and where was his basket? While these reflections passed vaguely across the mirror of Mr. Green's mind, Peter junior has been diving diligently into the recesses of his garments, and finally, after sundry attempts, brought out of the side-pocket of his jacket, which was on a level with his calf, three distinct copper coins, which he tendered to Mr. Green. "Is you the gemman what Peter owes sixpence to?"

"Yes, my lad; I am the man," was the reply.

"Peter hasn't got sixpence—Peter's gone, and was rund over by a buss—and lost his basket, and his cap—and broke his leg, and broke his arm; and Peter—is—so o-o-o o—ill" (here the child broke out into an uncontrollable fit of crying;) and three—cents—is all—he's got."

"The deuce!" exclaimed Mr. Green, jumping up; "where do you live?"

"Little Rum Street, Mud Alley," sobbed the child.

"Come along, then," and not waiting to hear Mr. Smart's sneer of "A very likely story, my verdant friend," he was out of the room, had called a carriage, and was on his charitable mission with little Joe by the time Mr. Smart had finished his sentence.

The carriage stopped before one of those archways abounding in that part of our city, and always denoting filth, drunkenness, and abject poverty. The child led the way up the alley, ascended a few broken steps, entered a doorless hall, passed through it to the yard, and descending into what appeared to be only a hole, but which had, on nearer inspection, some steps, opened the door of a low dark cellar. When Mr. Green's eyes had been accustomed to the darkness, which a tallow-candle, stuck in a bottle, just made visible, he saw in a corner, stretched upon a straw mattress, his little acquaintance of yesterday; but oh! how changed: the pinched face nearly livid, with here and there a bit of a lock of hair glued to it by the cold perspiration; the little body, with its bandaged limbs, motionless, and a low groan now and then, all the evidence of life. The furniture of this abode of human beings consisted of a broken table and a three-legged stool. Upon the latter sat a poor woman rocking herself, to and fro, with the peculiar motion of grief. She was a neighbor, she said, poor enough herself, the Lord knew. The parents of the children had come out a year ago from the old country, poor decent people, with three little ones, and fine children they were: the mother never got over the ship-fever contracted on the passage, and soon left them for a better place, taking the baby with her, which was a mercy; and after the father, a hard-working, steady man, had been killed by a fall from a

*Names of omnibus lines in New York.

†The lower end of Broadway towards the bay.

building, a neighbor proposed to take Peter, sending Joe to Randall's Island.* But Peter had refused to leave little Joe, and scraping together a small sum by the sale of their few effects, had bought his humble wares, and manfully, with a big heart in his little body, through heat and cold, through hunger and thirst, pursued his calling, making just enough, with what help the poor neighbors could give, to keep body and soul together. He was a fine lad indeed, a good lad, with sense above his years; and now it was all over. The doctor—good, kind gentleman, he had stayed with him and sent medicine—said he could not be moved to the hospital, where they ought to have taken him at first; and, indeed, there was no use in moving him, for he was sinking fast since morning. Green had listened in silent horror to so much misery so quietly told, and whether it was from the damp cold or the foul stifling atmosphere, he felt too sick at heart to speak. Just then the boy opened his sunken eyes, and our friend bending over him, a flicker of recognition passed over his face. "I—had—not—got—the—money. I—lost—it—all," he muttered painfully, pushing out each word with an effort.

"Never mind the money, my poor boy," struggled out Green, something hard and dry in his throat choking him. "You must get better. I will take care of you and of little Joe, and you shall be cold, and hungry, and naked no more; and you *shall* get better, if care can do it." Alas! little Peter was beyond the neglect of the hardened and the care of the kind of this world. A smile stole softly over his features—he seemed to comprehend. "Thank you—little Joe—thank you—I—had—not—got—the"—The smile faded, the eyes looked fixed and glassy; one deep sigh followed by an unmistakable rigidity of features, told that the child's troubles were over. Green fairly burst into tears. He closed the eyes, and stood long and thoughtfully over the body, then leaving money and directions, he took little Joe's hand and left the place.

"What about the hat?" cried Jim Smart, meeting our friend a few days afterwards at the Universe. "Guess you may give me an order on Genu;† suppose you won't see your match-boy and your sixpence any more."

"No," replied Green gravely; "I shall not see the boy any more—he lies under the snow in Greenwood‡ His body was wretched, miserable, and neglected enough here below; "but," he added with emphasis, "his little soul is now incense before God.—Good morning, Mister Smart; I am leaving town."

*Large farms where the orphans of New York are maintained.

†A celebrated hatter.

‡The largest cemetery near New York.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas! where is thy laughter gone?
The merry viol's gladsome tone,
And all the revelry thine own,
Whither all past away?

The table for the feast is spread,
Where holly with its berries red,
And Lauristina's pearl-crown'd head,
Fair decorate the board:

And, lo! with song and carol gay,
The minstrels throng in time away,
To usher in the holiday,
And bid blithe Christmas, hail!

But, Christmas! thou art changed to me,
And sad is now thy revelry,
And smiles they welcome wont to be,
Are changed to mournful tears!

"The same and not the same," thy brow
The funeral cypress garlands, now,
And melancholy claims the vow,
To mirth that, erst was given.

While as the social board is spread,
The buried, and the "living dead"—
The absent—by remembrance led,
The vacant seat resume!

Alas! alas! of what avail
Thy gambols now—thy merry tale,
While aching memory lifts the veil,
And by-gone days restores.

Days of unclouded radiance gone;
The dead to happier regions flown!
The living that we gaze not on!—
Perchance no more may see.

Christmas! the tributary tear
Is all, alas! now greets thee here;
The laugh, the revel, and the cheer,
For ever past away!

Pedantry crams our heads with learned lumber
and takes out our brains to make room for it.

A shrug often takes away a man's character as
effectually as the most defamatory observation.

The loss of a friend is like that of a limb; time
may heal the anguish of the wound, but the loss
cannot be repaired.

Pleasure owes its greatest zest to anticipation
The promise of a shilling fiddle will keep a school
boy happy for a year. The fun connected with
its possession will not last an hour. Now, what
is true of schoolboys is equally true of men; all
they differ in, is in the price of their fiddles.

Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.

A PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION.*

BY A MEDICAL STUDENT.

PART III. BOB WHITE'S EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

Now, one Thursday—when as usual, on that day, a quorum of this committee were assembled in the library of the college for the dispatch of academical business—it was represented to them in proper form by Mr. Whyte that the parish of Drittenbrook had not up to that time been made the scene of any of those crusades against the Paynim, ignorance. The scheme worked admirably. A note was immediately made of the fact. The clergyman of the parish was written to, and an anxious acquiescence was received by return of post.

It was next Sunday announced in the church, between services, that on the ensuing Saturday evening, a popular lecture, illustrated by interesting experiments, on the subjects of electricity galvanism and magnetism, would be delivered by Professor ———, of Soundsonian University, assisted by Mr. Robert Whyte, B. A. The minister, moreover, took occasion earnestly to recommend the attendance of the members of his flock, especially the more youthful, assuring them that he considered it not only folly but actual sin in any one to let pass, unturned to account, the smallest opportunity of adding to his knowledge.

On the important Saturday, big with the fate of Bob Whyte and of Drittenbrook, behold us embarked in a capacious hackney-carriage—the Professor, his assistant, and myself. In the bottom of the vehicle, on its roof, and secured behind and before it, were numerous boxes containing the apparatus and materials wherewith were to be effected the experiments that were to make science lovely in the eyes of the wondering natives, while the discourse that was to pour instruction over their minds slumbered in the old gentleman's coat-pocket.

Bob was now attired in a dress suited to a philosophic character; myself even sported a long-tailed garment of sacerdotal hue; my long locks too I had shorn, and he had shaved his whiskers, so that it would have been a wonder, if in us the worthies had identified the forlorn victims they had so unmercifully served out.

An excellent dinner we found prepared for us at the parsonage, the clergyman presiding; and to our infinite satisfaction, there we beheld the magnates of the village, viz—the blacksmith,

butcher, grocer and exciseman, each attired in a well-brushed black coat, and looking as sedate as became elder of the parish and chief citizens of Drittenbrook.

And here let me digress for one moment to inform you, reader, who may have been born under a more southerly parallel, that every Scotchman has a *black coat*. This garment he and his good wife cherish with most parental assiduity, it being only used for the more solemn religious ceremonials and funerals, on which occasions it is brought forth from its drawer, and after undergoing a thorough process of rubbing down, is donned with a singular feeling of pride and independence. The possession of this important piece of raiment confers respectability, and no man is so degraded as the Caledonian who, however poor, is destitute of a decent black coat wherein to follow his kinsman to the grave. But to nobody is it more absolutely a *sine qua non* than to one holding the high ecclesiastical dignity of an elder in the church. Who could reverence an elder in a blue dress-coat, with Brummagem buttons?

Our worthy professor soon became quite at home with his companions, and with uncommon spirit discussed at once dinner, politics, the crops, trade, and questions of doctrinal dispute. As for his two followers, we made an early retreat, and proceeded to the church to put in order our machinery for the evening lecture.

A couple of large tables had been raised in front of the pulpit, on which we set in order an imposing array of electrical, voltaic, and magnetic apparatus, glittering in all its mystic splendor of crystal and brass. Around the font we suspended several striking diagrams gorgeous with cabalistic lines and figures of crimson, blue, and yellow, while we had in readiness a big bottle of sulphuric acid, wherewith to set in action our galvanic battery whenever it might be required.

Our preparations had hardly been completed when the audience began to assemble, and in another hour the church was crowded: a most motley assemblage it appeared certainly, but all very quiet and decorous.

Then the magnates who had formed themselves into what they styled a committee, entered, and we rejoiced to see among them the whole of our assailants. These were accommodated with elevated seats around the tables, where they sat, looking as demure as any owls, the admiration of the good folks below seeming to be divided between them and the mysterious display on the tables.

At length the lecture began, and for a full hour

*Continued from page 95, vol. 4,—concluded
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and a half it lasted. The professor was in excellent spirits, and harangued in beautiful style. We, again, were as alert as cats, and went through the experiments (the manual performance of which was our especial duty) with unexampled effect. The applause was unbounded, and our satisfaction proportionate. At length the speaker's wind and matter were both exhausted, and he brought his discourse to a conclusion.

The audience now began slowly to make their way to the doors, while our friends round the table, rising to their feet, began, with faces of the utmost sagacity, to handle, examine, and remark upon the various pieces of apparatus wherewith they had seen such astonishing feats performed.

My companion was all activity and attention; from one to another he went, and explained with the utmost courtesy the uses and mode of action of the different implements, whilst they listened, quite charmed with his manner, and their interest intensely excited by the strange phenomena he was bringing before their minds.

A slight shock from the Leyden jar he first afforded them; from that he led their attention to the voltaic pile, putting to their tongues the wires from the two poles, to let them experience the remarkable taste produced in the mouth by the passage of the fluid. Then he set before them the novel and striking electro-magnetic machine, and at length prevailed upon them to submit to its influence.

Now, reader, who perhaps may not have minute and critical knowledge of the properties of this engine, let me inform you that the sensation produced by it, is at first rather a pleasurable thrill in the arms of the person under its action. But an essential part of the affair, at least in the form we had it, is a small bit of crooked wire, like a staple, which being inserted into two cups of mercury, by establishing a communication between them and producing a new channel for the mysterious fluid, instantly changes the above gentle thrill into an excruciating tugging and wrenching at the nerves, to which the most violent shock from a common nine-jar electric battery is little more than as a playful fillip from your lady's fan. In fact, it seems as if your arms were about to be torn from their sockets, and your backbone split into two.

And the best of the fun is that the luckless wight who is undergoing the agony cannot rid himself of its cause, but, in spite of himself with frantic clutch, grasps convulsively the metallic cylinders through which the current passes into his hands, all that he has the power to do being to gasp out apasmodically, "Murder!"

I may state that the whole proceeding, if properly conducted, is quite harmless, the pain ceasing the moment the machine is stopped.

Mr. Whyte, therefore, when he had them all nicely arranged about the instrument, at the handle of which I was officiating, and when they had for some moments, with faces expressive of satisfaction, remarked upon the strange and peculiar sensation they were experiencing, on a sudden made with his off eyelid a signal which I was immediately on the alert to obey. At once I slipped the crooked wire into the two cups, and whirled the wheel with my whole strength and activity.

Thereupon, the unfortunate victims began to cut the most surprising and original capers, flinging their limbs out at an amazing rate, and twisting their frames about into all sorts of contortions. The group of Laocoon gives but a faint idea of their attitudes or their distress. They straggled and plunged about as if seven devils possessed them; threw out their arms and legs; puffed and panted, and made convulsive attempts to cry out for help or mercy, which came to the ear only as inarticulate gasping roars. The water gushed into their starting eyes, the sweat poured over their faces, but, with an enduring remembrance of our own bruises, I turned the crank with only increased vigor and good will.

But all this time my companion was anything but idle. He got hold of a cloth, which he made dripping wet with the acid I have alluded to; then, going round behind them whilst they were unconscious of anything save the racking of their joints, thoroughly damped all their black coats with the color-changing liquid. Then, flying to me with an appearance of the utmost anxiety and concern, he stopped my operations just as the burly grocer fainted away from exhaustion. He was profuse in his apologies for the untoward circumstance, laying the whole blame upon the little bit of wire, which he assured them had completely deranged the machine. He could not sufficiently express his regret at the accident; and severely chided me for my carelessness, while I stood by with aspect contrite, as became one corrected.

As for the poor creatures, they dropped into the nearest seats, and began to wipe the perspiration from their faces and hands. But he, with the most attentive politeness, immediately directed them to a basin hard by, which might be supplied from a jug beside it, containing a clear liquid quite like water. This was a strong solution of nitrate of silver (the substance which constitutes marking-ink,) and the result was, that four of

them washed their faces, and all of them their hands, in the jet-producing compound.

As soon as they had recovered themselves from the stunning effects of their experiment, they got up, took their hats, and, wishing us a humble "Good night," went hastily away, with gait marvellously dejected, remarking that we and our machines (which might the devil confound) were anything but "canny" for honest folks to have to deal with, taking in with heedless ears our repeatedly urged apologies and expressions of regret.

No sooner were they out of the building than Bob and I, with wonderful dispatch, began to pack away our apparatus in the readiest way we could; for the thoughts of the vengeful nature of the Drittenbrookians filled our minds, and sympathetic aches began to rise in the bones of our memory.

In a quarter of an hour they were all stowed away (with some damage certainly) and secured about the carriage which stood close by the gate. Into this vehicle he forthwith hurried the professor, who was solacing himself with a glass of wine with the parson in the vestry, and, himself mounting the box, took the reins, and urged the two hacks to their extremest speed, never relaxing the pace till we reached the roadside ale-house I have alluded to.

But the fun was not yet over.

On the following Monday we were again in the apparatus-room. The professor was with us, arranging some lenses for an optical instrument, part of which was likewise under the hands of my chum, whilst I stood by, in respectful silence looking on. On hearing a carriage draw up in front of the building, the professor, who was near a window, looked out, and suddenly started up, crying—

"Red coats! Bless me, Mr. Whyte, I'm mistaken if this is not Colonel Queerfix and his officers come to view the University! Run and receive them—show them to the museum first, while I snatch a moment to make myself decent. No! it can't be; they have round hats: it must be sportsmen—foxhunters, I'll be bound, come to present us with some rare specimen in their peculiar line—an extraordinary fox, or a cub with a head in place of a tail—"

("A cuber equation," whispered Bob, attempting the pun mathematical.)

"—Or something of that sort—but it's all the same: run out and show them this way."

But he was anticipated, for presently, marshalled along the passages by the gatekeeper of the institution, they approached the room where we were, and, the door being opened, in they came.

And now a spectacle presented itself, which set the old professor's wits altogether abroad, utterly confounding his ideas for a space, during which he stood with his hands behind his back, gazing blankly at the strangers, with features expressive of amazement, strong curiosity, and complete "nonplussation"—(somebody coined this word, not I)—apparently unwitting what to say, or how to say it, to creatures of so remarkable an exterior.

Never in my life was I witness to a scene so absurd!

Six individuals stood before us, every one to appearance in greater mental tribulation than his neighbor, and all evidently as much at a loss how to begin the palaver as the professor himself. Four of them had faces as black as the Prince of Pandemonium's waistcoat, and their red lips and white eyes appeared to grin a smile at their own ludicrous aspect, which, in spite of a misery their sable features also testified, they could not for their lives suppress. The other two had countenances of a piebald complexion, but were in all other respects in similar plight with their fellows.

Every one sported beneath his diabolic physiognomy, a snowy-white neckcloth, and had the upper part of his frame enveloped in a roomy broadskirted coat of the brightest crimson hue, the rest of the apparel consisting of various articles of more or less rustic description.

They stood sliding and shifting about, winking and whispering, and knocking each other's elbows, seemingly at a loss who should be spokesman now forlornly grimacing, with a mixture of mirth and dismay, as they looked at each other, anon giving a hurried and horrified glance at what they could perceive of their own exteriors.

I could not believe my eyes at first, and acknowledged that for a moment I shared in the doubt and amazement of the professor; I could hardly conceive that our scheme could have been carried to such ludicrous perfection; but when I became cognizant of the full truth, I own that the perspiration came out on my brow, and I felt dizzy with attempts to keep down the shout of laughter that was springing to my mouth. But I had to give way, and out it came, to the scandalization of the professor's gravity, who joined with complete abandonment in the "guffaw," being seconded by Bob, and at length by the objects themselves, till the roof echoed again, and the glass apparatus everywhere about quivered and rang, to burst after burst of rattling merriment.

The tears ran from our eyes, and holding our sides, we fell against the walls and pillars of the

room, till the worthy proff, after many attempts, succeeding in a frown, came out with:

"This is too absurd! My good people, who are you? why do you come here—what do you want with me?"

"Oh, sir!" cried one, now that the ice was broken, "it's the electricity—the shocks—ye ken, that hae done this to us. Isn't it a dreadful sight? We're no the same men. Think on our wives—they're distracted; our weans are terrified, and run frae us to hide themselves; our neighbours are mad wi' daffin, and hae lost a' respect for us. Look at this noo."

Here he glanced with piteous ogle over his shoulder, at the same time turning half round to bring to bear the gloomy red of his back full into the light, when the strong contrast it presented to his sooty physiognomy was richly perceptible.

"But who are you? that's what I want to know?"

"We are the governors of the Drittenbrook Literary and Scientific Institute."

"Oh, the deuce you are! And what do you want coming here in this ridiculous masquerade?"

"We want you to change us again—to take your cantrip off us. We have been to the minister for a word o' prayer, but deil a bit the better are we. Oh, sir! for guid sake, take your apparatus, and mak' us as we were before."

"My good friends, I am altogether at a loss to understand what you would be at. Mr. Whyte, can you explain this strange phenomenon?"

Bob Whyte thus called upon for an explanation, took his Jacobin club from a nail where it hung, and catching up an old box from a corner, marched up to the metamorphosed heroes of Drittenbrook. Then staring them full in the face, and drumming upon the bottom of the box, he commenced whistling, with ear-piercing loudness; and amazing glee, the identical tune that had erewhile drawn upon him their direct hostility, while the professor looked on in astonishment at this unaccountable prank of his assistant, which he was as much at a loss to understand as he had been to see through the other events of the day.

But their conduct was no less remarkable. They started, looked at one another, then at once the recollection and identification of my chum and myself seemed to come upon all their minds with a simultaneous stroke. The sound of his whistling entered like iron into their souls, and, as more loudly and more clearly still he poured the absurd melody upon their ears, they turned with crest-fallen and humiliated demeanor, and, woefully sighing, marched in Indian file one after

the other out of the room, unconsciously keeping time to the cadence. As they went along the passage, we sent after them a farewell peal of laughter that must have sounded in their ears like the hiss of old Drury in those of an author whose farce is damned.

Then running to the window, we saw them enter the old rickety post-wagon in which they had come, amid the admiration and entertainment of a group of passers-by who halted around them, unable to make out for dear life who or what such strange looking creatures could be.

"Mr. Whyte," said the professor, turning to us with more anger than I ever before beheld upon his countenance, "I am afraid this is some practical joke of yours. You have been amusing yourself at the expense of these poor people. I trust that the next thing of the kind you play off, you will have better taste than to involve in it me of all the people in the world. As the thing is, if it come to the knowledge of the committee of managers, I would not guarantee your continuing to hold your situation in the university."

But a few days after, when he came down quietly to the workshop to enjoy his pipe, Bob explained to him the whole circumstance, from beginning to end, when he laughed heartily, and averred that the only thing that excited his wonder was, how luck had seemed in everything so much to coincide with our wishes.

As for the sufferers, I never saw them again. I have been informed, however, that the citizens of Drittenbrook since then have become remarkable for civility to strangers, and that the tune and song alluded to have ceased to possess the power of exciting their wrath, but rather seem to have acquired a tendency quite the contrary way.

Reader, forgive the digressive and unconnected nature of this paper. It is like the excursion, and describes a production of youth—vague, extravagant, without rule, and hardly with reason. Yet I cannot consider, that, if chastened under a regular plan, it would be pleasing to you in perusal—I know it would not have been to me in its composition. Its style is as our wanderings were—now wild in its fun, again melting in its sorrow, anon incredible in its absurdity—at one time erring from the strait path to sketch tree or tower, at another halting to list the tales of others, with which haply, itself has no connexion.

Does it not recal to your memory the recollection of your own early days? and is not the recollection sweet to your mind among the cares

of mature life, as is the breath of a hay or clover field to one whirled along the cuts and tunnels of a railway? If I can persuade myself it has this effect upon you, the delight it has afforded to me will be increased tenfold, albeit, whilst the polar star shines upon the scenery of which it is descriptive, the rays of the southern cross almost fall upon the paper as I write.

PHRASE IS EVERYTHING.

REFINED modern society can stand a great deal of practical iniquity and outrage; but it cannot stand strong language. You must phrase things gently if you wish to be listened to. As you hope for justice to your cause, plead it in soft words. The practical iniquity and outrage is not necessarily seen, or society can shut its eyes and refrain from seeing; but words cannot but meet the ear, or at least the sensorium, in some way, and with them, therefore, there is no alternative—they must be mild. Occasionally, worthy people unwitting of this, or perhaps too hasty to reflect upon it, damage themselves sorely by coming out with what they think the proper terms, calling a piece of roguery a piece of roguery, telling a shabby fellow that he is a shabby fellow, declaring they have been cheated when they have been cheated, and so forth; which is a course attended with great inconveniences on all hands, and seldom or never productive of any good. It becomes necessary to give such persons instructions in the right phraseology to be used on such occasions, and also to train them to be on their guard against using any of a different kind—that is, any phrases above the allowable degree of explicitness.

We shall suppose that Mr. Bertie, who is perfectly a gentleman, has been spoken of opprobriously by a coarse fellow called Ruggles. Were Bertie an inconsiderate man, disposed to go the straightest way to a point, he would probably send Ruggles a brief cartel in such terms as these: 'You scoundrel! give over your scandalmongering about me, or ———. This would never do. The world could not bear it, however, Ruggles might; and Bertie would have the worst of it. What Bertie does, however, is this. He writes a letter to William Ruggles, Esq., beginning with 'Dear Sir,' and going on thus: 'I have heard, with much surprise, that you lately allowed yourself in a mixed company to advert to me in very injurious terms. Being unconscious of giving you any cause of offence, I am at a loss to believe the report, and therefore wish to afford you an opportunity of denying its truth, or explaining the circumstance in some other way. Should it unfortunately happen that you have used such expressions, I must express my hope

that you will see the propriety of retracting them. I am, dear 'sir, yours faithfully, THOMAS BERTIE.'

This is quite in accordance with the public taste, so far; and Bertie keeps everybody on his side. Ruggles, however, proves refractory. He will neither deny his words nor apologise for them. Now, then, comes still sorer trial for Bertie. Were he to write in plain [old] English: 'Sir, you are a brute, and I have no more to say to you,' he would be a lost man. But he knows better. What he does write is: 'I cannot but express my great regret that you should not have felt it necessary to do yourself justice by withdrawing the remarks of which I complained. You are, however, the best judge of what is befitting your character, and I only claim the privilege of retaining my own opinion of your conduct. Under the circumstances, I must request that our correspondence may close; and I am, sir, your most obedient servant, THOMAS BERTIE.' Thus the aggrieved party comes off with flying colours, while everybody privately applies to Ruggles that plain term which Bertie had the good sense to repress.

It will be observed in this example of correspondence, how much is done by merely the words 'surprise' and 'regret.' Very great words these! One is never shocked or disgusted now a days at any sort of wicked conduct in a person with whom he has to converse or correspond. He is, at the utmost, 'surprised.' One never now condemns a violent heterodoxy in any person or party; he only 'regrets' there should be such a thing. Men were long ago burnt or hanged, drawn and quartered, for things which the modern world keeps entirely right by its 'regret.' The improvement in point of taste is immense. A great deal of all this may be said to be owing to the vastly increased aptitude to apprehend meanings which marks modern society. Long ago, the intellects of men were dull and heavy. They required things to be clearly brought before them.—Now-a-days nicety of perception going hand in hand with moral sensitiveness, the slightest hint is enough. One does not now need to characterize any bad procedure; he has only to say; 'he cannot trust himself to characterize it.' Every body knows what that means, as well as the aggrieved party had written a chapter of that oversaid old English on the subject. One does not need in our time to do anything cruel or severe: he only 'takes a painful step.' Much, too may be done by an adroit use of the subjunctive mood. Don't say a thing was so and so; say there is reason to fear that it may be generally regarded as so and so; thus conveying all the meaning, but in such mask of potentiality that no offence can be taken. At one time, we can believe, the subjunctive mood was felt to be a weak part of the verb. Now it is the strongest, and a

man may metaphorically cut his own throat by malapartly employing the indicative.

In the improved phraseology, next to 'surprise' and 'regret,' there is no work which does such excellent service as 'impression.' In a matter of any delicacy, as the character of a friend, or of a certain public transaction, you are saved from all the hazards and inconveniences of downright belief and conviction, by 'having an impression.' The other party again, is enabled to handle your unfortunate state of mind on the subject, by merely speaking of you as 'laboring under an impression.' The metaphysics of an impression seems to be this—it puts you into the passive voice. Instead of being viewed in the responsibility for an active opinion, you stand as only the victim of something external, which has worked upon you. It is unfortunate, but you cannot help it. The aggrieved party has not you to blame—he must avenge himself, if he requires revenge, on the facts or occurrences which impressed you. If, as is probable, he himself was concerned in those occurrences, then he must, in part at least, blame himself. In short, he is shut up.

In our houses of legislature, as is well known, the improved phraseology has been long in use, to the exclusion of the ancient and more downright, inasmuch that it has come to be recognized as 'parliamentary.' It is felt as a prolix mode of expression; but it serves so many good purposes that tediousness may well be put up with. Only imagine what would be the effect of introducing the terminology of the hustings into the House of Commons; how every particular hair of the Speaker's wig would quiver, how the horrors of the bad ventilation would deepen! Besides, there would be no merit in it. It is only when a gentleman puts his case in some roundabout ambuscading way, and leads you at last to 'infer' what he means as the approbrium of his opponent, that he proves himself truly fit to be a legislator.—Why, any porter can tell another that he lies. It requires a clever fellow to go through the series of logical and rhetorical evolutions which at last leaves his audience only the trigger of a deduction to draw, in order to cause the shot to go to the mark. Touchstone has six moves of the game of quarrel before he comes to the lie direct, and even that may be avoided with an *If*. 'I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought of an *If*—as, *If you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peacemaker; much virtue in an *If*.' Yes, Touchstone, your '*If*' is a right worthy mate to our 'surprise,' our 'regret,' our 'imression,' and our 'infer;' peace-keepers as well as peacemakers all; and it

requires 'rare fellows' like you to use them adroitly.

It is only in an old and highly civilised society that such periphrases are in vogue. In the roughness of a "new country" there is no time for them. The settler, in calling for a spade, that implement so all-important to him, must just call it a spade. Newspaper editors, who have probably to damp their own paper, cannot be expected to quarrel with each other in the equally refined and tedious terms which are felt to be necessary in an autumn fight between the *Times* and *Morning Herald*. A colonial newspaper, therefore, comes back upon us like a bit of the fifteenth century. So, also, when a denizen of our periphrastic republic enters upon life at Melbourne, and for the first time in his life finds well-dressed men using the briefest and most emphatic means of expressing their views about each other, he must feel as if he were coming in contact with a new human nature.

We trust that enough has now been said to enable young and inexperienced persons to penetrate the mystery of our modern Euphuism. They must now see that there is an advantage in it, and that, if they would wish to prosper and do well, they must *take advantage of it*. Your rebel against the roundabout is a mere blunderer—a kind of honesty about him perhaps—means well—but not at all the man for a civilised community. His tendency must be to the outfields of the world-farm. There let him go, and kick and cuff in the old English as he pleases. The fertile smiling meadows of infields are for the docile and considerate men who know how to put a case mildly, to be "surprised," to express their "regret," to limit themselves to 'an impression,' and to make ifs and inferences in affairs of delicacy.

How to PLOT OUT AN EVENING PARTY.—Sift card-rack for most respectable acquaintances. Frame invitations with lace-borders. Sweep drawing-room quite clean, and shoot rubbish into back bed-room. Map out an artificial paterre on the floor with chalk. Sow seed for seed-cake. Gather mustard for sandwiches. Beat about the bush for gooseberries and put them in bottles, to come up as Champagne. Order in old man from green-grocer's and put Berlin bags on his hands for gloves. Buy slip for new dress, and gather flowers in the Burlington Arcade for your hair. Put the young twigs in their beds, but the elderly plants stick in library with cards. Lay traps for rich young men. Plant your company in rows and couples, and set musicians in full blow in corner of drawing-room. When they are a little faint, water them with Sherry. Hang wallflowers round the room. Dig for compliments, and run up a flirtation wherever you can fasten one. Above all, nail a husband, or else your plot will be without its greatest ornament and centre.

What the Vegetarians live on. Gammon and Spinach.

THE THREE NUNS.

WHAT a rarity it was to see a nun thirty years ago! You could only catch a glimpse of them through the leaves of some forbidden romance, and follow only with the mind's eye—and who did not love to do so?—their ghost-like walk amongst dimly-lighted cloisters. How delightfully filmy and mysterious those creatures were in their supposititious convents and St. Cecilia-like appellations! Now, they are substantial realities, and have a local habitation and a name: yet even in these railway times, when the Ursulines, the Sisters of St. Mary, the Sisters of Mercy, the Sisters of Charity, increase and multiply around us, there is still a wonderful interest about those women who voluntarily devote themselves to prayer, or to the relief of their suffering fellow-creatures, for all of them are not forced into convents by Mrs. Radcliffe's cruel fathers.

With the romantic notions of my bread-and-butter days, it was scarcely surprising that the arrival of a nun in our quiet little English town should greatly excite my juvenile, but somewhat imaginative brain.

A real live nun from a foreign convent—what a lovely creature she must be!—who, for her health had obtained a dispensation, for a brief space, to visit her native town. Our town had absolutely had the honour of sending a member to a convent! What an event this was for the gossiping little place! How it set every tongue going! Such a raking up of by-gone family affairs; such sifting of circumstances to the very bottom; until it was actually ascertained to be quite a Radcliffe case—a daughter who had been forced into a convent by a cruel father, for the purpose of enriching the son! It was to be hoped the damsel would find some lover, some knight-errant yet extant in our land of liberty, to rescue her and redress her wrongs. How could his holiness the pope trust her so far, and not foresee the danger?

The father, to be sure, did not exactly meet the generally received notions of a cruel parent; for old Mr. Patrick was the very impersonation of the portraits of Monsieur Tonson—a short man with a pinched hat, Hessian boots, and an umbrella under his arm. This was an obvious violation of the costume of the father of a heroine; but I would not let that interfere with my preconceived notions. I strove to forget him, or dressed him in my own imagination. The whole interest, however, centered in the daughter, who was lodged in his house, which, I remember well, stood near the old bridge at the foot of the town, in the midst of a large garden; and here the nun was said to walk about in the actual dress of the convent. To this garden our prying little town went in detachments, and peeped over the wall.

'How interesting!' exclaimed one.

'How humble!' said another.

'The crosses and beads depending from the grille; so exactly what we read of!' added a third.

This was too tantalizing to be longer endured. It might not be lady-like to follow the example of the ruse people, and climb to the top of a wall for the purpose of looking over into a gentleman's garden; but it must be done, and as secretly and

swiftly as possible. Old John, the water-carrier, was a very proper confidant; his back was to be the scaling-ladder by which the acme of my longings was to be achieved: everything seemed excusable to obtain a sight of the lovely nun.

The autumn evening was closing—the old church clock struck seven—the hour the nun walked. Old John was where he ought to be, close under that side of the garden-wall which ran along by the river.

'Is she there now, John?'

'Yes, miss.'

'No one with her, John?'

'No, miss.'

'Does any one see us, John?'

'Yes, miss.'

'Who, John?'

'Your father, miss.'

From the undignified position of stepping upon John's back, I actually dived into a bed of nettles, to hide myself from my father; and there I lay, stung by my guilty conscience, as well as by the venom of the vegetable, trembling and repenting my rash exploit—when: 'No fears, miss, he's gone the other way,' lured me from my leafy retreat. Literally nettled by this interruption to my adventure, I was on the point of giving it up, but John was not so disposed. 'Don't go without a peep at St. Patrick, miss,' said John. This prefix the nun's surname had already acquired for her from the vulgar people of our town.

'Fie, John!' said I reprovingly; 'call her by her convent-name—Sister Celeste.'

'Then mount miss, and see what a celestial critter she is. So saying, old John placed himself as if for a game at leap-frog. I mounted boldly, and clung by my arms, which I threw like grappling irons over the wall, for the sake of relieving poor John's back. O what a reward awaited me! There was the nun, in her long flowing gray dress; her figure met, my eye at once—I saw nothing else, and could have gazed for ever. O how I wished myself that nun, or next to that, some ardent youth to carry her off! She had got to the end of the walk; she would doubtless turn, and I should see her face. She did so, and—could it be possible?—my lovely nun was a horrid old woman. To be a nun, and to be old, was an anomaly I couldn't reconcile: but as I was pondering upon this, my arguments were met face to face by my father, who, obtaining Mr. Patrick's permission, had entered the garden, and mounted on a chair on the inside of the wall, for the purpose of convicting me in the very act.

John had made off on the first appearance of my father's head over the wall amongst the branches of the pear-tree; and there I was helplessly left, my feet dangling, and my shoulders pushed up to my ears, by the effort of holding on. Bread and water for a day was the very proper punishment of my undignified introduction to my first nun.

My next was on a very different occasion. I was to behold a really beautiful girl, the admiration of the city, who, with abundance of riches, had voluntarily resigned all the pomps and vanities of the world in exchange for the seclusion of a convent. This was in the charming city of Cork, where I happened to be spending the summer with a relation. A friend, dropping in one

morning, asked me if I would accompany her to the convent, as she was going to see her cousin, the identical beauty, and had the privilege of taking me along with her. Of course, I rejoiced to go; my friend promising that, after I had seen the nun, if I still required to be told, she would acquaint me with the cause of her taking the vows.

We walked about in the garden of the convent for some time, listening to the organ. One of the nuns, the only one visible, and really an interesting-looking creature, came towards us, and informed my companion that sister Beatrice would be at liberty presently. The organ ceased; there was the tinkling of a bell; away rushed the nun, and directly after Sister Beatrice appeared. She came quickly up the walk, holding her long coarse black serge dress a little aside so as not to impede her feet. She was tall, and managed her train with the grace of a court lady. A black veil flowed from her head, apparently of the same thick texture as the dress; but the face was uncovered, and lovely indeed, even in spite of the white fillet low down over the forehead, and the linen tippet, which, hiding every inch of the throat, came most unbecomingly right up under the ear. She was not more than two-and-twenty, and exquisitely fair; with features a model for the sculptor. I was surprised at her elegance, and almost cheerfulness of manner—it was that of the most polished lady of the drawing-room. I confess I expected to meet an aspect of melancholy resignation, somewhat more in accordance with the sombre hue of the dress; but no such thing. She said she was happy: and but for the, to me, forced smile around those beautiful lips, I could have believed her.

And do you not find the convent dull? I asked, as we got into conversation.

'Never,' she replied. 'I used to be plagued with ennui in the intervals of London gaieties; here we don't know what it means. All the pleasure I derived from balls, plays, parties, and above all, cantering over hill and dale on me favourite Lilla, were poor in comparison with my present happiness!'

'Well,' I remarked, 'I should not, I fear, be able to reconcile myself to the idea of living in a house where every sound of mirth was forbidden.'

'Oh, but there is no interdict here,' she replied. 'We are very merry. After our morning meal, when we are all congregated, half an hour is allowed for the relation of some anecdote or incident which may have happened when we were in the world; this half hour we each take by turns, and I assure you, it is generally a mirthful one, and we often laugh heartily.'

Oh, that must be a pleasant half-hour,' remarked I; 'and one that I think, from your manner, you must be particularly calculated to enliven and enjoy.'

'It is pleasant,' she replied; 'but since my bereavement—and she cast up her beautiful blue eyes to heaven, all gaiety of manner banished now—the happiness of my life here—and I sometimes think it will be hereafter—is in music—is to make the organ, which you heard faintly pealing just now, pour forth all its magnificent tones, as if to carry up the thanks and praises of our sisterhood to the heaven of heavens!'

I shall never forget the solemn exultation in the nun's utterance of these words: we were silent, and, a few drops of rain falling, took our leave. The tinkling bell caused the nun to hurry into the convent; and as we descended the steps from the garden, we again heard the organ, but this time accompanying the angelic voice of sister Beatrice.

'What,' I asked eagerly of my companion, was the cause which could seclude so beautiful a creature from the world?'

'I thought,' she replied, 'you would not find it out.'

'It was impossible to find it out; she merely alluded to her bereavement.'

'Did you not perceive, then, that she was blind?'

'Blind!' I echoed in astonishment.

'Yes; after a grand ball at Almack's, she caught cold, which resulted in the utter loss of sight; but, as you perceived, without any injury to the appearance of the eye. Her brother, who, after she became blind, devoted himself to her, was her constant companion, and compensated as far as possible her great loss—died. This was the bereavement she alluded to, which she felt more than her deprivation of sight. She then entered the convent, where, from her affable manner, beautiful appearance, and exquisite skill and taste in music, she is beloved and admired by all.'

Shortly after my return home, I became acquainted with my third nun, a very charming young Irishwoman, governess to the daughters of our doctor, whose wife, being a Catholic, reared the girls according to her own faith, while the worthy doctor trained his only son in the Protestant religion. Miss Hamilton, as the governess was called, seemed happy to have me with her whenever opportunity permitted; and my father's intimacy with Dr. Renton's family rendered this of frequent occurrence. In one of our many rambles through the beautiful woods which clothed the banks of the river, she, for the first time to me, at least, began to speak of her own previous history, a subject hitherto always avoided by her. I was not a little startled, when, alluding to some circumstance, she inadvertently said, 'Ah, that happened on my marriage-day.' I felt embarrassed, and was silent. I always suspected she had a secret; and though wondering what it was, I would not for the world have taken advantage of what she had thus incautiously uttered, to win it from her. It appeared as if this very forbearance on my part determined her on making me her confidante.

'It is a dreary thing,' she said after a pause, 'when an incident, in which is at once concentrated the chief happiness and misery of our lives, must be shut up in our own bosoms, un-talked of, and unsympathised with.'

I felt quite unable to fill up the painful silence which now ensued. At length Miss Hamilton thus resumed: 'My father's second marriage made my home a wretched one, and determined me at a very early age to leave it, and adventure in the world for a subsistence. For this purpose I applied myself closely to study. I was a pretty good musician, was advancing in French, and acknowledged to be the best grammarian in the

school; this, with the advantage of writing well, made up the whole stock of accomplishments on which I was about to trade. I packed up my wardrobe, took a cold leave of my father, and with five sovereigns in my purse, started by the coach for Dublin. I had my projects arranged, and was singularly confident of success.

'My intention was to offer myself for a year as a teacher at one of the schools, that I might acquire sufficient knowledge and confidence to take a situation as a private governess. This was accomplished; and at the age of sixteen I was received into the family of the Marquis of —, to instruct his young daughters. The son arrived from Cambridge, bringing his tutor, Mr. Seymour, along with him. I was treated by the whole family with the most affectionate kindness. The young tutor, for he was not many years older than his pupil, hearing me express a desire to acquire German, volunteered to give me lessons. A sympathy, strengthened by a singular coincidence of unhappy family circumstances, which had thrown us both alike on the wide world to struggle for ourselves, sprang up, and resulted—on my part at least, and I believe mutually—in the most devoted attachment; but this we thought it prudent to conceal from the family, lest it should prove inimical to our interests. On the morning of his leaving Dublin with his pupil, finding an excuse to walk out with me, we were privately married, vowing to each other never to divulge the secret until circumstances rendered it expedient. Even in separation we were happy, now that our vows were irrevocably made.

'Several letters had arrived from him, addressed to me, by previous arrangement, at the post-office; when, one morning, the marquis informed his family that he had received from his son the melancholy news of Mr. Seymour's sudden death. You cannot imagine, my dear friend,' continued Miss Hamilton—for I cannot call her by any other name—'what my sensations were; it would be impossible to describe them. Yet in the midst of my distress I kept my secret; I was ashamed, so young as I was, to reveal the duplicity I had practised. But my health sunk beneath the struggle, and compelled me to resign a situation which, from these circumstances had now become irksome to me. For a time my only consolation was in the advice and sympathy of the good old priest who joined our hands; besides yourself, he is the only person acquainted with this portion of my history. I owe it to you, my dear friend,' concluded Miss Hamilton, 'to be thus sincere; and oh, let it warn you against clandestine friendship, love, or alliance. Few circumstances can excuse them, and the result is always sorrow.

Of course, Miss Hamilton was dearer to me and more interesting than ever; and after she had left Dr. Renton's family, and gone to reside in the West of England, a letter arrived stating that she was going to a convent in Germany, which supported a school, to be English teacher there; and that, at the termination of the first twelvemonth, she might, if she chose, commence her novitiate—this she declared to be her intention—and eventually take the veil. I tried to dissuade her—would I had succeeded!—but all in vain: she went.

Her first letter described to me her arrival at the convent, and the singular feeling she had as the gates closed behind her, probably to separate her for ever from the world. It was night, and by the dim lights she could see the nuns clustering together on the staircase to catch a glimpse of the new-comer. The superior, whom she described as a very charming woman, received her not only with kindness, but affection, confiding her to the care of one of the nuns who could speak a few words of English.

On the following day, her duties commenced. She was forcibly impressed with the admirable system of education, the industry and superior knowledge of the children. On giving a lecture on English, it was no uncommon thing for a girl of eleven years of age to stand up and argue with her, saying: 'Allow me, Miss Hamilton—that rule is quite contrary to the German.' She liked her new life, and made many friends amongst the German ladies, whose habit it was to bring their work and sit with the nuns during the afternoon.

On the first examination of her pupils—an important day in the convent—Miss Hamilton, who still wore her own costume, had dressed herself very carefully, completing her toilet with a pair of close-fitting primrose coloured gloves. The superior wished to see her; smiled, and said she would supply her with a more appropriate covering for her hands, at the same time presenting her with a large awkward pair of black kid in exchange for her own. Miss Hamilton put them on and retired; but the really good-natured superior recalled her, saying: 'I see you are disappointed. Put on your own gloves again: we pardon the vanity for once.'

True to her intention, she commenced her novitiate, and as it drew to a termination, these were her words: 'My dear friend—I have a hungry longing for my profession-day, that day which shall separate me forever from most of the things of time; not from the correspondence of my friends, but from the false pleasures of a treacherous world.' I could not but regret this, a young creature, not yet eighteen; and then the clipping off of those luxuriant tresses, which I had so often envied her! However, it was decided, and my friend took the veil. I occasionally received letters, all breathing the most pious feelings, and prayers for my being brought into the true path, and joining her in her seclusion.

An unusually long silence made me fear that she had sunk under somewhat drooping health, when a letter arrived, a communication indeed to wonder at. The substance of it was this: She was alone with the superior and her confessor one evening, when two priests were introduced who, brought messages from a convent in England. Sister Lavine, so my friend was now called, at the superior's request, remained, merely retiring 'in meditation' to a recess of the apartment. There was something in the voice of one of the priests singularly sad; it seemed to command her attention. She fancied she recollected the sound; she must have met the priest in England; she would look up and recognise him. She did so; and in that tall, thin, pale man she saw her husband! The superior and her confessor

were acquainted with her story, and gave no small share of sympathy to the painful scene which ensued. What had been reported as sudden death, it appeared, was paralysis, which, after a period of unconsciousness, prostrated the poor sufferer helplessly on a bed of sickness for three years. Life was a burden. Could he be so selfish as to share that burden with the poor girl he had, sinfully perhaps, persuaded to a secret marriage, and who, from the false statement in the newspapers, which confirmed the report, must think him dead? At length he slowly recovered, and went to Ireland to seek out the old priest for news of his young and spotless bride. The priest was dead. He knew the address of her father. To him he applied, and received the information that a letter had arrived from his daughter some time previously, bidding him farewell, preparatory to her taking the veil, but in what convent she would not reveal. This ended all hope, and from that moment he devoted him self to a religious life; and now, by mere accident, accompanying his fellow-priest to the convent, he was on his way to join a severe and self-denying brotherhood of monks.

These were the incidents with which I became acquainted in the life of my third nun; and though the peculiarity of the circumstances might have warranted a renunciation of her vows, her destiny was the bride of heaven; for, in that one eventful interview, the long-parted took leave of each other for ever in this world. The trial, she said, had been a hard one, but only a befitting penance for having swerved from the direct path of sincerity; and her concluding words were: 'Remember that the result of dissimulation is surely sorrow!'

E C H O .

7th Class, Edinburgh Academy, 1881.

Hail! vagrant spirit of the sky!
 Sweet minstrel of the mountain wood!
 Whose strains of liquid melody
 Float o'er the holy solitude;
 Wild lover of the ancient caves
 That skirt the unfrequented shore,
 When the fretting ocean raves,
 And the foamy tempests roar;
 Thy lyre of universal tone
 Can imitate each varied measure,
 And make each wandering note its own
 Of joy, or grief—or pain, or pleasure.

The village schoolboy at his play,
 On a summer holiday,
 Loitering in the leafy wood,
 Enamour'd of its berries rude,
 Whoops, to scare the snowy dove
 Nestling on the boughs above,
 And laughs with roguish look to hear
 His cry come back upon his ear,
 Then shouts his joyous carol round,
 Till all the neighbouring glades resound.

When the vestal train is kneeling
 On the holy altar stone,
 And through the choir the hymn is pealing
 In a sweet and hallowed tone—
 All the notes in Union blending,
 Like sister streams at silent even,
 To the raptured spirit lending
 The choral harmonies of heaven—
 On thy harp with airy finger,
 Thou dost raise the heavenly lay—
 In the far aisles its echoes linger,
 And die in half heard notes away!

How sweet at moonlit eve to lie
 Upon some balmy breathing steep,
 Whose verdant forehead, lone and high,
 Looks down on a long cottaged dell,
 Where the simple rustics dwell,
 Buried all in balmy sleep—
 When the smoke had ceased to rise
 From the mossy cottage roof,
 And naught disturbs the drowsy skies
 But the hollow trampling hoof
 Of some lone traveller's wearied steed,
 Pressing him with eager speed;
 Or the long but distant bark
 Of sleepless watch-dog, through the dark;
 If then, perchance a beauteous strain
 Should rise along the silent plain
 From some embowered nook,
 And swell in circling notes along,
 Till every grotto found a tongue,
 And every minstrel mountain took
 The chorus up, how sweet unto the list'ning ear
 That glorious melody to hear,
 Soft thrilling through the azure sky,
 So fairy-like—so heavenly,
 In that delightful hour,
 As if 'twere borne on angel's wings
 From some fair star where music springs
 With every golden flower,
 Where every honied breeze that blows,
 Joins in a soft melodious song,
 To charm the blissful ears of the undying throng!

We never knew a "Selling off" where the purchasers were not included in the Selling.

We never met an English tourist who could drink a glass of Continental beer without inwardly regretting it.

We never eat an oyster opened by an amateur, that didn't taste like spoilt periwinkle mixed with gravel walk.

We never met a cockney so sanguine of longevity as to hope to live to see the river Thames deodorised.

The tongue was intended for a divine organ; but the devil often plays upon it.

MORTON HALL*.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Up to this time we had felt it rather impertinent to tell each other of our individual silent wonders as to what Miss Phillis lived on: but I know in our hearts we each thought about it with a kind of respectful pity for her fallen low estate. Miss Phillis, that we remembered like an angel for beauty, and like a little princess for the imperious sway she exercised, and which was such sweet compulsion that we had all felt proud to be her slaves; Miss Phillis was now a worn, plain woman, in homely dress, tending towards old age! and looking—(at that time I dared not have spoken so insolent a thought, not even to myself)—but she did look as if she had hardly the proper nourishing food she required. One day, I remember Mrs. Jones the butcher's wife—(she was a Drumble person)—saying in her sassy way, that she was not surprised to see Miss Morton so bloodless and pale, for she only treated herself to a Sunday's dinner of meat, and lived on slop and bread-and-butter all the rest of the week. Ethelinda put on her severe face—a look that I am afraid of to this day—and said, "Mrs. Jones, do you suppose Miss Morton can eat your half starved meat? You do not know how choice and dainty she is, as becomes one born and bred like her. What was it we had to bring for her only last Saturday from the grand new butcher's in Drumble, Biddy?"—(we took our eggs to market in Drumble every Saturday, for the cotton-spinners would give us a higher price than the Morton people; the more fools they!)

I thought it rather cowardly of Ethelinda to put the story-telling on me; but she always thought a great deal of saving her soul; more than I did, I am afraid, for I made answer, as bold as a lion, "Two sweetbreads, at a shilling apiece: and a fore-quarter of house lamb, at eightpence a pound." So off went Mrs. Jones in a huff, saying "their meat was good enough for Mrs. Donkin the great mill owner's widow and might serve a beggarly Morton any day." When we were alone, I said to Ethelinda, "I'm afraid we shall have to pay for our lies at the great day of account," and Ethelinda answered very sharply—(she's a good sister in the main)—"Speak for yourself, Biddy. I never said a word. I only asked questions. How could I help it if you told lies? I'm sure I wondered at you, how glib you spoke out what was not true." But I knew she was glad I told the lies in her heart.

After the poor Squire came to live with his aunt, Miss Phillis, we ventured to speak a bit to ourselves. We were sure they were pinched.—They looked like it. He had a bad hacking cough at times; though he was so dignified and proud he would never cough when any one was near. I have seen him up before it was day, sweeping the dung off the roads, to try and get enough to manure the little plot of ground behind the cottage, which Miss Phillis had let alone but which her nephew used to dig in and till; for, said he, one day in his grand slow way "he was always fond of experiments in agriculture."

Ethelinda and I, do believe that the two or three score of Cabbages he raised were all they had to live on that winter, besides the bit of meal and tea they got at the village shop.

One Friday night I said to Ethelinda, "It is a shame to take these eggs to Drumble to sell, and never to offer one to the Squire on whose lands we were born." She answered "I have thought so many a time; but how can we do it! I, for one, dare not offer them to the Squire; and as for Miss Phillis it would seem like impertinence." "I'll try at it," said I.

So that night I took some eggs—fresh yellow eggs from our own pheasant hen, the like of which there were not for twenty miles round—and I laid them softly after dusk on one of the little stone seats in the porch of Miss Phillis's cottage. But, alas! when we went to market at Drumble, early the next morning, there were my eggs all shattered and splashed, making an ugly yellow pool in the road just in front of the cottage. I had meant to have followed it up by a chicken or so; but I saw now it would never do. Miss Phillis came now and then to call upon us; she was a little more high and distant then she had been when a girl, and we felt we must keep our place. I suppose we had affronted the young Squire, for he never came near our house.

Well! there came a hard winter, and provisions rose; and Ethelinda and I had much ado to make ends meet. If it had not been for my sister's good management, we should have been in debt I know; but she proposed that we should go without dinner and only have a breakfast and a tea, to which I agreed, you may be sure.

One baking day I had made some cakes for tea—potato-cakes we called them. They had a savoury hot smell about them; and, to tempt Ethelinda, who was not quite well, I cooked a rasher of bacon. Just as we were sitting down Miss Phillis knocked at our door. We let her in. God only knows how white and haggard she looked. The heat of our kitchen made her totter and for a while she could not speak. But all the time she looked at the food on the table as if she feared to shut her eyes lest it should all vanish away. It was an eager stare like that of some animal, poor soul! "If I durst," said Ethelinda wishing to ask her to share our meal, but being afraid to speak out. I did not speak, but handed her the good hot buttered cake; on which she seized and putting it up to her lips as if to taste it, she fell back in her chair, crying.

We had never seen a Morton cry before; and it was something awful. We stood silent and aghast. She recovered herself, but did not taste the food; on the contrary, she covered it up with both hands, as if afraid of losing it. "If you'll allow me," said she, in a stately kind of way to make up for our having seen her crying, "I'll take it to my nephew." And she got up to go away; but she could hardly stand for very weakness, and had to sit down again; she smiled at us, and said she was a little dizzy, but it would soon go off; but as she smiled the bloodless lips were drawn far back over her teeth making her face seem somehow like a death's head. "Miss Morton," said I, "do honour us by taking tea with us this once. The Squire, your father, once took a luncheon with my father, and we are

* Continued from page 77, vol 4.—Concluded.

proud of it to this day." I poured her out some tea, which she drank; the food she shrank away from as if the very sight of it turned her sick again. But when she rose to go she looked at it with her sad wolfish eyes, as if she could not leave it; and at last she broke into a low cry, and said. "Oh, Bridget, we are starving! we are starving for want of food! I can bear it; I don't mind; but he suffers, oh, how he suffers! Let me take him food for this one night."

We could hardly speak; our hearts were in our throats, and the tears ran down our cheeks like rain. We packed up a basket, and carried it to her very door, never venturing to speak a word, for we knew what it must have cost her to say that. When we left her at the cottage we made our own usual curtsy, but she fell upon our necks, and kissed us. For several nights after she hovered round our house about dusk; but she would never come in again, and face us in candle or fire-light, much less daylight. We took out food to her as regularly as might be, and gave it to her in silence, and with the deepest curtsies we could make, we felt so honored.—We had many plans now she had permitted us to know of her distress. We hoped she would allow us to go on serving her in some way as became us as Sidebothams. But one night she never came; we staid out in the cold bleak wind looking into the dark for her thin worn figure; all in vain. Late the next afternoon the young Squire lifted the latch, and stood right in the middle of our houseplace. The roof was low overhead; and made lower by the deep beams supporting the floor above: he stooped as he looked at us, and tried to form words, but no sound came out of his lips. I never saw such gaunt woe; no, never! At last he took me by the shoulder, and led me out of the house.

"Come with me!" he said, when we were in the open air, as if that gave him strength to speak audibly. I needed no second word. We entered Miss Phillis's cottage; a liberty I had never taken before. What little furniture was there it was clear to be seen were cast-off fragments of the old splendor of Morton Hall. No fire. Grey wood ashes lay on the hearth. An old settee, once white and gold, now doubly shabby in its fall from its former estate. On it lay Miss Phillis, very pale; very still; her eyes shut.

"Tell me!" he gasped. "Is she dead? I think she is asleep; but she looks so strange—as if she might be—" He could not say the awful word again. I stooped, and felt no warmth; only a cold chill atmosphere seemed to surround her.

"She is dead!" I replied at length. "Oh, Miss Phillis! Miss Phillis!" and, like a fool, I began to cry. But he sat down without a tear, and looked vacantly at the empty hearth. I dared not cry any more when I saw him so stony sad. I did not know what to do. I could not leave him; and yet I had no excuse for staying. I went up to Miss Phillis, and softly arranged the gray ragged locks about her face.

"Aye!" said he. "She must be laid out.—Who so fit to do it as you and your sister, children of good old Robert Sidebotham."

"Oh! my master," I said, "this is no fit place

for you. Let me fetch my sister to sit up with me all night; and honour us by sleeping at our poor little cottage."

I did not expect he would have done it: but after a few minutes' silence he agreed to my proposal. I hastened home and told Ethelinda, and both of us crying, we heaped up the fire, and spread the table with food, and made up a bed in one corner of the floor. While I stood ready to go I saw Ethelinda open the great chest in which we kept our treasures; and out she took a fine Holland shift that had been one of my mother's wedding shifts; and seeing what she was after, I went upstairs and brought down a piece of rare old lace, a good deal darned to be sure, but still old Brussels point, bequeathed to me long ago by my god-mother, Mrs. Dawson. We huddled these things under our cloaks, locked the door behind us and set out to do all we could now for poor Miss Phillis. We found the Squire sitting just as we left him; I hardly knew if he understood me when I told him how to unlock our door, and gave him the key; though I spoke as distinctly as ever I could for the choking in my throat. At last he rose and went; and Ethelinda and I composed her poor thin limbs to decent rest, and wrapped her in the fine Holland shift; and then I plaited up my lace into a close cap to tie up the wasted features. When all was done we looked upon her from a little distance.

"A Morton to die of hunger!" said Ethelinda solemnly. "We should not have dared to think that such a thing was within the chances of life; do you remember that evening, when you and I were little children, and she a merry young lady peeping at us from behind her fan?"

We did not cry any more; we felt very still and awe-struck. After a while, I said, "I wonder if after all the young Squire did go to our house. He had a strange look about him. If I dared I would go and see." I opened the door; the night was black as pitch; the air very still. "I'll go," said I; and off I went, not meeting a creature, for it was long past eleven. I reached our house; the window was long and low, and the shutters were old and shrunk. I could peep between them well, and see all that was going on. He was there sitting over the fire, never shedding a tear; but seeming as if he saw his past life in the embers. The food we had prepared was untouched. Once or twice, during my long watch (I was more than an hour away), he turned towards the food, and made as though he would have eaten it, and then shuddered back; but at last he seized it, and tore it with his teeth, and laughed and rejoiced over it like some starved animal. I could not keep from crying then. He gorged himself with great morsels; and when he could eat no more it seemed as if his strength for suffering had come back; he threw himself on the bed, and such a passion of despair I never heard of, much less ever saw. I could not bear to witness it. The dead Miss Phillis lay calm and still; her trials were over. I would go back and watch with Ethelinda.

When the pale grey morning dawn stole in, making us shiver and shake after our vigils, the Squire returned. We were both mortal afraid of him, we knew not why. He looked quiet enough—the lines were worn deep before; no new

traces were there. He stood and looked at his aunt for a minute or two. Then he went up into the loft above the room where we were; he brought a small paper parcel down: bade us keep on our watch yet a little time. First one and then the other of us went home to get some food. It was a bitter black frost; no one was out, who could stop indoors; and those who were out cared not to stop to speak. Towards the afternoon the air darkened, and a great snow-storm came on. We durst not be left, only one alone; yet at the cottage where Miss Phillis had lived there was neither fire nor fuel. So we sat and shivered and shook till morning. The Squire never came that night nor all next day.

"What must we do?" asked Ethelinda, broken down entirely. "I shall die if I stop here another night. We must tell the neighbors and get help for the watch."

"So we must," said I, very low and grieved. I went out and told the news at the nearest house, taking care, you may be sure, never to speak of the hunger and cold Miss Phillis must have endured in silence. It was bad enough to have them come in, and make their remarks on the poor bits of furniture; for no one had known their bitter straits even as much as Ethelinda and me, and we had been shocked at the bareness of the place. I did hear that one or two of the more ill-conditioned had said, it was not for nothing we had kept the death to ourselves for two nights; that to judge from the lace on her cap there must have been some pretty pickings. Ethelinda would have contradicted this, but I bade her let it alone; it would save the memory of the proud Mortons from the shame that poverty is thought to be; and as for us, why we could live it down. But, on the whole, people came forward kindly; money was not wanting to bury her well, if not grandly as became her birth; and many a one was bidden to the funeral who might have looked after her a little more in her lifetime. Among others was Squire Hargreaves from Bothwick Hall over the Moors. He was some kind of far-away cousin to the Mortons. So when he came he was asked to go chief mourner in Squire Morton's strange absence, which I should have wondered at the more if I had not thought him almost crazy when I watched his ways through the shutter that night. Squire Hargreaves started when they paid him the compliment of asking him to take the head of the coffin.

"Where is her nephew?" asked he.

"No one has seen him since eight o'clock last Thursday morning.

"But I saw him at noon on Thursday," said Squire Hargreaves with a round oath. "He came over the moors to tell me of his aunt's death, and to ask me to give him a little money to bury her on the pledge of his gold shirt-buttons. He said I was a cousin, and could pity a gentleman in such sore need. That the buttons were his mother's first gift to him; and that I was to keep them safe, for some day he would make his fortune and come back to redeem them. He had not known his aunt was so ill, or he would have parted with these buttons sooner, though he held them as more precious than he could tell me. I gave him money; but I could not find in my heart to take the buttons. He bade me not tell

of all this; but when a man is missing it is my duty to give all the clue I can."

And so their poverty was blazoned abroad! But folk forgot it all in the search for the Squire on the moor side. Two days they searched in vain; the third, upwards of a hundred men turned out hand-in-hand, step on step, to leave no foot of ground unsearched. They found him stark and stiff, with Squire Hargreaves' money, and his mother's gold buttons, safe in his waistcoat pocket.

And we laid him down by the side of his poor aunt Phillis.

After the Squire, John Marmaduke Morton, had been found dead in that sad way on the dreary moors, the creditors seemed to lose all hold on the property; which indeed, during the seven years they had had it, they had drained as dry as a sucked orange. But for a long time no one seemed to know who rightly was the owner of Morton Hall and lands. The old house fell out of repair; the chimneys were full of starlings' nests; the flags in the terrace in front were hidden by the long grass; the panes in the window were broken, no one knew how or why, for the children of the village got up a tale that the house was haunted. Ethelinda and I went sometimes in the summer mornings and gathered some of the roses that were being strangled by the bind-weed that spread over all; and we used to try and weed the old flower-garden a little; but we were no longer young, and the stooping made our backs ache. Still we always felt happier if we cleared but ever such a little space. Yet we did not go there willingly in the afternoons, and left the garden always before the first slight shade of dusk.

We did not choose to ask the common people—many of them were weavers or Drumble manufacturers, and no longer decent hedgers and ditchers—we did not choose to ask them, I say, who was squire now, or where he lived. But one day, a great London lawyer came to the Morton Arms, and made a pretty stir. He came on behalf of a General Morton, who was squire now, though he was far away in India. He had been written to, and they had proved him heir, though he was a very distant cousin; farther back than Sir John, I think. And now he had sent word they were to take money of his that was in England, and put the house in thorough repair; for that three maiden sisters of his, who lived in some town in the north, would come and live at Morton Hall till his return. So the lawyer sent for a Drumble builder, and gave him directions. We thought it would have been prettier if he had hired John Cobb, the Morton builder and joiner, he that had made the Squire's coffin, and the Squire's father before that. Instead, came a troop of Drumble men, knocking and tumbling about in the Hall, and making their jests up and down all those stately rooms. Ethelinda and I never went near the place till they were gone, bag and baggage. And then what a change! the old casement windows, with their heavy leaded panes half overgrown with vines and roses, were taken away, and great staring sash windows were in their stead. New grates inside; all modern, new-fangled and smoking,

Instead of the brass dogs which held the mighty logs of wood in the old Squire's time. The little square Turkey carpet under the dining table, which had served Miss Phillis, was not good enough for these new Mortons; the dining-room was all carpeted over. We peeped into the old dining-parlour; that parlour where the dinner for the Puritan preachers had been laid out; the flag parlour as it had been called of late years. But it had a damp earthy smell, and was used as a lumber-room. We shut the door quicker than we had opened it. We came away disappointed. The Hall was no longer like our own honoured Morton Hall.

"After all, these three ladies are Mortons," said Ethelinda to me. "We must not forget that—we must go and pay our duty to them as soon as they have appeared in church."

Accordingly we went. But we had heard and seen them before we paid our respects at the Hall. Their maid had been down in the village; their maid as she was called now; but a maid of all work she had been until now, as she very soon let out when we questioned her. However we were never proud; and she was a good honest farmer's daughter out of Northumberland. What work she did make with the Queen's English! The folk in Lancashire are said to speak broad; but I could always understand our own kindly tongue, whereas when Mrs. Turner told me her name, both Ethelinda and I could have sworn she said Donagh, and were afraid she was an Irishwoman. Her ladies were what you may call past the bloom of youth; Miss Sophronia—Miss Morton, properly—was just sixty; Miss Annabella, three years younger; and Miss Dorothy (or Baby, as they called her, when they were by themselves, was two years younger still. Mrs. Turner was very confidential to us, partly because I doubt not she had heard of our old connexion with the family, and partly because she was an arrant talker, and was glad of anybody who would listen to her. So we heard the very first week how each of the ladies had wished for the east bed-room: that which faced the north-east; which no one slept in, in the old Squire's days; but there were two steps leading up into it, and said Miss Sophronia, she would never let a younger sister have a room more elevated than she had herself. She was the eldest, and she had a right to the steps. So she bolted herself in for two days while she unpacked her clothes, and then came out looking like a hen that has laid an egg, and defies any one to take that honour from her.

But her sisters were very deferential to her in general; that must be said. They never had more than two black feathers in their bonnets; while she had always three. Mrs. Turner said that once, when they thought Miss Annabella had been going to have an offer of marriage made her, Miss Sophronia had not objected to her wearing three that winter; but when it all ended in smoke, Miss Annabella had to pluck it out, as became a younger sister. Poor Miss Annabella! she had been a beauty (Mrs. Turner said), and great things had been expected of her. Her brother, the General, and her mother had both spoilt her, rather than cross her unnecessarily, and so spoil her good looks; which, old Mrs.

Morton had always expected would make the fortune of the family. Her sisters were angry with her for not having married some rich gentleman; though, as she used to say to Mrs. Turner, how could she help it. She was willing enough, but no rich gentleman came to ask her. We agreed that it really was not her fault; but her sisters thought it was: and now that she had lost her beauty, they were always casting it up what they would have done if they had had her gifts. There were some Miss Burrells they had heard of, each of whom had married a lord; and these Miss Burrells had not been such beauties. So Miss Sophronia used to work the question by the rule of three, and put it in this way: If Miss Burrell, with a tolerable pair of eyes, a snub nose, and a wide mouth, married a baron, what rank of peer ought our pretty Annabella to have espoused! And the worst was, Miss Annabella, who had never had any ambition, wanted to have married a poor curate in her youth; but was pulled up by her mother and sisters reminding her of the duty she owed to her family. Miss Dorothy had done her best; Miss Morton always praised her for it. With not half the good looks of Miss Annabella, she had danced with an honourable at Harrogate three times running; and even now she persevered in trying; which was more than could be said of Miss Annabella, who was very broken-spirited.

I do believe Mrs. Turner told us all this before we had ever seen the ladies. We had let them know, through Mrs. Turner, of our wish to pay them our respects; and so we ventured to go up to the front door, and rap modestly. We had reasoned about it before, and agreed if we were going in our everyday clothes, to offer a little present of eggs, or to call on Mrs. Turner (as she had asked us to do), the back door would have been the appropriate entrance for us. But going, however humbly, to pay our respects, and offer our reverential welcome to the Miss Mortons, we took our rank as their visitors, and should go to the front door. We were shown up the wide stairs, along the gallery, up two steps, into Miss Sophronia's room. She put away some papers hastily as we came in. We heard afterwards that she was writing a book, to be called "The Female Chesterfield, or Letters from a Lady of Quality to her Niece." And the little niece sat there in a high chair, with a flat board tied to her back, and her feet in stocks on the rail of the chair, so that she had nothing to do but listen to her aunt's letters; which were read aloud to her as they were written, in order to mark their effect on her manners. I was not sure whether Miss Sophronia liked our interruption; but I know little Miss Cordelia Mannisty did.

"Is the young lady crooked?" asked Ethelinda during a pause in our conversation. I had noticed that my sister's eyes would rest on the child; although by an effort she sometimes succeeded in looking at something else occasionally.

"No! indeed, ma'am" said Miss Morton. "But she was born in India, and her backbone has never properly hardened. Besides I and my two sisters each take charge of her for a week; and, their systems of education—I might say non education—differ so totally and entirely from my ideas, that, when Miss Mannisty comes to me, I con-

sider myself fortunate if I can undo the—hem!—that has been done during a fortnight's absence. Cordelia, my dear, repeat to these good ladies the geography lesson you learned this morning!"

Poor little Miss Mannisty began to tell us a great deal about some river in Yorkshire of which we had never heard, though I dare say we ought and then a great deal more about the towns that it passed by and what they were famous for; and all I can remember—indeed could understand at the time—was, that Pomfret was famous for Pomfret cakes, which I knew before. But Ethelinda gasped for breath before it was done, she was so nearly choked up with astonishment; and when it was ended, she said, "Pretty dear! its wonderful!" Miss Morton looked a little displeased, and replied "Not at all. Good little girls can learn anything they choose, even French verbs. Yes, Cordelia, they can. And to be good is better than to be pretty. We don't think about looks here. You may get down, child, and go into the garden, and take care you put your bonnet on, or you'll be all over freckles." We got up to take leave at the same time, and followed the little girl out of the room. Ethelinda fumbled in her pocket.

"Here's sixpence, my dear, for you. Nay, I am sure you may take it from an old woman like me, to whom you've told over more geography than I ever thought there was out of the Bible." For Ethelinda always maintained that the long chapters in the Bible which were all names were geography; and though I knew well enough they were not, yet I had forgotten what the right word was, so I let her alone; for one hard word did as well as another. Little Miss looked as if she was not sure if she might take it; but I suppose we had two kindly old faces, for at last the smile came into her eyes—not to her mouth—she had lived too much with grave and quiet people for that; and, looking wistfully at us, she said:

"Thank you. But won't you go and see Aunt Annabella?" We said we should like to pay our respects to both her other aunts if we might take that liberty; and perhaps she would show us the way. But, at the door of a room she stopped short, and said sorrowfully, "I mayn't go in; it is not my week for being with Aunt Annabella;" and then she went slowly and heavily towards the garden door.

"That child is cowed by somebody," said I to Ethelinda.

"But she knows a deal of geography"—Ethelinda's speech was cut short by the opening of the door in answer to our knock. The once beautiful Miss Annabella Morton stood before us, and bade my sister and I to enter. She was dressed in white, with a turned up velvet hat, and two or three short drooping black feathers in it. I should not like to say she rouged, but she had a very pretty color in her cheeks; that much can do neither good nor harm.

She looked so unlike anybody I had ever seen, that I wondered what the child could have found to like in her; for like her she did, that was very clear. But, when Miss Annabella spoke, I came under the charm. Her voice was very sweet and plaintive, and suited well with the kind of things she said; all about charms of nature, and tears, and grief, and such sort of talk, which

reminded me rather of poetry—very pretty to listen to; though I never could understand it as well as plain comfortable prose. Still I hardly know why I liked Miss Annabella. I think I was sorry for her; though, whether I should have been if she had not put it in my head, I don't know. The room looked very comfortable; a spinnet in a corner to amuse herself with, and a good sofa to lie down upon. By and bye, we got her to talk of her little niece, and she too had her system of education. She said she hoped to develop the sensibilities, and to cultivate the tastes. While with her, her darling niece read works of imagination, and acquired all that Miss Annabella could impart of the fine arts. We neither of us quite knew what she was hinting at at the time; but afterwards, by dint of questioning little Miss, and using our own eyes and ears, we found that she read aloud to her aunt while she lay on the sofa; Santo Sebastiano, or the Young Protector, was what they were deep in at this time; and, as it was in five volumes and the heroine spoke broken English—which required to be read twice over to make it intelligible—it lasted them a long time. She also learned to play on the spinnet; not much—for I never heard above two tunes; one of which was God save the King, and the other was not. But I fancy the poor child was lectured by one aunt, and frightened by the other's sharp ways and numerous fancies. She might well be fond of her gentle, pensive (Miss Annabella told me she was pensive so I know I am right in calling her so) aunt with her soft voice, and her never ending novels, and the sweet accents that hover about the sleepy room.

No one tempted us towards Miss Dorothy's apartment when we left Miss Annabella; so we did not see the youngest Miss Morton this first day. We had each of us treasured up many little mysteries to be explained by our dictionary, Mrs. Turner.

"Who is little Miss Mannisty?" we asked in one breath, when we saw our friend from the Hall. And then we learned that there had been a fourth—a younger Miss Morton, who was no beauty, and no wit, and no anything; so Miss Sophronia, her eldest sister, had allowed her to marry a Mr. Mannisty, and ever after spoke of her as "my poor sister Jane." She and her husband had gone out to India; and both had died there; and the General had made it a sort of condition with his sisters that they should take charge of the child, or else none of them liked children except Miss Annabella.

"Miss Annabella likes children?" said I.—"Then that's the reason children like her."

"I can't say she likes children; for we never have any in our house but Miss Cordelia; but her, she does like dearly."

"Poor little Miss!" said Ethelinda, "does she never get a chance of play with other little girls?" And I am sure from that time Ethelinda considered her in a diseased state from this very circumstance, and that her knowledge of geography was one of the symptoms of the disorder; for she used often to say, "I wish she did not know so much geography! I'm sure it is not quite right."

Whether or not her geography was right I don't know; but the child pined for companions. A very few days after we had called—and yet long

enough to have passed her into Miss Annabella's week—I saw Miss Cordelia in a corner of the church green, playing with awkward humility, along with some of the rough village girls, who were as expert at the game as she was unapt and slow. I hesitated a little, and at last I called to her.

"How do you, my dear?" I said. "How come you here, so far from home?"

She reddened, and then looked up at me with her large serious eyes.

"Aunt Annabel sent me into the wood to meditate—and—and—it was very dull—and I heard these little girls playing and laughing—and I had my sixpence with me and—it was not wrong, was it ma'am?—I came to them, and told one of them I would give it to her if she would ask the others to let me play with them."

"But my dear, they are—some of them—very rough little children, and not fit companions for a Morton."

"But I am a Mannisty, ma'am!" she pleaded, with so much entreaty in her voice that, if I had not known what naughty bad girls some of them were, I could not have resisted her longing for companions of her own age. As it was, I was angry with them for having taken her sixpence; but, when she had told me which it was, and saw that I was going to reclaim it, she clung to me, and said:—

"Oh! don't, ma'am—you must not. I gave it to her quite of my own self."

So I turned away; for there was truth in what the child said. But to this day I have never told Ethelinda what became of her sixpence. I took Miss Cordelia home with me while I changed my dress to be fit to take her back to the Hall. And on the way, to make up for her disappointment, I began talking of my dear Miss Phillis and her bright pretty youth. I had never named her name since her death to anyone but Ethelinda—and that only on Sundays and quiet times. And I could not have spoken of her to a grown-up person; but somehow to Miss Cordelia it came out quite natural. Not of her latter days, of course: but of her pony, and her little black King Charles's dogs, and all the living creatures that were glad in her presence when I first knew her. And nothing would satisfy the child but I must go into the Hall garden and show her where Miss Phillis's garden had been. We were deep in our talk, and she was stooping down to clear the plot from weeds, when I heard a sharp voice cry out, "Cordelia! Cordelia! Dirtying your frock with kneeling on the wet grass! It is not my week; but I shall tell your Aunt Annabella of you."

And the window was shut down with a jerk. It was Miss Dorothy. And I felt almost as guilty as poor little Miss Cordelia: for I had heard from Mrs. Turner that we had given great offence to Miss Dorothy by not going to call on her in her room that day on which we had paid our respects to her sisters; and I had a sort of an idea that seeing Miss Cordelia with me was almost as much of a fault as the kneeling down on the wet grass. So I thought I would take the bull by the horns. "Will you take me to your Aunt Dorothy, my dear?" said I.

The little girl had no longing to go into her

aunt Dorothy's room, as she had so evidently had at Miss Annabella's door. On the contrary, she pointed it out to me at a safe distance, and then went away in the measured step she was taught to use in that house; where such things as running, going up stairs two steps at a time, or jumping down three, were considered undignified and vulgar. Miss Dorothy's room was the least prepossessing of any. Somehow it had a north-east look about it, though it did face direct south; and, as for Miss Dorothy herself, she was more like a "Cousin Betty" than anything else; if you know what a Cousin Betty is, and perhaps it is too old-fashioned a word to be understood by any one who has learnt the foreign languages; but when I was a girl, there used to be poor crazy women rambling about the country, one or two in a district. They never did any harm that I know of; they might have been born idiots, poor creatures! or crossed in love, who knows? But they roamed the country, and were well known at the farm-houses; where they often got food and shelter for as long a time as their restless minds would allow them to remain in any one place; and the farmer's wife would, maybe, rummage up a ribbon, or a feather, or a smart old breadth of silk, to please the harmless vanity of these poor crazy women; and they would go about so bedizened sometimes that, as we called them always "Cousin Betty," we made it into a kind of proverb for any one dressed in a fly-away showy style, and said they were like a Cousin Betty. So you know what I mean that Miss Dorothy was like. Her dress was white, like Miss Annabella's; but instead of the black velvet hat her sister wore, she had on, even in the house, a small black silk bonnet. This sounds as if it should be less like a Cousin Betty than a hat; but wait till I tell you how it was lined—with strips of red silk, broad near the face, narrow near the brim; for all the world like the rays of the sun, as they are painted on the public-house sign. And her face was like the sun; as round as an apple; and with rouge on, without any doubt: indeed, she told me once, a lady was not dressed unless she had put her rouge on. Mrs. Turner told us she studied reflection a great deal; not that she was a thinking woman in general, I should say; and that this rayed lining was the fruit of her study. She had her hair piled together, so that her forehead was quite covered with it; and I won't deny that I rather wished myself at home, as I stood facing her in the doorway. She pretended she did not know who I was, and made me tell all about myself; and then it turned out she knew all about me, and she hoped I had recovered from my fatigue the other day.

"What fatigue?" asked I, immovably. Oh! she had understood I was very much tired after visiting her sisters; otherwise, of course, I should not have felt it too much to come on to her room. She kept hinting at me in so many ways, that I could have asked her gladly to slap my face and have done with it, only I wanted to make Miss Cordelia's peace with her for kneeling down and dirtying her frock. I did say what I could to make things straight; but I don't know if I did any good. Mrs. Turner told me how suspicious and jealous she was of everybody, and of Miss Annabella in particular, who had been set over

her in her youth because of her beauty; but since it had faded, Miss Morton and Miss Dorothy had never ceased pecking at her; and Miss Dorothy worst of all. If it had not been for little Miss Cordelia's love, Miss Annabella might have wished to die; she did often wish she had had the small-box as a baby. Miss Morton was stately and cold to her, as one who had not done her duty to her family, and was put in the corner for her bad behaviour. Miss Dorothy was continually talking at her, and particularly dwelling on the fact of her being the older sister. Now she was but two years older; and was still so pretty and gentle looking, that I should have forgotten it continually, but for Miss Dorothy.

The rules that were made for Miss Cordelia! She was to eat her meals standing, that was one thing! Another was, that she was to drink two cups of cold water before she had any pudding and it just made the child loathe cold water. Then there were ever so many words she might not use; each aunt had her own set of words which were ungentle or improper for some reason or another. Miss Dorothy would never let her say "red;" it was always to be pink, or crimson, or scarlet. Miss Cordelia used at one time to come to us, and tell us she had a pain at her chest so often, that Ethelinda and I began to be uneasy, and questioned Mrs. Turner to know if her mother had died of consumption; and many a good pot of currant jelly have I given her, and only made her pain at the chest worse; for—would you believe it?—Miss Morton told her never to say she had got a stomach-ache, for that it was not proper to say so. I had heard it called by a worse name still in my youth, and so had Ethelinda; and we sat and wondered to ourselves how it was that some kinds of pain were genteel and others were not. I said that old families, like the Mortons, generally thought it showed good blood to have their complaints as high in the body as they could—brain fevers and headaches had a better sound, and did perhaps belong more to the aristocracy. I thought I had got the right view in saying this, when Ethelinda would put in that she had often heard of Lord Toffey having the gout and being lame, and that nonplussed me. If there is one thing that I do dislike more than another, it is a person saying something on the other side when I am trying to make up my mind—how can I reason if I am to be disturbed by another person's arguments?

But though I tell all these peculiarities of the Miss Mortons, they were good women in the main; even Miss Dorothy had her times of kindness, and really did love her little niece, though she was always laying traps to catch her doing wrong. Miss Morton I got to respect, if I never liked her. They would ask us up to tea; and we would put on our best gowns; and taking the house-key in my pocket, we used to walk slowly through the village, wishing the people who had been living in our youth could have seen us now, going by invitation to drink tea with the family at the Hall—not in the housekeeper's room, but with the family, indeed you. But since they began to weave in Merton, everybody seemed too busy to notice us; so we were fain to be content with reminding each other how we should never have believed it in our youth that we could have

lived to this day. After tea, Miss Morton would set us to talk of the real old family, whom they had never known; and you may be sure we told of all their pomp and grandeur and stately ways; but Ethelinda and I never spoke of what was to ourselves like the memory of a sad, terrible dream. So they thought of the Squire in his coach-and-four as High Sheriff, and Madam lying in her morning-room in her Genoa velvet wrapping robe, all over peacock's eyes (it was a piece of velvet the Squire brought back from Italy, when he had been the grand tour,) and Miss Phillis going to a ball at a great lord's house and dancing with a royal duke. The three ladies were never tired of listening to the tale of the splendor that had been going on here, while they and their mother had been starving in genteel poverty up in Northumberland; and as for Miss Cordelia, she sat on a stool at her Aunt Annabella's knee, her hand in her aunt's, and listened, open-mouthed and unnoticed, to all we could say.

One day, the child came crying to our house. It was the old story; Aunt Dorothy had been so unkind to Aunt Annabella! The little girl said she would run away to India, and tell her uncle the General, and seemed in such a paroxysm of anger, and grief, and despair, that a sudden thought came over me. I thought I would try and teach her something of the deep sorrow that lies awaiting all at some part of their lives, and of the way in which it ought to be borne, by telling her of Miss Phillis's love and endurance for her wasteful, handsome nephew. So from little, I got to more, and I told her all; the child's great eyes filling slowly with tears, which brimmed over and came rolling down her cheeks unnoticed as I spoke. I scarcely needed to make her promise not to speak about all this matter to any one. She said, "I could not—not to even to Aunt Annabella." And to this day she never named it again, not even to me; but she tried to make herself more patient, and more silently helpful in the strange household among whom she was cast.

By and bye, Miss Morton grew pale and grey, and worn, amid all her stiffness. Mrs. Turner whispered to us that for all her stern, unmoved looks, she was ill unto death; that she had been secretly to see the great doctor at Drumble; and he had told her she must set her house in order. Not even her sisters knew this; but it preyed upon Mrs. Turner's mind, and she told us. Long after this, she kept up her week of discipline with Miss Cordelia; and walked in her straight, soldier-like way about the village, scolding people for having too large families, and burning too much coal, and eating too much butter. One morning she sent Mrs. Turner for her sisters; and, while she was away, she rummaged out an old locket made of the four Miss Mortons' hair when they were all children; and threading the eye of the locket with a piece of brown ribbon, she tied it round Cordelia's neck, and kissing her, told her she had been a good girl, and had cured herself of stooping; that she must fear God and honor the King; and that now she might go and have a holiday. Even while the child looked at her in wonder at the unusual tenderness with which this was said, a grim spasm passed over her face, and Cordelia ran in afright to call Mrs.

Turner. But when she came, and the other two sisters came, she was quite herself again. She had her sisters in her room alone when she wished them good bye; so no one knows what she said, or how she told them (who were thinking of her as in health) that the signs of near approaching death, which the doctor had foretold, were upon her. One thing they both agreed in saying—and it was much that Miss Dorothy agreed in anything—that she bequeathed her sitting room, up the two steps, to Miss Annabella as being next in age. Then they left her room crying, and went both together into Miss Annabella's room, sitting hand in hand (for the first time since childhood I should think), listening for the sound of the little hand-bell which was to be placed close by her, in case, in her agony, she required Mrs. Turner's presence. But it never rang. Noon became twilight. Miss Cordelia stole in from the garden with its long, black, green shadows, and strange eerie sounds of the night wind through the trees, and crept to the kitchen fire. At last, Mrs. Turner knocked at Miss Morton's door, and hearing no reply, went in and found her cold and dead in her chair.

I suppose that sometime or other we had told them of the funeral the old squire had; Miss Phillis's father, I mean. He had had a procession of tenantry half a mile long to follow him to the grave. Miss Dorothy sent for me to tell her what tenantry of her brother's could follow Miss Morton's coffin; but what with people working in mills, and land having passed away from the family, we could but muster up twenty people, men and women and all; and one or two were dirty enough to be paid for their loss of time.

Poor Miss Annabella did not wish to go into the room up two steps; nor yet dared she stay behind: for Miss Dorothy, in a kind of spite for not having had it bequeathed to her, kept telling Miss Annabella it was her duty to occupy it: that it was Miss Sophronia's dying wish, and that she should not wonder if Miss Sophronia were to haunt Miss Annabella, if she did not leave her warm room, full of ease and sweet scent, for the grim north-east chamber. We told Mrs. Turner we were afraid Miss Dorothy would lord it sadly over Miss Annabella, and she only shook her head; which, from so talkative a woman, meant a great deal. But, just as Miss Cordelia had begun to droop, the General came home, without any one knowing he was coming. Sharp and sudden was the word with him. He sent Miss Cordelia off to school; but not before she had time to tell us that she loved her uncle dearly, in spite of his quick hasty ways. He carried his sisters off to Cheltenham; and it was astonishing how young they made themselves look before they came back again. He was always here, there, and everywhere; and very civil to us into the bargain; leaving the key of the Hall with us whenever they went from home. Miss Dorothy was afraid of him, which was a blessing, for it kept her in order; and really I was rather sorry when she died, and, as for Miss Annabella, she fretted after her till she injured her health, and Miss Cordelia had to leave school to come and keep her company. Miss Cordelia was not pretty; she had too grave and sad a look for that; but she had winning ways, and was to have her uncle's

fortune some day, so I expected to hear of her being soon snapt up. But the General said her husband was to take the name of Morton; and what did my young lady do but begin to care for one of the great millowners at Drumble, as if there were not all the lords and commons to choose from besides! Mrs. Turner was dead; and there was no one to tell us about it; but I could see Miss Cordelia growing thinner and paler every time they came back to Morton Hall; and I longed to tell her to pluck up a spirit, and be above a cotton-spinner. One day, not half a year before the General's death, she came to me, and told us, blushing like a rose, that her uncle had given his consent; and so, although he had refused to take the name of Morton, and had wanted to marry her without a penny, and without her uncle's leave, it had all come right at last, and they were to be married at once; and their house was to be a kind of home for her aunt Annabella, who was getting tired of being perpetually on the ramble with the General.

"Dear old friends!" said our young lady, "you must like him. I am sure you will; he is so handsome, and brave, and good. Do you know, he says a relation of his ancestors lived at Morton Hall in the time of the Commonwealth."

"His ancestors!" said Ethelinda. "Has he got ancestors? That's one good point about him, at any rate. I didn't know cotton-spinners had ancestors."

"What is his name?" asked I.

"Mr. Marmaduke Carr," said she, sounding each *r* with the old Northumberland burr, which was softened into a pretty pride and effort to give distinctness to each letter of the beloved name.

"Carr," said I, "Carr and Morton! Be it so! It was prophesied of old!" But she was too much absorbed in the thought of her own secret happiness to notice my poor sayings.

He was, and is a good gentleman; and a real gentleman too. They never lived at Morton Hall. Just as I was writing this, Ethelinda came in with two pieces of news. Never again say I am superstitious! There is no one living in Morton that knows the tradition of Sir John Morton and Alice Carr: yet the very first part of the hall the Drumble builder has pulled down is the old stone dining parlor where the great dinner for the preachers mouldered away—flesh from flesh, crumb from crumb! And the street they are going to build right through the rooms through which Alice Carr was dragged in her agony of despair at her husband's loathing hatred is to be called Carr Street!

And Miss Cordelia has got a baby; a little girl; and writes in pencil two lines at the end of her husband's note to say she means to call it Phillis.

Phillis Carr! I am glad he did not take the name of Morton. I like to keep the name of Phillis Morton in my memory very still and unspoken.

A PROBLEM.—(to be worked out by a newly-married Young Lady.)—A sufficient quantity of linen for the manufacture of her husband's shirt being given—to make it.

ADVICE TO ALL WHO ATTEND ERFROM RACES.—Avoid Rocks, whether in or out of Pigeon pie.

MOONRISE.

A man stood on a barren mountain peak
 In the night, and cried: "Oh, world of heavy
 gloom!
 Oh, sunless world! Oh, universal tomb!
 Blind, cold, mechanic sphere, wherein I seek
 In vain for Life and Love, till Hope grows weak
 And falters towards Chaos! Vast blank Doom!
 Huge darkness in a narrow prison-room!
 Thou art dead—dead!" Yet, ere he ceased to
 speak,

Across the level ocean in the East
 The moon-dawn grew; and all that mountain's
 side
 Rose, newly-born from empty dusk. Fields,
 trees,
 And deep glen-hollows, as the light increased,
 Seemed vital; and, from Heaven bare and wide,
 The moon's white soul looked over lands and
 seas.

MOLDO-WALLACHIA.

BEYOND railways, beyond diligences, beyond
 post-chaises, out of the track of travellers, but
 full in the high road of conquest from the north
 to the south, lie the sister provinces of Moldavia
 and Wallachia, which, for shortness, some are
 accustomed to designate as Moldo-Wallachia.
 Their names have become notorious of late by
 taking place in the vocabulary of political writers
 and speakers; but it may be doubted—certain
 vague statistics set apart—whether in most men's
 minds any ideas at all are connected with them.
 When we talk of Paris we picture to ourselves
 the Place de la Concorde or the Boulevards; an
 allusion to Berlin implies a recollection of Under
 the Linden Trees; to Naples of the Strada di
 Toledo; but who thinks of the Pô de Mogochoya
 at mention of Bucharest, or has any associations
 whatever with Curt d'Argis and Kimpolongo?
 Let us try to connect a few images, a few forms,
 a few colours, with these words. This is the best
 way to extend our sympathies in that direction.

Moldo-Wallachia is little more than a huge
 farm, giving employment to some three or four mil-
 lions of labourers. It is not, however, a farm laid
 out on the principles of Mr. Mechi, but an eastern
 backwoods farm, very vast and straggling; here
 and there cut up by patches of original desert
 and extents of primitive forests, made rugged by
 spurs of mountains and watered by boisterous
 rivers, navigable for the most part only by fallen
 trees. These rivers flow from the Carpathian
 mountains which divide the country to the north-
 ward from Austria, and fall into the Danube,
 which divides it from Turkey. There is a kind
 of postern-gate to the East, ill-closed by the
 Pruth, a river that has often been mentioned
 this year. In neither of the Principalities are
 there many roads worthy of the name. The cities,
 villages, or farming sections are generally con-
 nected only by tracks and bridle-paths.

The geological construction of Moldo-Wallachia
 is essentially volcanic. Its mountains contain
 many craters frequently in a state of eruption.
 Sulphur and bitumen are plentiful. In some
 parts little spurts of liquid metal are seen, from
 time to time, breaking from the schistous rocks,
 flowing a little way like melted lead, and then con-
 densing to the hardness of iron. In various places
 of late years, miniature volcanoes have been
 known to start up from the ground and flame
 bravely away for a few days amidst corn-fields
 and pasturage. The Prathôva river in certain
 parts of its course becomes tepid or hot, or even
 boiling, according as it flows or not over subter-
 ranean galleries of fire. Earthquakes are fre-
 quent. It is not long, since nearly the whole of
 the city of Bucharest was destroyed—Pô de Mo-
 gochoya, and all. The shock was felt whilst the
 principal inhabitants were at the theatre listening
 to one of the dramas of Victor Hugo. Many
 persons perished, and an immense amount of prop-
 erty was of course lost. In the countries, how-
 ever, that are subject to these epileptic fits of
 nature, such accidents are quickly forgotten and
 their consequences repaired. They serve, in-
 deed, the purpose of revolutions or sanitary bills
 in more civilised lands, Bucharest, at any rate, like
 Paris and London, has been induced to widen its
 thoroughfares and improve the build of its houses.

A great part of Moldo-Wallachia, especially
 towards the mountains, is clothed in forest. In
 few countries are beheld more magnificent oaks;
 and travellers talk of having seen thousands with
 trunks rising straight more than eighty feet with-
 out branches. Mingled with these splendid trees
 or covering the higher slopes with their dull ver-
 dure, are enormous firs that would delight the
 eye of the ship-builder. Besides these there are
 elms and beeches of prodigious size, with wild
 pear trees and senna, maple, cherry, and yew
 trees, with many others. All these grow in a
 tangled mass—grow or fall together, beaten down
 by the tempest or uprooted by rushing inunda-
 tions. "In the low country the millet has no
 more husk than the apple has rind in the high,"
 says the Wallachian proverb, to picture the fer-
 tility of the country. Its vast plains, indeed, are
 covered in the season with splendid crops; of
 which those who travel to Galatz can say some-
 thing. These districts are counted now, as they
 have always been counted, among the granaries of
 Europe. It is worth remarking, that a young
 French gentleman, who has studied political eco-
 nomy, has lately recommended the Moldo-Walla-
 chians to neglect the culture of the ground and
 take to the manufacture of cotton cloths, in order
 to escape from the commercial tyranny of perfi-
 dious Albion. The mysteries of supply and de-
 mand, however, the definitions of value, and the
 influence of tariffs do not lie in our way at pre-
 sent. We are not going to discuss what is a
 pound, but to explain what is the Wallachian sub-
 stitute for a railway. Before visiting or describ-
 ing a country in detail, it is good to know what
 means of locomotion it possesses.

If you are not particularly pressed for time,
 which no one ought to be in that part of the
 world, it is best to use the great waggon called
 the Kerontza, which resembles the vehicles in
 which the burly boors of the Cape sleep and

smoke in their journey from one kloof to another. It is of solid construction, and well roofed with leather. A large family, with all their luggage and paraphernalia, even their cocks and hens, may travel in it; and perhaps there could be no more romantic way of spending six months than in jolting about in one of these lumbering chariots amidst the plains and forests of Wallachia. The people of the country generally go from place to place on foot, or mounted on horses, buffaloes, or oxen. Assees are little used; those humble quadrupeds being treated with the same unchristian contempt as in most other European countries. Asia and Africa are their paradise. Among the Boyards, however, it is fashionable to make use of what is called a Karatchour, a kind of vehicle peculiar to the country, and which we sincerely hope may ever remain so. As a traveller has already remarked, it holds a position in the scale of conveyances, a little above a wheelbarrow and a little below a dungcart. It is, properly speaking, a trough, a box without a cover, three feet long, two feet wide, and two feet and a half high. It rests, of course, without the intervention of springs, upon the axles or beams; and is poised upon four wheels made of solid wood, more or less rounded by means of a hatchet. Perhaps Boadicea's war-chariot was something of the make of a karatchour. Not a single nail enters into its composition. The harness is as primitive as the vehicle. To a single shaft, generally with the bark on, eight, ten, or twelve horses are fastened by means of long cords, with collars at the end through which the heads of the beasts are passed. Three surjions or postillions mount three of the horses without saddles, without stirrups, and without bridles; and these are all the preparations made to travel express in Wallachia.

If you have courage enough to undertake this mode of progression, you present yourself to the Aga or Ispravnik of the city you inhabit, and inform him of your desperate intention, and also of the place you want to reach, the day on which you wish to set out, and your address. This information is set down upon a piece of paper, which it is necessary to show to each postmaster on the way. The chief formality, however, consists in paying the whole fare in advance—a precaution probably taken because there exist so very few chances of your arriving safely at the end of your journey, and because it would not be decorous to exact payment from a dead traveller.

When the fatal moment has arrived, and you have said adieu to your friends and made your will, the karatchour comes dashing up to your door; and it is considered wisest, if you really intend to travel, to leap in without taking a moment to think of the consequences. The Ispravnik has given a thought to your comfort. You will find an armful of hay, not very sweet it is true, to sit upon; and whilst you are arranging it underneath you, the chief surjion will utter his "all right" in the shape of a savage cry, as if he were about to whirl you to the infernal regions, will crack his enormous whip, and thus give the signal of departure. Off you go—with a frightful jerk and an ominous hop of all the four wheels at once; for they have not yet got used to go round. They will get into the habit one by one, never fear. You feel the necessity at once

of clutching hold of the edge of your abominable post-box, as an awkward rider seizes hold of the pommel of his saddle. The neighbors shout out a loud farewell, or look commiseratingly at you, as if you were going to be hanged; ruthless boys laugh at your deplorable countenance; and the postillions yell like mad. Thus you arrive at the gates of the city, exhibit your passport—shame preventing you from getting out—submit probably to the last extortion you will suffer in this life; and rush into the open plain.

Now the three postillions begin to show themselves in their true character. You have already had some ugly suspicions. They are not postillions. They are demons. They are carrying you away soul and body to their great master. As soon as they have the wide horizon of plain and forest around them, they begin to scream with delight, and to exhibit their infernal joy under a false pretence of singing. The first in rank sets up a discordant rhythmical howl, sometimes as gay as the psalms on a witch's sabbath, sometimes as dreary as the shrieks of ghosts disturbed in their midnight evolutions. Then the others join in chorus, and you would assuredly stop your ears if your hands were not fully employed in holding on. Meanwhile these wretches accompany their screams with the most furious gesticulations, wriggling their bodies in all manner of postures, leaning now this way, now that, lashing furiously the herd of wild animals that is bounding under them; and giving, indeed, every additional proof that is necessary of their supernatural character.

Once you have set out, you feel yourself reduced to a most miserable state of insignificance. You are utterly forgotten. The surjions think of nothing but their songs and their horses. They have not even a glance to spare for the karatchour. On they go, whether there be a road or not, caring only to swallow so many miles in the least possible space of time. The tracks in the African desert are often marked by the bones of camels that have fallen under their heavy burdens; those in Wallachia are marked by the bones of mad men who have undertaken to travel post. But the surjion cares not for—notices not—these lugubrious mementoes of former journeys. He skips lightly over them all. Ravines, torrents, ditches, patches of brushwood, are dashed through with railroad rapidity. The horses seem to take delight in this infernal race. They too, forget that they have anything at their heels, and struggle desperately which shall be foremost. A steeple chase is nothing to it. If you are a very bold man the excitement keeps you up for half an hour; but then alarm rushes into your soul. Not one of the postillions deigns to turn his head. He is not there for conversation. He has nothing to say to you. As to stopping or going slower, or not going quicker, the idea is absurd. At length in all probability a wheel breaks, the trough falls over, and the traveller is shot off into some deep hole, with a broken leg or collar-bone, and is thankful that he is not quite killed. Still on goes the karatchour rendered lighter by this slight accident, and it is only on reaching the next relay, that the surjions turn round and perceive that they have lost a wheel and their passenger. Peace be to his manes—his fare is paid.

The distinguishing characteristic of Moldo-Wallachia being the absence of cities, travelling is not very prevalent among the people. It is true that each principality possesses nominally a capital, and that Bucharest and Jassy contain a considerable agglomeration of inhabitants. Both these places, however, though they exhibit some tendencies to civilisation—though they put on fragments of French costume as the savages put on the inexpressibles of Captain Cook—are little better even than vast villages. The true life of Danubian provinces is in the country—in the plains that stretch from the banks of the Danube towards the Krappacks and Dniester—out amidst the fields, where grow probably, the corn which made the bread we, sitting here at breakfast in London, have this day eaten—out in the forests that furnish the wood with which Constantinople is built—out into the districts where men live like moles in the earth, and where you may ride over the roofs of a village without suspecting its existence, unless your horse stumble into a chimney hole.

If Moldo-Wallachia possessed a proper government, and were insured against the dangers of conquest, it would probably produce ten times the amount of grain it now produces. The cultivated fields, so far from succeeding one another in unbroken succession, are loosely scattered over the country, and divided by patches of forest and waste land, and sometimes by vast extent of marsh. They are allowed to lie fallow every other year from the want of a proper system of manuring. The seed time is generally in autumn; but if a short crop is feared, an inferior quality of grain is sown in other lands in the spring. Six oxen drag a heavy plough, which makes a deep furrow. Every year, as in a new country, virgin tracts are brought under cultivation, to replace others which have been wilfully abandoned, or have been ruined by violent inundations of the Danube, or its tributary torrents. These newly conquered fields are first planted with cabbages, which grow to an enormous size, and are supposed to exhaust certain salts, which would be injurious to the production of wheat, of barley, of maize, of pease, of beans, of lentils, and other grain and pulse. Maize was first introduced into these countries in the last century, and yields prodigious returns.

The Danubian provinces are familiar to the Englishman chiefly as corn-growing countries; but we must repeat, in order to leave a correct impression, that great portions of them are still clothed in the primeval forest. Patriots, taking this fact to be a sign of barbarism, insist that the wood-lands are every day giving way to cultivation, and pride themselves on the fact; but a grave Italian writer, who seems to fear that some day the world will be in want of fuel, deplors this circumstance, and attributes it to what he considers an extravagant, absurd, and almost impious use of good things granted by Providence, namely, the custom of paving a few of the principal streets, or rather kennels, of Jassy and Bucharest with wood. The worthy man, however, might have spared himself the anxiety which this hideous waste appears to have created in his mind. There is no danger that Moldo-Wallachia will soon be disforested, and the sen-

timental, perhaps, will rejoice in this fact, when they know that the vast seas of foliage which form the horizon of the plains and roll over the mountains are inhabited by prodigious colonies of nightingales. In no place in the world are there found so many of these delightful songsters as in Wallachia. In the months of May and June it is considered to be one of the greatest enjoyments that man can taste, to go out by moonlight and listen to the concert of nightingales, swelling full and melodious above the rustling of the leaves, and the rattling of small water-courses. Benighted travellers often stop their waggons by the side of some forest-lake that spreads over half a glade, on purpose to listen to this marvellous music, and then after having feasted their ears for awhile, give the order to march, upon which, amid the cracking of whips, the shouts of the drivers, and the creaking of the wheels, all those sweet sounds are stifled, and you are brought back as it were from fairy-land to the country of the Boyards, serfs, and gipsies.

Let us suppose the reader to be wending his way according to this primitive style, through one of the vast plains that stretch westward from the Dimbowitza. If it be summer there is little fear, even after midnight, from the wolves; and the bears remain up amidst the krappacks. You may, therefore, jolt along in safety, unless you happen to deviate into a morass, or upset into one of the crevices, which so frequently occur. It is pleasant to travel by night on account of the great comparative coolness of that time; but nothing can exceed the delight of moving leisurely along in the early hours of the morning, when the air is full of grey light, and the skies are covered by flights of birds on the look-out for a breakfast; when bustards go rustling through the underwood, when partridges start up from the dewy grass and take semicircular flights to get out of the way of the intruders, and when awkward storks are seen perched upon boughs watching for serpents and other reptiles to take home to their young. The sunrise in those districts is wonderfully fine, clear, and red. Once the winter season passed, the weather is balmy and agreeable, except in the afternoon, when the fierce heat shrivels the vegetation, and causes the traveller to droop. This is why the dark hours, or those which usher in the day, are preferred for travelling; and if you are out in the plains at that time, you are sure to hear the discordant creaking of wheels approaching or receding in different directions, just as in the enchanted forest in which Don Quixote was taken by the humorous (and not very amiable) hospitality of his ducal hosts.

The approach to a Wallachian village in these wild regions is remarkable. On emerging perhaps from a sombre wood, along the skirts of which hang white patches of morning mist, you dimly see signs of cultivation, fields of maize or wheat and beds of cucumbers and cabbages. So you begin to have thoughts of eggs and poultry, and leap out of your slow moving waggon and push on, expecting, if you are quite a novice, to descry comfortable looking cottages, and it may be the steeple of a village church. Whilst you are gazing ahead in this vain expectation, a slight breeze wafts a strong odour of smoke around you,

and looking attentively you see a few blue ringlets coming up from the ground just in front. Presently some slight elevations may be distinguished scattered over what appears to you a patch of rough grass land, and now and then a wild looking figure rises mysteriously, flits along a little way, and then drops into the earth. These are Moldo-Wallachians making their morning calls.—You have stumbled upon a village or rather a human warren. The houses are mere holes dug in the ground, with a roof composed of long poles, which are covered with earth and thatched with the grass that naturally grows. This style of living was adopted by the people of these unfortunate countries for the sake of concealment from the marauders, to whose inroads they have always been subject on every side.

The villages are dug as far as possible from any line of route ordinarily used. They rarely contain more than a few hundred inhabitants, and are subject to a tax, the amount of which is fixed according to the supposed number of the houses. For example, a village set down as containing a hundred dwelling places, has to pay four hundred piastres. The Ispravnik or governor of the district, receives a list of villages from the treasury, with a sum required from each affixed, and sends an agent to inform the people of their liabilities. It often happens that a village is set down as containing more or less houses than it really does. If there is a greater number, that is to say, if the estimate of the treasury is under the mark, the peasants collect in a public meeting to discuss in what proportion each is to benefit by the mistake. At these meetings they about, quarrel, and even fight. But though wounds and death sometimes occur, nothing ever transpires before the tribunals. It is a family quarrel in which no stranger interferes. When matters are settled the head man of the village collects the various items of the tax, and carries the sum to the agent who has no call to meddle otherwise in the matter. But if, as often happens the village contains fewer houses than are set down, the peasants collect and nominate a deputation entrusted with the duty of representing the overcharge in the proper quarter. If they cannot obtain redress they often abandon their houses or holes, and separate and pass into neighbouring parishes and districts, leaving their old dwelling places entirely deserted. After a little time, of course, taxation pursues them in their new retreat. In this way the population remains unsettled, and we never meet with what in other countries would be called rising towns. It is calculated that in the two principalities there are about five thousand boroughs and villages, most of them of the character we have just described. However, on the mountains, the houses are above ground, and are not disagreeable in appearance or uncomfortable to live in. Near most villages may be seen long granaries, if they may so be called, of peculiar construction. They are often about three hundred feet in length six feet high, and three or four feet wide, and are made of open trellis work. In them the maize is thrown, and being dried by the wind is preserved, when necessary, for several years. It is, on this account, that the cargoes of maize from Galatz are seldom or never injured on the passage

whilst those from Egypt and other places, being shipped whilst yet half-dried, often corrupt on the way.

THE BUFFALO BULL, AND AN ADVENTURE WITH ONE.

ROAST-BEEF—turkey and tongue! Capital fare for the last day of the year, and the first too for that matter. But, my friends, they give you but little notion of the flavour of beef obtained by single combat with the living animal on the wild prairie. You shall hear how a dinner of the kind was achieved by a friend of mine, but before commencing my story, I must tell you something about the customer he had to deal with.

The range of the bison, or, as it is universally called by American hunters, buffalo, is extensive, although it is every year becoming confined within narrower limits. It now consists of a longitudinal stripe of the continent, of which the western boundary may be considered the Rocky Mountain chain. At the upper part of the Mississippi, the buffalo continues to roam in large bands. The number of the animals is annually on the decrease. Their woolly skins, when dressed, are of great value as an article of commerce. Amongst the Canadians they are in general use; they serve as the favourite wrappers of the traveller in that cold climate. Thousands of them are used in the northern parts of the United States for a similar purpose. They are generally known as buffalo-robes, and are often prettily trimmed and ornamented, so as to command a good price. They are even exported to Europe in large quantities.

Of course, this extensive demand for the robes causes a proportionate destruction among the buffaloes. But this is not all. Whole tribes of Indians, amounting to many thousands of individuals, subsist entirely upon these animals, as the Laplander upon the reindeer, or the Guarini Indian upon the *moriche* palm. Their blankets are buffalo-robes, part of their clothing buffalo leather, their tents are buffalo-hide, and buffalo-beef is their sole food for three parts of the year. The large prairie tribes—as the Sioux, the Pawnees, the Blackfeet, the Crowes, the Chiennees, the Arapahoes, and the Comanches, with several smaller bands—live upon the buffalo. These tribes united number at least 100,000 souls. No wonder the buffalo should be each year diminishing in numbers. It is predicted that in a few years the race will become extinct. The same has often been said of the Indian. The *soi-disant* prophet is addicted to this sort of melancholy foreboding, because he believes by such babbling he gains a character for philanthropic sympathy; besides, it has a poetic sound. Believe me, there is not the slightest danger of such a destiny for the Indian; his race is *not* to become ex-

duct; it will be on the earth a long as that of either black or white. Civilisation is removing the seeds of decay; civilisation will preserve the race of the Red Man yet to multiply. Civilisation, too, *may* preserve the buffalo. The hunter race must disappear and give place to the agriculturist. The prairies are wide. Vast expanses of that singular formation must still remain in their primitive wildness, and perhaps for centuries a safe range for the buffalo.

The appearance of the buffalo is well known; pictorial illustration has rendered him familiar to the eyes of every one. The enormous head, with its broad triangular front; the conical hump on the shoulders; the small piercing eyes; the short black horns of crescent shape; the great profusion of shaggy hair about the neck and fore-parts—all are characteristic. Upon the hind-quarters, the coat is shorter and smoother; and this gives somewhat of a lion-shape to the animal. Some of these peculiarities belong only to the bull. The cow is less shaggy, has a smaller head, and is altogether more like the common black cattle of our farms.

The buffalo is of a dark brown or livid colour. The hue changes with the season. In autumn, it is darker and more lustrous; during the winter and early summer, it acquires a bleached, yellowish-brown look. A full-grown buffalo-bull is six feet high at the shoulders, eight feet from the snout to the base of the tail, and weighs fifteen hundred weights. Individuals exist of 2000 pound-weights. The cows are much smaller.

The flesh of the buffalo is juicy and delicious, equal to well-fed beef. Hunters prefer it to any beef. The flesh of the cow is more savoury than that of the bull; and in a hunt the former is selected from the herd, unless it be a hunt for the hide alone. The parts most esteemed are the tongue, the hump-ribs (the long spinous processes of the first dorsal vertebrae) and the marrow of the shank-bones. The tongues, when dried, are really superior to those of common beefs, and, indeed the same may be said of the other parts; but there is a better and worse in buffalo-beef, according to the age or sex of the animal. 'Fat cow' is a term for the superexcellent; by 'poor bull,' or 'old bull,' is meant a very unpalatable article, which is only eaten by the hunter in times of necessity.

The hunt of the buffalo is a profession rather than a sport. Those who practice it in the latter sense are few indeed, as it is a sport to enjoy which entails the necessity of a long and toilsome journey. To hunt the buffalo in his native habitat, you must travel full three hundred miles beyond the frontiers of civilisation; and at the same time risk your scalp with no inconsiderable chance of losing it. For these reasons, few amateur hunters ever trouble the buffalo. The true hunters—

the white trappers and the red Indians—pursue them almost incessantly, and thin their numbers with lance, rifle, and arrow.

But buffalo-hunting is not all sport without peril: the hunter frequently risks his life; and numerous have been the fatal results of the encounters with these animals. The bulls, when wounded, cannot be approached, even on horseback, without considerable risk, while a dismounted hunter has but slight chance of escaping. The buffalo runs with a gait apparently heavy and lumbering—first heaving to one side, then to the other, like a ship at sea; but this gait, although not equal in speed to that of a horse, is far too fast for a man on foot, and the swiftest runner, unless favored by a tree or some other object, will be surely overtaken, and either gored to death by the animal's horns, or pounded to a jelly under its heavy hoofs. Instances of the kind are far from being rare, and could amateur hunters only get at the bull, such occurrences would be fearfully common. An incident illustrative of these remarks is told by the traveller and naturalist Richardson, and may therefore be regarded as a fact:—"While I resided at Carlton House, an incident of this kind occurred. Mr. Finnan McDonald, one of the Hudson's Bay Company's clerks, was descending the Saskatchewan in a boat, and one evening, having pitched his tent for the night, he went out in the dusk to look for game. It had become nearly dark when he fired at a bison-bull, which was galloping over a small eminence; and as he was hastening forward to see if the shot had taken effect, the wounded beast made a rush at him. He had the presence of mind to seize the animal by the long hair on its forehead, as it struck him on the side with its horn, and being a remarkably tall and powerful man, a struggle ensued, which continued until his wrist was severely sprained, and his arm was rendered powerless; he then fell, and after receiving two or three blows, became senseless. Shortly after, he was found by his companions lying bathed in blood, being gored in several places; and the bison was couched beside him, apparently waiting to renew the attack, had he shewn any signs of life. Mr. McDonald recovered from the immediate effects of the injuries he received, but died a few months after." Dr. Richardson adds: "Many other instances might be mentioned of the tenaciousness with which this animal pursues its revenge; and I have been told of a hunter having been detained for many hours in a tree, by an old bull which had taken its post below to watch him."

The adventure promised at the beginning of this sketch has been long of coming, but here it is. Let the hero of it speak for himself.

I was travelling with Bent's train from Independence to Santa Fé. One evening after

the waggons had *corralled*, and my animal had got some rest and a bite of corn, I leaped into the saddle, and set out to see if I could find something fresh for my own supper. It was a rolling prairie, and the camp was soon hidden from my sight—as it lay in a hollow between two swells. Trusting to the sky for my direction, therefore, I continued on. After riding about a mile, I should think, I came upon buffalo signs. It was not the first time for me, and I saw at a glance that the sign was fresh. There were several wallows; and I could tell by the tracks, in the dusk, there had been nothing but bulls in that quarter. A cow-track would have pleased me better; but, after all, thought I, a fresh bull's tongue for a change is better than salt bacon; so I followed the trail in hopes of getting one. Shortly after, I came to a place where the ground was ploughed up, as if a drove of hogs had been rooting it. Here there had been a terrible fight among the bulls—it was the rutting season when such conflicts occur. This sugured well. Perhaps there are cows in the neighborhood, reasoned I, as I gave the spur to my horse, and followed the trail with more spirit.

I had ridden full five miles from the camp, when my attention was attracted by an odd noise ahead of me. There was a ridge in front that prevented me from seeing what produced the noise; but I knew what it was—it was the bellowing of a buffalo-bull. At intervals, there were quick shocks, as of two hard substances coming in violent contact with each other. I mounted the ridge with caution, and looked over its crest. There was a valley beyond; a cloud of dust was rising out of its bottom, and in the midst of this I could distinguish two huge forms—dark and hirsute. I saw at once they were a pair of buffalo-bulls engaged in a fierce fight. They were alone; there were no others in sight, either in the valley or on the prairie beyond.

I did not halt longer than to see that the cap was on my rifle, and to cock the piece. Occupied as the animals were, I did not imagine they would heed me; or, if they should attempt flight, I knew I could easily overtake one or other; so, without further hesitation or precaution, I rode towards them. Contrary to my expectation, they both winded me, and started off. The wind was blowing freshly towards them, so as to draw their attention. They did not run, however, as if badly scared; on the contrary, they went off, apparently indignant at being disturbed in their fight; and every now and then both came round with short turnings, snorted, and struck the prairies with their hoofs in a violent and angry manner. Once or twice I fancied they were going to charge back upon me; and had I been otherwise than well mounted, I should have been very chary of

risking such an encounter. A more formidable pair of antagonists, as far as appearance went, could not have been well conceived. Their huge size, their shaggy fronts, and their huge eyeballs, gave them a wild and malicious seeming, which was heightened by their bellowing, and the threatening attitudes in which they continually placed themselves.

Feeling quite safe in my saddle, I galloped up to the nearest, and sent my bullet into his ribs. It did the work. He fell to his knees—rose again—spread out his legs, as if to prevent a second fall—rocked from side to side like a cradle—again came to his knees; and, after remaining in this position for some minutes, with the blood running from his nostrils, rolled quietly over on his shoulder, and lay dead.

I had watched these manoeuvres with interest, and permitted the second bull to make his escape; a side glance had shewn me the latter disappearing over the crest of the swell. I did not care to follow him, as my horse was somewhat jaded, and I knew it would cost me a sharp gallop to come up with him again; so I thought no more of him at the time, but alighted, and prepared to deal with the one already slain. There stood a solitary tree near the spot—it was a stunted elm. There were others upon the prairie, but they were distant; this one was not twenty yards from the carcass. I led my horse up to it, and taking the trail-rope from the horn of the saddle, made one end fast to the bit-ring, and the other to the tree. I then went back, drew my knife, and proceeded to cut the buffalo.

I had hardly whetted my blade, when a noise from behind caused me to leap to an upright attitude, and look round; at the first glance, I comprehended all. A huge dark object was passing the crest of the ridge, and rushing down the hill towards the spot where I stood. It was the buffalo-bull, the same that had just left me. The sight, at first thought, rather pleased me than otherwise. Although I did not want any more *meat*, I should have the triumph of carrying two tongues instead of one to the camp. I therefore hurriedly sheathed my knife, and laid hold of my rifle, which, according to custom, I had taken the precaution to reload. I hesitated a moment whether to run to my horse and mount him, or to fire from where I stood; that question, however, was settled by the buffalo. The tree and the horse were to one side of the direction in which he was running, but being attracted by the loud snorting of the latter, which had begun to pitch and plunge violently, and deeming it perhaps a challenge, he suddenly swerved from his course, and ran full tilt upon the horse. The latter shot out instantly to the full length of the trail-rope—a heavy “pluck” sounded in my ears, and the next instant I saw my horse

part from the tree, and scour off over the prairie, as if there had been a thistle under his tail. I had knotted the rope negligently upon the bit-ring, and the knot had come undone.

I was chagrined, but not alarmed as yet.—My horse would no doubt follow back his own trail, and at the worst I should only have to walk to the camp. I should have the satisfaction of punishing the buffalo for the trick he had served me and with this design, I turned towards him. I saw that he had not followed the horse, but again heading himself in my direction. Now, for the first time, it occurred to me that I was in something of a scrape. The bull was coming furiously on. Should my shot miss, or even should it only wound him, how was I to escape? I knew that he could overtake me in three minutes stretch; I knew that well.

I had not much time for reflection—not a moment, in fact: the infuriated animal was within ten paces of me; I raised my rifle, aimed at his fore-shoulder, and fired. I saw that I had hit him; but to my dismay, he neither fell nor stumbled, but continued to charge forward more furious than ever. To re-load was impossible. My pistols had gone off with my horse and holsters. Even to reach the tree was impossible: the bull was between it and me. Right in the opposite direction was the only thing that held out the prospect of five minutes' safety: I turned and ran. I can run as fast as most men; and upon that occasion I did my best. It would have put "Gildersleeve" into a white sweat to have distanced me; but I had not been two minutes at it, when I felt conscious that the buffalo gained upon me, and was almost treading upon my heels. I knew it only by my ears—I dared not spare time to look back.

At this moment an object appeared before me, that promised, one way or another, to interrupt the chase; it was a ditch or gulley, that intersected my path at right angles. It was several feet in depth, dry at the bottom, and with perpendicular sides. I was almost upon its edge before I noticed it, but the moment it came under my eye I saw that it offered the means of a temporary safety at least. If I could only leap this gulley, I felt satisfied that the buffalo could not. It was a sharp leap—at least, seventeen feet from cheek to cheek; but I had done more than that in my time; and, without halting in my gait, I ran forward to the edge and sprang over. I alighted cleverly upon the opposite bank, where I stopped, and turned round to watch my pursuer. I now ascertained how near my end I had been: the bull was already up to the gulley. Had I not made my leap at the instant I did, I should have been by that time dancing upon his horns. He himself had balked at the leap; the deep chasm-

like cleft had cowed him. He saw that he could not clear it; and now stood upon the opposite bank with head lowered, and spread nostrils, his tail lashing his smooth flanks, while his glaring black eyes expressed the full measure of his baffled rage. I remarked that my shot had taken effect in his shoulder, as the blood trickled from his long hair. I had almost begun to congratulate myself on having escaped, when a hurried glance to the right, and another to the left, cut short my happiness. I saw that on both sides, at a distance of not less than fifty paces, the gulley shallowed out into the plain, where it ended; at either end it was, of course, passable. The bull observed this almost at the same time as myself; and, suddenly turning away from the brink, he ran along the edge of the chasm, evidently with the intention of turning it. In less than a minute's time we were once more on the same side, and my situation appeared as terrible as ever; but, stepping back for a short run, I re-leaped the chasm, and again we stood on opposite sides.

During all these manœuvres I had held on to my rifle; and, seeing now that I might have time to load it, I commenced feeling for my powder horn. To my astonishment, I could not lay my hands upon it: I looked down to my breast for the sling—it was not there; belt and bullet-pouch too—all were gone! I remembered lifting them over my head, when I set about cutting the dead bull. They were lying by the carcass. This discovery was a new source of chagrin; but for my negligence, I could now have mastered my antagonist. To reach the ammunition would be impossible; I should be overtaken before I had got half-way to it. I was not allowed to indulge much time in my regrets; the bull had again turned the ditch, and was once more upon the same side with me, and I was compelled to take another leap. I really do not remember how often I sprang backwards and forwards across that chasm; I should think a score of times at least: I became wearied with the exercise. The leap was just as much as I could do at my best; and as I was growing weaker at each fresh spring, I became satisfied that I should soon leap short, and crush myself against the steep rocky sides of the chasm. Should I fall to the bottom, my pursuer could easily reach me by entering at either end, and I began to dread such a finale. The vengeful brute showed no symptoms of retiring; on the contrary, the numerous disappointments seemed only to render him more determined in his resentment.

An idea now suggested itself to my mind. I had looked all around to see if there might not be something that offered a better security. There were trees, but they were too distant: the only one near was that to which my horse had been tied. It was a small one, and like all of its species (it was a

cotton wood,) there were no branches near the root. I knew that I could clamber up it by embracing the trunk, which was not over ten inches in diameter. Could I only succeed in reaching it, it would at least shelter me better than the ditch, of which I was getting heartily tired. But the question was, could I reach it before the bull? It was about three hundred yards off. By proper manoeuvring, I should have a start of fifty. Even with that, it would be a "close shave," and it proved so. I arrived at the tree, and sprang up it like a mountebank; but the hot breath of the buffalo streamed after me as I ascended, and the concussion of his heavy skull against the trunk almost shook me back upon his horns. After a severe effort, I succeeded in lodging myself among the branches.

I was now safe from all immediate danger, but how was the affair to end? I knew from the experience of others, that my enemy might stay for hours by the tree—perhaps for days. Hours would be enough. I could not stand it long. I hungered, but a worse appetite tortured me: thirst. The hot sun, the dust, the violent exercise of the past hour, all contributed to make me thirsty. Even then, I would have risked life for a draught of water. What would it come to should I not be relieved? I had but one hope—that my companions would come to my relief; but I knew that that would not be before morning. They would miss me of course. Perhaps my horse would return to camp—that would send them out in search of me—but not before night had fallen. In the darkness, they could not follow my trail. Could they do so in the light? This last question, which I had put to myself, startled me. I was just in a condition to look upon the dark side of everything, and it now occurred to me that they might not be able to find me! There were many possibilities that they might not. There were numerous horse-trails on the prairie, where Indians had passed. I saw this when tracking the buffalo. Besides, it might rain in the night, and obliterate them all—my own with the rest. They were not likely to find me by chance. A circle of ten miles diameter is a large tract. It was a rolling prairie, full of inequalities, ridges with valleys between. The tree upon which I was perched stood in the bottom of one of the valleys—it could not be seen over three hundred yards distant. Those searching for me might pass within hail, without perceiving either the tree or the valley.

I remained for a long time busied with such gloomy thoughts and forebodings. Night was coming on, but the fierce and obstinate brute shewed no disposition to raise the siege. He remained watchful as ever, walking round and round at intervals, lashing his tail, and uttering that snorting sound so well known to the prairie-hunter, and which so much resem-

bles the snuffings of hogs when suddenly alarmed.

While watching his various manoeuvres, an object on the ground drew my attention—it was the trail-rope left by my horse. One end of it was fastened round the trunk by a firm knot—the other lay far out upon the prairie, where it had been dragged. My attention had been drawn to it by the bull himself, which in crossing he had noticed, and now and then pawed it with his hoofs.

All at once a bright idea flashed upon me—a sudden hope arose within me—a plan of escape presented itself, so feasible and possible, that I leaped in my perch as the thought struck me.

The first step was to get possession of the rope. This was not such an easy matter. The rope was fastened round the tree, but the knot had slipped down the trunk and lay upon the ground. I dared not descend for it.

Necessity soon suggested a plan. My "picker"—a piece of straight wire with a ring-end—hung from one of my breast buttons. This I took hold of, and bent into the shape of a grappling-hook. I had no cord, but my knife was still safe in its sheath; and, drawing this, I cut several things from the skirt of my buckskin shirt, and knotted them together until they formed a string long enough to reach the ground. To one end, I attached the picker; and then letting it down, I commenced angling for the rope. After a few transverse drags, the hook caught the latter, and I pulled it up into the tree, taking the whole of it in until I held the loose end in my hands. The other end I permitted to remain as it was; I saw it was securely knotted around the trunk, and that was just what I wanted. It was my intention to lasso the bull; and for the purpose I proceeded to make a running-noose on the end of the trail-rope. This I executed with great care, and with all my skill. I could depend upon the rope; it was raw hide, and a better was never twisted; but I knew that if anything should chance to slip at a critical moment, it might cost me my life. With this knowledge, therefore, I spliced the eye, and made the knot as firm as possible, and then the loop was reeved through and the thing was ready.

I could throw a lasso tolerably well, but the branches prevented me from winding it. It was necessary, therefore, to get the animal in a certain position under the tree, which, by shouts and other demonstrations, I at length succeeded in effecting. The moment of success had arrived. He stood almost directly below me. The noose was shot down—I had the gratification to see it settle round his neck; and with a quick jerk I tightened it. The rope ran beautifully through the eye, until both eye and loop were buried beneath the shaggy hair of the animal's neck. It embraced

his throat in the right place, and I felt confident it would hold.

The moment the bull felt the jerk upon his throat, he dashed madly out from the tree, and then commenced running in circles around it. Contrary to my intention, the rope had slipped from my hands at the first drag upon it. My position was rather an unsteady one, for the branches were slender, and I could not manage matters as well as I could have wished. But I now felt confident enough. The bull was tethered, and it only remained for me to get out beyond the length of his tether, and take to my heels. My gun lay on one side, near the tree, where I had dropped it in my race: this, of course, I meant to carry off with me. I waited, therefore, until the animal, in one of his circles, had got round to the opposite side, and then slipping down the trunk, I sprang out, picked up my rifle, and ran. I knew the trail-rope to be about twenty yards in length, but I ran one hundred at least before making halt. I had even thoughts of continuing on, as I still could not help some misgivings about the rope. The bull was one of the largest and strongest I had ever seen. The rope might break, the knot upon the tree might give way, or the noose might slip over his head. Curiosity, however, or rather a desire to be assured of my safety prompted me to look around, when, to my joy, I beheld the huge monster stretched upon the plain. I could see the rope as tight as a bow-string; and the tongue protruding from the animal's jaws, shewed me that he was strangling himself as fast as I could desire.

At the sight, the idea of buffalo-tongue for supper returned in all its vigour; and it now occurred to me that I should eat that very tongue, and no other. I immediately turned in my tracks, ran towards my powder and balls—which, in my eagerness to escape, I had forgotten all about—seized the horn and pouch, poured in a charge, rammed down a bullet, and then stealing nimbly up behind the still struggling bull, I placed the muzzie within three feet of his brisket, and fired. He gave a death-kick or two, and then lay quiet: it was all over with him.

I had the tongue from between his teeth in a twinkling; and proceeding to the other bull, I finished the operations I had commenced upon him. I was too tired to think of carrying a very heavy load; so I contented myself with the tongues, and slinging these over the barrel of my rifle, I shouldered it, and commenced groping my way back to camp. The moon had risen, and I had no difficulty in following my own trail; but before I had got half-way, I met several of my companions. My horse had got back a little before sunset. His appearance had of course produced alarm, and half the camp had turned out in search of me. Several, who

had a relish for fresh meat, galloped back to strip the two bulls of the remaining titbits; but before midnight all had returned; and to the accompaniment of the hump ribs, spurning in the cheerful blaze, I recounted to my companions the details of my adventure.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

BY A BACKWOODSMAN.

NO. VI.

BESSY DALRY.

BESSY DALRY was one of the sweet wild flowers that blossomed beside me in the morning path of life, and was all that I attempt to say of her in the following verses.

A more devoted affection than she bestowed on the two helpless beings, that Heaven had thrown upon her care would be difficult to instance.

She was their constant attendant, and never seemed happy, nor looked so lovely as when endeavouring to soothe and alleviate their suffering—I saw her follow the remains of a poor brother to the grave, who had struggled hard for three years, and I saw her return to stipulate with him, who had long had her earthly affections, ere she became his forever, never to be separated from the parent, she had so devotedly cherished through years of sickness and want. They came to the New World, where her mother's dust lies—and Bessy Dalry has long been the mistress of a smiling Farm in the State of New York.

Such redeeming traits of the heart, are the green spots of time—traces of the civility, still to be found here—like springs in the desert.—When looking over the Day-Book of life, we turn down a leaf of them, as land marks to refer to, when the mind can be refreshed, when wearied out, with the guilt and ingratitude of a sordid and selfish world.

My blessings upon thee, sweet Bessy Dalry,
My blessings upon thee, sweet Bessy Dalry,
There's no one sae b'nnie 'tween Berwick and
Swinnie,

Nor yet half sae guid as sweet Bessy Dalry.
Her helpless auld mither, and her bed ridden
brither,

She's never awanting whenever they cry,
Soek Tweed a'thegither, ye'll no find anither.

To-morrow I trow, bonnie Bessy Dalry.

Her form it is faultless, her bonnie blue eye,
Is just like the licht of the soft summers sky,
And then her sweet lips, O' the bee never sips

O' a floweret aae sweet as young Bessy Dalry.
Though mine be the Ha-house, and hers but the
Shieling

The scorn O' the warld, and its laugh I'd defy,
And reckon as naething, compared wi the blessing
Of sharing it a wi sweet Bessy Dalry.

When looking the meadow, or loaning the Kye,
I aye think I will, but can never gang by,
Whene'er I come near hand, there aye some bit
errand

For stopping to speak wi sweet Bessy Dalry,
To ask about Willie, or speer for her mither,
And some wee bit wordie to whiaper forby,
A' the less then I seek, is the blush on her
cheek.

And the stown look O' love O' sweet Bessy
Dalry.

Then come to my bosom, sweet Bessy Dalry,
O come to my bosom, sweet Bessy Dalry,
Ilk ane sall be ready to wait on my lady,
I prize thee in Plaidie sweet Bessy Dalry.
Through life heaven granting, there nought be
awanting,

That love ere can think O' or siller can buy.
And ilk wish O' them, sall ever be mine,
Gin ye'll ha my ain Bonnie Bessy Dalry

CURIOUS CHINESE SAYINGS.—When a man seeks advice and won't follow it, they compare him to "a mole that's continually calling out for the newspaper." A drunkard's nose is said to be "a lighthouse warning us of the little water that passes underneath."—If a man is fond of dabling in law, they say "he bathes in a sea of sharks."—The father who neglects his child is said "to run through life with a wild donkey tied to his pigtail."—The young wife of an old man is compared to "the light in a sick bedroom."—Their picture of ambition is "a Mandarin trying to catch a comet, by putting salt on its tail."—And mock philanthropy has been described by one of their greatest poets as "giving a mermaid a pair of boots."

THE LAW'S DELAY.—If, in the celebrated arbitration case of Paris and the apple of Discord the three goddesses—Venus, Juno, and Minerva—had been each defended by Counsel, we wonder when the case would have come to an end? The apple would have been thrown into Chancery as a matter of course, and the chances are that the celebrated judgement would not have been delivered at the present day!

A BITTER TRUTH.—If a person has any defect, such as a club foot, or a squint, or bad teeth, or an ugly wife, or has lost a leg, or his hair, and you remind him of it; or if he has been guilty of anything he has reason to be ashamed of, such as writing in the magazines, or riding outside a penny omnibus, and you make allusions to it before company—that is what constitutes a "Bitter Truth."

THE DILEMMA—A TALE.

BY HENRY G. BELL.

My native vale, my native vale,
How many a chequer'd year hath fled,
How many a vision bright and frail
My youth's aspiring hopes have fed,
Since last thy beauties met mine eye,
Upon as sweet an eve as this,
And each soft breeze that wander'd by,
Whisper'd of love, repose, and bliss;
I deem'd not then a ruder gale
Would sweep me soon from Malhamdale.

Alaric Watts.

"By St. Agatha! I believe there is something in the shape of a tear in these dark eyes of mine, about which the women rave so unmercifully," said the young Fitzclarence, as, after an absence of two years, he came once more in sight of his native village of Malhamdale. He stood upon the neighbouring heights, and watched the curling smoke coming up from the cottage chimneys in the clear blue sky of evening, and he saw the last beams of the setting sun playing upon the western walls of his father's old baronial mansion, and a little farther off, he could distinguish the trees and pleasure-grounds of Sir Meredith Appleby's less ancient seat. Then he thought of Julia Appleby, the baronet's only child, his youthful playmate, his first friend, and his first love; and as he thought of her he sighed. I wonder why he sighed! When they parted two years before, sanctioned and encouraged by their respective parents, (for there was nothing the old people wished more than a union between the families,) they had sworn eternal fidelity, and plighted their hearts irrevocably to each other. Fitzclarence thought of all this, and again he sighed. Different people are differently affected by the same things. After so long an absence, many a man would, in the exuberance of his feelings, have thrown himself down on the first bed of wild-flowers he came to, and spouted long speeches to himself out of all known plays. Our hero preferred indulging in the following little soliloquy:—"My father will be amazingly glad to see me," said he to himself; "and so will my mother, and so will my old friend the antedeluvian butler Morgan-ap-Morgan, and so will the pointer-bitch Juno and so will my pony Troilus; a pretty figure, by the bye, I should cut now upon Troilus, in this gay military garb of mine, with my sword rattling between his legs, and my white plumes streaming in the air like a rainbow over him! And Sir Meredith Appleby, too, with his great gouty leg, will hobble through the room in ecstasy as soon as I present myself before him; and Julia, poor Julia, will blush, and smile, and come

flying into my arms like a snuttlecock. Heigho! I am a very miserable young officer. The silly girl loves me; her imagination is all crammed with hearts and darts; she will bore me to death with her sighs, and her tender glances, and her allusions to time past, and her hopes of time to come, and all the artillery of a love-sick child's brain.—What in the name of the Pleiades, am I to do? I believe I had a sort of *penchant* for her once, when I was a mere boy in my nurse's leading-strings; I believe I *did* give her some slight hopes at one time or other; but, now—O! Rosalind! dear—delightful!”

Here his feelings overpowered him, and pulling a miniature from his bosom he covered it with kisses. Sorry am I to be obliged to confess that it was not the miniature of Julia.

“But what is to be done?” he at length resumed, “the poor girl will go mad; she will hang herself in her garters; or drown herself, like Ophelia, in a brook, under a willow. And I shall be her murderer! I, who have never yet knocked on the head a single man in the field of battle, will commence my warlike operations by breaking the heart of a woman. By St. Agatha it must not be! I must be true to my engagement: yes, though I become myself a martyr, I must obey the dictates of honour. Forgive me, Rosalind, heavenliest object of my adoration! Let not thy Fitzclarence!”

Here his voice became inarticulate; and, as he winded down the hill, nothing was heard but the echoes of the multitudinous kisses he continued to lavish on the little brilliantly-set portrait he held in his hands.

Next morning, Sir Meredith Appleby was just in the midst of a very sumptuous breakfast, (for, notwithstanding his gout, the baronet contrived to preserve his appetite,) and the pretty Julia was presiding over the tea and coffee at the other end of the table, immediately opposite her papa, with the large long-eared spaniel sitting beside her, and ever and anon looking wistfully into her face, when a servant brought in, on a little silver tray, a letter for Sir Meredith. The old gentleman read it aloud; it was from the elder Fitzclarence:—“My dear friend, Alfred arrived last night. He and I will dine with you to-day. Your's Fitzclarence”—Julia's cheeks grew first as white as her brow, and then as red as her lips. As soon as breakfast was over, she retired to her own apartment, whither we must, for once, take the liberty of following her.

She sat herself down before her mirror, and deliberately took from her hair a very tasteful little knot of fictitious flowers, which she had fastened

in it when she rose. One naturally expected that she was about to replace this ornament with something more splendid—a few jewels, perhaps; but she was not going to do any such thing. She rung the bell; her confidential attendant, Alice, answered the summons. “La! Ma'am,” said she, “what is the matter? You look as ill as my aunt Bridget.”—“You have heard me talk of Alfred Fitzclarence, Alice, have you not?” said the lady, languidly, and at the time slightly blushing. “O! yes, Ma'am, I think I have. He was to be married to you before he went to the wars.”—“He has returned, Alice, and he will break his heart if he finds I no longer love him. But he has been so long away, and Harry Dalton has been so constantly with me, and his tastes and mine are so congenial;—I'm sure you know, Alice, I'm not fickle, but how could I avoid it? Harry Dalton is so handsome, and so amiable!”—“To be sure, Ma'am, you had the best right to choose for yourself; and so Mr. Fitzclarence must just break his heart if he pleases, or else fight a desperate duel with Mr. Dalton, with his swords and guns.”—“O! Alice, you frighten me to death. There shall be no duels fought for me. Though my bridal bed should be my grave, I shall be true to my word. The bare suspicion of my inconstancy would turn poor Alfred mad. I know how he doats upon me. I must go to the altar, Alice, like a lamb to the slaughter. Were I to refuse him, you may depend upon it he would put an end to his life with five loaded pistols. Only think of that, Alice; what could I say for myself, were his remains found in his bed some morning?” History does not report what Alice said her mistress might, under such circumstances, say for herself; but it is certain that they remained talking together till the third dinner-bell rang.

The Fitzclarences were both true to their engagements; but notwithstanding every exertion on the part of the two old gentlemen, they could not exactly bring about that “flow of soul” which they had hoped to see animating the young people. At length, after the cloth was removed, a few bumpers of claret had warmed Sir Meredith's heart, he said boldly,—“Julia, my love, as Alfred does not seem to be much of a wine-bibber, suppose you show him the improvements in the gardens and hot-houses, whilst we sexagenarians remain where we are, to drink to the health of both, and talk over family matters.” Alfred, thus called upon, could not avoid rising from his seat, and offering Julia his arm, she accepted it with a blush and they walked off together in silence. “How devotedly he loves me!” thought Julia, with a sigh. “No, no, I cannot break his heart.”—“Poor girl!”

thought Alfred, bringing one of the curls of his whiskers more killingly over his cheek; "her affections are irrevocably fixed on me; the slightest attention calls to her face all the roses of Sharon."

They proceeded down a long gravel-walk, bordered on both sides with fragrant and flowery shrubs; but, except that the pebbles rubbed against each other as they passed over them, there was not a sound to be heard. Julia, however, was observed to hem twice, and we have been told that Fitzclarence coughed more than once. At length the lady stopped, and plucked a rose. Fitzclarence stopped also and plucked a lily. Julia smiled; so did Alfred. Julia's smile was chased away by a sigh; Alfred immediately sighed also. Checking himself, however, he saw the absolute necessity of commencing a conversation. "Miss Appleby!" said he at last—"Sir?"—"It is two years, I think, since we parted."—"Yes; two years on the fifteenth of this month." Alfred was silent. "How she adores me!" thought he; "she can tell to a moment how long it is since we last met."—"There was a pause."—"You have seen, no doubt, a great deal since you left Malhamdale?" said Julia—"O! a very great deal," replied her lover. Miss Appleby hemmed once more, and then drew in a mouthful of courage. "I understand the ladies of England and Ireland are much more attractive than those of Wales."—"Generally speaking, I believe they are."—"Sir!"—"That is—I mean, I beg your pardon—the truth is—I should have said—that—that—you have dropped your rose." Fitzclarence stooped to pick it up; but in so doing, the little miniature which he wore round his neck escaped from under his waistcoat, and though he did not observe it, it was hanging conspicuously on his breast, like an order, when he presented the flower to Julia.

"Good heavens! Fitzclarence, that is my cousin Rosalind!"

"Your cousin Rosalind! where? how?—the miniature! It is all over with me! The murder is out! Lord bless me! Julia, how pale you have grown; yet hear me! be comforted. I am a very wretch; but, I shall be faithful; do not turn away, love; do not weep; Julia! Julia! what is the matter with you?—By Jove! she is in hysterics; she will go distracted! Julia! I will marry you. I swear to you by—"

"Do not swear by anything at all," cried Julia, unable any longer to conceal her rapture, "least you be transported for perjury. You are my own—my very best Alfred!"

"Mad, quite mad," thought Alfred.

"I wear a miniature too," proceeded the lady; and she pulled from the loveliest bosom in the world, the likeness, set in brilliants, of a youth provokingly handsome, but not Fitzclarence.

"Julia!"

"Alfred!"

"We have *both* been faithless!"

"And now we are both happy."

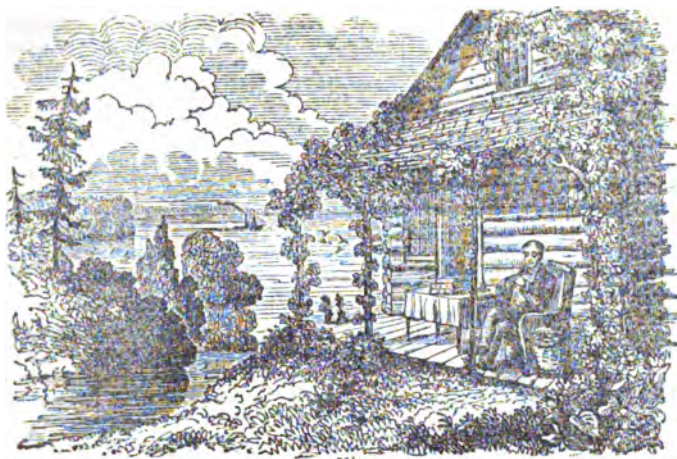
"By St. Agatha! I am sure of it. Only I cannot help wondering at your taste, Julia; that strippling has actually no whiskers!"

"Neither has my cousin Rosalind; yet you found her irresistible."

"Well, I believe you are right; and besides, *de gustibus*—I beg your pardon, I was going to quote Latin."

HOW TO GROW A PINK OF FASHION.—This Pink must be planted in the most aristocratic soil. The mould should be the very mould of form. It grows mostly in the open air, and Belgravia may be looked upon as the great nursery for these Pinks. Several favourable specimens, also, have been reared at the theatres, the Italian and French operas, and similar fashionable forcing houses. It is met with in great profusion at the balls of the nobility. The latter specimen, however, cannot bear the daylight. It is put into a hot bed the first thing when carried home in the morning, and there it remains closed up and almost dead until the evening, when it just begins to lift its drooping head. It is about twelve o'clock at night that it is seen to the most blooming advantage. Your Pink of Fashion is watered with a liquid called champagne, and, if it is at all faint, a little piece of chicken and ham, and a few crumbs of bread applied to the mouth of the delicate flower, will revive it wonderfully. It is a very tender plant, though it has been known to bloom for two or three seasons. The greatest care, however, is requisite to keep it from the cold, for its beauty is so sensitive, that the slightest neglect will nip it in the bud. The Pink is of several colours, but the white with a beautiful maiden blush is the specimen most preferred. This Pink usually carries its head very high, and though not distinguished for any particular amount of scents, still it is eagerly taken in hand in society for its (s) talk. The Pink or Fashion is mostly single, but cases of double Pinks have been recorded. The double (or married) Pink, however, does not excite one half the interest of the one that is single.

TO POLICEMEN ABOUT TO MARRY.—When you are about to marry, visit as many cooks as you can, so as to give you the widest possible area for your choice. Avoid housemaids, whose occupation does not admit of the accumulation of much dust to come down with; and remember that there is nothing like kitchen-stuff for greasing the wheel of fortune. When married, a policeman will be justified in living above his station—if he can get a room there for nothing.



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

S E D E R U N T X X .

*(Major and Doctor chatting before the fire.
—Enter Laird with face bound up.)*

MAJOR.—Hallo! my dear Laird, what has been the matter with you, that you thus make your appearance, with your head swathed in rags, much after the fashion of a mummy?

LAIRD.—A tooth, Major, an auld troublesome tooth that for the sax days past has worried me body an' mind a'maist to death, till at last Grizzly persuaded me to pluck up courage an' hae it oot. I went to some dentist chap in the city, but when I saw his fearsome instruments, the pain departed, an' were I not ashamed o' mysel' I wad e'en have taken my departure too. As it was, I sat me down an' began questioning the fellow as to the propriety of having the tooth out. He assured me that it was absolutely necessary, I then asked whether the operation wad be a painfu' one. Not at all, he replied, we always administer chloroform now, that is, if the patient is willing, and they generally follow our recommendation; it is an easy matter; you are insensible for a minute, and when you come to, you find the tooth gone.

DOCTOR.—So you were verdant enough to try chloroform.

LAIRD.—Verdant! Na, na. Like a sensible child I submitted. The dentist took a handkerchief in which was placed a sponge,

and on the sponge he poured out a sma' quantity o' the Lethean fluid, and—I remember naething mair.

MAJOR.—The operation was perfectly successful.

LAIRD.—It was, an' all I have to say is,—were ony o' my friends suffering as I was, I wad recommed them to mak' use o' it. It is maist pleasant to tak', an' it is a great satisfaction to know that ye winna' feel ony pain.

DOCTOR.—You little know, Laird, the danger you run in these experiments. Chloroform is an agent requiring especial care in its administration. I see by a late number of the *Medical Times and Gazette*, that no less than three deaths occurred in hospital practice during last October, in Great Britain. One at the Edinburgh Infirmary, another at University College Hospital, and a third at Saint Bartholomew's

LAIRD.—Ma conscience!

DOCTOR.—And it would appear that, at least in the Edinburgh case, that death was the result of the careless manner in which chloroform was administered, viz:—that of simply wetting a handkerchief with the fluid and applying it to the face.

LAIRD.—Cease, Doctor, I pray you, I will na' have another tooth pulled, I mean by chloroform.

DOCTOR.—I will read you, for I think the matter of sufficient importance to warrant its introduction to the Shanty, and, particularly

as I know that this agent is generally and incautiously used in Canada, a letter addressed to the Editor of the *Medical Times and Gazette*, on the deaths from chloroform I have alluded to. The writer says:—

The late deaths from chloroform, occurring nearly at the same time in different public institutions, have naturally attracted considerable attention; and they seem to call for some inquiry, whether means may not be adopted to prevent such accidents or, at all events, render them of more rare occurrence. In concluding his account of the late fatal case at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, your reporter says:—"It is mournful, indeed, to consider that, from cases such as the last three or four which it has been our lot to record, the practical surgeon gains no knowledge calculated to authorise the hope, that in future the like tragedies will be of less frequent occurrence." The case at St. Bartholomew's Hospital might at first sight seem to justify and require these observations, for the chloroform was administered by a medical man of eminence appointed to the duty, and in the constant habit of performing it. The vital organs of the patient were all sound, and she had taken the chloroform before without ill effects. There are circumstances, however, which led me to a different conclusion from that of your reporter.

When the air a person breathes does not contain more than 4 or 5 per cent. of vapour of chloroform, insensibility is induced very gradually; and I have found in numerous experiments on animals, that when vapor of this strength is continued till they are destroyed, death takes place very slowly. The breathing first becomes embarrassed, and then ceases; but the heart continues to beat for one or two minutes afterwards. During this interval, the animal can be easily restored by artificial respiration; and it often happens that, when the action of the heart is about to cease, the animal makes a gasping inspiration or two, which renew the circulation and cause spontaneous recovery if the chloroform is not continued. On the other hand, when animals are made to breathe air containing 8 or 10 per cent. or upwards of chloroform, death takes place very quickly, and the circulation of the blood is arrested at the same time as the breathing, and, indeed, in some cases, before the breathing. A very few inspirations of air, containing 10 per cent. of vapor of chloroform, have the effect of paralyzing the heart, as I ascertained by giving chloroform to rabbits, by means of artificial respiration, after the chest was laid open.

Now, on examining the history of all the recorded cases of death from chloroform, it is ascertained that the fatal event did not arise in any instance from the too long administration of vapor sufficiently diluted with air. In all the cases, the circulation has been arrested by the immediate action of the chloroform, owing to the circumstance, that the air which the patient was breathing just before he died, or became moribund, has been too highly charged with vapor. It is evident, therefore, that the first consideration in giving chloroform should be, to take care that the vapor contained in the air which the patient is breathing shall at no time much exceed five per cent. So far from this being the case, however, it is seldom that any thought is taken of the quantity of vapor in the air breathed by the patient. It is generally considered sufficient to know that the patient has enough air to support respiration; and, indeed, the chloroform is usually given in

such a manner that no knowledge is obtained, and no command exercised over the proportion of vapor in the air. This is certainly the state of matters when the chloroform is given on a handkerchief, or piece of lint; and I believe that the kind of inhaler used at St. Bartholomew's Hospital affords no means of either knowing or regulating, even approximately, the proportion of vapor in the air which the patient inhales. The chloroform may appear to be administered with it exactly in the same manner, when the process is, in fact, very different. So far, therefore, from having no hope, that accidents from chloroform will be of less frequent occurrence, we have every reason to conclude that, with additional pains and attention, they may be almost, if not altogether prevented.

Some persons direct their attention too exclusively to the pulse while giving chloroform. If the vapor were sufficiently diluted with air, it would exert no influence over the pulse, even if it were continued till the breathing should cease; and if it were not sufficiently diluted it might stop the pulse suddenly, without previous warning, when the information would come too late. The pulse is, therefore, but of secondary importance as an indication of the effects of chloroform. The breathing, and the state of the eyes and eyelids, afford the best indications of a patient under chloroform; but there is no particular occasion for going into detail on the subject at present; for it does not appear that any accident has happened from the practitioner misunderstanding the state of the patient, and going on too long. The cause of accident has always been, that the vapor, being too strong, has acted so quickly, that there was not time to judge of its effects.

I cannot concur in the opinion of those who think that giving chloroform for a surgical operation is a very trifling matter, requiring no particular skill; and that it is merely necessary to spill a quantity of the agent on a towel or handkerchief, and make the patient quickly insensible. It is quite true that this mode of proceeding answers in a great number of cases without any ill result; but it is attended all the time with some amount of risk, and the patients should be considered rather to escape from danger than not to incur any. In certain patients the amount of chloroform which must be absorbed at one time, to prevent pain, and keep them from struggling during an operation, is not very far short of what would cause death; and in nearly all cases, a larger amount of chloroform must be used than would be fatal, if it were taken too quickly. It is obvious, therefore, that the exhibition of chloroform in operations must always be a process of some delicacy, and requiring care. With due skill and attention, however, there is every reason to conclude that the danger from chloroform may either be altogether abolished, or reduced to an amount too small to be estimated.

All the chief organs were found to be in a healthy state in the patient who died in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, as well as in the patient at St. Bartholomew's. In the case at University College Hospital there was a fatty degeneration of the heart. This, however, is a very common affection; and many patients who have all the signs of it, as far as they are known, undergo the effects of chloroform without ill consequences. On reviewing the recorded cases of death from chloroform, now between thirty and forty in number, the patients appear to have possessed an amount of health and strength quite on an average with the multitudes who have taken chloroform for operations

with the best results. Consequently, the condition of the patient has not been the chief cause of the accident. It should still, however, be a matter of attention, not so much in order to prohibit the chloroform, as to use, if possible, additional care; for a patient with diseased heart would undoubtedly have a less chance than others to recover from an overdose of chloroform, should he be unfortunately submitted to it. When a patient liable to syncope, with weak or intermitting pulse, and arcus senilis of the cornea, requires to undergo an operation of any consequence, there would probably be as much danger from the pain and mental disturbance accompanying it, as from chloroform carefully administered. In such cases, I take care to carry the effect of the vapor no further, and to keep it up no longer, than is imperatively necessary; and if the operation, on account of its being about the mouth, require to be performed in the sitting posture, I have the patient placed horizontally immediately afterwards.

I am, &c.

JOHN SNOW.

13, Sackville Street, October 31.

So, Laird, in future be cautious how you try such serious experiments without the concurrence of your medical adviser. There is another matter I would like to mention, and that is, that in this country, at least in Canada West, young men are admitted to the study of medicine, and as clerks in apothecaries shops, without any preliminary examination, a practice that cannot be too highly censured. My attention was called to this matter the other day, on reading in a New York paper an account of a case of poisoning which took place in that city, through the ignorance of an apothecary's clerk. The prescription ran;—"Soluble Tartar, or Tartrate of Potassa, 8 oz. to be taken in four doses," it appears that the Carbonate of Potassa was administered which caused the death of the patient. I will read you an extract from the Editor's remarks on this case.

"Druggists cannot be too careful in putting up prescriptions, and their liability to do great mischief by the slightest inadvertence, is not at all overrated by the public. So many medicines closely resemble each other,—there are so many of the same generic name, which yet specifically do very greatly differ, and men who are perfectly at home among medicines are wont to grow so careless in handling these dangerous agents, that it is a constant wonder to the world, that there are not every week far more serious cases than the one we have recorded to-day. In some shops, to boys are entrusted the delicate task of putting up prescriptions,—a custom which deserves the sharpest censure, always. In others, ignorant clerks, who can hardly interpret the mystic language of the receipts into the label names of the bottles, and know nothing about the nature of the drugs they deal out, are left to serve the public, and do the blundering. When such are discovered, it is only an instinct of self-defence that bids the public to steer clear of their shops"

VOL. IV.—O

Before I stop, there is still another subject I would speak about. It is the imperfect examination candidates for degrees and licenses to practice are allowed to pass. I see that at the last examination of candidates for the Doctrate, in the University of London, in addition to the written examination passed as heretofore, they were conducted to the bedside of patients labouring under well-marked diseases and required to describe the physical signs, diagnosis, prognosis, and treatment appropriate to each case. Should such a system be carried out here, it will have the effect of compelling the student to pay greater attention to Clinical instruction than he has been in the habit of doing, and of eventually raising the standard of professional knowledge. I will not pursue this subject further, here, as it is hardly the proper place, but I hope the Editor of our *Canadian Medical Journal*, will take the matter in hand, at all events I make the suggestion to him. Now Major and Laird what have you got to say.

MAJOR.—I thought you had received a letter from Cuticle, respecting the Hospital, we may as well hear his opinion on a subject in which he took so much interest.

DOCTOR.—Very well, then, I'll read you a few remarks—my worthy friend's idea of the present mundane system of charity seems to be rather low. Just listen to the manner in which he shows up the mere talkers of the present day:—

"Once upon a time, the Hospital was the welcomed recipient of the sick man. In health he labored on fulfilling his destiny, and when disease overtook him he gladly turned his steps to the door where a cheerful charity received him as a suffering brother, and his pillow was made easy by the hand of an unfeigned benevolence. Then the wealthier sister feared not to sit by the lonely couch of the midnight watcher, nor trembled with apprehension as she wiped the clammy sweat from the fevered brow of her, on whom had been set the seal of an agony once endured for both, and from whose face great drops as of blood, were poured out. Then the poor man learned to look with gratitude on the hand that cured him, and was led yet further to bless the Faith that worked such mercies.

We are said to be living in a practical age; an age in which everything is tested by the

trite "*cui bono*." No one is satisfied with a mere theory, and unless a speedy solution follows the problem, it gets the go by. We do not feel inclined to question the above facts however much we may feel disposed to quarrel at the selfishness which is the accompaniment, and to mourn over the hollow heartedness which forms so prominent a characteristic of the world at our day. The astounding discoveries which are daily being made in the fields of science, and the improvements effected in the arts, are tending rapidly to the dispersion of the human race, and involve the inhabitants of earth in conflict of opinions and of interests, the results of which cannot yet be disclosed. Capital and labor are both warring against each other, and Intellect rears aloft its ambitious crest, refusing to be fettered by Faith, not easily intelligible by human reason. The thirst for mere worldly knowledge engendered by the development of reason, and the impetus which each one receives to rush on with the tide of intellect, has, while it renders all else more certainly practical, seemed but to deaden the soul and dethrone Fervent Holy Faith. Why is it that at such a period as this everything is practical but religion, everything is definite or must be put in a definite form to be received, religion excepted; that a mere declaration of utter unworthiness and ill-defined feeling of degradation, and a pious horror of entering on some supposed sinful amusements accompanied by certain gloomy shadows always brooding over the visage, constitute now for the most part the active, lively, and practical duties of nine-tenths of the Christianity of to-day.

"We remember being present at a bed-side of one whom disease had wasted, and whose skeleton-like form peered through his flesh as if death was already in his vitals. He had walked in the sumptuous paths of life, and laughed out the better part of a life now numbering fifty summers, his eye had fed on lovely forms, and his contemplation had ever been with beauty, his senses had never been shocked by the ghastly inroads which illness makes. "My God!" was the deep felt exclamation, "is it possible for mortal man to be reduced to such a pitiful condition." How many more have lived their fifty summers of revelling and riot? How many more have passed their fifty summers

in innocent mirth and enjoyment, and have never visited the widow and fatherless in their affliction, or lifted the drop of cold water to the lips of the dying? What do our more wealthy classes know of the domestic sufferings and care-worn sorrows of their poorer brethren, what manifestations of real friendly christian sympathy is displayed between them? At the stormy meetings of so called public charities, or at the gatherings of any well intentioned coteries, the wants of the more glaring cases of destitution and wretchedness are considered, and the rectitude and moral standing of the personal characters of the poor discussed with a depth and acuteness, which would lead an unprejudiced observer to believe that the only recipients of bounty were or ought to be angels in rags. Thus charity which should be the means of conveying a double blessing, is, in the language of one who had fallen under one of these Relief Inquisitions, converted into "offensive charity."

"Between the poor and his wealthy brother "there is a great gulf fixed," disease in a straw pallet can have no connection with comfort and health. Lazarus must yet lie at the gate, where dogs may lick his sores, while Dives lingers at his ease over the delicious repast, feeding the hound with the children's meat. Is poverty a crime of such magnitude that sympathy cannot reach the victim? Is it indeed necessary to deal with the pauper as with the criminal, and shut him up in houses from which the delightful duties and exercises of Christianity are carefully excluded? Yet such has been the custom which a dying faith has established, until at length we find in all our relief establishments the care and supervision of the poor, both sick and infirm, delivered over to the custody of a staff of hired servants and a few ill paid officers. Is this a carrying out of the principles of charity, has any one of us a right to delegate our immediate duties to paid substitutes? Have we learned by this system, and can our children learn by it, those beautiful and touching duties which will be demanded of us, and are implied in the language of inspiration.

The neglect and consequent discontinuance of the exercise of active benevolence has been productive of many collateral evils, and one

of the most distressing is the total disregard to the arrangements of institutions with reference to visitatorial duties, and in connection with the religious instruction of the sick. With reference to the first the evil is not so great but that it may be easily removed. The objections usually urged even by those who feel disposed to burst through the sinful barriers which custom has raised against the performance of their duties, is the crowded state of the sick wards of most hospitals, the foulness of the atmosphere, and consequent liability to disease to which they would necessarily be exposed. Well would it have been for the unfortunate inmates of some of our institutions if their more fortunate Christian sisters and brothers, had been engaged in the active exercise of their highest functions, crowded rooms and pestilential chambers would never have existed, breathing-room and careful ventilation would long ago have lent their all important aid in renovating and giving life to the invalid. More perhaps even than this we should have taught the mother lying on her sleepless bed, and bowed down with the consuming fire that wears away the springs of life, that in leaving her own miserable abode she made an exchange most acceptable, and for which from her very soul she would say, the Lord be thanked! Good Christian friends, those of you who do sometimes stray into the haunts of poverty say, do we not speak truly when we state that nothing but a stern necessity can now force men to a hospital, and induce the mother, wife or child cheerfully to take up their residence in your asylums—do they not look on their visit to such places as a degradation, and conjure up in their minds, fancies and prejudices, which, although exaggerated, tell but too plainly the coolness of the reception which is provided for them.

“How very different would be the feeling of a whole community in which real charity was displayed, what angelic links would bind the hearts of all together, and what wonderful lessons of humanity and goodness, would be enforced on our offspring—instead of having a parent say, “I like my children to be fond of animals and to have them about them, for it softens their feelings”—we should witness the growing affections day by day, warmed and balanced by the reception of impressions, all tending to goodness, and in place of learn-

ing moral lessons of tenderness by fondling brutes, they would be induced to imitate the example of Him whose life on earth was one continued scene of active personal charity.

“Another objection urged against the visitations of the sick by many is, the admixture, as is unavoidably the case with us—of individuals entertaining different views on religion. This is indeed a very serious difficulty and one attended with very alarming consequences to those more immediately interested, but because this and other evils surround us, are we therefore to refrain from all good. It may afford just grounds for a cautious behaviour and deportment in our intercourse with those who are not of ourselves, but certainly can be no excuse for the neglect of a prime duty. In the time of calamity the heart is open, and the ear alive to the words of kindness, the grain of mercy dropped at such an hour may spring up into vigorous life. But in a building devised and planned by a scientific architect, who knows what a hospital ought to be in its character and construction; not a gloomy dungeon, but carrying in all its compartments symbols of hope and ever present love, the only living exponent of his design surely would not be wanting, and some even in our day will be found to compete the work which we trust will prove a blessing to the community.”

As we are on the subject, I may as well give you a description of the Hospital itself, which you will both, I think, admit to be a credit to the architect, and an ornament to the city. (*Reads.*)

The building will consist of a centre and three wings, somewhat in the form of the letter E. It will occupy a quadrangular space of 170 feet by 120 feet. The basement floor contains kitchens, sculleries, servants' apartments, and stores. The first floor is approached from the outside by a flight of stone steps, leading to the entrance hall. This is a spacious apartment; on either side of which, and opening into it, are the Board room, and a suite of waiting, examining, and consulting rooms, which have access, also, to a broad corridor extending the whole length of the centre, and branching off into the wings. Opposite to these apartments are two large wards adapted to extreme surgical cases. The apartments of the resident surgeon and several

private wards occupy the first floor of the east wing; while the west wing contains the dispensary and the offices and other apartments of the house steward, nurses, &c.

Opposite the entrance hall is the main staircase, 22 feet wide. At the extremities of the wings are two other stair-cases, and there is a servants' stair—all communicating with every floor of the building.

The second and third stories are divided into wards for patients, with large and commodious sitting-rooms for convalescents, convenient apartments for nurses, and a liberal supply of baths, wash rooms, water-closets, and other sanitary and domestic conveniences.

The upper story of the central tower contains a chamber for a museum, opening into a spacious gallery within the roof. In the upper parts of the towers, at the front angles of the building, are placed the reservoirs for the general supply of water to the establishment.

The theatre, under which is the mortuary, forms a distinct wing of the building, projecting from the centre, and approached from the main stair-case. The theatre is a large oblong room, semi-circular at one end, galleried, and is lighted chiefly from the roof.

Each story of the building has roomy balconies, open to the west, with access from the corridors of each wing.

The wards, twenty-two in number, are lofty, commodious, and planned to admit of easy classification. The largest of them are not calculated for more than twelve patients each. They are also so arranged that several in each story may be easily shut off from all communication with the rest of the building.

The warming and ventilating has been devised by the architect, and incorporated, as it ought to be, with the plan of the building. The plan is simple and somewhat novel. The corridors, which are broad passages in the centre of the building, have their ceilings lowered two feet below the level of the other ceilings. The space thus cut off forms a flue corresponding to the width of the corridor (twelve feet) by two feet in depth. In the sides of these flues are openings directly into each apartment in the building, at points near their ceilings, for the purpose of drawing off the impure air. These flues terminate in vertical shafts of large area, which convey the

impure air thus collected to the external air at the top of the towers.

The fresh air is admitted by openings in the wall near the ground, and conveyed by separate air ducts along the flues just mentioned. These branch off into smaller channels between the joists, and into each apartment by valvular orifices in the floors. In winter, the fresh air, in its passage to the building, is brought into contact with the surface of pipes heated by hot water and hot air, and which, after performing its functions, is exhausted by means of openings near the floors, communicating with the foul air flues already described—the openings at the ceilings being intended for use, only, during summer.

It is believed that a considerable saving in fuel will thus be effected by locating the supply and exhaustion flues in the middle of the building, instead of the usual plan of flues in the outer wall. The latter absorbs and gives out a large portion of the heat to the external air; whereas, in the former case, all the heat that can be absorbed must be returned to the internal atmosphere.

The style of the building is old English, partially modified to our Canadian climate. The most novel and original features in the edifice are the roofed towers. These give a singular boldness of character and outline to the entire structure, which is simple and free from extraneous detail, but grouped into a remarkably pleasing composition. The grandeur of effect produced by simplicity of parts is here strikingly exemplified, and shows what can be done at small cost by merely treating the ordinary component parts of a building in an artistic manner.

The central tower is upwards of 100 feet high. The view from the top of which, from the elevated situation of the building, will be very grand.

MAJOR.—I, for one, am proud of the Hospital, as I think we contributed somewhat in bringing the matter before the public, and obtaining for them what will, I trust, turn out a great blessing.

DOCTOR.—Amen, to that wish. I trust, also, that the present resident physician will not be interfered with. Much, if not all of the good that is even now done in the present establishment is owing to his care and management, and when the new building comes to be

placed under his care, you may rely on it, that Mr. Hay's plans for convenience and comfort, will be ably carried out by him.

LAIRD.—Do ye na think that the site of the new Hospital will be unhealthy?

DOCTOR.—A very decided opinion to that effect has been expressed, I know; but several parties, whose opinions should be respected, deem it otherwise. I would, however, like to see the matter properly discussed in the city papers, before it be too late.

MAJOR.—I noticed, Laird, that you drove up to the Shanty in your cutter. Did you find the sleighing good?

LAIRD.—First rate! My auld and faithful mare, Jenny Geddes, drew me here frae Bonnie Braes wi a little trouble, as if she had had naething at her tail except a joint stool!

MAJOR.—Of all locomotive inventions, commend me to an easy gliding cutter! A railway car is not a circumstance in comparison. My ancient and much respected friend, Samuel Johnson, was in the habit of declaring that the *summum bonum* of existence, consisted in being whirled along a King's high way, in a post chaise, at the rate of ten miles an hour. Had this illustrious lexicographer, however, been privileged to enjoy a drive in one of our wheel-lacking chariots, he would for ever have divorced his affections from the vehicle propelled by circular frames turning on an axis!

LAIRD.—Man, that's a grand, round-about way o' describing a wheel! I doubt whether the honest Doctor, himsel', could hae employed mair words to describe sic a sma' affair! "Circular frames turning on an axis!"

DOCTOR.—How delicious to recline in a sleigh, replete with buffalo robes, (a slave, of course, driving), your nose being sheltered from the attacks of Boreas, by the genial talisman of a pipe, pregnant with unsophisticated tobacco!

LAIRD.—And then the kindly chiming o' the bells! When I shut my een, I can amaise fancy that I'm King o' the Fairies, surrounded by my jingling courtiers!

DOCTOR.—That is too good! Just picture, if you can, Oberon, with the brawny shoulders, and colossal pedestals of our bucolic chum! Why, Titania would lose herself, irrecoverably, in the brush-wood of your whiskers!

LAIRD.—Joke awa'! I canna' be angry at ony thing, seeing that I got sax and saxpence for the balance o' my wheat frae John Hyde, this blessed morning!

MAJOR.—I agree with the Laird in his appreciation of the sleigh-bells. To me, they are as suggestive as the Vesper Chimes, immortalized by Tom Moore.

LAIRD.—Did you ever notice, Crabtree, the different impressions they produce, according to the mood o' the listener? I'll just gie ye a couple o' cases in point. On Monday last, I drove up to Esquering, to visit an auld friend lying, I fear, upon his death-bed. We had come oot to Canada in the same year, and our wrestlings and strugglings up the Hill Difficulty o' a back-wood life, had been nearly identical. I had na' seen Squire Pettigrew—Peter Pettigrew is his name; for the better o' five years, and ho! what a stun my heart got, to behold the once buirdly man, withered and shivered up by the cauld, simoom-like breath o' death! On my road home, the bells about Jenny Geddes' neck sang naething but dirges. At ae time they would play

"I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean."

Then they would change to

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds?
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!

And finally they rang the accompaniment to Susannah Belamire's touching sang:

"What ails this heart o' mine?
What ails this watery e'e?
What gars me a' turn cauld as death,
When I take leave o' thee."

MAJOR.—You need not sneer Sangrado, my own experiences completely coincide with those of Bonnie Braes.

LAIRD.—Yesterday I was engaged in a pilgrimage o' a very different nature. It was to assist at the nuptials o' Peggy-Patullo, the daughter o' another auld and respected freend. The Reverend Duncan Drumclog tied the knot, and after he had departed, dancing commenced, according to the canonical Scottish fashion. Auld ruling elder as I am, I took my share in the reels wi' the youngest o' the birkies, and what for no? It was a fraction after "elder's hours" before I set oot on my return, and I can promise you that Jenny's bells serenaded me wi' a set o' airs as different frae that which they had performed the preceding day, as light is frae darkness. As I drove awa frae the festive domicile they struck up wi' a birr and smiddum that constrained me to tak' part in the stave:

"Fy! let us a' to the bridal,
For there'll be litten there:
For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair."

And there'll be lang kale and pottage,
And hannocks o' barley meal;
And there'll be good saut herrin',
To relish a cogus o' good yill."

After a season I began to meditate upon the parting smack which I had bestowed upon my sonsie, hazel-e'd partner, and to speculate upon what the Kirk Session would say, had they been cognizant o' the fact. My self-possession, however, was completely restored by the bells uplifting the canty ditty:

"Some say that kissing's a sin,
But I think it's name ava,
For kissing has wonn'd in this world,
Since ver that there was twa.
Oh if it wadna' lawfu',
Lawyers wadna' allow it;
If it wadna' holy,
Ministers wadna' do it.
If it wadna' modest,
Maidens wadna' tak' it;
If it wadna' plenty,
Puir folk wadna' get it."

Next—

DOCTOR.—I rise, Major, to order. If the Laird be permitted to go on at this rate, stringing his scraps of crazy rhymes together, like an old maid engendering a quilt, there is but slender chance of our overtaking the legitimate business of our sederunt.

LAIRD.—"Mad rhymes," ye auld kiln-dried, timber-headed, hower-up o' dead bodies!

MAJOR.—I pray you "speak no biting words," most excellent of clod pulverizers. The Doctor hath reason on his side, though his interruption savoured somewhat of the uncourtly. Much have we to do, and the night waxeth ancient.

LAIRD.—But *crazy* rhymes! Does the man tak' me for a bedlamite?

DOCTOR.—I withdraw the obnoxious expression, and beg leave to introduce to the meeting Mr. Hanson's singularly interesting volume entitled "*The Lost Prince*."

LAIRD.—Is that the buik which pretends to mak' oot that the Yankee Mess John, Eleazar Williams, is Louis XVII o' France?

MAJOR.—In my humble opinion there is no *pretending* about the matter. A stronger and more satisfactory chain of circumstantial evidence, never was brought together for the establishment of a question of identity.

LAIRD.—Wha's crazy now, I should like to ken? Div you mean to tell me that the puir ill guided wee laddie didna' gie up the ghost in the temple? Have na' I read Beauchene's narrative o' that damnable tragedy, till my een got as red as the shell o' a boiled lobster, wi' greeting? The man's in a creel!

MAJOR.—I do not marvel at your incredulity. Until I read the volume, under discussion, I was as much an unbeliever in the claim put forth by Mr. Williams, as you can possibly be.

DOCTOR.—Is the proof indeed, so very cogent?

MAJOR.—In my humble opinion it could hardly be more complete.

LAIRD.—Can you gie us an inkling o' the same within a reasonable space o' time, say before the supper tocan is sounded?

MAJOR.—The thing is utterly impossible, Bonnie Bras. As well might you ask me to compress the Iliad into a nut-shell.

DOCTOR.—Your illustration is somewhat unfortunate. Erasmus speaks of a cunning penman, who wrote the great work of the immortal blind ballad singer, in characters so small, that the surtout of a filbert contained it without pressure—or *churting*, as our North British mess-mate would more emphatically say.

LAIRD.—Does the preacher-king attempt to mak' oot his bawbees oot o' his pretensions?

MAJOR.—Very far from it. But by way of a more specific answer to your question I shall read to you the concluding remarks of Mr. Hanson. They are eloquent and impressive in no small degree:

A word before I conclude, with respect to the position of Mr. Williams. On his part there is no claim and no pretension. The last thought in his mind is that of political elevation. Educated in a republican country, he is himself a republican in sentiment and feeling. A minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, he has no wish but to labor in her fold; and worship at her altar until death. Devoted to the regeneration of the Indian, his chief earthly hope is to rear among those formerly reput-d his countrymen, a temple to the name of the Almighty God, which shall bear once a means in future years of recalling them from their ignorance and vice, and a monument of his love and sacrifices for them. He is now rapidly approaching that period of life when the ambitions and the interests of earth are of little avail. Had he known all he now does, thirty or even twenty years earlier, the case might have been different. If at times thoughts and aspirations of a different character have entered his mind, he has now dismissed them; and to go down to a Christian's grave in peace, usefulness, and honour, is all he wishes for himself, and all his friends wish for him.

His late years have been embittered by many sorrows, and especially by the knowledge of his early history, and having been myself the means of dragging him into an unpleasant notoriety, I have deemed it my duty to do what lay within the power of an unpractised pen, to vindicate him from assaults.

To the eye of a cold philosophy, kings and the sons of kings, are much like other men—but few of us are philosophers, and God forbid we should be, if it would deprive of sympathy for the

fallen. If I read any truth in history it is, that the hand of God is there, guiding the motions of the vast machine of human destiny, and making kings and rulers, and great men, statesmen, orators and poets, the agents for accomplishing his all-wise designs, nor can I, from the loop-holes of republican retreat, gaze with cynical eye upon the centuries that are fled, nor on the realms that are afar. The blood of a Bourbon or a Guelph may be composed of much the same ingredients as my own—but I recognise in it a something which the Providence of God has sanctified through many generations, and I confess to the weakness of dropping a tear at the thought of the forlorn descendant of European kings, ministering, on the desolate outskirts of civilization, to the scanty remnant of a race, once the barbaric sovereigns of this continent. But God, who deals equally with all, has, doubtless, granted to him as much happiness in the toils of missionary life, as to those who have successively occupied the throne of his fathers.

"Stemmata quid faciunt? quid prodest, Pontice, longo

Sanguine censeri, pictosque ostendere vultus
Majorum, et stantes in curribus Æmilianis,
* * * * * Nulla aconita bibuntur
Fictilibus: tunc illa time, quum pocula sumes
Gemmata et lato Sétinum ardebit in auro."

What boots it to be deemed of regal birth
And reckon ancestors in endless line,
Warriors enthroned, bright dames and steel clad
knights?

* * * * *

No aconite is drank in cups of earth;
Then may you fear it when your fingers clasp,
A jewelled goblet, and the Setine wine
Sparkles in ample gild.

LAIRD.—That's a braw looking bit book, Major. What name does it answer to?

MAJOR.—"*Autographs for Freedom.*"

DOCTOR.—Is it a re-hash of the threadbare story of the "Declaration of Independence?"

MAJOR.—No. It has an aim more truthful and philanthropic than that mendacious lie of rebellion. The object which the volume advocates is to make all men free—black as well as white.

DOCTOR.—Oh, I presume, it is an anti-slavery annual.

MAJOR.—You have smitten the nail on the pericranium.

LAIRD.—Has it got any pictures? I'm aye greedy to see pictures.

MAJOR.—Yes. Here for instance is a portrait of that Reverend Priest in petticoats, Antoinette L. Brown.

LAIRD.—Let's look at the notoriety. Heh sirs what a brazen-faced randy she is. Just mark the stern impudence o' her mouth. She seems for a' the world as if she was trying to churt out every drop o' womanhood that lurked in her system.

DOCTOR.—Pray, Laird, did you chance to

fall in with Mr. William Chambers, when he was in Toronto?

LAIRD.—Sorry am I to say that I had not that pleasure. Fain would I hae seen again the man that has done sae muckle for popularizing sound and nutritious literature.

MAJOR.—You speak as if you had once met with the "cheap John" of literature.

LAIRD.—I said "seen," Crabtree, and no "met." There is a wide difference, I trow, between thae twa words. The latter would imply that I had eaten a Welsh rabbit, and may be, discussed a tumbler or sae, o' toddy wi' the honest man. But when ye only say "seen," it means naething mair than that he had been pointed oot to ye in the kirk or at the market.

MAJOR.—You have recently been elevated to the status of a school trustee, I believe?

LAIRD.—That's true; but hoo cam ye to get sae early an inkling o' the tidings?

MAJOR.—Why, Laird, I heard nothing of the matter. I simply jumped to the conclusion in consequence of witnessing your new-born furor of philological precision! Priscian or Lindley Murray could hardly have exceeded the *perjenkness* of your definitions!

DOCTOR.—But, Bonnie-braes, when and where was it that you forgathered with Wm. Chambers?

LAIRD.—Touching the epoch, it was mair years ago than I can weel condescend upon; but at ony rate it was a guid bittock o' time before my chin and a razor had become familiar! At the period in question Maister Chawmers (few folk, I opine, ca'd him Maister then) keepit a wee book shop on Leith Walk, no' far frae the toll gate. It was a bit shanty o' a thing, built o' timmer just like our back-wood extempore domiciles, and, wi' its contents, wad hae been dearly purchased at thirty or forty pounds.

MAJOR.—Do you include the owner in the valuation?

LAIRD.—Haud your tongue, ye scoffer, or I'll no say anither word this blessed night till after supper!

DOCTOR (*aside*).—The penance might by possibility be endured!

LAIRD.—In the front of this bibliopolic booth, was a stand covered wi' auld dictionaries, odd volumes o' magazines, and novels, and sic like "waifs and strays" of literature.

There might hae been, in addition, an assortment of second-hand frying pans, cheese-toasters, and domestic implements o' a corresponding description, but o' this I canna' speak wi' precision. At ony rate Willie Chawmers was in a very small line o' business.

MAJOR.—What a contrast does the present position of Chambers' house present to the sketch which our agricultural chum has been favouring us with! How fortunate the brothers have been in their literary speculations!

LAIRD.—Craving your pardon, Crabtree, "fortunate" is an unmeaning and mensless expression, in the circumstances o' the case! Fortune, as fules understand the word, has naething to do wi' the matter! The lads had the gumption to see that the reading million craved economical viands o' a mair superior description than what the market afforded, and they cut their claiith accordingly. I am auld enough to mind the wersh and fushionless trash which thirty years ago was measured oot by publishers in threepenny and sixpenny messes. Even a butcher's apprentice, noo-a-days, wad turn up his nose wi' a scunner, at the viands which at that time were supplied to the middle classes, sae far as reading was concerned.

DOCTOR.—In administering to this want the Chambers were eminently successful. They at once elevated cheap, popular reading to a pitch nearly as high as it could possibly attain. I more than question whether any of the low-priced serials of the present day are superior to the pristine numbers of the "*Edinburgh Journal*."

MAJOR.—What a thousand pities it is that William should have penned such a cento of bunkum and fudge, as the letter which he addressed to the *New York Tribune*, on taking leave of Dollardom the other day.

LAIRD.—I have nae seen it. What does the lad say?

MAJOR.—I will read you the obnoxious paragraphs:—

"I leave the United States with much regret. I carry with me the conviction that a great and splendid future is before them. Contrary to the opinion of most travellers from England, I see here a young but rapidly growing nation offering an example to the oldest communities in Europe. It is far from my wish to flatter; but what! do I not feel vast delight in seeing? I am overcome with the stupendous proportions and capacity of the country,

its far stretching fields for human subsistence and happiness; of the American people, so little understood, and often misrepresented, I candidly own that their remarkable love of order, their energy and perseverance, their love of independence, the self-respect of even the humblest classes among them, their striking sobriety, their admirable educational systems, their many excellent libraries and universal fondness for reading, their press free from fiscal exactions, their flourishing religious institutions untampered by civil polity, their economically and spiritedly got up railways, now pushed half way to the Pacific, the neatness of their dwellings, their wonderful—and to an Englishman, alarming progress in the mechanical arts, the marvellous growth of their cities, and I will add their civility to strangers—I say all this gives me unqualified pleasure; and when I contrast their cities, free of pauperism and vice in its most loathsome forms, with what meets the eye in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow and other large cities in Britain, I feel that travellers from the old country have really little reason to speak disdainfully of America, or to exaggerate faults which at most are only partial and of no sort of account.

"Such being my impressions, it will be my duty to represent, in my own poor way at home, things as they deserve to be spoken of. Nor shall I fail to speak of the advantages to be derived by an emigration of the laboring classes generally to this country—feeling as they will do from a perishing and unimprovable condition to a state of comfort and boundless prospects of well-doing."

DOCTOR.—Is that all?

MAJOR.—It is.

DOCTOR.—I can only say then, that so far as Canada is concerned, I hope the Chambers intended speculation of reprinting their works in this country may turn out, in a pecuniary sense, a failure. There is one very decided false statement in that letter; I allude to that passage which contrasts the cities of Great Britain with those of the United States. Had Mr. Chambers lived as long in these same American cities as I have, he would assuredly have changed his tone. I can with truth assert, that in no city that I have been in, with the exception of New Orleans, Natchez—and some few other western cities, have I seen such fearful proof of immorality as was evidenced in New York by the number of unfortunate females who paraded the streets. London with its two millions and a half of inhabitants presents a less loathsome spectacle than did New York in 1846, with its thirty thousand degraded and lost females.

In regard to the advantages offered by the United States, to the emigrant, Mr. Lillie's pamphlet only requires to be read to carry the conviction that whatever advantages our neighbours offer, we offer greater. I am surprised at the tenor of Mr. Chambers' letter I must confess.

MAJOR.—So am I. It is most singular that so short a residence in the States should have so corrupted Chambers as to induce him, for the sake of making a few paltry pounds, by reprinting his works, to pay America so high and certainly so undeserved a tribute. I mean undeserved when contrasted with other countries, Canada for instance. By-the-by talking of other countries I will read you extracts from two letters, one from California, the other from Australia. I'll begin with the Californian epistle.—(*Reads.*)

"After all that has been spoken contemptuously of 'the diggings,' they have not turned out the only profitable gold enterprise, whether in Australia or California. I have repeatedly had the most perfect evidence that the early emigrants and miners found gold on the river beds, during the dry season, mixed up with sand and dirt in such large deposits that a man might separate £500 in a day. For a time, all that the imagination could depict about the fabled Eldorado, was more than realised here, and from the great extent of the river beds and mountain 'dulches,' you might suppose that great success would continue for many years. Yet if you could see the marvellous works of excavations that have been done here in every direction, you would wonder how it was possible for the population of California to have done such an amount of work. Hundreds of miles of mining ground have been turned and washed over two or three times, and where the rivers were too deep to admit of mining in dry seasons—large wooden planes have been erected to carry off the water, and lay bare the bed. In other cases the rivers have been turned into artificial channels—and latterly, small canals have been made from rivers, draining the waste water into remote places, where gold was found, but no water. During the six months of summer weather, the heat at the diggings is intense, and miners generally leave work from 11 to 4 P. M. However, it must not be omitted, that the heat by day, and extreme cold at night—the bad food, and still worse accommodation, the great insecurity of life, through drinking habits, and the congregating of the worst of criminals, in search of gold, have combined to make the

diggings a hard business in its best estate; while there, I made several excavations by the assistance of a miner, G. W.—, who was on board the City of Glasgow, but we never got enough to pay expenses. The mining country is very beautiful and picturesque, like a vast park, covered at intervals with fine pine and ancient oak. I should think, upon the whole, that the traders who have supplied food and clothing at the diggings, have made the most money, charging generally, a profit of 100 to 150 per cent., in this way the miners have been much plundered. While in the mines, before my machinery arrived, I had serious thoughts of settling on a farm in the midst of the mining district, between the middle and south forks of the American river, and I was in negotiation for a farm of 160 acres, with a small house, which was offered me for the low sum of £60.—It was well watered, and in the driest season there was grass one foot high. Nearly fifty acres was clear pasture.

The farm or rauch was a preemption claim of an American, for which I should have had afterwards to pay about one hundred and sixty dollars, or about forty pounds. There was a saw-mill about half a mile distant, where I could have sawed out enough timber from the estate to pay for living. The chief difficulty in taking that or any other farm is the payment for labour, about forty dollars a month and board for each man. Any one with sons would do well here on a farm with a good tiller. The Mexicans have laid claim to the chief portion of land near the coast, and, until these claims are settled by the land commissioners, it is dangerous to have to do with them. But in the mining districts there are good lands to be obtained by all who are citizens, or who have declared their intention of becoming such, all that is requisite is to ascertain by searching the District Register to see if there is any recorded claim of the desired land, if not, a qualified man may record 160 for himself, 160 for his wife, and 160 for each child—specifying exactly the bounds and making within three months, improvements to the amount of two hundred or two hundred and fifty dollars. The land can be used free of charge till surveyed by government, and then about one dollar an acre is called for. The price of land varies extremely. In San Francisco I have known land as street frontage sell at four hundred dollars a foot, and city lots, in parts not yet built on or graded, with twenty-three feet frontage and running back sixty-eight feet, average from six hundred to one thousand dollars. Farming lands about twenty miles distant can be bought at about six to eight dollars an acre, with confirmed titles.

The fertility of the land is very great, and where irrigation can be supplied in the six dry months from April to October three crops of barley or wheat might be obtained. At no season of the year is it too cold to grow crops, or flowers, or vegetables. It is now the end of November, the rains have set in, and, instead of preparing for frost, farmers and gardeners are busily planting out everything that is able to grow. I have just finished planting out geraniums, nasturtiums and pinka, and a few days ago I sowed onion, turnip, radish, lettuce, spinach, carrot, and cauliflower seed, which I expect to be well established by Christmas. In San Francisco the summer and dry months are colder than our rainy ones, in consequence of daily gales from the north-west, which are piercingly cold. The nights are always cool and requiring blankets.

The ordinary diseases are chills and fever, diarrhæas, dysentery and consumption, and recoveries from illnesses are usually slow. I believe California to be healthier than any other state in the Union—but the insecurity of life and property, which is one of the bitter fruits of republicanism, is largely increased here among the classes who frequent the drinking and gambling saloons. Numbers are murdered here and thrown into the bay, about whose fate no enquiry is made beyond a coroner's verdict. If a murderer escapes he is rarely apprehended as no police are employed to pursue. Another disadvantage here, and common to the United States, is the contempt shown to *service*. Every one desires to be independent, and there are no servants. Those whom you hire to assist act more like partners than servants, and expect to be treated with perfect equality in all respects. The term servant is considered synonymous with slave.

Importers of goods frequently gamble away the whole value of their goods, and have eventually to sacrifice them at auction, so that nearly all the traders of the city and country towns buy at auction, and destroy, to a large extent, wholesale trading, so that even for private individuals, buying wholesale, auctions are the best market. Retail prices are just double wholesale. The passion for drink is so intense, that two-thirds of the stores have drinking bars. Duties are very high, if foreigners import, but nearly every thing pertaining to farming or trade, can be bought at home prices.

A capitalist, with even a small amount, say £2000, could live by getting 2½ to 3 per cent. per month, and payable in advance, on the best state or landed security. Good brick buildings can be bought, paying the same interest. I am

living on the rents of machinery and house which I have let for eighteen months.

San Francisco has become, in four years, a very fine city, with stone streets, buildings, five and six stories high; and the streets are lined with shops, containing luxury and variety from all nations. A person living without a business, and enjoying leisure, is indeed a rare sight. All appear occupied intensely, and labour is considered so honorable, that persons unoccupied are more pitied than respected.

Our Sundays are becoming more sacred—but theatres and races still go on during the Lord's day.

It is always cheaper for new-comers to hire an unfurnished room or shanty, and board themselves, than to go to any boarding-house, which charge \$10 a week, this without drinks. Trading is more profitable in country towns than in the city—I mean in shops; for rents are enormous in this city. Flour mills and saw mills are doing well; trading vessels up to Sacramento and Maryville are profitable, as coasters. But, be it remembered, the Custom House Laws are very severe against all foreign bottoms, whether boats or vessels, confiscating them without mercy. Our communications with Europe are much improved. The route by Nicaragua Lake is most reliable, and passengers from hence, go in twenty-three days to New York, which is a week sooner than by Panama; we fully expect to have a railway from hence to New York in four years, and a regular steam communication with China next spring. The Americans certainly excel all other nations in hard working, and, though wages of labour are high, twice as much work is done than is obtained in the same time elsewhere; large frame houses are built here in fourteen to twenty-one days—and brick buildings, that in Europe would take a year in building, are finished here in four months. In regard to politics, the Americans are fully bent on annexation; Mexico, Sandwich Islands, Peru, and Cuba, are all thought of by them. They begin by colonizing, and then introduce republican principles, and longing for union with the States. The fisheries at San Francisco are excellent; we have in great abundance, sturgeon, salmon, herring, sardines, whiting, skait, rock cod, craw-fish. In game, elk, antelope, deer, hare, geese, duck, partridges; we are well supplied with milk, for which we pay six pence a pint; beef is one shilling per pound; mutton, two shillings—pork, two shillings; fowls, ten shillings each. Potatoes are now 1d. per pound; but they often, when scarce, cost seven pence a pound; cabbages

are six pence each, cauliflowers, two shillings. The passage money from New York, in best cabin, is about £30 each—in steerage, £15."

The Australian extract is very short—here it is:—(*Reads*)

"Melbourne—a very pretty well laid-out town on a rising knoll—no trees, however, which is disadvantageous—fearful want of provisions—hardly any to be seen. 6th September—Off to-morrow to the digging—glorious accounts of the gold—obliged to sleep in a room 11 by 12, with fifteen others—paid 3s. 9d. for it—the same for meals. Australia is not the place I fancied it was. It is rather a hard place. You cannot get either wood or water without paying. From what I can find out, a person is better off in Canada with 5s. per day than he is here with 25s. Three pounds for a quarter of a cord of wood, think of that, ye grumblers at £1 per cord. For a glass of milk you have to pay 1s. 3d.—eggs 1s. a piece—1s. 3d. for an apple—9d. for a glass of ale. Fancy clergymen and their sons breaking stones on the road. I often wish I was home again and so does many a poor fellow. Don't come here Labour is high—25s. per day. Carpenters, blacksmiths, &c. £2—rest in proportion. Hard country—no comfort whatever, unless one has lots of money. The accounts of the gold exceed every thing yet. Hope we may not be disappointed."

DOCTOR.—I presume by your look you expect my opinion as to what I have just heard.

MAJOR.—No, not to-night; we have no time. I merely wished, as we have already given our view of California, from sheer love of fair play, to exhibit the country in another light. I can scarcely say a more favorable one. For my part I do not believe we have many among us so foolish as to desire to forsake a thriving country for the *ignis fatuus* hope of picking up lumps of gold. Canada has but to be known to be sought; and I am much pleased to learn that a gentleman named Whitefield intends to publish a series of Canadian sketches in the Mother Country, and to illustrate them by lectures. Listen to an extract from the prospectus—

"I propose to take these to Great Britain and Ireland, and by means of exhibitions and public lectures to set forth the superior advantages of Canada over every other part of the North American Continent, in point of climate, soil, natural productions, health, state of society, &c.

Attracting the people by means of pictorial representations, and instructing them by means of lectures, I shall effect the desirable objects of enlightening the public mind of Great Britain, and drawing attention to the great and undevel-

oped resources of Canada, and thus turn the most valuable portion of that vast tide of emigration to the shores of Canada, which now sets in towards the United States.

I shall probably be absent about two years, as I intend to visit every town and city in the United Kingdom."

I have seen some of his pictures, and I can speak in the highest terms of them. I am also glad to say that Mr. Whitefield has achieved a great feat; he has got a good view of Toronto, a thing I scarcely deemed possible. Hamilton is also very good, and so is Quebec. When completed, few Canadian parlors should be without some of these "national pictures."

LAIRO.—I say, Crabtree, talking o' pictures minds me to ask if you have looked over those buiks that came from Tallis & Co.?

DOCTOR.—What books?

MAJOR.—"*Life and Times of the Duke of Wellington*," by Col. Williams; "*The Flowers of Loveliness*," edited by poor L. E. L., and "*Finden's Beauties of Moore*."

DOCTOR.—How do you like the way in which L. E. L.'s production has been got up?

MAJOR.—It is a very pretty drawing-room table ornament. Some of the grouping is a little forced, but that is almost unavoidable considering the subjects that have been selected. The Countess of Blessington and Mr. Bayley of "*Song Notoriety*," have contributed to its contents, and I may safely recommend the book to any person who wishes to have a book of fine plates on the table, especially as it has been got up so cheaply, three quarters of a dollar being all the sum charged for each number.

DOCTOR.—The other two mentioned are already so favorably known to the public, that I suppose it is scarcely necessary to mention them.

MAJOR.—Exactly so—no library will be complete without Williams' *Life of Wellington*, and as far as the *Beauties of Moore*, all that I have said in praise of L. E. L.'s production, and a great deal more, applies to it. I am very much pleased to see that a taste for the ornamental is spreading amongst us—it looks well when we find fine books of plates lying on our tables, it marks the advent of a "spread of taste." Have you any music for us, Doctor?

DOCTOR.—I am sorry to say that I have been obliged to shut out a little gem from Mozart, for want of room. I mean to get it in, next month, at all hazards. In the meantime, here are some fresh numbers of the "*Musical Repository*," which are well worth the attention of the public.

LAIRO.—Are there any sangs amongst them—

I mean sangs wi' kindly Scottish words, and no' your German or Italian fal-lals.

DOCTOR.—I fear you are doomed to disappointment, as there is not a single Scottish song amongst them. Here is the list—"The Camp Polka," by Charles D'Albert. "Pop goes the Weasel," which may almost be dedicated to Lord Palmerston. Selections from Balfe's "Bohemian Girl."

MAJOR.—Which?

DOCTOR.—"I dreamed I dwelt in marble halls," and "The heart bowed down;" the first of these I never liked; the second, however, is pretty. The next in the list is a fine valse by Kœnig, "La Valse d'Amour;" Kucken's well known "Trab, Trab;" the "Echo du Mont Blanc" polka, and some very fine vocal and instrumental selections from "La Prophète" make up the sum.

MAJOR.—Really a good selection, and well mixed; only requiring a Scotch song or two, eh, Laird.

LAIRD.—Weel, weel, we canna get a' things in the world; so we must just be content wi' what we hae; so I'll no' deny that the music is baith gude and cheap. And noo I'm gaun to begin wi' my facts. (*Reads.*)

A NEW SHADE TREE.

"A celebrated writer has lately issued a work to show who was, or who was not, the writer of the world-famed "*Letters of Junius*;" I wish some one equally anxious to display the acuteness of their logical powers would undertake to show us whether the ancient Job was, or was not, a gardener or arboriculturist. In the absence of all positive proof to the contrary, I venture to offer a presumptive one that he was not; he never could have sustained his patience under the numerous tempting circumstances which crowd on the gardener. Or, had he the heart of an arboriculturist, he could not have stood unmoved when told "that his Elms were smitten with grubs and borers; his Lindens bore wreaths and festoons of insects, and were rotten at the ground; his Ailanthus had become the pests of his country; and his Maples the food of drop-worms and aphides." Job *could* not have been a gardener, and it is well he was not, or he would have lost his character and the world its model; and we have gained him as a precedent in the inquiry, "how to stop this plague:" for trees are essential to our existence. If one kind *wont* do, we must find a substitute.

I am going to propose that we introduce a *new shade tree*! Start not, good reader, the "vast and lofty" Himalaya's have not been ransacked

to present you with another "curious and rare" specimen of abstract beauty; nor has China or Japan been made to lay before you another object of nine days wonder. Our subject has no claims of kindred with either the "Tree of Heaven" or the "Deodar;" but is one "to the manor born," in which you all, either by birth or adoption, claim an inheritance. But its country must not depreciate its value. *It is American!* It is *Liquidamber styraciflua*, LIN., better known as the Sweet Gum. But the Sweet Gum I allude to is not the "Sweet Gum" as we find it in densely crowded woods, with its stem as slender and as straight as a stud-sail boom; nor the "Sweet Gum" as we frequently see it in damp, half swampy places, with shoots as weak and delicate as a card-basket osier; but the Sweet Gum sometimes seen growing by itself, unsurrounded by other trees, and with its roots free to extend themselves unchecked in a cool, deep, and rich loam. In such situations it has not, perhaps, the rural grandeur of the Oak, or the graceful elegance of a Weeping Willow—not, probably, the stiff, majestic foliage of the Magnolias, or the lightness and ease of the "gentle" Birch; but yet a claim to picturesque and simple beauty which no other can eclipse, beside combining many other traits of interest separate in other trees. It is a very rapid grower, will attain a height of eighty feet, and a circumference of seven, under favorable circumstances, and has a widely spreading, roundish, conical head. The branches have a rigid, though much divaricating mode of growth, and are covered with that corky-barked appearance so much sought after and admired in some varieties of Elms, Maples, and Nettle trees. The leaves and fruit resemble the Buttonwood in all except size and hue, and there is, indeed, a sort of distant relationship between the two families. The leaves are not one-third the size of the Buttonwood, deeply lobed—star-like, and produced in abundance. The upper surface shines as if varnished; and as the foliage moves with the slightest summer breeze, gives the tree a playful and pleasing character in its frequent succession of light and shade. This pleasing character of the foliage is heightened at the approach of fall by its brilliant colors. It has no compeer in this character. The leaves change to every describable shade of orange, yellow, and red.

But beautiful as the tree really is, I would not recommend it as a shade tree solely on that account. It abounds with a resinous principle apparently obnoxious to insects. Extended observation has led me to believe that not a species

attacks it. This property alone is worth "a plum" to the planter.

Having stated its merits as a faithful historian, I must narrate its short-comings. I do not believe it is adapted to a great diversity of soil, or to a high northern latitude. In poor, dry soils, it is of slow growth and short duration; and it may not probably do well in the dry and confined air of a densely built city; but what does *well* in such extremes?

It is easily propagated. Seed should be sown as soon as ripe, or early in the spring, in a loose, loamy soil, somewhat shaded. Plants will appear in a few weeks in the spring, and grow over a foot the first season. The seed vessels do not ripen till late in the fall, but should be gathered before the first severe frost, which is apt to split open the capsules and suffer the seed to escape.

It is singular that so handsome and useful a tree should be so long neglected; and the only explanation probably is, that it did not come to us with a recommendation from some one of "the ends of the earth."

RURAL CONVENIENCES AND ANIMAL COMFORTS.

Very few persons fully realize the beau ideal of comfort in the country, although it is by no means very difficult of attainment. Luxuries of the first class may be supplied by the fruit and kitchen garden, the orchard, and through a well-kept stock of domestic animals. We do not allude to the common slipshod and imperfect way in which these supplies are obtained; that is by means of late and stunted vegetables in a weedy and unmanured garden, or fruit of a doubtful character, on neglected, moss-grown, unpruned trees, and everything else of a similar style of production. These cannot be called luxuries, and even the inhabitant of dense cities, who sees only brick walls and one small patch of clear sky just overhead, may get much better at the nearest market, on the corner of the next street. What we allude to are articles of much higher perfection—the best early vegetables from the hot bed; the most delicious raised in the open garden; fruits of the most improved varieties, under the best cultivation, and comprising the whole yearly circle, from the earliest strawberries and cherries, through the profusion of sorts that ripen in summer and autumn, to the finest long-keeping apples and pears. Every one, almost, has plenty of fruit during a certain brief period in autumn, and some have a partial or occasional supply through a large portion of the year; but very few are able to place a fine dish of the best upon their tables for every day of the year. The animals of the farm contribute their share; "the

flowing cup, fresh from the dairy virgin's liberal hand," as Armstrong expresses it; real genuine cream for the strawberries, and not the market mixture of chalk and milk; a fowl for the table when needed, and plenty of fresh eggs from the poultry house at all times; these all contribute much to the comfort of country life. But these are not all; the neat residence, the well-kept ornamental grounds, the well-furnished rooms, the intellectual food of books and papers, all have a large share in making up the complete whole.

But while the country resident is providing for his own convenience, he should not forget the comfort of his domestic animals. It is always gratifying to see the same complete system of convenience in a farm, as in the most perfect and best kept family residence. Warm, well ventilated, well littered stables, thoroughly cleaned at least twice, but better three times a day, are not so rare as ample provision for the smaller animals. All animals are most liable to disease, and most subject to a loss of flesh, when suffering from any kind of discomfort, among the most prominent of which are badly cleaned floors and an impure atmosphere. Good milk is not to be expected, nor good butter to be made from cows suffering under these unfavorable influences. A very rare thing is a clean inoffensive piggery. Every pig-house should have a smooth, hard floor, so as to be constantly scraped and swept, by the easiest possible removal of the accumulations. Where several inches of peat or turf are deposited, for them to root and burrow in (when the weather is not freezing), this should never be allowed to remain long enough to create an unpleasant odor, and a hard floor will contribute much towards its easy removal. How much better would be such special provision as this, than the more common practice of allowing swine to roam the barn-yard among cattle, seeking shelter and cleanliness, but finding none. Fowls are very sensitive to cold and discomfort. We have examined many well-made poultry-houses, but scarcely one kept constantly sweet and clean. It costs but little more to remove a peck of hen-guano, in light semi-daily instalments, than at one weekly and disagreeable operation. Sheep would grow and thrive, and survive our winters better, were we to pay for artificial shelter for a year or two, if comfortable sheds and dry yards were provided for them, and sufficient divisions made for keeping the various classes of weak and strong, young and old, separate.

Complete ranges of buildings to furnish ample provision for all these purposes, should be a *sine qua non* of every good farm; and if the tools

and implements also, could be only regarded as having some degree of sensation, perhaps better care would be taken, and better shelter be provided for them. Carts, waggons, and plows; rakes, hoes, and forks; barrows, cultivators, and drills, should as much have special rooms provided for them, in which they should be carefully kept when not in use as the favorite horse.

There is one other room of a different character, which should never be omitted on any farm of considerable size, but of which nearly every one is entirely destitute. This is a *business office* attached to the dwelling, where the account books are kept, where hired men are settled with and paid, where bargains are made with business men, and all consultations of a business character are held. Such a room need not be more than ten or twelve feet square, and may be of very simple construction, warmed by a small stove, and not consuming a cord of wood in a year. If the farmer does not himself see the advantages of such an office, every neat house-wife most certainly will, who is so often annoyed by such transactions in those singularly appropriate places, the parlor, or around the kitchen cook-stove.

We might add to the list of country conveniences, good, well gravelled farm-roads; well paved or flagged barn-yards; and self-shutting and self-fastening gates for the different fields.

IMPORTANCE OF METHOD.

No greater element of success can be introduced into the habits of the agriculturist, than a strict methodical manner of conducting the business of the farm, and no deficiency will more largely detract from his prospect of success, than a lack of method. The contrast between the man of method and the man without, is vivid in the extreme. The business affairs of the one are in all manner of forms and conditions, save in a prosperous form, while those of the other are, in sailor parlance, 'snug, trim, and all atant.' The contrast in prosperity and general enjoyment of life is fully as great as in the externals of business affairs.

The *successful* management of a farm requires a vast amount of care and attention, a close oversight; in short, an incessant watchfulness. There must be brought to the task no insignificant quantity of the most multifarious talents, and they must be steadily and sturdily exercised. The details of farm management are of the most extended and complicated character, and can be fully and successfully compassed, but by the active exertion of a disciplined and educated mind, which must call out its full resources, not forget-

ting the systematic arrangement and prompt execution of all requirements for labor and skill.

That is a trite old maxim which saith "A place for everything and everything in its place." Were it added, that the *place* be under a shelter the addition would be an emendation. The farmer who lacks method has many places for everything, and those, far too frequently, places of full exposure to the vicissitudes of the weather. The loss consequent upon such exposure is no small item in the year's account, and the loss of *time*, though too little heeded, will often engulf the year's profits.

The orderly arrangement and systematic conduct of all matters pertaining to the farm establishment is not only indispensable to the profitable management of the same, but is also a *sine qua non* with regard to the pleasure which is to be derived from rural life.

Orderly arrangement leads to *neat* arrangement, and therefrom springs the sure beginnings of refinement and rural taste, which is a way-mark in the direct road to intellectual culture, honor, usefulness, true gentility, and a happy life.

MAJOR.—Doctor, I must trouble you to read Mrs. Grundy's contributions. Poor thing, she has had an attack of influenza, and instead of applying to you, she was foolish enough to take some quack medicine. I am not sure whether she was not boiled in Tamarac tea; at all events she is suffering still from the effects of the remedies, and cannot make her appearance.

DOCTOR.—Well, hand me over the basket and its contents. Here goes, but pray excuse mistakes in the pronunciation. (*Reads.*)

Every month brings us something new and beautiful in the way of dress or trimming, from Paris. We had scarcely recovered from the surprise caused by a view of a dozen kinds of feather edges of all colors, forming the most beautifully fresh, chaste and unobtrusive edgings for mantelets and shawls, when presto! in marches an imitation-fur made of silk and twice as beautiful, with all the air of courtly favour, backed by the impudence of a Menschikoff: All compositions of feathers, down and blonde diaphonous vaporosities must stand aside for this imitation of aristocratic pretension; and the only article that maintains favor within its shadow, is a beautiful plush trimming in imitation of ermine. It is either clear white, or white streaked with black or clouded with sky blue. The favor with which this style of trimming is regarded in London, is shown by the following extract from a leading journal:—

"The plush has just been employed so."

trimming a dress of gros-de-Tours, of which we subjoin a description. The gros-de-Tours is of a very rich quality, and the color pearly grey. It is covered with a running pattern of wreaths of flowers *broches* in a tint of pearl-grey, a shade darker than the ground. The skirt of this dress has three flounces, each edged with two bands of the plush trimming. These bands are of different widths; the broadest being placed nearest to the edge of the flounce. The corsage is open, and has a long basque with the corners in front rounded. The sleeves are slit up to the elbow and the corners at the ends slightly rounded. Over these sleeves there are upper sleeves, which descend half way down the arm: these upper sleeves being also slit on the outside. The ends of the sleeves, as well as of the basque and corsage, are edged with bands of plush. A half-high chemisette and under sleeves of Alençon lace are worn with this dress. An *attache* of onyx is fixed at the point in front of the corsage. The bracelets which accompany this dress are of a *recherche* description. They each consist of a broad band of black velvet, upon which are affixed five pieces of onyx of an oval shape; forming, as it were, so many medallions.

PARIS FASHIONS.

The luxury of the ladies' toilet is daily increasing in Paris, and the richness of the goods employed is only surpassed by the elegance of the trimmings. Embroidered ribbons, lace of the most costly description, are all the go.

The newest fashion for evening toilets, is that called *Boas de l'Inde* (Indian Snakes.) This light and elegant dress is made of a "spider-woven" like goods, twisted in a peculiar manner and forming a long boa which ends by two tassels of silk or of gold *guipure*. This muslin snake is twice rolled around the neck, and when the theatre or party is over, it may be used as a scarf to cover the head and shoulders. The ariel tissue may be, with much reason, compared to a cloud around two stars—those of the sparkling eyes of the lady who wears it. The muslin boa has taken the place of the hood, and is intended to have an immense success among the ladies.

The dresses are always made with additional skirts called *basques* (jupes). The favor of this style of dress is to be attributed to its graceful and distinguished appearance. The *volants* are also much worn for the "dressed" dresses of ordinary silk, but whenever the dressmaker employs for her making a stiff and heavy silk, it is not customary to use *volants*. The only ornaments of the dresses are velvet and lace.

The Scotch plaids with black ground, either of

plain silk or velvet, are considered as very fashionable.

I will also mention the *Valencids* with large horizontal stripes of satin and velvet. The woolen *brocatelles*—the water *barpoors* and plaid *popelines*—and last, not the least, a cashmere dress, with oriental ornaments of yellow silk, imitating gold and forming a frame to checked squares of various colors. This article is somewhat like a Harlequin dress, but it is really charming, particularly for ladies of dark complexion.

The "tiger velvet" is also much used for boddices and bonnets.

The *coiffures* for soirees and balls, are of a very variegated number and style. They may be called a *Salmigondie* of fruits, flowers, leaves, ribbons and laces, and though, to my taste, they are somewhat heavy for the head, they offer a brilliant sight to the beholder, particularly when they are placed on a lovely head and well arranged by the hair dresser.

The grape leaves, with gold wheat and falling gold herbs, are also quite fashionable this winter. But the most elegant and becoming *coiffure*, particularly for ladies of a certain age, is composed of velvet and lace—*à la Marie Stuart*.

The toilet of gentlemen is always the same, which is to say—for the *neglige*, long riding coats and surtouts tight to the waist and falling below the knees.

The *redingote* half-dress is made with short skirt and large sleeves lined with cherry-color silk.

The pantaloons are still made tight to the body. The largest plaids are much used for morning costume, but in the evening the black coat, pants and fancy silk, or embroidered cloth waistcoat, are the *ne plus ultra* of fashion. At the fashionable theatres, as the Grand Opera and the Italian Theatre, the dress coat in blue cloth, with gilt buttons, is considered as quite fashionable.

The fashion has inaugurated a new style for serving up dinners, which is worth being mentioned here. Instead of serving the viands on the table at the beginning of a dinner, the dessert is placed on the cloth, with vases of fruits and flowers, whilst the dinner is served on separate tables and the bill of fare is distributed to the guests, printed on very elegant pieces of thick paper. The napkins are made very small, with the initials of the host embroidered in the centre, in red cotton or silk. In many houses the napkins are changed for the dessert, and they are made with the finest linen and trimmed with lace.

And now for my own part in the Shanty drama. Here is chess, and I give you fair warning that I mean to take two pages in the next number, as a chess tournament is now being held in Toronto, and I shall require that space to do justice to the games that are played. (*Recess*.)

C H E S S .

(To Correspondents.)

G. A.—You are in error respecting the solution of our last problem, making, strangely enough, the same mistake that the editor of the *Kingston Whig* appears to have fallen into, in his notice of our chess problems.

W. G. D., Kingston.—We thank you for your communication, and trust to hear from you oftener.

A MEMBER OF THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB.—The games sent will appear in our next.

G. P.—We thank you for correcting a mistake which occurred in our last chapter on chess. "The Chess Player's Chronicle has completed its *fourteenth* volume."

Solutions to Problems 2., by J. H. R. ; J. B. ; and Pawn are correct ; all others are wrong.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. II.

WHITE.

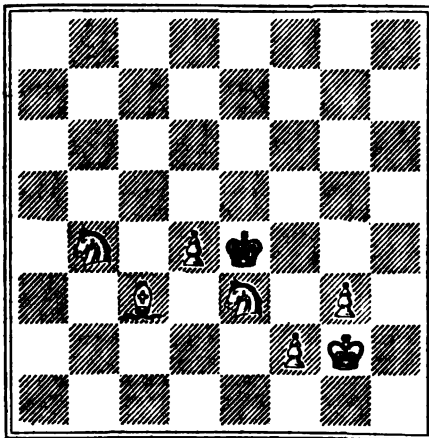
BLACK.

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------|
| 1. B to Q R 3d. | P moves. |
| 2. K to his 3d. | P checks. |
| 3. K to his B 3d. | P moves. |
| 4. K takes P disc. mate. | |

PROBLEM NO. III.

By * * ?

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in five moves.

C H E S S .

CHAPTER V.—CONCLUDING REMARKS.

We propose concluding these short chapters on chess with a few remarks culled from Mr. Kenny's "Manual of Chess," to which work we have been principally indebted for the information already given. He advises practice, and re-

commends all students to endeavor to play from memory the game he has just finished. It is well to cultivate the memory in this particular, as the move, or moves, will then readily be discovered, that led to the loss of the game.

Hood, in his "Literary Reminiscences," notices the benefit resulting from this practice, following it up with a pleasing comparison. "It is pleasant," he says, "after a match at chess, particularly if we have won, to try back, and reconsider those important moves which have had a decisive influence on the result. It is still more interesting, in the game of life, to recall the critical positions that have occurred during its progress, and review the false or judicious steps that have led to our subsequent good or evil fortune. There is, however, this difference, that chess is a matter of pure skill and calculation ; whereas the chequered board of human life is subject to the caprice of chance, the event being sometimes determined by combinations which never entered into the mind of the player."

"Practice, practice, practice is the best advice after all, and I would recommend you strongly," says Kenny, "to select a player able to give you odds; you will learn more by endeavoring to defend your game from his well regulated attacks, than by winning dozens of games from inferior players. Although the great pleasure resulting from a good game of chess is the winning, still there is much more to be gained by losing a well-fought game, than by many easy conquests.

Recollect the advice given by R. Penn, Esq. "Win as often as you can, but never make any display of insulting joy on the occasion. When you cannot win, lose (though you may not like it) with good temper."

In conclusion, we give the following L'Envoi to an old poem (N. Breton, 1688):—

"Then rule with care and quick conceit,
And fight with knowledge, as with force;
So bears a braine, to dash deceit,
And worke with reason and remorse;
Forgive a fault when young men plaie,
So give a mate, and go your way.

"And when you plaie, beware of checks,
Know how to save and give a neck;
And with a checke beware of mate;
But cheffe ware had I wist too late;
Lose not the Queene, for ten to one,
If she be lost, the game is gone."

ENIGMA.

No. 18. By ———.

WHITE.—K at his 6th ; R at K 5th.

BLACK.—K at his sq.

White to play and mate in three moves.



Fashions for March.

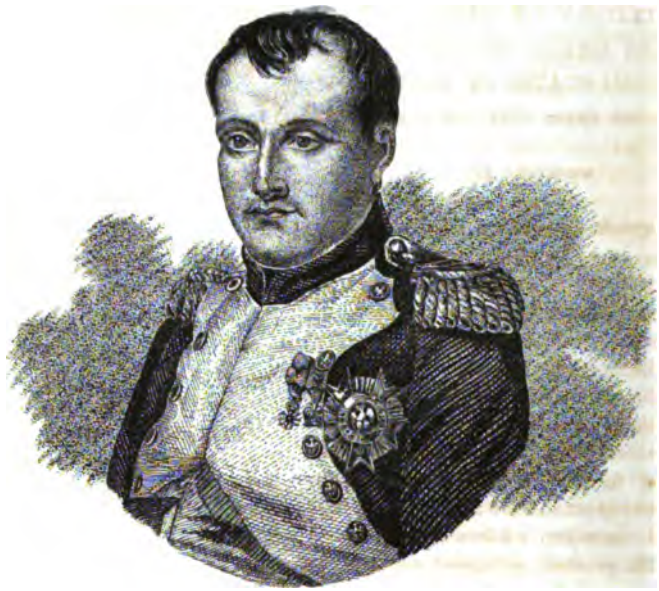


DEMI TOILETTE.





FREDERICTON, N.B.



NAPOLEON.

Bonaparte

Maclean & Co. Lith. Toronto 1854



THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.—TORONTO: MARCH, 1854.—No. 3.

HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER XV.

The regulars and militia, who had escaped captivity or destruction on the unfortunate 5th of October, retreated, as may be easily imagined, in the greatest confusion, to Amcaster, a small village some ten miles from the head of Lake Ontario, and, on the 17th of the same month, they rendezvoused at that place, their numbers, inclusive of seventeen officers, amounting to two hundred and fifty-six. During this retreat, which was effected through an almost unbroken wilderness, the troops suffered the greatest privations and misery, and their appearance as they straggled into the village, was by no means calculated to lessen the feeling of apprehension, which the rumour of the defeat at Moravian town had spread amongst the defenceless inhabitants. To these unfortunates, pillaged houses and their little homesteads destroyed, could not but appear inevitable, and the infection of the panic spread far and wide.

General Armstrong in his observations on Proctor's retreat and subsequent defeat, seems to have been unaware of that officer's situation previous to the commencement of his retreat, and uninformed as

to the manifold difficulties by which he was surrounded.

Proctor's situation at Malden, writes Armstrong, made necessary on his part, a prompt retreat to Vincent, unencumbered with baggage; or a vigorous defence of the post committed to his custody. By adopting the former, he would have saved seven hundred veteran soldiers and a train of artillery, for the future service of his sovereign; by adopting the latter, he would have retained the whole of his Indian allies, (*three thousand combatants*) giving time for the militia of the interior to come to his aid; had the full advantage of his fortress and its munitions, and a chance, at least, of eventual success, with a certainty of keeping inviolate his own self-respect, and the confidence of his followers. Taking a middle course between these extremes, he lost the advantage that would have resulted from either. His retreat began too late—was much encumbered with women, children, and baggage, and at no time urged with sufficient vigour, or protected with sufficient care. Bridges and roads, ferries and boats, were left behind him, neither destroyed nor obstructed; and when, at last, he was overtaken and obliged to fight, he gave to his veterans a formation, which enabled a corps of four hundred mounted infantry, armed with rifles, hatchets, and butcher knives, to win the battle "in a single minute." Conduct like this deserved all the opprobrium and punishment it received, and justly led to General Harrison's conclusion, that "his antagonist had lost his senses."

It is plain, we again assert, from these remarks that Armstrong could not have been aware of Proctor's real situation, and we shall proceed to urge in detail our objections to his conclusions. First as to the prompt retreat to General Vincent, unencumbered with baggage. We have no defence to make of Proctor on this count, too many of our contemporaries have expressed themselves strongly, in reprobation of the ill-judged manner in which the retreat was conducted, to permit us to urge aught in vindication. One fact, however, is remarkable, Veritas the earliest writer on the subject, one by no means sparing in condemnation, and who might have been supposed to be thoroughly acquainted with the pros and cons of the affair, is silent on the point, confining his remarks to a stricture on the severity of Sir George Prevost's general order. This is significant and leads us to pause ere we adopt too readily all that has been said in condemnation of Proctor.

Secondly,—As to the vigorous defence of the post committed to his custody. We have already shown the difficulties by which Proctor was surrounded, and that it was impossible for him to find provisions for his troops as well as for the Indians and their families. Gen. Armstrong lost sight, too, of the fact that "the post" had been to a great degree dismantled of its guns, which had been required to arm Barclay's fleet, and had accordingly been appropriated for that purpose, and captured with that fleet.

Proctor was, we think, to blame for the deposition of his forces at the Moravian town, but even this is, as we have shown, a mere matter of opinion, as the observations, quoted in our last chapter, show. We must not allow one passage in Armstrong to pass unnoticed—it is when he speaks of the formation which enabled *four hundred mounted infantry armed with rifles, hatchets, and butcher knives*, to win the battle in a single minute.

Had we not already shown the overwhelming numbers of Harrison's army, the reader would be led to suppose that a corps of four hundred men, armed hastily with any weapons and horses they could collect, had routed in one minute seven hundred British veterans. We need scarcely go into this subject, as we have both shown the constitution and habits

of the body of mounted riflemen (not infantry) and the whole number of Harrison's army, we therefore only direct the reader's attention to the passage as another proof how prone Americans are to misrepresent.

It is not often that we have occasion to commend an American commander for modesty; we must not omit, therefore, on the present occasion to point out an instance of it as occurring in Harrison's despatch. He admits that "the number of our troops was certainly greater than that of the enemy." This is something even for an American General, but the pains he takes to do away with the impression, that numbers had aught to do with the fate of the day, is also noteworthy. Accordingly, he adds, in the next paragraph, "but when it is recollected that they had chosen a position, that effectually secured their flank, which it was impossible for us to turn and that we could not present to them a line more extended than their own, *it will not* be considered arrogant for me to claim for my troops the palm of superior bravery." Can anything be more absurd than this last paragraph? Here were over three thousand Americans opposed to something like four hundred and seventy British, and yet the American General, instead of honestly confessing that by dint of superior numbers he overcame his opponents, descends to the meanness of twaddling about the superior position chosen by Proctor, and claims on that account superior bravery for his men. We should scarcely have noticed this passage in Harrison's despatch had we not found that he thereby gained his object, to throw dust in the eyes of his compatriots. That this was effected is to be discovered in the fact that every town throughout the Union was illuminated, and every church rung out a merry peal on the occasion. All this to be sure might have been a political measure, or, as General Wilkinson calls it, "a military deception," but still it is difficult to imagine that any sober-minded American, in possession of the truth, could or would have seen reason to exult in the circumstance of three thousand five hundred of his countrymen overcoming some four hundred and seventy British and some Indians.

Harrison's end was nevertheless gained, and one of the members for South Carolina, a Mr.

Cheever, delivered himself, in the middle of a very long speech, on the conduct of the war, of the following remarkable sentence:—"The victory of Harrison was such as would have secured to a Roman General, in the best days of the Republic, the honors of a triumph." If anything could have made General Harrison ashamed of himself, we think that sentence must have produced the effect.

We had intended to have closed this subject without further remark, but an examination into various documents tempt us to quote them, as they throw much light on an affair which the absence of official returns has left very much in the dark. The communication which led to the correspondence was addressed to Lieutenant Bullock by Major Friend, then in command of the second battalion of the regiment.

Barton Heights, 30th Nov., 1813.

Sir,—I request you will, with as little delay as the nature of the report will admit, furnish me with every circumstance within your knowledge, and that you may have heard from undoubted authority, relative to the late unfortunate affair that took place between Gen. Harrison's army and the 1st battalion 41st regiment, at Moravian town on the 5th of October last, for the purpose of transmitting it to Lieut.-Gen. Champagne. As you are the senior and only officer of the regiment who has escaped from the field, that was in the ranks, it is highly incumbent on you to state most minutely the nature of the ground on which the regiment was formed for action, the manner in which it was formed, the number then of the regiment actually in the field, the number of the enemy opposed to you, and of what they consisted, and what resistance was made by the regiment previous to its defeat, if it had received provisions regularly, was complete in ammunition, and could have got supplies when required, and, in short, every circumstance, that happened from the commencement of the retreat from Amherstburg, relative to the regiment. You cannot be too particular in your statement, as I am sorry to say there are reports afloat disgraceful in the extreme to the regiment, and every individual with it that day. I think it but proper to inform you that I saw Major General Proctor's official report, which highly censures the conduct of the regiment, and in which he says

that he never went into action more confident of success.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

RICHARD FRIEND,

Major Commanding 41st regt.

Lieutenant Bullock's letter, dated Barton Heights, 6th December, 1813. Here follows:—

We proceeded to Moravian town, and, when within 1½ miles of it, were ordered to halt. After halting about five minutes, we were ordered to face to the right about, and advanced towards the enemy in files, at which the men were in great spirits. Having advanced about fifty or sixty paces, we were halted a second time, at which the men appeared dissatisfied, and overhearing some of those nearest to me express themselves to the following effect, 'that they were ready and willing to fight for their knapsacks; wished to meet the enemy, but did not like to be knocked about in that manner, doing neither one thing nor the other,' I immediately checked them, and they were silent. About this time several of the regiment came up without arms or accoutrements, who had escaped from boats cut off by the enemy's cavalry. From these men we learnt that the enemy was within a mile of us, and had a large force of cavalry. We had halted about half an hour, when the Indian alarm was given that the enemy was advancing; most of our men were sitting on the logs and fallen trees by the side of the road. On the alarm being given we were suddenly ordered to form across the road. From the suddenness of the order, apparently without any previous arrangement, the manner in which we were situated when it was given, the way in which it was given, which was 'form up across the road,' and from the nature of the ground, the formation was made in the greatest confusion; so much so, that the Grenadier company was nearly in the centre of the line, and the light company on the right. A second order, as sudden as the first, was given for the grenadiers and No. 1 to march to the rear and form a reserve. The grenadiers and part of Captain Muir's company accordingly formed a second line, about 200 yards in rear of the first, under command of Lieut.-Col. Warburton; the left of it about eight or ten yards to the left of the road, and extending to the right into the

woods, formed at extended order, the men placing themselves behind trees, and consequently much separated. The first line I could not distinguish, but from what I have been informed by Lieut. Gardiner, 41st regt., commanding a six-pounder, it was formed in the following manner—a six pounder was placed in the road, having a range of fifty yards, the 41st regiment drawn up on its right, extending in the wood; on each side of the limber of the six-pounder were some of the Canadian Light Dragoons. From the men of the regiment, who escaped from that line, I understand they were not formed at regular extended order, but in clusters and in confusion. To the left of the road in which the six-pounder was placed, and parallel to it, ran the River Thames. To the right and left of the road was a remarkably thick forest, and on the right, where we were formed, the ground was free from brushwood for several hundred yards, where cavalry could act to advantage.—My position at this time, (being on the right of the 2nd line) and the thickness of the forest precluded me from noticing the manner in which the enemy attacked the 1st line. The attack commenced about two hours after the order was given to form up across the road. I heard a heavy firing of musketry, and shortly after saw our dragoons retreating together with the limber of the six-pounder—placed on the left of the 1st line. About a minute afterwards I observed that line retreating in confusion, followed closely by the enemy's cavalry, who were galloping down the road. That portion of the 1st line which had escaped the enemy's cavalry, retreated behind the 2d line, which stood fast, and fired an irregular volley obliquing to the right and left, which appeared to check the enemy. The line having commenced firing, my attention was directed to that part of the enemy moving down directly in my front. Hearing the fire slacken, I turned towards the line and found myself remaining with three non-commissioned officers of the Grenadier company. The enemy's cavalry had advanced so close, before the reserve could commence firing, from the number of trees, that before a third round could be fired they broke through the left, and the rest not being formed in a manner to repel cavalry, were compelled to retreat. The number of the regiment actually in the field

were one lieutenant-colonel, six captains, nine lieutenants, three ensigns, three staff, twenty-six sergeants, eighteen corporals, four drummers, two hundred and ninety-seven rank and file. In what manner the rest of the regiment was distributed you will be made acquainted with by the enclosed statement signed by the Adjutant of the regiment. The number of Indians we had in the field was 800. The number of the enemy I cannot positively affirm, but from the information obtained from individuals of the regiment taken prisoners on that day, and who afterwards escaped, the number could not have been less than 6,000, of which 1,200 or 1,500 were cavalry and mounted riflemen. The number of our dragoons did not exceed 20. Our loss on this occasion was three sergeants, and nine rank and file killed, and thirty-six wounded that of the enemy, fifteen killed, and from forty to fifty wounded. Having been thus far particular in stating everything to which I was an eye witness, and which has come to my knowledge, I beg leave to remark that, from the well known character of the regiment, any observations emanating from those whose interest it is to cast a direct or indirect reflection upon its conduct, cannot be received with too much distrust.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

RICHARD BULLOCK,

Lieut. 1st Grenadiers.

Major Friend, Comd'g. 2d. Batt. 41st Reg't.

Lieutenant Bullock's letter, contains so James' contradictions clear and full a vindication of the troops, that we trust no attempt will be made for the future to cast unfair aspersions on their gallantry. James is somewhat contradictory on this head. He says, after extolling the bravery of the Indians, "had the men of the 41st regiment at all emulated the Indians, the fate of the day might have been changed," and that this was not an improbable event, he assumes, from the American General's claim of superior bravery for his troops.

How does the case stand? Thirty-five hundred men beat five hundred; the leader of the larger body, knowing it would be useless to deny that he had the superiority in numbers, endeavors to gloss over the fact by claiming superior bravery, on the score of his thirty-five hundred not having been beaten

by the five hundred men; and an English writer admits his claim, on the ground that, as the Americans were used to being beaten, it was a disgrace for five British not to beat thirty-five Americans. In the very next page, after this imputation on the conduct of the troops, James writes:—"The censure passed upon the right division of the Canadian army, by the commander-in-chief, was certainly of unparalleled severity." Now, how could any censure be too severe for unsteadiness in the field? The fact is, James was anxious to have a cut at both Proctor and Sir George Prevost, and, in eagerness to do this, he contradicts himself three times in two pages. Some persons have a most unfortunate mode of assisting their friends when in a difficulty, and James is one of those individuals. He first casts an imputation on the conduct of the 41st, and then, anxious to do away with it, and to shift the blame upon Sir George or General Proctor, he finds the following excuse for them:—

"The ardor which, as Sir George himself admits, and every one else knows, had, till the fatal 5th of October, distinguished the 41st regiment, affords a strong belief that it was not cowardice which made that corps **SURRENDER SO TAMELY**, no matter to what superiority of force. The privations the troops had undergone, and the marked neglect which had been shown at head-quarters to the representations of their commander, had probably possessed them with an idea that any change would be an improvement in their condition."

James here substitutes the charge of treachery for cowardice, and leaves the regiment no alternative but to be impaled on one or other of the horns of the dilemma he has provided. From this careless writing of James, and from Sir George Prevost's haste to condemn, unheard, General Proctor, American writers have derived much benefit. It enables Ingersoll to speak of the "craven mood of the soldiers," and the pusillanimous behaviour of the General." Not satisfied, however, with these hard epithets, Ingersoll goes still further, and adds—"No history can deny their characteristic courage, but British murderers and thieves become cowards in Canada. To save themselves they laid down their arms to an **INFERIOR FORCE** of raw troops,

while their commander fled in the first moment of encounter." Further comment is unnecessary on a writer who, with Harrison's admission of his superiority in numbers before him, ventures, unsupported by a fact, or even a fiction on the part of his brother historians, to give to the world so daring and unblushing a falsehood.

We feel tempted, in imitation of contemporary writers, to make **Character of Tecum-** a further digression in
seeth.

our narrative, in order to place before the reader the character of Tecumseh in its proper light, especially as no words can be found which could be considered too strong when applied in praise of this noble Indian.

The Indian warrior Tecumseh was in the forty-fourth year of his age when he fell. "He was of the Shawnee tribe; five feet ten inches high, and, with more than the usual stoutness, possessed all the agility and perseverance of the Indian character. His carriage was dignified; his eye penetrating; and his countenance, even in death, betrayed the indications of a lofty spirit, rather than of the sterner cast. Had he not possessed a certain austerity of manners, he could never have controlled the wayward passions of those who followed him to the battle. He was of a silent habit, but when his eloquence became roused into action by the reiterated encroachments of the Americans, his strong intellect could supply him with a flow of oratory, that enabled him, as he governed in the field, so to prescribe in the council."

Those who consider that, in all territorial questions, the ablest diplomatists of the United States are sent to negotiate with the Indians, will readily appreciate the loss sustained by the latter in the death of their champion.

"The Indians, in general, are full as fond as other savages of the gaudy decoration of their persons; but Tecumseh was an exception. Clothes and other valuable articles of spoil had often been his, yet he invariably wore a deer skin coat and pantaloons. He had frequently levied subsidies to comparatively a large amount, yet he preserved little or nothing for himself. It was not wealth, but glory, that was Tecumseh's ruling passion." The remarks which now follow, must be taken as

applicable not to the present but to a past generation :—

"Fatal day, when a Christian people first penetrated the forests, to teach the arts of civilization to the poor Indian! Till then, water had been his only beverage, and himself and his race possessed all the vigor of hardy savages. Now, no Indian opens his lips to the stream that ripples by his wigwam, while he has a rag of clothes on his back, wherewith to purchase rum; and he and his squaw and his children wallow through the day in beastly drunkenness. Instead of the sturdy warrior, with a head to plan, and an arm to execute vengeance upon the oppressors of his country, we behold the puny besotted wretch, squatting in his house, ready to barter his country, his children, or himself, for a few gulps of that deleterious compound, which, far more than the arms of the United States, is hastening to extinguish all traces of his name and character. Tecumseh himself, in early life, had been addicted to intemperance, but no sooner did his judgment decide against, than his resolution enabled him to quit, so vile a habit. Beyond one or two glasses of wine he never afterwards indulged."

By whom are the savages led? was the question, for many years, during the wars between the Americans and Indians. The name "Tecumseh!" was itself a host on the side of the latter, and the warrior chief, while he signalized himself in all, came off victorious in most, of the many actions in which he had ought and bled. American editors, super-added to a national dislike to the Indians, have some special reasons, which we shall develop presently, for blackening the character of Tecumseh. They say that he neither gave nor accepted quarter. His inveterate hatred to the Americans, considering them, as he did, to have robbed his forefathers of their territory, render such a proceeding, in a savage, not improbable. European history, even of modern date, informs us that the civilized soldier can go into battle with a similar determination. Mr. Thomson says of Tecumseh, that, "when he undertook an expedition, accompanied by his tribe, he would relinquish to them the spoil, though he would never yield the privilege of destroying the victim," and yet it was from an American

publication* that we extracted the account of Tecumseh's killing a brother chief, because the latter wanted to massacre an American prisoner. This trait in Tecumseh's character is corroborated by all the British officers who have served with him.

That it did not however proceed from any good will towards the Americans, was made known, in an extraordinary manner, at the taking of Detroit. After the surrender of the American troops, General Brock desired Tecumseh not to allow the Indians under him to ill-treat the prisoners. Tecumseh promptly replied, "I despise them too much to meddle with them." Nor is there a single act of violence charged to the Indians on that occasion. As a proper contrast to this an American writer,† describing a battle between General Jackson and the Creek Indians, in March 1814, says, "of about one thousand Creeks, only ten of the men are supposed to have escaped with life, sixteen of the Creeks, who had hid themselves, were killed the morning after the battle." The American commander said, in his despatches that he was *determined to exterminate* the tribe, "of course," proceeds the editor, "no quarter was given except to a few women and children."

Few officers in the United States service were so able to command in the field, as this famed Indian Chief. He was an excellent judge of position, and not only knew, but could point out, the localities of the whole country through which he had passed. To what extent he had travelled over the western part of the American continent may be conceived from the well known fact, that he visited the Creek Indians, in the hopes of prevailing on them to unite with their northern brethren, in efforts to regain their country as far as the banks of the Ohio. His facility of communicating the information he had acquired, was thus displayed before a concourse of spectators :—Previously to General Brock's crossing over the Detroit, he asked Tecumseh what sort of a country he should have to pass through, in case of his proceeding farther. Tecumseh taking a roll of elm bark, and extending it on the ground by means of four stones, drew forth his scalping knife, and,

* Sketches of the War.

† Political and Historical Register, page 186

with the point, presently sketched upon the bark a plan of the country, its hills, woods, rivers, morasses, and roads, a plan which if it was not as neat was for the purpose required fully as intelligible as if Arrowsmith himself had prepared it. Pleased with this unexpected talent in Tecumseh, also with his having, by his characteristic boldness, induced the Indians, not of his immediate party, to cross the Detroit, prior to the embarkation of the regulars and militia, General Brock, as soon as the business was over, publicly took off his sash, and placed it round the body of the chief. Tecumseh received the honor with evident gratification; but, was the next day, seen without his sash. General Brock, fearing something had displeased the Indian, sent his interpreter for an explanation. The latter soon returned with an account, that Tecumseh, not wishing to wear such a mark of distinction, when an older, and, as he said, an abler, warrior was present, had transferred the sash to the Wyandot chief Round-head. Such a man was the unlettered "savage" Tecumseh, such a man it was on whose mangled remains the Kentuckians exercised their savage propensities. Ingersol writes, "when his (Tecumseh's) body was discovered after the battle of the Thames, known as he was to General Harrison, and recognized from other Indians among the slain, by pock marks, and a leg once broken and set, pieces of his skin were cut off by some of the Kentucky soldiers, to be kept by them." By way of excuse Ingersol adds, "Indignities to the dead are common to every field of battle. Refined military men, who *might* condemn these Kentucky spoils as barbarous mementos, would sack cities, during days of authorized horrors and licentiousness, which would prove that war is a ferocious departure at best from the laws of humanity." One writes, on the subject, after describing the scalping of Tecumseh, and the cutting of his skin into narrow slips for razor straps, is graceless enough, in the next breath, to lavish encomiums upon the *humanity of "the Volunteers of Kentucky."* These are his words, "History can record to their honor that, not *merely professing* to be *Christian people*, they gave a high example of *Christian virtues*. For evil they returned not evil. For cruelty they returned mercy and protection." James, when noticing this

paragraph, observes, "had we taken up Dr. Smith's book, for the first time, we should have pronounced this an excellent piece of irony." We have, however, produced quite evidence enough to show that whatever atrocities the Indians might have committed, the Americans, as *participes criminis*, should not be the first to cast stones.

Before returning to the Niagara frontier, it will be necessary to enter on the subject of the treatment of prisoners, especially as about this time a question arose which not only affected the comfort, but was of grave import to the lives, of many persons on both sides. First, however, as to the treatment of prisoners.

Could the statements of American writers be received, the impression would be conveyed, that, in losing their liberty, the captured British took leave, at the same time, of all the privations and sufferings incident to a state of warfare. A few extracts from the narrative of one of the prisoners taken at the battle of the Thames will show how far this was the case, and whether more credit should be allowed to American claims for liberal conduct towards their prisoners, than as we have just shown, in Tecumseh's instance, they are entitled to when claiming, for the Kentucky volunteers, the character of setting forth a high example of christian virtues and magnanimity towards the dead.

"To describe the fatigue and privations which we endured during our tedious journey would require time and space. The rainy season had already set in, and scarcely a single day passed by without our being literally wet to the skin. Our route lay through an inhospitable tract of country, consisting alternately of gloomy forest and extensive savannah, the latter often intersected by streams fed from the distant mountains, and swollen by the increasing rains.

"Many of the officers were without great coats, having been plundered of nearly everything, as well by the followers of the division, as by the enemy themselves, and although we had a change of linen left, during the whole journey no opportunity was afforded us of having anything washed, so that in a short time many became infected with vermin, which gave the finishing stroke to our cala-

mities. After several weeks of most tedious travelling through this dreary region, some few traces of civilization and cultivation became perceptible, and we finally beheld the banks of the Scioto, overcome, as well may be imagined, with the utmost lassitude. On the opposite shore of this small river stands the town of Chillicothe, the termination of our journey."

So far it will be observed that no extraordinary care was paid to the comforts or even necessities of the prisoners, but a darker scene has still to be displayed.

After the battle of Queenston twenty-three of the prisoners were recognised as *deserters* and British born subjects, and were sent to England, by the commander-in-chief, for their trial as traitors. The American government, having been made acquainted with the fact, instructed General Dearborn to put an equal number of British soldiers into close confinement as hostages for the safety of the former. In consequence of this measure, the commander of the forces by a general order of October 27th, 1813, proclaimed that he had received the commands of the Prince Regent to put forty-six American officers and non-commissioned officers into close confinement, as hostages for the twenty three soldiers confined by the American government.

General Order, Head quarters, Montreal—
October 27th, 1813.

His Excellency the Governor General and Commander of the Forces, having transmitted to His Majesty's Government a letter from Major General Dearborn, stating that the American Commissary of Prisoners in London had made it known to his Government, that twenty-three soldiers of the 1st, 6th and 18th Regiments of United States Infantry, made prisoners, had been sent to England and held in close confinement as British subjects, and that Major General Dearborn had received instructions from his government, to put into close confinement twenty-three British soldiers, to be kept as hostages for the safe keeping and restoration in exchange for the soldiers of the United States, who had been sent as above stated to England;—in obedience to which instructions, he had put twenty-three British soldiers into close confinement to be kept as hostages; and the persons referred to

in Major General Dearborn's letter being soldiers serving in the American army, taken prisoners at Queenston, who had declared themselves to be British born subjects, and were held in custody in England there to undergo a legal trial.

His Excellency the Commander of the Forces has received the commands of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, through the Right Honorable the Earl Bathurst, Secretary of State, to lose no time in communicating to Major General Dearborn, that he has transmitted a copy of his letter, and that he is in consequence instructed, distinctly to state to Major General Dearborn, that His Excellency has received the command of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, forthwith to put in close confinement, forty-six American officers and non-commissioned officers, to be held as hostages for the safe keeping of the twenty-three British soldiers stated to have been put in close confinement by order of the American government.

And he is at the same time to apprise him that if any of the said British soldiers shall suffer death, by reason that the soldiers now under confinement in England have been found guilty, and that the known law, not only of Great Britain, but of every independent state under similar circumstances, has been in consequence executed, he has been instructed to select out of the American officers and non-commissioned officers put into confinement as many as double the number of British soldiers who shall have been so unwarrantably put to death, and cause such officers and non-commissioned officers to suffer death immediately.

And His Excellency is further instructed to notify to Major General Dearborn that the commanders of His Majesty's armies, and fleets on the coast of America have received instructions to prosecute the war with unmitigated severity against all Cities, Towns, and Villages belonging to the United States, and against the inhabitants thereof, if after this communication shall have been duly made to Major General Dearborn, and a reasonable time given for its being transmitted to the American government, that government shall unhappily not be deterred from putting to death any of the soldiers who now are, or who

may hereafter be, kept as hostages for the purposes stated in the letter from Major General Dearborn.

His Excellency the Commander of the Forces, in announcing to the troops the commands of His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, is confident that they will feel sensible, of the parental solicitude which His Royal Highness has evinced for the protection of the person and honor of the British soldier, thus grossly outraged in contempt of justice, humanity, and the Law of Nations, in the persons of twenty-three soldiers placed in close confinement, as hostages for an equal number of traitors who had been guilty of the base and unnatural crime of raising their parricidal arms against that country which gave them birth, and who have been delivered over for legal trial to the just laws of their offended country.

The British soldier will feel this unprincipled outrage, added to the galling insults and cruel barbarities that are, daily, wantonly inflicted on many of his unfortunate comrades, who have fallen into the enemy's hands, as additional motives to excite his determined resolution never to resign his liberty but with his life, to a foe so regardless of all sense of honor, justice and the rights of war.

(Signed,) EDWARD BAYNES,

Adj't. Gen.

Early in December the commander of the forces received a communication from Major Gen. Wilkinson, by Colonel Macomb, of the United States army, bearing a flag of truce, stating that the Government of the United States adhering unalterably to the principle and purpose declared in the communication of General Dearborn had, by way of reprisal, ordered forty-six British officers into close confinement. On receipt of this communication the governor ordered all American officers *without distinction of rank* to be immediately placed in close confinement, and in pursuance of this, Generals Chandler, Winchester and Winder were conveyed from their quarters at Beauport, to Quebec for confinement. At the same time the following order was issued:—

General Order, Adjutant General's Office,
12th December, 1813.
His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief and

Commander of the Forces has to announce to the troops under his command, that he has received a communication from Major Gen. Wilkinson, commanding a division of the army of the United States of America, by order of his government, of which the following is an extract:—

"The Government of the United States adhering unalterably to the principle and purpose declared in the communication of General Dearborn to you, on the subject of the twenty-three American soldiers, prisoners of war, sent to England to be tried as criminals; and the confinement of a like number of British soldiers, prisoners of war, selected to abide the fate of the former; has in consequence of the step taken by the British Government, as now communicated, ordered forty-six British officers into close confinement, and that they will not be discharged from their confinement until it shall be known that the forty-six American officers and non-commissioned officers in question are no longer confined."

It would be superfluous to use any argument to refute an assumption so extravagant, unjust, and unprecedented, as to deny the right of a free nation to bring to legal trial, in a due course of law, her own natural born subjects taken in the actual commission of the most heinous offence that man can commit against his king, his country, and his God; that of raising his parricidal arm against his allegiance to his countrymen, by leaguings with their enemies; a crime held in such abhorrence by every civilized nation in Europe, that summary death by the law Martial is its avowed reward, and is inflicted with unrelenting severity by France, the ally of the United States. This pretension must appear to every unprejudiced and upright mind as iniquitous and unjust, as is the retaliation which the Government of the United States has adopted, by placing in close confinement three and twenty British soldiers, as hostages for an equal number of infamous wretches, the unworthy offspring of Great Britain, who, when drawn from the ranks of the enemy, solicited to be suffered to expiate their treason by turning their arms against their employers. These rebels have (with the contempt they merit) been consigned to

the infamy and punishment that await them from the just laws of their offended country, while the Government of the United States does not blush to claim these outcast traitors as their own, and outrage the custom of civilized war, in the persons of honourable men, by placing them on a par with rebels and deserters.

No alternative remains to the commander of the forces, in the discharge of his duty to his king, his country, and his fellow soldiers, but to order all the American officers, prisoners of war, without exception of rank, to be immediately placed in close confinement as hostages for the forty-six British officers so confined, by the express command of the supreme authority in that country, until the number of forty-six be completed, over and above those now in confinement.

His Excellency directs that this general order together with that issued on the 27th of October, be read to the troops, that the British soldier may be sensible of the terms on which America has determined to wage this war; confident that he will meet them with proper spirit and indignation; for should he become the prisoner of a foe so regardless of those laws, which for ages have governed civilized nations in war, he would be doomed to a rigorous confinement, and that only preparatory to a more savage scene.

(Signed,)

EDWARD BAYNES,

Adjt-Gen. North America.

We have purposely italicised the words, without *distinction of rank*, as Ingersol has not scrupled, in his observations on this affair, to endeavour to throw a false colouring over it, and to have recourse to misrepresentation. He writes, "when England took her position on the dogma of *perpetual allegiance*. Gens. Chandler, Winder and Winchester, Colonel Lewis and Major Madison were prisoners on parole near Quebec, but not one of the superior officers was seized as a hostage. A dogma originally applied only to vassals, never enforced against lords, in the feudal ages, from whose dark codes it sprang, England, on the ferocious revival of it, restricted to men in humble stations. No American above the grade of captain was confined. In the first place this is simply untrue as the three generals just mentioned were removed from their

parole at Beauport to Quebec for confinement. Again, as to the dogma of perpetual allegiance, it was not the vindication of this dogma which Great Britain at this time desired to assert, but the right of punishing deserters, and of establishing the point that a mere forsaking of the British flag and territory was not sufficient to absolve from the general law of allegiance, or from the military and naval codes in particular, which, in common with those of all nations, awarded the punishment of death to deserters from either service.

Ingersol is not more happy when he cites Moreau, Bernadotte, and Pezzo de Borgo, as cases in point to prove that fugitives from a country may honorably join in warfare against that State. France may be said to have been afflicted with a civil war, in the conducting of which both parties called in allies; but even during those unhappy times victims were not wanting, and Ney's fate tells much more forcibly against Ingersol's position, than Moreau, Bernadotte, and Pozzo de Borgo do for him.

For some time the measures of the respective governments were carried out very rigidly, and many hardships were suffered by the unfortunate victims of this attempt, on the part of the United States, to force Great Britain to consent tamely to regard the desertion of her soldiers and sailors. The final settlement of this affair did not take place till July 1814, but we introduce it here in order to close the subject. The whole correspondence will accordingly be found in our notes,*

*General Order,
Head Quarters, Montreal,

16th April, 1814.

His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief and Commander of the Forces, announces to the troops under his command, that he was pleased to sanction and confirm, on the 15th inst., articles of a convention entered into by Colonel Baynes, Adjutant-General of the Forces, and Brigadier-General Winder of the army of the United States of America, for the mutual release of all prisoners of war, hostages or others, with the exception of the forty-six American officers and non-commissioned officers placed in close confinement as hostages, in conformity to the general order of the 27th of October last, in retaliation for twenty-three British soldiers, confined by the Government of the United States, as hostages for twenty-three British born subjects, taken from the ranks of the enemy, and sent to England for legal trial. By this agreement it is stipulated that all

and will show how both governments gradually relaxed their respective measures of retaliation, and introduced by degrees a less terrible and menacing state of affairs, the threatened gibbet being removed by the tacit retirement of both belligerents from its proposed erection.

James has been very severe on the Ameri-

cans for the treatment of their prisoners, and after enumerating a long list of officers who had been thrown into prison, he asks—"Into what prison? The Penitentiary, along with forty convicts, condemned for murder, rape, forgery, coining, burglary, horse-stealing, &c." James adds—"Lest the reader should doubt this, he will find in the appendix furnished

prisoners of war (the above mentioned alone excepted) shall be mutually exchanged, and delivered at such places as shall be agreed on, with all convenient expedition, and shall be declared, respectively and severally, to be released and free to carry arms, and serve on the 15th day of May next, the same as if they had never been prisoners of war: and it has been further provided, that whatever balance shall appear on the returns of prisoners of war, respectively exchanged or given up on parole, by either party since the commencement of hostilities, the number of prisoners for which an equivalent has not been returned, shall be withheld from all military service, until exchanged.

It is with proud satisfaction that the commander of the forces feels confident, that this provisional clause can never apply to the army in Canada, from the immense disparity in the number and rank of the prisoners, it has restored to the enemy.

All officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers, being prisoners of war, who are not prevented in consequences of their wounds, are commanded to join their respective corps and stations on the 15th day of May next, and to resume their military duties.

(Signed,)

EDWARD BAYNES,
Adjutant-General.

General Order,
Head Quarters, Camp at Chambly.

July 2nd, 1814.

Several officers of this army having returned from the United States, where they had been held in close confinement as hostages, and having on their release signed a conditional parole containing a pledge on their part, to return to their captivity at the expiration of a limited period, unless previously exchanged: His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief and Commander of the Forces, considering such parole to be inconsistent with the provisions of a convention for the exchange of prisoners which was entered into by persons duly empowered for that purpose by the Government of the United States, and His Excellency respectively, and has already been carried into complete execution on his part, and has also been in part executed by the American Government,—is pleased to declare that all those officers, whether of the line of Militia are absolved from their parole, under and by virtue of the before mentioned convention:—that they are released and free to serve as if they had never been prisoners of war, and are all and

severally included in the general order of the 16th of April, directing all prisoners of war after the 15th of May to repair to their respective corps and stations, and to resume their military duties.

To destroy any doubts which may by possibility be entertained with regard to the complete execution of the convention above mentioned: to satisfy the nice and scrupulous sensibility with which a British soldier must ever view and examine an act, professing to release him from an obligation in which his honour is implicated, and to remove every apprehension from the minds of those who may come within the scope of the present general order, His Excellency is pleased to authorize the communication to the army under his command, of the principal circumstances attending the commencement, progress, and final conclusion of the convention to which allusion has above been made.

At the solicitation of the Government of the United States, conveyed in a letter from their Secretary of State of the 19th of March, and not less induced by his anxious desire to alleviate the unnecessary severity which the system of retaliation had introduced into the conduct of this war, the Commander of the Forces did not hesitate in acceding to a proposal which seemed to promise the attainment of an object so desirable. In that spirit, and with that view, His Excellency consented to the exchange of Brigadier-General Winder, (a hostage) in consequence of that officer having been selected by the President of the United States as an agent vested with full powers to negotiate for an exchange of prisoners of war, as well hostages as others. His Excellency was also pleased to nominate Colonel Baynes as an agent vested with similar powers, on the part of the British army.

The negotiation commenced under the most favourable auspices. The basis and conditions of the convention being left to the discretion of the two officers above mentioned, it was agreed that all prisoners of war, hostages or others (with the sole exception of the British subjects taken from the ranks of the enemy and sent to England for legal trial) should be released in conformity to the regulations of the cartel, General Winder pledging himself that his government entertained the most liberal sentiments, and that the great disparity of prisoners, both with respect to rank and numbers, which the United States would receive and for which they had no equivalent to return, should be withheld from service on parole, until duly exchanged.

This agreement was on the point of being ratified, when a despatch from the American

by the keeper of the prison, a list of convicts, their crimes and sentences." Mr. James actually gives an appendix showing the names of the various prisoners, and the punishment awarded to each offence. Here we are tempted to digress for a moment to show some of the advantages of American law—for instance, we find that for killing a wife by shooting her,

four years' imprisonment is deemed ample punishment, but that for stealing a negro, or a horse, ten and four years and a half are not considered too severe a sentence!

James concludes his observations by remarking—"General Sheaffe did not behave thus to the American forces who surrendered at the battle of Queenston, and many will be

Secretary of State, dated Washington the 22nd March, was received by Brig.-Gen. Winder, and was verbally represented by him to convey a positive prohibition to his consenting to the release of the twenty-three British soldiers held in confinement as hostages for the British subjects sent to England for trial, unless it was stipulated that they also should be released, and sent to the United States.

This proposition was instantly answered by a note informing Brigadier-General Winder, that as a new basis had been substituted by the Secretary of State, inadmissible in principle, the negotiation was in consequence at an end, and that his partial exchange as a preliminary measure was also void, and of no effect as emanating from an act which had, from the conduct of the proposing party, become a nullity.

The introduction of this new pretension on the part of the Government of the United States had arrested the progress of the negotiation, when a note from Brigadier General Winder came (No. 3) which was acceded to by Colonel Baynes as the basis of a convention (No. 4.)

To ascertain the existence of the power of final ratification on the part of Brigadier General Winder the Commander of the Forces was pleased to direct Colonel Baynes to address to that officer the note (No. 5) and although the answer of Brigadier General Winder, as contained in note (No. 6) did not completely accord with the spirit of candor professed by him, and manifested by His Excellency, nevertheless the fair construction of it was such as to carry to his mind the conviction which it must impress on every honourable man who persues it, that Brigadier General Winder possessed the power of finally ratifying any new agreement for the exchange of prisoners, into which he might think proper to enter.

Under this impression the Commander of the Forces was pleased to declare his assent to the immediate release and exchange of Brigadier General Winder; the negotiation for the exchange of prisoners on the contracted basis imposed by Brigadier General Winder, was recommenced, and the conditions being arranged, a convention was concluded on the 15th April last, and ratified by the contracting parties.

It is under this convention, so begun and ratified, and carried into effect according to the tenor of it, with promptitude and good faith on the part of the Commander of the Forces, and to which no objection has been specified by the American Government, in any of their communications to His Excellency, since the conclusion of it, but which, on the contrary, must have been accepted, since it has been in part executed by that Gov-

ernment, that His Excellency, the Commander of the Forces, has been pleased thus publicly to absolve all the officers and others who have recently returned from the United States from a parole which His Excellency conceives to be inconsistent with the terms of that convention, and which he considers to have been exacted by persons ignorant of its existence, or misconceiving its conditions.

By His Excellency's Command,
Edward Baynes Adjt. General,
British North America.
Montreal, 10th April, 1814.

No. 1.

Colonel Baynes has communicated to His Excellency the Commander of the Forces the purport and extent of the alterations explained by Brigadier General Winder to exist, between the instructions of the 19th March addressed to him by the Secretary of State, and those of the 22nd, of the same date received yesterday, and that the omission of the same in the first copy was owing to an error in transcribing it.

His Excellency, however, on reference to the letter of the Secretary of State of the 19th March, addressed to him, as it is stated, "with the view, and in the sincere desire to restore to the mildest practice of civilized nations the treatment of prisoners on both sides," and authorizing Brigadier General Winder, on the part of the United States Government, to conclude an arrangement which may embrace the exchange, as well of those held as hostages, as of other prisoners; and His Excellency learning from that officer that his instructions fully comported with the unqualified tenor of the proposal made in the Secretary of States' letter to him, did not hesitate a moment in acceding to the arrangements therein suggested, and was prepared to waive just grounds which he conceived he had of complaint against the Government of the United States, on the subject of the exchange of prisoners of War, in the hopes of promoting an arrangement so desirable for the cause of humanity and the honor of both nations; and he is much disappointed to find his hopes frustrated by the introduction, at this period of the negotiation, of a claim so totally inadmissible, that had the Secretary of State's letter borne the most distant allusion to it, His Excellency would have felt himself, as he now does, prohibited from proceeding any further on the subject.

The British view the confinement of twenty-three soldiers as the first act of aggression: for the undoubted right which every free nation pos-

surprised that this mode of incarcerating British officers should be realized, not at Verdun in France, but at Kentucky in the United States, the land of liberty." We find the names of thirty officers who were crowded into two small rooms, little larger than the common cells which were seven feet by four. Comment on this is unnecessary.

cesses of investigating and punishing the crimes committed by her own natural born subjects, in a due course of law, is too self-evident to require a comment, nor can it, by any distortion of sense, or justice, be construed into a just ground for an act of fair retaliation exercised on twenty-three British Soldiers: the latter are characterized by their patriotism and loyalty, the former stigmatized for their treason and rebellion.

It would be wasting time to enter into any further discussion on this subject. Great Britain has successfully maintained her national right, unsullied for twenty years against the whole world combined; it is not to be supposed that it is reserved for the United States to stop the course of justice, and to dictate to England what procedure she shall observe towards her own natural born subjects, in her own courts of civil judicature arrested in her own territories in commission of acts of treason and rebellion.

It is to be remarked, that as the exchange of prisoners of War now proposed by the United States no longer has the general character that was at first proposed, but is specifically to restore quota for quota, it becomes on this ground, incumbent on the part of the British Government, to demand as a preliminary step, a detailed statement of about three thousand prisoners of war, of which the third were of the United States' regular service, captured in Canada during the first Campaign, and given up in good faith to the United States, who at that period, had no British prisoners.—and as all subsequent exchanges on the part of the United States have been acquitted by an equivalent number of prisoners simultaneously exchanged, it is insisted that the American Government is bound by honor and good faith to make full and complete satisfaction for the above debt, in conformity to the 14th article of the cartel, before she can in justice retain, or ask an equivalent for a single British prisoner now in her possession: and for this purpose returns will be prepared, not only of the number of prisoners remaining unexchanged in the possession of either power, but of those given up in good faith by the British Government to the United States, and for which no return has yet been made, or satisfaction offered; and as it appears from the documents now transmitted, that the United States are adding to the number of prisoners placed in restraint as Hostages, His Excellency is left no alternative, and is under the imperative necessity of ordering into close confinement, all the American officers remaining in his possession, not heretofore considered as Hostages.

If the instructions of the Secretary of State

Before entering on the subject of the impression produced on the centre division, by the intelligence of the disaster which had overwhelmed the right, or northern, division, it will be advisable to conclude the operations which were now undertaken, under Generals Wilkinson and Hampton, in the Lower Province. We may, however, notice, that not-

leave to the discretion of Brigadier-General Winder no latitude on the subject of the twenty-three British soldiers considered by Great Britain as the sole justification of the system of retaliation, the further prosecution of this negotiation, for an exchange of prisoners, must be unavailing, as His Excellency, although prepared to waive all minor considerations, as to meet the American Government on a fair and liberal basis, is at the same time unalterably firm in his determination not to compromise in the slightest degree, that principle of justice and equity upon which the measures of his Government have been framed.

On a former occasion, Colonel Baynes communicated to Major Melville that if the prisoners of war in Canada were not exchanged previous to the arrival of the transports expected early in the Spring, it would become a necessary measure to relieve the Canadas of that charge, and that they would be sent to England; and on the opening of the river navigation, the prisoners now at Montreal will be sent to Quebec for that purpose.

(Signed) EDWARD BAYNES,
Col., and Adj. General.

No. 2.

Brigadier General Winder has received Colonel Baynes' note of this morning, and has read it with close and profound attention, not without considerable surprise and the deepest regret—surprise because it seems to have been expected that the discussions depending between Colonel Baynes and himself were in fact to have settled and adjusted a principal question which will no doubt occupy the Congress at Gottenburg—regret because he fears that the beneficial consequences which would result from making exchanges, as far as was practicable under the powers held by General Winder, must be defeated by persisting in the views held out by the note of Colonel Baynes—exchanges which would restore to liberty so many brave and honorable men of both nations, who may otherwise linger out a tedious protracted confinement, finally to be terminated by an inglorious death, and which beside, would have left untouched in the fullest extent, the pretensions of Great Britain, on the question from whence the system of retaliation has arisen.

It appears to Brigadier General Winder, from the note of Colonel Baynes, that he considered an exchange made under the restriction in Brigadier General Winder's power, as an abandonment or compromising the principle in question by the British Government.—Surely, if this were the case, as according to Brigadier General Winder's conception it certainly is not, it would have been

withstanding the defeat sustained in the west, the British still retained undisturbed possession of Michilimacinae, and thereby preserved their influence, to a very material degree, over the Indian tribes in the west.

General Harrison contemplated the reduction of this post, but finding the season far advanced, and more important operations

being contemplated, he postponed the movement, especially as he argued that the garrison of this post, cut off from all exterior resources, must necessarily fall. General Harrison seems, however, to have lost sight of the possibility of the garrison being supplied by way of York, or, though with more difficulty, by the Ottawa river. All his disposable forces were

an abandonment of it on the part of the American Government, if this restriction had not existed in the power, and would have been an extent of power which, it is confidently believed, His Excellency did not expect would be conferred on the occasion—nor indeed could it be supposed that a power to treat relative to the adjustment of this principle would have been conferred upon a person in the situation, and under the circumstances which Brigadier General Winder was when he received the power.

Brigadier General Winder further supposes that His Excellency had and can have, in the ordinary course of things, no power to settle and adjust this question unless by special delegation, and this if known to the Government of the United States, would have drawn from them a corresponding delegation of power with a view to its adjustment.

But the Government of the United States were aware that His Excellency possessed, as incidental to his military command, the power of making exchanges relative to the prisoners made from and by his command, which did not compromise the principle of the British Government on this point, and therefore had in view to delegate a corresponding power to Brigadier General Winder, as it is considered they have entirely done.

The Government of the United States conceived that a relinquishment of the twenty-three original hostages taken by them would be compromising the principle on their part, and declined to give a power to this extent—they, on the contrary, do not ask a release of the twenty-three men sent to England, because that would be relinquishing it on the part of the British Government. The power to negotiate upon this question, it is presumed, has been delegated to the commissioners about to assemble at Gottenburg.

But General Winder is at a loss to perceive, that because he does not possess this power a negotiation is to stop, which could originally only have contemplated, and been expected to contemplate, the exchange, as far as could be done without broaching that question. And the letter of the Secretary of State to His Excellency, of the 19th March, and his contemporaneous instructions to Brigadier General Winder, while they look to the largest possible exchange, yet reserve, and express to do so, whole and entire, the right on this system of retaliation, and he most sincerely believes his propositions of yesterday's date entirely attain this object to both parties.

Brigadier General Winder, conscious it would be useless to submit any observation on the other parts of Colonel Baynes' note, as he believes

them completely embraced in one of the propositions of his note of yesterday, entirely conformable to Colonel Baynes' wishes; and because, possessing no other powers or instructions than those already communicated, he supposes it more important, at the present moment, to obviate the objections to proceed in the negotiation, which he flatters himself the foregoing remarks will have a tendency to effect, and which unless he can effect, would be time uselessly spent, as no result could flow from it.

Brigadier General Winder submits these remarks in a spirit of unreserved candor and cordiality, and without the loss of a moment;—and flatters himself, that, viewed by Colonel Baynes with the same spirit, they will be found entitled to strong and conclusive weight.

(Signed) WM. WINDER,
Brig. Gen. U. S. Army.

No. 3.

Montreal, April 11th, 1814.

Brigadier-general Winder has received Colonel Baynes' note of this morning, and has read it with the attention which the subject of it was calculated to awaken, and however much he regrets that he is not able to accomplish all that he hoped and wished, yet he is gratified in believing, that much may be accomplished in strict conformity to the principles upon which his Excellency feels himself bound to act as detailed in Col. Baynes' note of to-day, and also entirely within the powers and instructions which Brigadier-general Winder has received and submitted from his Government. Colonel Baynes' note states, "that the confinement of the twenty-three American officers, and an equal number of non-commissioned officers, is considered as the first stage of retaliation, on the part of the British Government, and will be persevered in so long as the twenty-three soldiers, for which they are held as hostages, are kept in confinement, and cannot be affected by any exchange that does not emancipate the twenty-three British soldiers."

What Brig.-gen. Winder proposes, therefore, in entire conformity to this principle is, that the British officers put into confinement in retaliation for the confinement of the above forty-six American officers and non-commissioned officers shall be released and exchanged to such an extent as an equivalent value of American officers confined in retaliation for them, or who may be prisoners of war, other than the above forty-six, shall be released and exchanged.

Brigadier-General Winder, in his note of the 9th, made his proposition as extensive as he was

therefore moved from the head of Lake Erie to Buffalo, whence they were forwarded to the Niagara district, to join the expedition contemplated against the Lower Province, and in part to supply the detachments which had been already drafted from that district, and conveyed to Sackett's Harbor for the same purpose.

allowed, but considered at the same time, that if, in its whole extent, it was not acceptable to his Excellency he would hold himself ready to embrace any modification of them, which might be more acceptable, and within Brigadier-general Winder's power.

This proposition appearing to Brigadier-general Winder to be so entirely within the principles contained in Col. Baynes' note, he feels the most sanguine assurance of its acceptance, and, without encumbering it with anything else, he hastens to submit it without delay.

(Signed) WM. WINDER,
Brig. Gen. U. S. Army.

No. 4.

Head Quarters, Montreal,
Adjutant General's Office,
April 12th, 1814.

Colonel Baynes has to acknowledge Brigadier-general Winder's note of the 11th instant, and is commanded to acquaint him, that the commander of the forces consents to an exchange of hostages, and all others, prisoners of war in conformity to the scale of the cartel, under the previous stipulated conditions recited in his note, viz.—That the twenty-three British soldiers first confined as hostages, and the forty-six American officers and non-commissioned officers confined as hostages, in retaliation for the same, remain untouched and be not included in the present proposed exchange.

It appearing that the American Government assert to have placed seventy-seven British officers in confinement as hostages, and the right to retaliate in an equal number, being assumed by the commander of the forces, it would be necessary to place thirty-one American officers in similar restraint, in order to hold seventy-seven to restore in exchange; but to avoid the performance of so unpleasant a task, it is proposed that it be taken for granted that this further act of retaliation has been carried into effect, and that the number of hostages on both sides, being equal in number, amounting to seventy-seven, are declared released as hostages, and placed on the footing of ordinary prisoners of war, to be exchanged as such, in conformity to the cartel.

That this measure take place immediately in Quebec, and with the least possible delay in the United States and Halifax.

The exchange contemplated, is to include every individual held as a prisoner of war connected

It had been the settled plan of the American Government from the commencement of the war, to make a decisive attack on the Lower Province. We gather this from the correspondence between the officers in command, and the bureau of war at Washington, and we shall proceed to show how this

with the army of British North America, commencing from the first act of hostilities on either side, excepting only twenty-three British soldiers, and the forty-six American officers and non-commissioned officers to be reserved as hostages; it being further stipulated that the last-mentioned forty-six will be placed on the footing of ordinary prisoners of war, and exchanged as such whenever the twenty-three British soldiers are so released or delivered over for exchange.

The details contained in Brigadier-general Winder's note of the 9th instant are accepted of, as forming the outline for a mutual arrangement for carrying the exchange into effect.

(Signed) EDWARD BAYNES,
Adjutant-general, B.N.A.

No. 5.

Head Quarters, Montreal,
Adjutant General's Office,
April 12th, 1814.

Colonel Baynes has to acknowledge Brigadier-general Winder's note of the 11th instant, and is commanded to acquaint him, that the commander of the forces has no objection to the principle upon which his exchange is proposed by the Secretary of State as a preliminary measure to his entering upon the proposed negotiation, provided that the basis upon which that negotiation is to be conducted, is in its principle admissible, and holds out a fair and a reasonable prospect of producing the desired end.

His Excellency considered the proposal as stated in the Secretary of State's letter of 19th March as coming under that description, and the accompanying letter of instructions of the same date, comporting with the same, he did not hesitate to grant his consent to the proposed exchange of Brigadier-general Winder, as a proper preliminary measure; but a subsequent communication from the Secretary of the United States, being received by Brigadier-general Winder, and represented by him to have been introduced into the first instructions, alterations in themselves inadmissible in principle, and that the same had been omitted by error in transcribing the first copy, and were therefore to be considered as forming the text and spirit of the proposition. The commander of the forces considered himself absolved from his assent to a document which had, from the act of the proposing party, become a nullity; and thereby cancelling whatever might have emanated from it, and that he was at liberty

determination was carried out—the force employed, the fate which attended the attempt, and the causes which led to the entire failure of a scheme, deliberately planned, long cherished as one of the certain means of reducing the Canadas, and undertaken with every accompaniment of force, that it was in the power of the American Government to impart to it.

to revert to the alternative suggested in the Secretary of State's first letter, and reject the proposal *in toto*.

Colonel Baynes is directed to inform Brigadier General Winder, that it is not His Excellency's intention to sanction any partial exchange, except for the express purpose stated in the Secretary of State's letter, with which he thinks it highly expedient and proper to comply, but he must require from that officer a most direct and unequivocal assurance, that he is *authorized to treat and ratify, without further reservation, on the part of his government, a negotiation on the principles stated in Colonel Baynes' note of the 11th and 12th, and in General Winder's note of the 11th instant—in which case his exchange will be declared full and complete.*

Brigadier General Winder will excuse this demand which has become necessary from the doubts which he has himself created, as to the nature and extent of the restriction recently placed upon him by his government.

(Signed,) EDWARD BAYNES,
Adj't. Gen. B. N. A.

No. 6.

Montreal, April 13th, 1814.

Brigadier General Winder very much regrets that he should have failed in communicating to Colonel Baynes in the last interview, the extent of the powers communicated to him with requisite precision.

It was the intention of Brigadier General Winder to have stated, that his powers extended without restriction, to propose and agree to an exchange of all British Prisoners of War taken from the command of Sir George Prevost, except the twenty-three men put into confinement in retaliation for the twenty-three men sent to England, to which extent he now assures Colonel Baynes his powers extend, embracing all the subjects contained in Colonel Baynes' notes of the 11th and 12th, and Brigadier General Winder's of the 11th.

As it was not the intention of Brigadier General Winder that his Excellency should have the least question as to the extent of his powers, he cannot but feel mortified, that an idea should have been entertained for a moment that he intended to render them in the least degree doubtful, and he trusts this avowal will remove all such impres-

It had been decided that the attack should be made from two points, from the east under General Hampton, with perhaps, the most efficient division that had as yet taken the field during the war; and from the west, under the immediate direction of the commander-in chief, General Wilkinson.

sions, and enable Colonel Baynes and himself, upon the adjustment of Brigadier General Winder's exchange, to proceed without delay to the arrangement.

(Signed,) WM. WINDER,
Brig. Gen., U. S. Army.

General Order, Adjutant General's Office,
Head Quarters, Montreal,
July 15th, 1814.

His Excellency the Commander of the Forces announces to the troops under his command, that having at the invitation of the American government, deputed Colonel Baynes, Adjutant General, and Lieutenant Colonel Brenton, Provincial Aide-de-camp, to meet on Thursday last at Champlain, Colonel Lear, late Consul General of the United States at Algiers—for the purpose of reconsidering the convention for the exchange of prisoners which had been entered into on the 15th of April last, between Colonel Baynes and Brigadier General Winder; and of removing whatever objections might be made to the due execution of it:—and the said meeting having taken place accordingly, all objections to the said convention were then, and there, completely removed; and the same was, on the 16th instant, fully and definitively ratified by Colonel Lear, on the part of the United States; (he having full power for that purpose) with a supplementary clause, by which the twenty-three British soldiers, and the forty-six American officers, the hostages mentioned in the first article of the said convention, are declared to be included in that convention, and are to be released and exchanged, in the same manner as other prisoners of War, mentioned in the same articles, notwithstanding the exception to them therein contained;—and His Excellency is pleased hereby to direct that this General Order be considered in explanation and confirmation of the said General Orders issued on the 16th and 2nd July, 1814.

EDWARD BAYNES,
Adj't. Gen. B. N. A.

That all persons are equal in the eyes of the Law—or else how comes it then "the longest purse" generally wins?

That the law recognises no distinction between rich and poor; when a rich man can divorce his wife by paying a couple of thousand pounds, and a poor man cannot obtain a divorce without going to the workhouse!

MARCH.

There is a stir abroad in earth and sky,
The busy clouds, now muddling now dispersing,
Seem with the windy messengers conversing.
The landscape is alive; the shadows fly,
Coursed o'er the uplands by the hunter breeze;
The shifting lights are colour'd to the eye,
Clothing with apparent warmth the scenery.

ACCORDING to the artificial sub-division of the year, the Month of March should mark the departure of winter and the opening of spring. With this month, "the mossy banks, balmy airs, voices of birds, and early and delicious flowers," so graphically described by poets, should approach to gladden us. In our Canadian climate, however, this month can only be viewed as a season of promise, and the most superficial observer of the signs, that are "abroad in earth and sky," must find evidences to convict the poets, who have indulged in these rhapsodies on the beauties of this month, of self-delusion.

The glowing pictures of mildness and beauty which these same poets have expended on February and March will be found, when applied to our climate, almost an exaggeration if applied to May, and Thomson's lines, when he apostrophizes spring, are much more descriptive of the sunshine of the end of May.

Along these blushing borders bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed spring unbosoms every grace,
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first,
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes.

These lines of the poet contrast very unfavorably with the stern realities of a month which but too often borrows keen frosts, with equally sudden floods, from winter. The truth is that poets have either seen, in "Fancy's glass," these pictures, or have drawn in inspiration when tasting the delights of an Italian spring.

Beneath the sunny sky of Italy, the opening season of the year presents such delights in temperate breezes, bright blue skies, delicately perfumed flowers, lacking the overpowering odour imparted by the heats of June, as warrant the most brightly tinted description, but with us the winds of March, which come careering over our fields, are suggestive of hope rather than of realization, and tho' to the idle, the unobservant, and the unthinking, the general face of nature seems unchanged, yet to the eye that "can see Othello's visage in his mind" there lurks the promise of beauty and brightness, covered indeed but not entirely unobservable. In this month, too, the earth first becomes soft and tractable,

and yields to the kind constraint that calls upon it to teem with new life, that it may receive into its bosom the germs of that creation which, born with the spring, shall run its race rejoicing into the lap of summer, and yield up its sweet breath, a willing incense, at the shrine of nature.

Howitt, in his book of the seasons, draws a much more truthful picture, but even his description, though strictly suitable to an English, is somewhat overdrawn when applied to our climate.

"March is a rude, and sometimes boisterous month, possessing many of the characteristics of winter, yet awakening sensations more delicious than the two following spring months, for it gives us the first announcement and taste of spring. What can equal the delight of our hearts at the very first glimpse of spring—the first springing of buds and green herbs? It is like a new life infused into our bosoms. A spirit of tenderness. A burst of freshness and luxury of feeling possesses us; and though fifty springs have broken upon us, their joy, unlike many joys of time, is not an atom impaired."

This last observation of Howitt's is strictly true; each successive spring sees the lover of nature, who studies the great book which it unfolds to his enquiring eye, discovering new beauties, and the more curious his enquiry, the more certain is he to find new force and fitness in some of the most remarkable expressions which Scripture contains.

We know not the name of the writer of the following passage, the reader will, however find it beautifully applicable:—

"Hence the beauty of the idea of the resurrection as typified in the quickening seed, and of our risen Saviour as the first-fruits of them that slept. It was with this transformation in his mind—incident to the vital processes of vegetable life occurring on each returning spring—that the Apostle exclaimed, when writing to Corinth—"That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that which shall be, but bare grain; but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed its own body. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." This is not the mere language of fanciful illustration, but an argument derived from the ordinary processes of the lower forms of life, to demonstrate that new spring-time and future harvest, anticipated by the believer as a change, to which the death of the natural body is as essential as the change that takes place on the quickening seed,—which, except it die, cannot spring up and partake in the annual resurrection of the opening year.

FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

THIS is headquarters of the thriving province of New Brunswick—a neat, clean, and healthy looking town on the western bank of the St. John river, some eighty miles inland. Till 1845, it was only known in our geographical charts and maps as a town; but on the designation of Bishop Medley, the first diocesan of the province, Her Majesty the Queen was pleased to call it the CITY OF FREDERICTON, whereupon the act of incorporation was obtained at the following session of Parliament, and since that year it has been governed by a mayor, aldermen, and commoralty. It is at least an *ecclesiastical* city, being the seat of the bishop, and now ornamented by one of the very handsomest of our colonial cathedrals.

It is also the seat of government, and hence of the governor as well as a great number of the officers of the crown; and as a place of commerce it is thriving. The leading characteristic of its merchants is hospitality—with an instinctive pride (common on this continent) in the growing prosperity of their young city. This is natural, for our merchants are the architects of our cities. The merchant makes the city—the city does not make him.

During the session of Parliament, the Frederictonians, enjoy themselves by *partying, balling, sleigh driving, &c.*, and their ambition seems to be wild while competing the honor of excelling each other in acts of attention to the M. P.s and the HONORABLES who, for two or three months each year assemble in their goodly city to transact the business of the country.

In and around the city of Fredericton are some very fine public and private buildings and residences;—of the former we may mention the English Cathedral and St. Anne's Chapel, both built according to the most approved plans of modern ecclesiastical architecture. The Methodist chapel, recently re-built after a conflagration, is a very handsome structure. King's College, sitting on the hill side, looks down from Parnassus upon the grovelling money grubs who are rafting and hewing and stream driving below, with a sort of literary frown, as though it would say, "Send your sons, with caps and gowns, up hither."

Of the private residences, we have noticed with peculiar delight that of the Honorable Judge Wilmot, that of the Honorable Judge Street, and the cottage of the Lord Bishop, both of the latter beautifully situated on the ridge of hills that runs along the S. S. W. of the city, and seeming like one of nature's protections and best bulwarks. The brow of the aforesaid hill is calculated to afford

building accommodation for the retiring merchants of a city as large as New York. And as the business of Fredericton increases, the city will force its way up to the foot of the mountain, which will be the case within half a century, and Fredericton will then be one of the handsomest cities in the British colonies.

Three of the judges of the Supreme Court reside here; two of whom are natives of the province, and one an Englishman by birth and professional education.

Of the former two, one seems rather a young man, though his face indicates close application and the juvenile wrinkle—accompanied by other traces of thought, gives proof abundant that Mr. Justice Wilmot is no idler.

This gentleman is a tall, thin, handsome man, quick in his gait, with a very intelligent expression of face and a brilliant intellect flashing through a very dark and piercing eye. He is a most benevolent man, full of large hearted generosity, and has for a quarter of a century borne the reputation of being a decidedly pious man. His history as a politician is almost unparalleled in the annals of either Imperial or colonial legislation. At nineteen he was elected by a show of hands to represent his native county (Sunbury) in the Parliament of New Brunswick. At the age of twenty-two he was one of a diplomatic deputation sent home to negotiate with the Downing-Street authorities, a question affecting our international commerce with the adjoining republic, and the youthful appearance of the young diplomatist surprised some of the imperial gentlemen with official wigs and gowns in London; but his brilliant intellect, his thorough comprehension of the great questions involved in the relations of the colonies to the United States, surprised them far more; and the late Lord Glenelg took such a fancy to the juvenile politician, that he recommended the government to give him the first situation under the crown that was worth his acceptance. It is a pity he has retired from public life, as the country needs his talents, yet he is an honor and an ornament to the British bench.

In point of emolument the Judges of the Province of New Brunswick are not as well off as those in Canada, whilst they have fully as much to do.

The parliament buildings are very handsome, and constructed *à la mode* of the Toronto houses; but made of wood and stone instead of brick. Attached to the parliament houses is a very excellent library, over which a most obliging little man presides, who seems fond of a chat with a stranger, and as fond of a pinch; but he is a

clean and a hospitable snuffer, not like some who sometimes almost dust your eyes with the snuff, and then thrust their *snuff* into the pouch without even asking you whether you have a nose on your face.

During my sojourn in this apartment, I saw several of the leading men of Head Quarters passing and repassing. Among the rest, the Lord Bishop Medley, the Venerable archdeacon Coster, —neither of whom is old, perhaps fifty to fifty-five each. Mr. Justice Parker and his brother, the Master of the Rolls, both very noble and fine looking men—with Mr. Justice Street—a stout, well built, and shrewd looking man, brother to the Attorney General—both of whom seem to possess unbending firmness and masculine integrity of purpose. Also the Chief Justice, (Hon. Mr. Carter) a very accomplished scholar and, it is believed, a very sound lawyer.

As I purpose now to record a few notes of my visit to the Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament, I must close my preliminaries, and begin with the Legislative Council; some of the Counsellors of which I shall notice in passing.

The chamber in which the irresponsible branch of the legislature meets, is elegantly fitted up, indeed it eclipses the Toronto one. The throne is very handsome, and he who fills it in the absence of his Excellency, is an old venerable, bald (very bald) man, who seldom occupies it; but is amusing himself, at one time with a newspaper, at another, stepping round the benches or desks, whilst honorable members are speaking to the chair.

This department of the legislature embraces twenty members, some of whom are very fine looking men, so far as personal appearance is concerned, and some of whom again have very little to be thankful for in that line. There are some good heads among them, however, speaking in a phrenological point of view, the organs seem to be well developed.

In the following remarks I shall restrict myself as much as possible to the personal appearances of these honorable gentlemen; and you must bear with me, if I withhold the names of the parties hereinafter described, and as I may not find room for each and all of them, it may not seem invidious on my part to give a few by name. I think it much better to notice those who take the most prominent part in the debates of the house.

There is a tall, thin, sober-looking man, with hair beginning to turn grey. His complexion is somewhat sallow apparently from climate, and perhaps somewhat affected by the nature of his calling and his application to his studies. He

speaks sensibly and calmly, and seems to know what he means to say very accurately. He is evidently a native of the province, as his accent betrays him, and would seem to be liberal in his political views, but manifestly attached to the principles of British monarchy, and may very likely be one of the many sons of distinguished loyalists who in 1783, left the United States, their property being confiscated and their lives jeopardized because of their unflinching adherence to the glorious principles of a hereditary and limited monarchy. His views, while speaking of this topic, he expresses clearly, calmly, and firmly. His manner and appearance are highly indicative of good feeling and education.

Near him I notice another gentleman, with similar accent, but not so tall. The contour of the latter is rather Grecian, as that of the former is Roman. The latter I would take to be a legal gentleman, perhaps an officer of the crown, from the part he took in the debate. He bears the obvious traces of beauty in his face, but seems, like Judge Wilnot, to have been a close student. A physiognomist would say in looking at him that he possesses the organ of conscientiousness very largely developed. He speaks with deliberation and point, and seems altogether to be an amiable, pacific man, much more suited to the calm deliberative labour of a chamber lawyer than the tumult and petty quarrels of the bar. His part in a debate to which I listened with much interest, also indicated that he had a very strong partiality for British institutions, and especially for those in which the monarchic element prevails.

In proximity to the latter gentleman, I find a small but erect and portly little gentleman, who bears the name of THE COLONEL, and seems to regard it as an imperative duty incumbent upon him, and one of the penalties annexed to his silk gown, for which he would seem to entertain no very deep dislike—that he ought to speak on every subject that comes up for discussion. Some speakers say too much because they have little to say, others say too little because they have too much to say. Which of these two classes, this neat little honorable belongs to, I do not say; but I have no hesitation whatever in saying that he seems to be very patriotic and even to glory in narrating the fact on which he dwells with peculiar interest and considerable emotion, that his father was compelled, though a gentleman by birth and education—nay, was obliged to fish for a dinner of limpets in the *embouchure* of the Scoodiac, when he first settled in the province as a loyalist. Moreover this honorable little gentleman seems very desirous of impressing the house with the

conviction that the county of Charlotte has set an example to the whole province, in the spirit and enterprise which have of late sprung up in that section of New Brunswick.

The worst thought that any man popping in as a stranger would be likely to entertain of this little Honorable would be, that he has a peculiar regard for "the first person, singular number, masculine gender of the first personal pronoun." It is true, grammarians say that this pronoun has no gender; but as the gender is always determined by the noun it represents, the above honorable always seems to use it in the masculine sense—hence we have assigned to it a masculine signification, even at the risk of offending the shade of Lindley Murray.

Besides these, we notice a stout, stalwart, grey haired man, and not far from him a sandy-complexioned *elderly young* man, both of whom seem to be old countrymen, and both appear to represent the commerce of the Province, both acquainted with commercial and local statistics, both firm and sensible: but from their manner and demeanour, a stranger, who did not know which was which, would *prima facie* say the Scotchman is the Irishman, and *vice versa*; for the one is an Ulster man, and the other a Gael by birth. There is a wee sailor-looking bodie, wth no very muckle outside, but a good deal inside, and beside him one Steelman—but, fegs, there's mair *oil* than steel about the one, and mair *steel* than oil about the other.

DOWN STAIRS.

A fine room. The Speaker, gowned and bannetted, is in his chair, around him are his generals (be it known to our readers that the debating only is done here.) The business is all done—with all the chiseling, in the committee rooms I noticed some pawky dodgers in this branch of the Legislature. Among the rest, I saw one who sits on the left hand of the Speaker, wearing a white choker most commonly, a stout, wee-bullt man; black hair, turning grey; very dark, small deep set and piercing eye—but speaking of eyes, he is all eyes. He has as many eyes as Argus. He seems continually on the watch—always noting and noticing. He could govern an empire. He would have made a splendid Talleyrand or Machiavelli. Had Louis Philippe been living, he would have given that man a fortune to act as his private secretary. It would seem, from the notice of a discussion I heard while in the House, that this argus-eyed M.P. is an officer of the Crown, holding some political situation, and on that account a good butt for the oppositionists. He bears hammering well; never seems to wince;

but holds on and does all his wincing in his own room or private office.

There is another curious looking man, with a bald head, his latitude and longitude just about an identical *equation*, as mathematicians would say, always on the fidgets; a fine specimen of the *perpetuum motum*. He seems as if he could speak for a month on any question, and cares not what he says. Speak he will, sense or nonsense, often speaks good nonsense too; makes others feel, but seems to feel very little himself. It would seem, from sundry hints, that Bill (for such is the name he often goes by in these parts) had on some occasion raked up in no small degree the corruption of the government, and this still sticks in their gizzards.

For York, there's a small keen-eyed little man, of whom I can make nothing; sometimes I think he is clever, at other times I begin to doubt it; sometimes he talks *religious*, at other times

There's a tall, stout, sallow man from Westmoreland, with a small black eye, of which it was once said that "it never looked man straight in the face," meaning, I suppose, that it always looked round the side of a man's head or over his shoulder.

One of the Macs or Mickies, from Buctouch or Buctoucia, seems at times to entertain the House by incidental allusions to the urbanity and kindness of manner with which Cardinal Wiseman receives M.P.'s and lumberers from the colonies, when they call at his palace in London with diplomatic or introductory letters.

Now an ex-M.P. appeared behind the benches, exclaiming—"Mr. *Spaker*, sure it's meself and nobody else that ought to be afther sitting over beyant, where Mистер Boyd is! By the powers of war, I'll bring wid me fifty men from the borders of the Bocabec and the Digiduagwash, and will unsate the Colonel!"

Here I left the House to despatch my budget, but will hereafter furnish more ample details.

An ill humor is too great a luxury to be abandoned all an once. It is, moreover, a post of great advantage whenever any one endeavours to coax us out of it; it is like holding a fort, we endeavour to make good terms before leaving it.

One is much less sensible of cold on a bright day than on a cloudy one; thus the sunshine of cheerfulness and hope will lighten every trouble.

When is the soup likely to run out of the saucepan? When there's a leak in it.

An insolent lackey. Steam is a servant that occasionally blows up its master.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEDAILY.

No. XXI.

A CATASTROPHE STRONGLY FICTURED WITH THE SUPERNATURAL.

THE wrathful Laird of Hungry Knowes spent a large per centage of the balance of that eventful day, in the solitude of his study. He had no inclination to come in contact either with his recusant nephew or Gavin Park. Correctly did he conclude that the determination of the former was not to be shaken by threats or promises; and experiencing a latent suspicion that his cause presented some untenable points, he was wishful to avoid a controversy with his servitor in which he might haply come off only second best.

When we spoke of Mr. Dreghorn's "study," we were far from intending to insinuate that the thrifty Laird was more extravagant in the sustentation of his mind, than he was in that of the body. Despite its scholastic designation, the dust-teeming chamber in which David had denuded himself, was nearly as devoid of books as its owner was of the milk of human kindness. In fact during the short space required to count a hundred, the catalogue might be recited without any great expenditure of breath or fatigue of lungs.

There was a folio family Bible bound in rough calf, and "enriched with choice sculptures," to quote from the title-page thereof. The garlands of cobwebs which festooned this dusky heirloom, evidenced that its pages were seldom disturbed by hands profane or unprofane. We may add that when manipulated by any casual inquirer the same generally opened at passages detailing the bucolic wealth of the ancient patriarchs, thus demonstrating in what direction the Laird's theological researches mainly lay.

As a matter of course, the shelves of the "study" were likewise enriched with *Burns' Poems*, *Religious Courtship*, *Boswell's Crook in the Lot*, *Mrs. Glass' Cookery*, *The Pilgrims Progress*, and last, but not least, that far-famed Scottish olio of horrors *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*. This hair-erecting octo-decimo, which up to the commencement of the last twenty years, was perhaps the most popular indigenous classic of North Britain, exhibited pregnant tokens of frequent and protracted consultation. Indeed it was the source from which Mr. Dreghorn drew the bulk of his literary solacement; and as he was profoundly imbued with the superstitious feelings of his country, he conceded the most unswerving belief to the ghastly legends which it chronicled.

On the occasion to which our veritable history, has reference, the Thane of Hungry Knowes plunged deeply into the mysteries of Mahoun's unseen dominion; and, when the leaden-hued shadows of a December evening began to prevail, his nervous system had become pestilently unbinged. The most ordinary and common-place sound caused him to start up, with shaking hand and perspiration—moistened brow. And the shriek of a crow returning to its rookery, or the furtive squeak of a sharp-set mouse behind the wainscot, sounded to his excited fancy like so many outward and audible signs that the Prince of Darkness was taking an interest more particular than welcome in his motions and destiny!

The near advent of the hour in which it behoved Mr. Dreghorn to be ready for the arrival of the Aberdeen mail-coach, constrained him to abandon a manual from which he derived an equal amount of recreation and torment. He replaced it on its wonted stance, having first carefully turned down a leaf at the passage he had arrived at, which we may mention was that which detailed the midnight drive of the soul of the "reprobate persecutor, bloody Sir George Mackenzie" to Mount Stromboli, in a chariot of infernal fire. There was something in this dismally picturesque legend, which suggested an overhauling of the motives prompting the expedition he was about to undertake, and at seasons he was almost led to doubt the justice of disinheriting his friendless nephew. Unfortunately, however, for the interests of John Embleton, one end of the "study" was garnished with an extensive map of the county, upon which were delineated the contiguous lands of Glen Skindint and Hungry Knowes. Whenever the eye of the Laird lighted upon this topographical presentment, the warning flame of wrath which lurked in his bosom, would burst forth with redoubled fierceness, and the warning conveyed by Sir George's nocturnal expedition, lose all its converting effect. "No!" exclaimed the aggravated senior, smiting the map with his rage-palsied fist—"No! I will see that will burn before I break bread in my father's house again, though I should mak' my bed hereafter wi' Mackenzie, wi' melted lava for sheets, and a peat steeped in' brimstone for a pillow cod! It would turn an arch-angel into a Clootie to behold sic a chance o' creating the noblest property in broad Scotland, made pigs and whistles o' by a head-strong beggar, who has na' a rag to his tail, that he can ca' his ain!"

In this irate and implacable frame of mind David Dreghorn packed his portmanteau—an

operation which, we need hardly say, occupied but little time—and having discussed his wonted vesper refection of pease-meal bannocks and butter-milk, sat waiting the upooming of the locomotive “machine,” as such conveyances used to be termed by our ancestors.

At length Kirsty Sharn, who, cold and bitter as the night was, had been upon the look-out in the open air (or *sub Jove*, as schoolmasters say) for upwards of two hours, rushed into the “study” with the all-important intelligence that her organ of hearing had become cognizant of the distant fanfaronade of the mall warder’s clarion. For the benefit of the unlearned we may mention that the preceding erudite sentence implies nothing more than that the handmaiden of Hungry Knowes had heard the sound of the guard’s tin horn!

[And here I, Peter Powhead, may pause for a moment, to answer a question which many of our multitudinous readers are doubtless at this blessed moment propounding. “Whence cometh it to pass,” they ask, “that authors *will* use terms which the million, who have never dived into the deeper pools of learning, cannot comprehend? Why not call a spade a *spade* at once, and be done with it?” My simple friends, if we followed such a course, you would be the very first to flout and undervalue us for so doing! Mr. Paumie hath often certiorated me that in writing, as in everything else, familiarity engendereth contempt!

For many years the cure of the combined parishes of Sirlolin-cum-Pudding in Yorkshire, was filled by Doctor Dilectus, perhaps one of the most erudite divines in England. So impregnated was he with the aroma of learning, that though nine-tenths of his flock had not passed the Rubicon of the A.B.C., his homilies were bountifully garnished with vernacular quotations from the early fathers of the Church. Doctor Dilectus having been deposed by that peremptory Episcopopus Death, was succeeded by a *practical* divine, who opined that his pulpit prelections could not be too plain or every-dayish. “How do you like your new parson?” enquired a well-wisher of the parish, shortly after the advent of *Mr. Homely*, of one of his flock. “Why, zur,” returned Hodge, “he is a main nice man, but no Latiner! We pays heavy dues, and does think it hard that we should get so little *larning* for our money!”

Human nature is the same capricious thing all the world over! It loves to be humbugged, and to have snuff thrown into its eyes! Let the editor of a newspaper, which circulates largely

amongst the less aristocratic and less educated classes, be liberal in quoting from Cicero and such like heathen vagabonds, and beyond all question, his incomprehensible *dicta* will be received by his bacon-bolting porridge-absorbing clients, as the emanations of an inspired oracle!

Having delivered myself of this fructifying episode, I now resume the thread of my discourse. —P.P.]

The mail coach drew up opposite the avenue of Hungry Knowes, and the laird, with his valise on shoulder, marched forth to deposit his person therein. As the distance from the mansion to the highway of royalty was only a few yards, he stood before the vehicle ere the world had waxed three minutes more ancient, and aided by the Cerberus of letters, succeeded in climbing up to the box seat, which he designed to occupy during the journey to Aberdeen.

Dark as pitch, or the conscience of an expiring pettifogger, was the night. The moon, wearied with the vices and chicaneries of earth, had hid her pale face beneath an impenetrable veil of snow-charged clouds, and not a solitary star but what followed the fashion thus set by Queen Luna. Angry, perchance, at being deserted, *Æolus* raged and stormed like a self-sufficient old bachelor, who, having popped the question in full assurance of victory, hath been met with a stunning “No!” So preposterous was the pothole which the statulent potentate created, that a park of artillery, stimulated by the lintstock, might have uplifted their voices with slender chance of obtaining a hearing!

Desirous to make himself as comfortable as circumstances would permit, David Dreghorn enveloped his face and head in the convolutions of a capacious shepherd’s plaid. This article of costume, it may be mentioned in passing, was the lawful chattel of the bed-ridden Gavin Park, and the Laird, knowing that his servitor was in no condition to make use of the garment, had appropriated it without asking the owner’s leave.

Being thus muffled up, the Laird was as unconscious of passing events, and as impervious to the assaults of the churlish elements, as if he had still been an inmate of his own hereditary dwelling. Indeed so comfortable and cosy did he feel, that ere the mail coach re-commenced its pilgrimage, he had emigrated into the visionary land of Nod, the accomplishment of which feat he announced to the universe by a salvo of snores, more emphatic than musical!

Mr. Thong assured me that if ever a man suffered torment through the agency of ill-conditioned and tyrannical dreams, it was David

Dreghorn that gousty December night. This fact was palpable from the manner in which he writhed and twisted upon his locomotive perch, and the exclamations which from time to time he permitted to escape.

At one moment he would yell out—"Get thee behind me, Satan! Have I no a right to do what I like wi' my ain, ye foul thief? I tell ye that I dinna' care a boddle for your red hot shandridan, and horses o' fire! Ye need na' nod wi' your horned head, and wink wi' your sulphur-distilling een, at the light I behold on the tap o' yon dark and grewsome mountain! Brawly do I ken that it comes frae the mouth o' the pit which it will tak' a' eternity to fathom, but what interest has I in your diabolical dwelling? The broad acres o' Hungry Knowes are a' my ain, as the evidents and title deeds thereof, will testify to the satisfaction of any court in Christendom, and I would like to ken the statute which made ye a judge in the matter?"

For a season the sleeper seemed to enjoy a medium of respite and repose, but ere long his brain became restlessly active as ever.

"Sister!" muttered he, "what mak's ye point wi' your lang, white, fleshless fingers at the youth who is yielding up the ghost, in that cauld and deserted garret? Ye need na' hae been at the trouble o' leaving your grave, to tell me that it is John Embleton, your only son, and my only nephew! As little do I require your aid to learn that he is dying o' consumption, brought on by poverty, and want, and the care and care of blighted hopes, and blasted expectations! Back, sister to your sepulchre, and no' scare me wi' wringing your skeleton hands, after that marrow-freezing fashion! If John has drunk a bitter draught, I trow that he was his ain brewer. Instead o' gasping like an auld dowie, on that armfu' o' sour, wet straw, he might hae been the richest Laird in the north country, if he had na' been as obstinate as a woman or a mule! Guid forgie me for libelling the pair mule, by putting it in sic companionship!"

Another interval of silence ensued, but it was brief indeed.

"Gavin Park," moaned the suffering dreamer, "Gavin Park, have ye turned against your maister like the rest o' them? Waesock! Waesock! But I am a lonesome creature indeed! Little did I think, Gavin, that ye would come to side wi' my ill-wishers, and abandon him, that, boy and man, has fed ye, and clad ye, for sixty years and better!"

Here the tormented Dreghorn awoke with a convulsive start, and quivering like an aspen—

as Mr. Thong assures me—from his flaxen wig to his iron-heeled shoes.

The night waxed old, and more and more uneasy grew the Laird. One moment his skin would be hot as a newly engendered tumbler of whiskey toddy, and the next it would be cold as an iced bowl of that punch for which Glasgow is famed even to the verge of creation. By the time the mail coach reached the inn alluded to in the first portion of this most veracious narrative, it became palpable that he could no longer sustain the fatigue of travel, and accordingly with the aid of the landlord and boots he was transferred to *terra firma*, and conducted, or I should rather say, carried, into the hospitium.

And here if I was a romancer, instead of a recorder of sober verities, I might dwell at some length upon the traditions connected with the "Buck's Head," which was the name of the house of call, of which the worn-out Dreghorn became the temporary tenant.

Originally it had been the residence of an ancient family, but lust, and her twin sister murder polluted its hearth, and it degenerated into a place of refuge for wayfaring men.

In such circumstances it is not to be wondered at, that the Buck's Head should have acquired the unorthodox reputation of being haunted by the restless spirits of those, whose crimes had been the cause of its degradation. At certain seasons, yells, uttered by no mortal voice, accompanied by the clanking of fetters, terrified the suddenly awakened slumberer. And several guests were ready to make solemn affidavit that they had been cognizant of the gliding form of a fair, but sinful looking dame, through the folds of whose night robe, blood welled and bubbled, as it might do from a fresh made wound.

[Having made a special inquisition into the above recited matter, I find that the parties who witnessed the apparition of the gery lady, were three commercial travellers, much devoted to hot suppers and bottled stout. Whether Welsh rabbit, and double X acted as incantations to constrain the presence of the guilty departed, is a question which I leave to be decided by philosophical divines!—P. P.]

Mine host of the Buck's Head,—Walter Warlock to wit—was never backward in indoctrinating his clients with the supernatural peculiarities for which the messuage he occupied was distinguished. There were several causes which moved him to be thus communicative.

In the first place, Master Walter hugely delighted in the wild and wonderful, and nothing refreshed or invigorated him so much as to watch

the effect of his narrations upon a group of believing auditors. What an increase of emphasis and vim would his voice acquire, when he noticed the hair of a listener beginning to stiffen, or the awe-distilled sweat standing in clammy drops upon his cadaverous forehead!

Again, the astute landlord by keeping fresh the haunted reputation of the hostel, contrived to sit it at a rent little more than nominal. Many a time and oft had the proprietor given him notice to quit in default of his agreeing to pay a sum more adequate to the real worth of the premises, and on each occasion Walter declared his readiness to decamp with bag and baggage, rather than comply with the requisition. Right well did the cunning dog know that there was but slender risk of his being compelled to evacuate his quarters in favor of a more liberal tenant. The ghostly reputation of the Buck's Head acted as a repellant, potent as pestilence or plague, and there was not a publican in that quarter of the United Kingdom who would not as readily have taken a lease of Tartarus itself!

Lastly, Mr. Warlock had made the important physico-psychological discovery that *wonder* is as thirsty as *sorrow*, and craveth as large a modicum of strong waters, for the exigencies of its appetite! Thousands of gallons of mountain dew—countless casks of brandy—and multitudinous barrels of beer had been offered up as libations upon the altar of the blood-dabbled dame of the Buck's Head, by the *quid nunc* pilgrims who had come to visit her shrine. Of course it was the interest of the Flamen to keep the fame of such a profitable idol from getting dusty, and consequently his grizzly legend was seldom out of his mouth.

Return we to the Laird of Hungry Knowes, from whom we have for a season been constrained to digress. Having ascertained that he could be accommodated with a bed chamber, he ordered a slight repast, during the discussion whereof he was liberally regaled by his host, with stories sufficiently grim to have set a second Mother Bunch up in trade. As might naturally be anticipated, this course of treatment did not materially conduce to the tranquillizing of the patient's nervous system, and despairing of otherwise obtaining repose, he ordered and imbibed an extra potent poculum of una-filtered Hollands.

The dormitory into which Mr. Dreghorn was ushered had been the state sleeping room of the original possessors of the house, and small alteration had been made upon its pristine features. Covered with sable-hued hangings, the lofty bed

was dismally suggestive of a hearse, an impression which was not weakened by the plumes of ostrich feathers which garnished the climax of each post or pillar. Instead of paper the walls of the chamber were clothed with faded tapestry, and the subjects depicted thereon were not of the most mirthful description. For example, there was Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite, smiting the nail into the temples of the worn-out Sisera. On another compartment was woven the story of the jealous Queen Eleanor constraining her hapless rival the beautiful but erring Rosamond Clifford, to drink from the poison charged cup. And the balance of the "thread sculpture,"—to use the expression of Horace Walpole—set forth the dismal story of the murder of good King Charles I, by the creatures of an ambitious bankrupt brewer.

[The editor of the *Anglo-American Magazine*, wishes it to be distinctly understood, that he is not responsible for the Toryism of the late Mr. Powhead of Dreepdaily. This disclaimer is the more necessary, because in these suspicious and thin-skinned times, if a man speaks approvingly of an occasional fish diet, he is incontinently written down an adherent of the Church of Rome; and his commendation of the sparkling lyrics of Anacreon or Tom Moore, is construed into a hostility to the cause of temperance.]

Little time was lost by the worn-out, and *sair forfochen*, Laird of Hungry Knowes, in divesting himself of his artificial integuments, (that is a choice *Mechanics Institute* phrase for garments,) and consigning himself to the curatorship of Morpheus. Nor unpropitious to the advances of his devotee, was the nodding god, and ere many minutes had elapsed, the snoring of Mr. Dreghorn proclaimed that for a season he had obtained a respite from his mundane cares and anxieties.

This respite was destined to have a startling termination!

Just as the ancient and loud-tongued eight day clock of the Buck's Head was heralding the birth of

"The wee short hour ayont the twal!" (as the inspired Ayrshire ploughman designates one o'clock A.M.), the laird of Hungry Knowes was startled into consciousness by a sound which seemed to be a cross-breed between a cough and a groan. Pulling off his night-cap, the jaded traveller sat bolt upright in his capacious couch, and grasping a candle which stood on a contiguous table, he made an anxious inspection of the chamber in which he was domiciled.

The inquisition was not productive of any practical result, so far as a solution of the vocal phe-

omana was concerned. Jael, and Eleanor, and the masquerading confederate of the insolvent engenderer of beer, stood forth in their native prominence, and the worn-out wayfarer was just reconsigning himself to his pillow, when the following words smote upon his startled ear—

"Back, sinner, and repent! In striving to wed youth with deformity and age, you are resisting the economy of heaven! Against your wickedness do I protest, with all my feeble powers, and call upon you to retrace your steps, and do justice to your infamously used nephew!"

We do not affirm that these were the identical words (or *ipsissima verba*, as schoolmasters would say) which saluted the tympanum of the aroused tenant of the Buck's Head, but, beyond all dubitation, they adumbrate the substance of the communication.

Sitting upright in his couch, and twisting his nose to assure himself that he was awake, Mr. Dreghorn (whose *dander*, as the Yankees term it, was stimulated) thus rejoined to his unknown and unseen lecturer—

"Get thee behind me, Satan! I am not the legal custodier of John Embleton, and am not bound to support him in his whims and vagaries! If I mistake not, the voice which I hear is that of my servitor, Gavin Park. Let him appear and speak his mind, like a true man, and then, perchance, I may pay some attention to him!"

No sooner had the Laird enunciated these words, than a marvel of surpassing wonderment occurred.

The tapestry, immediately opposite the couch whereon Mr. Dreghorn reclined became violently agitated, and opening in the middle developed, the sickness-wasted form of the bed-ridden Park!

There could be no question, touching the reality of the apparition! Dreghorn to assure himself that he was not the plaything of a disordered imagination, thrust his finger into the flame of the candle, and held it in that extempore *Gehen*—*na*, until it was profusely diversified with blisters! Still the gaunt form of Gavin Park, stood palpable, and distinct, as the feather surmounted bed, or the shuttle-engendered presentment of the poison-dispensing spouse of Henry II!

It is not expedient to prolong this narrative, or else we might devote a brace of pages to the homily, which that mysterious shape poured forth upon the wonder-struck, and terror-smitten auditor! It was redolent of the most solemn and suggestive matter, and, in many points, spoke home to the keenest sensibilities of the astounded Dreghorn.

"Ye set a high store, on worldly goods and

worldly gear!" said the *shape*, or the *thing*, or whatever else it was—"but wait till ye has crossed the ice cauld water o' death, and then you will learn the real value o' sic miserable air bubbles!"

Here Laird Dreghorn in the midst of all his panic and consternation, could not avoid putting in an interjectionary remark.

"Gavin Park!—if Gavin you be—how can ye speak sic down right nonsense? Div you mean to say that the bonnie corn riggs, and fat meadows and shady groves of Hungry Knowes, are naething but air bubbles?"

"Oh maister! maister!" rejoined the MYSTERY—"if you dinna' repent, and do justice to the orphan, the time will come when a' the brooks and spring wells o' Hungry Knowes, aye, and Glen Skinfint into the bargain, will na' be able to afford a drop o' water to cool your bierled tongue! Muckle good, your riggs, and meadows, and groves will do you, when you come to be a bed fellow of the purse—proud glutton, Dives!"

Enraged at this depreciation of real estate, Mr. Dreghorn, plucked up sufficient nerve to brand his admonisher, as a cheat and a counterfelt, who had no more title to be called Gavin Park, than the Great Mogul.

"Cheat!" yelled forth the scandalized apparition—"I scorn your base and infamous slanders! If ane o' of us behoves to be a cheat, I trow it is yours, seeing that you have made free wi' my guid plaid!"

Thus speaking the figure advanced to the bed, and grasping the woollen mantle which Dreghorn had wrapt around his head, drew it away with such violence, as almost to drag the appropriator to the floor. In the struggle the candle was extinguished, and the Laird of Hungry Knowes losing all his remaining stock of courage in the darkness, shrieked out like a demoniac for aid, and companionship.

The landlord, item the cook, item the boots item the chamber-maid, item the hostler, responded to the summons with all possible speed. At the request of the terrified guest they searched every nook and corner of the room, without discovering the slightest trace of any intruder.

Though, however, nothing was found, something was missed. *The plaid had vanished!*

* * * * *

So shattered and shaken was David Dreghorn, by the events which we have just chronicled, that he kept his bed for the ensuing twelve hours. At the expiry of that cycle he set out on his return to Hungry Knowes in a post-chaise which he chartered especially for that trip.

To an indefinite period did he postpone his visit to that eminent Aberdeen *juris consult* Mr. Hercules Horning,

No sooner had the agitated and perplexed Laird reached the sanctitude of his mansion, then he hastened to the den of Gavin Park.

Everything was quiet—oppressively quiet,—in that small rude chamber!

Death had taken effectual order, that nothing should break in upon the visionless slumber of the ancient serving man! A peaceful smile still lingered upon the mouth, as if the cadaver retained a consciousness, that matters were on a right train at last!

Instead of a sheet the body was covered with a plaid!

THIS GARMENT WAS AT ONCE IDENTIFIED BY DREGHORN! With a shriek of crushing and measureless horror, he clutched it, and the next moment fell to the ground, smitten by the inexorable hand of apoplexy!

Ere three hours had elapsed John Embleton was the entire and undisputed heir of Hungry Knowes!

* * * * *

When Mr. Thomas Thong had made an end of his narration, I asked him, whether as a sincere solid Christian, and an honest sensible man, he believed that Gavin Park had really and truly appeared to David Dreghorn, in the Buck's Head Hotel, that extra-eventful night.

"There cannot be the glimmer of a doubt about the matter!" responded the stimulator of steeds.

"Well!" rejoined I, "a more striking, or better authenticated ghost-story never came under my cognizance!"

"Ghost be hanged!" was the profane interjection of the reckless Thong "There was no ghost in the matter! When Squire Dreghorn rode beside me on the box-seat, Park well-wrapped up, had the entire inside of the mail-coach to himself! The dodge was cunningly planned—and as Walter Warlock was one of Gavin's oldest and most intimate cronies, little difficulty intervened in carrying it out!"

[The leading incidents detailed above, are substantially true.—Ed. A. A. M.]

It is wonderful the aspect of moral obligation things sometimes assume when we wish to do them.

A great step is gained when a child has learned that there is no necessary connection between liking a thing and doing it.

What's in a name? More than some people think. Don't open a sausage-shop in Cateaton Street.

THE ORIGIN OF SEA SICKNESS.

BY BOB YARN.

A GALLANT little craft, cutter rigged, was lying at her moorings in the Bay, with mainsail hoisted, waiting only the arrival of a jovial party of amateurs, about starting for a cruise on the Lake.

'Twas a bright summer's morning, in the year of our Lord, 1858; the gay-looking yacht shone resplendent with a new coat of paint, her dazzling white sails lazily flapped in the light morning air, her halyards were carefully belayed, the sheets run aft, and her dingy, alongside, was ready to bring the party on board as soon as they made their appearance. Presently a hail of "Challenge ahoy" caused Bob, the sailor in charge, to jump into the little craft and pull for shore, from whence he soon returned with a load of provender of various descriptions, sufficient to have garrisoned her for a month at least; and shortly after, the yachtsmen themselves arrived; and after the provisions, &c., had been carefully stowed away in the neat cabin lockers, the trim craft shot away from her berth under a crowd of white canvass, making the water foam under her bows as she headed away westward to the entrance of the harbor, passing two or three old stone ladan scows like lightning, to the disgust of their crews, and, in a few minutes, rounding the red buoy off the Queen's wharf. Then gracefully dashing into the blue waters of Lake Ontario, she steered well up to the sun's west. The wind was light from the southward; and after stretching well past the new garrison until well off the entrance of the Humber Bay, "helm's a-lee" was the order, and in an instant round she flew like a bird, and headed down the Lake past the Lighthouse.

The party on board were four in number, one of whom was unaccustomed to yachting, and as the ground-swell from the Lake became more perceptible, the tyro exhibited undoubted signs of qualmishness, for which he was recommended various specifics, such as tying a piece of pork to a string, so as to enable him to haul it up after swallowing it, standing on his head against the mast, sitting face to windward with his mouth wide open, to let lots of cold air in, &c.—to all which suggestions the unhappy youth turned a pale visage and deaf ear. At last, one of the party, more kind-hearted than the rest, approached him with a caulker of stiff brandy and water, after swallowing which our tyro managed to stagger below, and ensconce himself in one of the larboard berths, muttering, the while, anathemas against himself for coming and all who had persuaded him to join a party of pleasure on the

water. Towards the afternoon the breeze died away, and he reappeared feeling all right and very hungry. A general attack was now made by all hands on the commissariat, after which the party sat on deck enjoying cigars and pipes and chatting merrily over their prospects. Evening arrived, and with it a flat calm, much to the tyro's delight, as being now completely reinvigorated he felt as bold as a lion. His messmates, however, were continually making sly allusions to his morning disappearance, and poked fun at him all round most unmercifully.

"I wonder," said the victim of this unmitigated quizzing at last, "what the deuce is the reason that every one has to pay such a disagreeable penalty for a trip on the water?"

"Why, 'tis Neptune's curse," said one.

"Neptune be hanged!" was the courteous rejoinder.

"'Tis a fact," was the reply, "and there's good authority for it. If you've no objections, my lads, I'll spin you a yarn, relating the circumstances that gave rise to it."

"Heave ahead, my hearty," was the response of his friends, for they were sure of hearing a good story.

Thus adjured, the narrator, having first lit a fresh Havannah, and mixed a pretty stiff nor'-wester to help his ideas, commenced the following tale, which he premised by assuring the rest that it was not original, but that he had somewhere or another read, or heard it related:—

Once on a time, a long while ago, on a quiet still night, such as this is, a slight-knowing-looking young fellow might have been detected, had any one been on the look-out, flitting cautiously hither and thither in the realms of the Gods in old Olympus' top. One after the other, he visited the sleeping apartments of Venus, Vulcan, Mars, Hercules, and, last of all, dared even the precincts of the bedchamber of old Jove himself. He was a regular Jack Sheppard, and since the time of Prometheus, never was so bold or adroit a rascal. Something he carried off from each, and having secured his booty, the marauder departed as quickly as he had come. None witnessed his arrival, indeed, to this day, there has been no explanation of how he got there, and none saw him leave. The world below was quiet and calm. The Gods above slept soundly, thanks to Nox and Somnos. Neither Heaven nor Earth dreamed of the crime that had been committed, or of the consequences that would ensue from this act of desecration.

Next morning, just as the rosy-fingered Aurora was mantling the eastern sky in its ruby-colored

morning robe, and old Sol was thinking it about time to get up, his Highness, the father of gods and men, old Jove himself, stretched himself lazily in bed, and, after a yawn or two that caused Earth to quake again at the unseemly noise, sung out lustily for his valet-de-chambre to bring him his morning draught of nectar; for, shame to say, Jupiter had been looking at somebody drinking the night previous, not that there was anything extraordinary in that. The benign influence of Father Mathew and John B. Gough was yet unfelt, and the Maine liquor law had not then been adopted. Indeed, the astute idea of making people virtuous by act of Parliament never occurred to any of the ancient lawgivers. It was left to us more civilized moderns to discover this grand panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to. *Mais revenons à nos moutons.* Jove sung out for his nectar, and the domestic came in rubbing his eyes, and commenced hunting very sleepily for the drinking cup which was always kept near the head of the bed. After searching for it ineffectually for some time; he declared that somebody must have taken it away, for he could not find it.

"Rascal," cried Jove, irritated; "look sharp, or I'll throw the boot-jack at you. Where's the cup? 'Twas there last night."

"Well, it is not here now."

"None of your impertinence, sir," said Jove, majestically. "If you don't find it immediately, I'll sharpen your intellects with a flash of lightning;" and turning up his pillow under which he usually kept a supply of thunderbolts, to his dismay he found the place was empty. Not a bolt was left. Thoroughly aroused, and in a towering rage, out of bed leaped Jove and commenced making a thorough search himself. To no purpose, however. The thief, whoever he was, had made a clean sweep, and bolted with sceptre, cup, and thunder. The last showed a great deal of foresight on the part of the robber, for Jupiter was reckoned a tip-top shot amongst the sporting circles in that neighborhood, and would not have hesitated an instant at having a fling at any fellow caught in such a scrape. Finding, however, it was too true, Zeus's fortitude gave way, and he vented his rage in real Billingsgate; but as it is not at all material to this veracious history to mention what he did say, the matter shall be dropped here with the remark, that, at some subsequent tea-parties given in Olympus, the goosies found fruitful source of conversation thereon, and poor Juno's unhappy fate in having such a yoke-fellow was bewailed in true tea-table style. To return to Jupiter. He cursed and swore in a most dire-

putable manner, beating a New York b'hoj all hollow, both in the originality of his expressions and the volubility of his utterance. Add to which, it was all done in pure Greek, and, let me assure you, it is a very difficult matter to swear in pure Ionic; and if you doubt the fact, I refer you to one Mr. Homer, who gives the whole matter in blank verse. After nearly exhausting himself in this way, he flew at his servant, abused him in a shocking manner—the man gave warning the next morning—and then wound up by kicking him out of the establishment, with strict orders never to show his face again until he had secured the vagabond dead or alive and got back the property. This feat performed—that is, the kicking—the Thunderer threw himself into an arm-chair, thoroughly exhausted, and whilst recovering himself from his indecent rage, in hobbled Vulcan, looking pale, even through his soot.

"Look here, Jove," cried he, "I'm not going to stand this."

"What's the matter now?" said Jove rather surlily, for Vulcan was a litigious fellow and perpetually appealing to Jove to settle his disputes—for which the latter despised him heartily; however, as he was useful in some respects, and was, moreover, a poor cripple unable to take his own part, there was some excuse for him.

"Why," stammered Vulcan humbly, for he always was afraid of Jove, and doubly so when he was angry, "why, some chap broke into my forge last night and walked off with my best bellows and a new anvil."

"What do I care for that?" said Jove, testily.

"Begad, you'll get no more thunderbolts until they're found," was the reply, which rather nonplussed Jupiter; but before he could answer, in burst Mars in his usual impetuous way.

"Look'ee here, old boy. By the beard of Pharaoh (a favorite obijuration of Mars, by the way), some infernal blackguard broke into the guard-house last night and stole my sword."

By this time all the establishment was aroused, and on hearing of the misfortunes of the three first-named deities, commenced an investigation of their respective household goods, and soon loud outcries were heard on all hands. Hercules complained of the disappearance of his club, but not being a talkative fellow, he only clenched his ponderous leg of mutton fist, and inwardly vowed that, if he ever caught the fellow, he would 'nt polish him off. Oh no! He would lick him into a mummy, not a bit, accompanied with insane smacks of his right fist into his left palm as if the latter were the thief's head and that was in Chancery.

A loud shriek was now heard from Venus' apartment.

"My girdle, my beautiful cestus," cried the lovely divinity on discovering the disappearance of that ornament which was the more unaccountable, by the way since it had been carefully clasped round her waist on retiring to bed the night previous—which gave the before mentioned gossip occasion to say—but that is mere scandal and goes for nothing, besides robbers are very daring fellows. Cupid poor Cupid was sobbing for his bow and arrows and clinging in his infantine grief to his mothers side asking what had become of them. Jove was treating Jove to an Olympian dose of Caudle for disturbing her night's rest in so unreasonable a manner. The only one of the Immortals who came off scatheless was the goddess of Wisdom; thanks to a patent Chubb's lock on the door and as Mr. Hobbs was not born then the goddess escaped. Minerva quietly walked in and learning the cause of all the hubbub, gave one knowing wink and retired. In the midst of all the commotion in rushed one of the Dii minores breathless with haste, to inform the tumultuous assembly that a detective had nabbed the covey, whilst lurking in one of the crannies of the mountain, and had seized him with the property in his possession. Jove cried out, and the Gods, recalled thereby to a proper sense of dignity, assumed their respective seats, and presently, sure enough, in walked a policeman with a remarkably good looking youth in charge, with a second following bearing the stolen property. Entirely unabashed at his disgraceful position, the prisoner gazed around at the august concourse there present with a jaunty self-satisfied air, that bespoke excessive impudence and forwardness, nay he even had the audacity to wink at Venus much to Vulcan's disgust. The case was immediately gone into, the property proved, and the testimony of the policeman who had caught him with the various articles in his possession was taken down. The evidence was clear, his guilt was apparent, and he was unanimously found guilty. Nothing remained but to pass sentence. Being asked as to what he had to say for himself he replied nothing. Jove then asked whence he came, who he was, his birth, parentage &c.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said the youth bowing courteously around. "My name is Mercury. The author of my being is the illustrious father of Gods and men before whom I now have the honour to stand."

"And pray," interrupted Juno, "who was your mother?"

"Shut your potatoe trap, my dear," said Jove

quickly, for he was decidedly alarmed at the turn events were taking. "Never mind your mother, air, but tell us what induced you to commit this offence."

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said the prisoner bowing courteously again, "my object was to obtain an introduction to each and all of you. Being perfectly destitute in the world I considered that such an adventure would create a sensation and perhaps something might turn up out of it for my benefit."

"Infernal scamp," muttered Mars, "he ought to be tried by a drum-head court martial, and get six dozen for his pains."

"He's far too good-looking for a thief," sighed Venus pityingly.

Juno vented her spleen loudly and vindictively but all to no purpose. Jove's conscience smote him for neglecting poor Maia, and he determined to adopt her offspring thus unexpectedly brought to his notice, and more especially as the affair after all was a venial one, and he wished to spite Juno. Therefore addressing the culprit, he expressed himself in very strong language on the impropriety of playing such tricks on respectable people, to all of which the prisoner appeared to pay respectful attention. "Nevertheless," said he, "in consideration of your youth and misfortune, and this being your first offence, you are pardoned."

Here Mars swore audibly, but the clerk cried order, and Jupiter proceeded to say, that to relieve his necessities, he would take him into his service. "And here," said he, "is a cap with wings for your head and a pair for your feet, and a small taste of bowie knife in case you might ever be in danger. So now the court is closed, and let each one take his property."

Saying which, he picked up his bolts, and let fly right and left, to see they were in proper order. Venus, frightened to death at the lightning, clasped her girdle round her waist, and hurried off with Cupid to get breakfast. The latter wanted to have a shot at Mercury, for he was not at all satisfied at the result of the proceedings. Love, when injured, is always spiteful. Mars drew his sword, and flourished it two or three times round his head until Heaven, and earth too, rang with alarms of war, and then stalked indignantly out of the assembly room, abusing Jove for his partiality, and indeed in half an hour after Jupiter did receive a message from him by a shooting star whom Mars had appointed his second, but nothing came of it. Apollo followed to join Venus's dejeuner, which were usually rather *recherches* affairs; and

old Vulcan limped off last with his anvil under one arm, and his bellows under the other, and all was peace and quietness again. The only article remaining was Neptune's trident, which lay in the middle of the floor. During all this turmoil in heaven, affairs on earth had passed unnoticed, but now it was apparent that there was a tremendous row going on below. Neptune, on finding his trident missing in the morning, had also kicked up a most tremendous shindy—foaming with rage, he summoned all his monsters and bid them search for it high and low, and when the trident was not forthcoming, he raised such a tempest as had not been known since the days of Deucalion and Pyrrha. The very whales and tritons trembled at the violence, and the manes of the seahorses harnessed to his chariot, stood on end with fright. The sea rose and swallowed up whole cities—one would have thought the very earth itself was to be entirely submerged under the fierce waves. Unhappy mortals thronged the temples of the gods, frantic with fear and expecting instant death. Jove's temper, none of the best at any time, was rather flurried by this disturbance, so calling his newly made messenger to him, he bid him restore the trident to its owner. "Tell him," he added, "to keep his temper and let his hair grow; people cannot be disturbed in this manner for the loss of an old pitchfork. Such rage is highly indecorous—away with you."

Like a flash of light Mercury vanished, and soon arrived in the presence of the old seagod. Presuming on Jupiter's protection he alighted on the edge of old Neptune's chariot, and handing him the missing Trident, with a polite bow, he said,

"Here, sir, is your pitchfork back again, and my royal master, your august brother, Jupiter the Thunderer desires me to say that you must not kick up any more noise. He says it is highly indecorous, and you must not disturb him, for he is at breakfast. So now, old boy, *monsieur ego*, or you'll come to grief. Do you hear?"

"Eh what?" stammered Neptune, perfectly aghast at the excessive impertinence of this address. "By Nox and Erebus, what's this? Confound you, you rascal, how did you get my trident? Who are you? Where do ye hail from, you snipejack? What's Jove to you or you to him, I'd like to know."

"Snipejack, sir," quoth Mercury, rather nettled. "Keep your temper, you old hippopotamus. I am Jove's servant and messenger, I'd have you to know, and you'd better mind what I've just told you."

"Make sail out of that," roared Neptune, "or I'll freshen your nip at the gangway, you loafer, to teach you better manners on my quarter deck. I'll lash you to one of my monsters, and give you a saltwater dip you won't relish. I'll anchor you a thousand fathoms deep in sea-slime. I'll fix your flint, you—"

"Shut up, you tow-headed old Marlingspike," was the polite rejoinder, who cares for you." I'll tell you what I'll do for you: I'll people your dominions with mortals. I'll teach you civility, my old salt. I'll bring poor miserable men to navigate your hitherto unknown realms. I'll have ships sailing in all directions over your seas. You the god of the sea! I'll make your waves the highroad for the nations of the earth, so that you shall be afraid to show your face on the surface unless, indeed, you come disguised as a sea serpent for men to have a nine days' wonder. That's what I'll do. A fig for you."

And having thus finished this elegant harangue, Mercury snapped his fingers in derision of the old god, and holted whistling "Rule Britannia," with variations, as he went, and leaving old Neptune with mouth and eyes wide open, perfectly astounded at his insolence. Truth to say, Mercury was rather afraid that in his rage Nep would have a shy at him with the trident. The latter, however, soon recovered his equanimity, and, smiling at the idea of mortals navigating his realms, he dived to the bottom of the sea, and gave Amphitrite a blowing up for not having his lobecouse ready.

Mercury, however, was a determined fellow, and did not intend that the matter should rest there, or his threat go for nought. His blood was up and revenge he would have.

"Anchor me," he muttered; "wait a bit, my old Trojan, and I'll astonish your weak nerves for you." And thus speaking he skimmed the air with a velocity that would have defied an express train, until he arrived in a charming promontory in the Archipelago. Suddenly arresting his headlong course, he discovered a youthful chaw-bacon gazing with longing eyes on the delicious fruits and foliage of a small island distant only a few hundred yards from the mainland. Assuming the appearance and guise of a native, Mercury approached the young man, and entered into conversation with him; and finally demanded what he was looking at so earnestly.

"Why," said the youth, "I was looking at those clustering fruits hanging on the vines on yonder island. Year follows year, and the fruits are plentiful and luscious on that small bit of land, but no one ever gathers them. The birds of the

air alone feed on them, and what is left decays. Here none grow. Oh, how I wish I was a bird. What a blow out of grapes I'd have."

"Would you like to have a feast of those fruits?" asked Mercury.

"Oh, wouldn't I," was the reply. "But then the difficulty is to get them."

"Nothing easier," answered Mercury, and so saying, he set to work, and, as to the gods nothing is impossible, he soon cut down a large sized tree, scooped it out hollow, and shaped a very respectable log canoe from it. "Now," said he to the rustic, "look alive, my chickabiddy, and help me shove this machine into the water."

"What for?" was the answer.

"Never mind; shove away, and you'll see."

The rude craft by their united efforts was soon launched, and Mercury having hewn out a pair of paddles, desired the young man to "jump aboard," which he did immediately, giving utterance to his delight at the novel contrivance, and at the undoubted cleverness of his newly found companion. Under Mercury's skillful hand it did not take long to reach the island, and the rustic leaped out, followed by Mercury and both were speedily employed in gratifying their taste for fruit which here was both abundant and of the finest kind. Satiated at length, the youth called to his friend saying it was time to get back and intimating that he had enough of it.

"Well," said Mercury, "come along. But, I say, are you not going to take some to your friends?"

"Bless me," said the other, "what a chap you be. I'd never a thought o' that."

"Oh," said the disguised deity, "and you might pick a whole lot and then carry them to-morrow morning to the next town and sell them. You might become rich in no time."

"To be sure," was the reply. So he and Mercury set to work, and soon loaded the canoe with purple grapes and other fruits which there abounded, and then started for the other shore which they were not long in reaching. Here, as soon as the craft touched ground, Mercury quickly vanished, and the rustic, who was busily engaged in loading himself with fruit, never remarked his absence for some time, and then contented himself with wondering where he had gone. Mercury, however, was sure of his plan.

He was certain that this seed cast on the waters would produce fruit in time. The speculation proved so successful that the young farmer paid repeated visits to the little island until he grew rich, and as is invariably the case under similar circumstances, his neighbors became

envious of his wealth, and sought out the secret. This was not long in being discovered; and as men and monkeys are imitative animals, canoes of a similar shape were made, though decidedly inferior to the article which Mercury had turned out of hand. The little island in a few years was quite insufficient to supply the demands that were made upon it, and the adventurous speculators were compelled to go a greater distance and visit more remote islands in search of a supply of the fruit in such great request. Under the protection of Mercury they all grew rich, and, as habits engenders courage of a certain kind, and being bolder grown, a number of these mariners under the guidance of one Jason, an experienced fellow, resolved to undertake a voyage for what I can't exactly say, 'twas a species of filibustering, somewhat on the Cuban expedition style, designing to *fleece* every one who came in their way. At length all was ready. Mercury had been making love to one of the zephyrs, and she furnished a favoring breeze, in fact gave a regular blow out to the God and his protégés. Neptune, although up to the present moment he had been quiet, had not been ignorant of the manoeuvres that had been set on foot by his opponent Mercury to endeavor to dispossess him of his kingdom, but now that these audacious mariners for the first time dared invade his realms by coming fairly on the sea, out of sight of land, his indignation knew no bounds, his very beard curled with wrath, and summoning all his array of monsters, a very fishy looking set they were too, he desired them to make ready to execute his orders, and prepared himself for a terrible revenge, such as should strike terror into the minds of all future generations of mortals, and deter them from ever attempting the like sacrilege.

As evening set in the wind arose, gradually increasing towards midnight to a perfect hurricane. The huge waves curled their fierce crests round the devoted ship and licked its bright sides like a tiger or serpent gloating over its prey. The monsters of the deep, tritons and mermaids, whales and leviathans, laughed aloud in hideous chorus, rejoicing over the terror stricken wretches on board, who now cast down with despair and fight, implored the protection of their tutelary Deity, Mercury, to save them from their impending fate. Old Neptune himself looked grimly on, like some barbarian prince superintending the impalement of some wretched citizens who had resisted his authority. In frantic haste, seeing the crisis approaching, Mercury flung himself at the feet of Jove and begged his interference on behalf of his victims. "Their lives,

their lives," was all he asked, and the earnestness of his prayer gained him his request. Jove nodded assent, and Mercury flew to communicate the decree to Neptune, whom he found in the situation just described. On imparting the intelligence that Jove had forbidden his destroying their lives, Neptune started with ire.

"Not die" he burst forth, "not die. These insolent dogs who have bearded me to my face before all my subjects—not die? Am not I king of the sea and who shall dispute my rights? Let Jove confine himself to affairs of Earth and Heaven. Why should he meddle in mine? Not die? Well, be it so! They shall not die since the thunderer has so decreed," and here he smiled bitterly. "but they shall wish for death to relieve them from their torments. Their limbs shall fail them, their bones shall ache, and their joints crack, their heads shall reel, and an overpowering nausea shall destroy them. They shall not die but," he cursed; "every one that dares invade my realms, I curse with sea-sickness," and so he left the devoted crew in that predicament.

So ends my story, boys, and now we had better set the watch, make all snug for the night, and then turn in.

WHO'LL CUT HIS NAILS.—Fortunately some daring Chiropodist has been cutting the nails of the tiger in the menagerie at Hull. The operation was successfully performed, and the animal has been much quieter ever since. Now we wish some one would take the Russian Bear in hand, and achieve a similar feat (no pun intended) with his nails. They have been getting dreadfully long lately, and the consequence is, that he has been wishing to come up to the scratch in all directions. It is time they were cut; for the wretched beast goes howling about in a great rage, being evidently on a false footing, and in great pain from the awkwardness of his position. It is evident he will do injury either to himself, or to any one who happens to go near him, if some powerful remedy is not quickly applied. The case is at present interesting the attention of both England and France; and we hope in a short period to be able to announce the pleasing fact, that all the difficulties in the way have been effectually removed, and that at last the Russian Bear has had his nails cut! The sooner this great chiropodic event takes place, the better; for lately the unfortunate beast has been making such a dreadful noise, that he has quite disturbed the peace of Europe.

A BALD INVENTION.—Mr. Rowland informs us that wearing the hat is very injurious to the hair. If this is true, Quakers ought to be the baldest of men, for they keep their hats on longer than any one else, and yet we know several Quakers who have very good heads of hair. At all events, ladies are not likely to lose their hair from any similar cause, considering the present fashion of wearing the bonnet completely off the head.

V A L E N T I N E

*Sent by a Gentleman to a Lady, and supposed to
have been written on the 18th of February.*

I am no seer, oh Lady fair
Nor of second sight the heir;
Nor have I yet become so wise
As to learn to mesmerise;
And I am too great a fool
To belong to Darling's school;
Yet I think that I am right,
If I say that you this night,
In that inmost soul of thine
Are thinking of a Valentine.

Doubtless, by to-morrow's post,
You'll receive a perfect host
Of that kind of billets doux,
Of every shape and every hue.
Written too in various styles,
Some in tears and some in smiles.
Love-sick people in their grief
Think that they will find relief
By unbosoming all their woe.
And the merry wish to show
That they do but little care
For the favour of the fair.
Some are worked around with net,
Others with flow'rs are thickly set;
Lovers walk in shady lanes
Talking in their sweetest strains;
While Cupid with his dart so keen
To fly above their heads is seen.

I've not talents, I must say
Thus my feelings to pourtray,
Either with pencil or with pen
Like these very clever men.
Still I may, it pains I take
In your estimation make
Worthy this attempt of mine
To be called a Valentine.

In prose it's been stated as well as in rhyme,
That the period of courtship's a most pleasant
time:

When the young God of Love,—for he always
is young,

As our love-stricken poets for ever have sung,—
Has pierced through and through with his sharp
pointed dart,

And melted with love the most obdurate heart.
What these gentry say, I dare say is the case,
For when we are struck with some Lady's fair
face,

And think that unless we get her for our wife
We'll no happiness have for the rest of our life,

An introduction obtain, at her father's make calls,
Ask her to sing and dance with her at balls,
And as by her side we so thoughtfully stand,
Reading our fate in each touch of her hand,
And watching in secret each glance of her eye,
Burning to know what does there hidden lie.
This way we go on, small attentions we pay,
Till being together alone some fine day,
We contrive, while we feel almost ready to drop
In a stammering speech the grand question to pop
The Lady consents, oh what feelings of bliss!
(You know what the rhyme is that answers to
this.)

The suspense all removed and the two hearts
made one,

If the "course of true love does not now smooth-
ly run,"

The thought, then, at least that that figure so
slight,

That complexion so fair, and those eyes full of
light,

Those tresses so smooth, and that delicate cheek,
Where the red and the white play at hide and go
seek,

And the hands soft and warm which with free
offered grasp,

We now in our own can so tenderly clasp,
With other delights to paint which would take
hours,

Both now and forever we hope will be ours,
Is a pleasure so great that we are forced to de-
clare,

There is none on the earth that can with it com-
pare.

But suppose that it happens the Lady so sweet,
The question we put, with refusal does meet,
Which dashes at once all our hopes to the earth,
And makes us think to live longer is not of much
worth;

We cannot deny that much pleasure we've had
While preferring our suit though the issue was
sad.

By it too, some little experience we gain,
Which may be of use in some future campaign,
Thus you will see I've endeavoured to prove,
That when those of my own sex have fallen in
love,

They feel at that time more pleasure than pain;
But I know that it would be completely in vain
To attempt to describe in my imperfect rhyme,
What a Lady may feel at a similar time.

Lo I leave the hard task to some fair poetess
Who that state of affairs can much better express,
And will I've no doubt make out that the view
I have taken above is in substance quite true.

H. C. H.

*Springside, W. Kilbride,
Ayrshire, SCOTLAND.*

GOOD—THE FINAL GOAL OF ILL.

The wish that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave;
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature, then, at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God;

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

ABBOTT'S NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM THOMAS HALEY.

CHAPTER III.

THE allies were now considered as sent by Providence to deliver the Royalists, and, if not signally to avenge the murdered Louis XVI, at the least, to put an end to the mob government, and to restore the old monarchy of France, with, probably, such limitations and ameliorations as would have rendered it secondary only to the British Monarchy, What could be more natural than this? What other than madmen or idiots, could we call the French Royalists, at that time gathered together in Toulon, had they thus looked upon the British and Spanish force, and what but the basest of men and most senseless of ingrates could we deem them, if thus looking upon the invading force, they had failed to give it every possible facility, every possible assistance? But, the Republican (!) Mr. Abbott sees the matter in quite a different light; he talks of the facilities given by the Royalist residents of Toulon, and their royalist brethren of the South, who had taken refuge

in that city, for, what does the reader think? a "*treacherous act!*" It really *does* seem impossible that even the very insanity of Anti British feeling, can lead even that anomaly, a *Republican* advocate of the most selfish, unsparing and unbridled of modern despots, thus shamefully to calumniate the gallant Royalists, who, "faithful among the faithless only found," so naturally and so wisely seized upon the chance which Providence had thus given them of putting an end to the bloody anarchy, under the name of a government, which had so long rendered the towns of France mere shambles and charnel houses, and its rural districts mere deserts. But as we should be very sorry indeed were any of our readers to remain under such a mistake, and as we pique ourselves on dealing with our opponent with that fairness of which he has observed so little towards our country, we not only repeat that Mr. Abbott *has* made the at once insolent and preposterous charge of treachery against the gallant Royalists, but we quote his own words, the *ipsissima verba* of this wantonly unjust and at the same time more than usually stupid charge, and they may, if they please, find it made at page 438 of volume 3.

"The majority of the inhabitants of this city" (Toulon), "were friends of the old monarchy. Some ten thousand of the inhabitants of Marseilles, Lyons, and other parts of the South of France, took refuge within the walls of Toulon, and, uniting with the Royalist inhabitants, surrendered the city, its Magazines, its Ships, and its Forts to the combined English and Spanish fleet, which was cruising outside of its harbour. The English ships sailed triumphantly into the port, landing five thousand English troops, eight thousand Spaniards, Neapolitans, and Piedmontese, and took full possession of the place. This treacherous act, excited to the highest pitch the alarm and the indignation of the revolutionary government, and it was resolved that at all hazards Toulon must be retaken and the English driven from the soil of France."

For deliberateness of libel, we back that against anything that we shall meet in this new biography of Napoleon; and in saying that much we say a good deal! This *treacherous act!* and how dares this volunteer eulogist of a great genius but still greater

despot, how dare this man, propose to nothing—for his hero had as yet no concern with Toulon—how dares this gentleman thus cast the imputation of *treachery* upon the gallant men who thus made a legitimate and well nigh successful attempt to rescue their country from the hands of the thieves and butchers who had possessed themselves of it? Does he, even in the midst of that new-est specimen of Republicanism, the United States, does he, even there, dare to justify the horrible wretches, who, having butchered their king, their queen, the most illustrious of his friends, and a multitude of his subjects besides, does this gentleman dare to justify these vile wretches? and if not, how dare he call the act of the Toulonese a treacherous one? If his house was invaded, a part of his family butchered, and a portion of his property carried off, would he deem it treachery if we, or some other good Christian were to let in the police? Has he one standard of morality for public life and another for private life? Does he, like too many of his countrymen, interpret true Republicanism as meaning the right of the rabble to rob and murder, with the fewest possible obstacles, in the shape of either civil or military authority? We really should like to see a new Political Dictionary from the pen of this profound person; if he were to define all his words as he has defined this, his Dictionary would at all events be very precious as an addition to the curiosities of that other eminent Republican, Phineas Barnum Esq., now, or late the happy proprietor of Tom Thumb, two Mermaids, a bearded Lady and other rarities too numerous for the limits of an advertisement! Of course many sensible and just men must at least see the Magazine to which Mr. Abbott has so unprovokedly contributed his at once absurd and unjust Life of Napoleon. What can such men think of his sense of right and wrong? Of his comprehension of Christian ethics? Of his understanding of the word Republicanism? Oh! may Britain ever have the hatred of such writers! But such writers shall not with impunity, even by inference, libel her, for all that!

Mr. Abbott, if we may judge from his own language, does not always quite clearly comprehend the real meaning of the very passages

which he so boldly and unscrupulously transfers, without the slightest acknowledgement, to his own pages. If he really do comprehend the authors from whom he so largely borrows, it is difficult to understand how he can speak of the combined English and Spanish fleet as though it lay off Toulon merely by accident. We are very unwilling either to misapprehend or to misrepresent him, but assuredly his own language can by no means be made to lead to any other inference than that of his profound ignorance of the fact, that the combined English and Spanish fleets were part and parcel of an admirable plan which failed of full and important effect, only in consequence of the grossest want of judgment on the part, alike of those who had possession of so valuable a position, and of those European sovereigns who were laudably anxious to put down the ruffians who were domineering and plundering in Paris.

Mr. Abbott tells us that those ruffians had "determined that, at all hazards, Toulon must be taken, and the English driven from the soil of France." We take the liberty to remind Mr. Abbott, that to operations of that kind there are two parties, and, had our peaceable occupation of Toulon been duly used, there seems to be good reason for believing that the only "determination which the revolutionary miscreants at Paris would have been able to carry into effect would have been that of saving their own recalcitrant carcasses by timely flight, or surrendering them, helpless and unpitied, to the brutal ministrings of the professional or the amateur butchers, to whose ensanguined hands they had delivered some of the best, bravest, noblest, and loveliest of their compatriots. Had Toulon been immediately defended on the land side by such an army as could, on the very instant, and with perfect safety, have been spared, with well arranged and perfectly kept lines of communication with Lyons, Marseilles, and other loyal cities, and had such an army been promptly and powerfully supported by the European sovereigns, Toulon being carefully watched and guarded on the sea board by the combined fleet, strengthened by the numerous vessels found in the harbour, the frigates and lighter craft forming lines of communication with the nearest ports of England, Spain, and Italy, Napoleon Buona-

parte would have had exceedingly small chance of successfully directing his cannon against Toulon. We have spoken with some very eminent military and naval officers, including the well known naval writers Captain Marryatt, and his friend and literary colleague, Lieutenant Howard, and all, without a single exception, have agreed in thinking that had this plan been promptly and resolutely acted upon, the Revolution would have been at an end and the Monarchy restored.

Mr. Abbott's charge against the Royalists of Toulon, and their friends, that they were guilty of *Treachery*, would be simply ludicrous, did not the evident *animus* of the writer render it something still worse. If ever men were justified in a course of action, *they* were, in placing the ports, shipping, munitions of war, and their own gallant services, at the disposal of the friendly powers who sought to deliver them and their beautiful country from the hands of the Revolutionary ruffians of the National Convention. We challenge Mr. Abbott to bring forward a single argument to support his charge of *Treachery*. We maintain that they were fully justified; and had the plan been properly carried out, a more admirable scheme for the deliverance of France, and the restoration of her monarchy at the smallest possible expense of either blood or treasure, could not have been devised. Ah! Had the eagle eye of Wellington been there, right little would have signified the "determination" of the black hearted and red handed ruffians of the Convention to retake Toulon! Unhappily there was no such grand and comprehensive spirit among those who had the chief part in conducting the defence of that devoted city.

Even after much precious time had been wasted—even after the precious opportunity had been postponed, if not utterly lost, of throwing out a powerful and well-supplied army on the land side, and pouring in reinforcements and provisions to it by sea—even after the most inconceivable blundering on the part of the defenders of Toulon—they still had many a fair chance of ultimate success presented to them by the still greater blundering of their revolutionary opponents.

The first general sent by the Convention against Toulon was a man wholly ignorant of the duty, who erected his batteries at so re-

spectful a distance from the shore, that, had he continued firing until doomsday, not a ball from his guns could possibly have reached its mark—the shipping; and when he agreed to fire red-hot shot at the combined fleet, he did it in a spirit of the most compassionate and least revolutionary fashion; firing from a point fully three gun shots from his mark, and having the balls made red-hot in private residences, sufficiently distant to allow of the shots becoming most innocuously cool before they reached the guns! Does it not stir one's bile to think that, with such a commander opposed to them, the defenders of Toulon failed to annihilate his entire force?

It was under this singular military genius that Napoleon received the important military appointment of Brigadier-general of artillery. Condemning, as we do, so much in the character and conduct of Napoleon, we yet are prepared to do full justice to his military genius. His was not the eye to overlook any gross military blunder, and he was more especially unlikely to overlook mistakes in artillery practice, trained as he had been from his mere boyhood to that important arm of the service. A glance at the position of the guns and the objects at which they were levelled, sufficed to show him all the pitiable folly of his superior officer, and he, as Scott says, "with difficulty," persuaded the general to allow a few experimental shots. They fell about half way—scarcely half way; and the besotted Cartaux coolly remarked that the aristocracy had spoiled the powder! Alas! that poor French aristocracy have been charged with many a deed of which they were quite as innocent; but to be thus made answerable for the blundering of the most incompetent fellow that ever exposed his men to be uselessly butchered, was surely "the unkindest cut of all!"

Napoleon seems to have acted with great spirit as well as ability on this occasion. He warmly remonstrated with his sanguinary masters of the Convention, upon the manifest absurdity of expecting to take such a place as Toulon by the "regular approaches" which had been ordered by them, or of injuring any mortal, by sea or by land, with such gun-pointing and such shot heating as had been invented by the singular genius to whom they had entrusted the command. He advised a

totally new course of procedure, of which every Life of Napoleon gives such ample details, that we need not enter into them; and, having obtained a hesitating permission to manage the artillery operations after his own fashion, he proceeded, with his constitutional alacrity, to make the necessary arrangements.

Cartaux was superseded. What honest or useful trade that egregious person had deserted, for the purpose of making himself ridiculous as a general, we know not. We do know, however, that he was succeeded in the supreme command of the army investing Toulon by one Doppet, an ex M.D., who, not finding in his original profession sufficient scope for his natural or acquired talents for manslaughter, aspired to dealing out death on a more liberal scale in the character of a soldier! Cartaux was more an incurable fool; Doppet was all that, and a coward into the bargain. An improvised attack on one of the forts by a body of the villainous but hard-hitting young scum of Paris and the provinces, known by the generic name of *Carmagnoles*, required only a strong and speedy reinforcement to render it successful. That reinforcement was hastening to the scene of action, when one of the general's aides-de-camp was shot so close by him, as greatly to discompose the nerves of the commander; "on which," says Scott, dryly, "the medical general, considering this to be a decidedly bad symptom, pronounced the case desperate, and, to Napoleon's great indignation, ordered a retreat."

The medical general, after such a display as this, was, of course, superseded, and was succeeded by a brave veteran, named Dugommier, who was among the very last men in the world to give the besieged the chances already afforded to them by the incapacity of one general and the dastardly of another.

Napoleon's new commander was precisely the man to comprehend the true science, of all that he proposed, and he not merely permitted him to carry his plans into effect, but as heartily as fearlessly, prepared to aid him in doing so; and the besieged speedily perceived that they no longer had to deal with either fools or cowards.

But though Napoleon had the fullest concurrence and the most active support of his general, he at first found himself considerably embarrassed by the stupid intermeddling of

the representatives, whom, for some bright reason of their own, the Convention insisted upon keeping in the army, to superintend operations which they could by no possibility understand. Here again, however, though Mr. Abbott does not condescend to tell us a word about it, Napoleon was signally served by that Salicetti whom he had dubbed a "villain," and who undoubtedly was a regicide. That person was one of the four representatives or commissioners of the Convention who were at that time resident in the camp, and, thanks to his interference, backed by another of his confrères, the younger Robespierre, Napoleon found himself at full liberty to use his unrivalled strategical talents uncontrolled by the absurd and crude fancies of a set of civilians, who scarcely knew a linstock from a round shot, or cannister from grape. Will Mr. Abbott tell us that Napoleon might not have been deprived, by these absurd civilians, of the opportunity of displaying his genius and exerting his energies, had the "villain" Salicetti been less placable, or had his hero, Napoleon, been less pliant to circumstances? We confess to some curiosity to know how Mr. Abbott will account for his rather singular omission of all mention of so striking and important a circumstance.

The result of the siege is, unhappily, but too well known. The vigorous measures of Napoleon, who did infinitely more towards the success of the French arms than his general, gallant as the latter beyond all question was, delivered Toulon up to the savages of the revolutionary party, and although the English shipping saved a large number of the gallant Royalists, a frightful massacre was committed upon those who were unable to make their escape. Though the Representatives of the Convention seem to have taken ample care of their own persons while the fight still raged, and the event was still uncertain, they lauded themselves not a little in their report to the Convention, and had the additional and ineffable meanness entirely to omit in that report all mention of Napoleon, to whose skill the success of the revolutionary troops may without much exaggeration be said to have been entirely owing. In consequence of this infamous conduct, Napoleon remained for a considerable time without active employment. The Jacobins, moreover, whose views he was

known to have favoured, were now, in anything but good odour, and though the ultra-Republican opinions of which he had hitherto made such loud profession, were evidently anything but his real opinions, they now threatened to be as fatal to his prospects of employment and advancement, as he had reckoned upon their being favourable. His own fiery temper, too, just now gave an inopportune flash, and for the time, deprived him of a fair chance of obtaining, in spite of all the advantages of his position, the employment which he so ardently desired. Being removed from his favourite arm of the service, the artillery, into the infantry of the line, he warmly remonstrated with the board of general officers, and demanded, rather than solicited, the kind of command for which he justly deemed himself pre-eminently qualified. General Aubry, the President of the Board, remarked upon Napoleon's youth as being a disqualification for the command that he sought, and Napoleon, in the sarcastic tone of which he was even at that early age so perfect a master, replied that service in the field was of somewhat more importance than age. The arrow went home to its mark, for Aubry was one of those generals who had never seen a shot fired in anger, and who knew a little of everything, except soldiering. But, if his sarcasm had the effect of stinging his opponent, it also, as is mostly the case, had the effect of injuring himself, and he remained without employment. But it was no longer possible for the coldness or even the active enmity of officials permanently to keep down the proud young Corsican. The brave old general was loud in his praise, and all the soldiers worthy of the name praised him, too, as only brave soldiers can praise the chieftains whose worth they discern, where alone it can be discerned and appreciated—amid the strife and in the doubtful hours of the battle or the siege. It needed only a great crisis to ensure the employment of the unscrupulous and skilful artillery officer, and that crisis speedily presented itself.

It is, as all history proves, far more easy to pull down than to build up; to destroy an old form of government by the seemingly unanimous consent of a whole people, than to establish a new one calculated to obtain the favour and cordial support of that people.

Change after change was made in the governmental arrangements; each new arrangement was at first hailed with popular applause, and speedily consigned to destruction amidst popular violence or popular contempt.

In the year 3 of the "Republic one and indivisible," *i.e.* in the year of Grace 1795, another change occurred; which, made the government consist of Five Directors, (the real executive power,) a council of Five Hundred, answering to the British House of Commons, and a council of Ancients similarly answering to the House of Lords. Though there were some by no means trifling defects in this new constitution, though it ought to have been evident to its framers, that the whole of the power of the Directory was pretty sure to be in reality in the hands of any one of the Directors who should chance to be greatly superior in talents and energy to his colleagues, still, this constitution really did promise as near a restoration of public order and individual security as could be hoped for from any measure short of the restoration of the monarchy.

But though the constitution of the year 3 (1795) really had the merit of promising something like peace and security to the harassed people of France, it was on that very account looked upon with detestation by two very opposite parties, and from motives equally opposite. The royalists, naturally and even laudably, felt unwilling to sanction any arrangement which, however just and desirable in other respects, might tend to give permanence to revolutionary power. To the royalists, the restoration of the monarchy, with or even without the condign punishment of the surviving ring leaders of the revolutionary miscreants, was the one only change that seemed desirable or even endurable. On the other hand, the Jacobin party hated, with a rancour scarcely less than that which they felt towards monarchy itself, a constitution which held out a prospect of protection to the weak, and of repression or punishment to the evil disposed and the sanguinary. In the rural districts, with their scattered population, this hostility was less felt, or, at the least less strongly manifested; but in Paris, the abode or the resort of all that was desperate and daring, the publication of this new constitution caused an awful outburst of mingled

dismay and rage. The vile demagogues saw clearly that should that constitution be established and acted upon, with an even moderate degree of firmness, their bloody and feculent mission would be hopelessly at an end. These feelings of the demagogues were not merely shared but sedulously encouraged by a vile and still powerful party in the Convention itself. The Thermidorians, as the party who smote down the execrable Robespierre were called, annihilated that wretch and his guilty clique, far less from detestation of their crimes than from a well-founded conviction that they, the Thermidorians, had but one alternative, to crush or to be crushed. Most, if not all of them, had a full share of the savage determination and wanton indifference to the quantity or quality of the blood they shed, which had marked the wretched Robespierre and his personal adherents; and to his bloodthirsty instincts they added a lust of gain and a taste for display, and for sensual pleasures, of which it is only justice, to even such a cold blooded wretch as Robespierre, to say, that he seems to have been singularly and most laudably free. Approving and, as far as they could prudently do so, encouraging the rabble and its leaders to clamour against the new constitution, and thus to remind the Convention that ready assassins were still to be gathered together, they, on their own parts made little or no opposition to the new state of things; but they had Belials and Achitophels enow among them to suggest a far safer and more effective course than open and blunt opposition. They silently accepted the new constitution; but proposed an addition which, once made, could not fail to render the whole a mockery and a delusion. They proposed that, though the electoral bodies should choose the members of the two mere legislative bodies, it should be imperative upon them to choose at least two thirds of the members from the then actual members of the Convention, and that the electoral bodies failing to choose the full two thirds from the Convention, that body should itself choose from its members the members wanting to complete the full two thirds of the new bodies.

This was, in point of fact, saying neither more nor less than that, of the change and purification that had been so loudly demanded, the Thermidorians opined that just one third

and no more was really needed. To the loud and very natural outcry caused by this singularly impudent addition to the proposed new constitution, the Convention replied only by declaring its sittings permanent; and they quite coolly altered the host of addresses, which were poured in against their proposed re-election, to the extent of two thirds of the proposed new legislative bodies, into approval of it! The Convention had more than once been supported, when wrong as well as when right, by the ferocious rabble out of doors, and it would seem that they now counted upon the same support upon the strength of a few declamatory professions of sitting in permanence, only for the purpose of protecting *the liberties of France!* just as though liberty existed in France!

But the time had gone by when mere, and vague generalities, and fine phrases could content the citizens of Paris who had lived through so many horrors and had suffered such tremendous losses. The National Guards, chiefly composed of tradesmen, professional men, and men of small independent property, loudly declared against the Convention, and plainly threatened to march upon it and dissolve it at the point of the bayonet. But the Convention still entertained hopes of carrying the obnoxious measure, if not of altogether suppressing the new constitution, and rendering its own sittings as really permanent as anything at that time could be rendered in fickle and agitated France. In Paris and the outskirts there were five thousand regular troops and several hundreds of artillery; and under the ludicrous title of the sacred Band of Patriots of 1789 they collected and embodied some fifteen hundred jail birds, the very scum of Paris; wretches not a few of whom were well known to the people as the ever ready executioners of the most sanguinary orders of the blood-stained Robespierre. The embodying of these reprobates completed the public indignation which the equally impudent and shuffling conduct of the Convention upon the subject of the new constitution had first aroused; the various sections of the National Guards united under the command of General Dumourier, the Convention gave the command of their defenders to General Menou, and everything gave sad promise that once more the streets of Paris would be

flooded with human blood. Menou, though a good soldier, was a man of some humanity, and finding when he marched against the citizen soldiery that they were far more inclined to fight than to obey his order to disperse, he shrank appalled at the contemplation of the frightful slaughter, by which alone he could have brought them to obedience, and withdrew his troops. A defender of this kind was but little to the taste of the Convention. Menou was superseded, and the forces of the Convention were placed under the command of Barras, one of their own body. Barras, however, had sense enough to know his own incapacity for the actual command of troops in a crisis of such importance and peril, and having been an eye witness of Napoleon's conduct at Toulon, he recommended his colleagues, Carnot and Tallien, to give him that young officer as his second in command, assuring them that the young Corsican was not only a man of great military talent, but also one who would stand upon no ceremony. Napoleon was accordingly sent for and entrusted, though nominally under Barras, with full powers to defend the Convention.

Of the attack on the Tuilleries, in which palace the Convention held its sittings, and of its defence by Buonaparte we need not repeat the details; after a sanguinary action of above an hour, during which Napoleon swept the narrow streets of Paris with murderous discharges of grape shot, the Convention was victorious and at once proceeded to enact the New Constitution after its own fashion. Barras became one of the five Directors, and retired from even the nominal command of the forces, and Napoleon was appointed to the post of general-in-chief of the army of the Interior. Having thus shown that Napoleon owed his appointment to the command, under Barras, of the troops defending the Tuilleries to his conduct at Toulon, and that he owed his power to distinguish himself at Toulon to the influential recommendation of the "villain" Salicetti, we again ask how it is that Mr. Abbott has not deemed it necessary to say one word about that odd link in the chain of his hero's great actions? Does even he perceive that Napoleon *must* have owed that recommendation by the "villain" Salicetti to meanness? Even so; surely he might have remembered the staunch eulogist of Jack Wilkes;

and if compelled to own that his belauded hero could, on occasion, be an extremely mean and pliant person, he still could have stoutly maintained that his hero was "no meaner than a hero ought to be!"

Barras the Director was now the great patron of the young General Buonaparte, and through Barras, as it seems to us *solely*, the young general became acquainted with his future wife, Josephine.

A romantic story has been long told by the biographers of Napoleon, which, as a mere matter of course, is repeated by Mr. Abbott without a word of comment, and duly illustrated in his page by a wood cut of a little boy who seems to be awkwardly rehearsing some melodramatic part in conjunction with a slender soldier. The story to which we allude is that about young Eugene Beauharnois waiting on the young General Buonaparte to ask the restoration of his father's sword; the spirit and grace of the boy inducing Buonaparte to seek the acquaintance of the mother, &c. &c. In the whole of this story we are quite convinced that there is not a single word of truth. The widow Josephine de Beauharnois was at this very time a constant attendant at the splendid evening parties of Barras the Director, and so was General Napoleon Buonaparte. They could not but be well known to each other; and to imagine that they could, thus mutually visiting one of the best circles then existing in Paris, remain unknown to each other, says something for Mr. Abbott's "republican simplicity." Thrown, as Napoleon and Josephine necessarily were, together, as mutual friends of Barras, we do not believe a word of the tale in question. We will not go the entire length of saying that there was any truth in the, nevertheless pretty general report, that the lively young Creole had for some time been on terms of not quite Platonic friendship with Barras, and that Napoleon took her off his hands as a condition of a continuance of the powerful support of the Director; though everything that we positively know about Napoleon strongly tends to convince us that he was not the man to shrink from forwarding his ambitious views by even a bargain of that not very creditable kind. But, without going to that extent, what more likely than that Barras, interested for both his young friends,

brought them together as often as possible with a direct view to their union? What more certain than that there needed, neither sword reclaimed, nor romantic little boy, to introduce the interesting and lively young widow to the rising, though rather lean, young officer whom she almost every evening met at the house of the Director Barras? A great deal of false sentiment has been thrown away upon this affair. Nothing could be more natural than a marriage between two parties thus circumstanced; especially as one of them was by no means troubled with any superfluous heart for aught save his own interest; and the Creole widow and the young general were married accordingly, and three days after their marriage Napoleon received "the dowry of his bride in the form of the command of the army of Italy."

Of Buonaparte's campaigns in Italy, marvellous as in many respects they were, we do not feel it at all necessary to enter into any examination. In the first place they have been told in all possible detail and in almost every possible variety of style, from that of Scott down to that of Abbott. In the next place we have to do, not with the general acts of Napoleon, while acting as the servant of the Directory, but with those acts, military or civil, which were performed on his own authority whether as Consul or as Emperor.

The successes of Napoleon, on the continent of Europe, seem to have inspired his masters, the Directory, with a strangely mingled feeling of confidence in his genius, and jealousy of his ambition. To this latter feeling, chiefly, we are of opinion, was owing the determination of the Directory to act upon a suggestion which, even while in the full flush and busy excitement of his continental victories, he had made to them of seizing upon Egypt, for the purpose as he said of attracting the Indian trade to that route instead of by the circuitous one round the Cape of Good Hope, and of making Egypt a vast camp and post, from which to strike the most deadly of blows against Great Britain, by a sudden and successful invasion of her Indian possessions. The Directory, on his return from the command of the Army of Italy, had given him the command of the Army of England, an immense force which was assembled on the northern coast of France, for the avowed

purpose of invading Britain. But they never had any serious intention of carrying the threat of invasion into effect; Egypt was the real object of their immense preparations, and the removal of Napoleon, for some time at least, from their own vicinity was a consideration which probably had to the full as much weight with them as any prospective advantages to be attained by the conquest and occupation of that country. In truth, had Napoleon been fully successful in his Egyptian campaign there are not a few circumstances in his authentic history which convince us that the Directory would have been well rid of him for ever, and that in the East he would have carved out a kingdom and erected a throne for himself, and have become an apostate to that faith of which he was never more than a merely nominal believer.

Whatever his own views, thus much seems certain, that the "Directory" suspected him of tampering with Russia with a view to bringing about some change in the Government of France; and though some time was spent in fitting out a splendid armament at Toulon, this suspicion caused the "Directory" to send Barras in person to his protégé, and so to argue with him, as to cause him to depart for Egypt without delay. Even while commanding their forces in Italy, Napoleon had more than once shown himself somewhat recalcitrant; and now that he was said to be tampering with a foreign power they justly enough deemed that with his prestige of genius and victory, and with his great popularity, not only with the army but with the great body of the people, he might not only have the ambition to aim at despotic power but also the means of obtaining it. Subsequent events show how rightly they judged him. One writer, Miot, though he cannot tell us what passed between Barras and Napoleon on the occasion of this memorable interview, pretty plainly intimates that there were both discontent and anger on both sides. Barras, however, seems to have succeeded in impressing Napoleon's prudence if not his fears; and in three days more Napoleon sailed from Toulon, having a fleet, whose line of battle-ships alone extended a league, a fine army, a hundred men of science to make discoveries in the East, and Kleber and other generals under

him who were scarcely his inferiors either in skill, daring, or renown. He sailed from Toulon on the 19th of May, 1798, and on the 8th of the next month joined company in the Mediterranean, with a large fleet of transports, under the command of General Dessaix, having on board the most profuse supply of provisions and munitions of war. Bringing up before Malta, Napoleon landed a body of troops, and took possession of that once famed fortress, with so little trouble that Caffarelli remarked to him that it was well that there was a garrison within to open the gates to them, as they would have had infinitely more trouble in getting in had the fortress been actually untenanted!

Landing in Egypt he obtained a series of victories over the real lords of that rich soil, the Mamelukes, and in spite of Nelson's great victory of the Nile and blockade of Alexandria, which made Napoleon and his army in some sort mere prisoners in a very unhealthy climate, he pushed onward with such success that but for the well known resistance to him which was organized and headed by the celebrated Sir Sydney Smith at Acre, it is quite probable that he would actually have rendered Syria a tributary province to France, or an independent principality, with himself, as Sheik, Emir, or Padishah. That this latter was his real object we feel persuaded from many circumstances, but especially from that notorious and impudent imposture his pretended conversion to Islamism; an imposture which, gross and even farcically absurd as it must necessarily seem to Christians and men of sense, would have had a very different effect upon the fanatical "true believers," if circumstances had otherwise favoured the views of which we, not unreasonably, suspect him, and which his own words, if accurately reported, (which we doubt,) and which his own "talk" at St. Helena, if accurately reported, (which we doubt,) convict him. The Muftis as a matter of policy, and then the military chiefs and common people to a man in sheer stupid credulity, would have ranged themselves under the green banners of their renegade leader. It is well known that he not only professed the greatest respect for Islamism, but even performed in public the religious duties of a good Mussulman, and protested that he was a Mussulman, and that it was

under the protection and inspiration of Mahomet himself that he had invaded Egypt and put down the Mameluke powers.

We have already said that Napoleon was never anything more than a merely nominal Christian; yet even with that sad admission what are we to think of the common honesty of a man who, for a merely ambitious purpose, would lend open countenance to a vile religious imposture, and even profess to be one of its "true believers?" Could the sincerity of that man in anything be ever afterwards depended upon?

The progress and termination of the Egyptian campaign are so well known that we should at once pass on to the sudden desertion of his army, leaving it to the command of Kleber and Dessaix, and his other subordinates, and the return to Paris of General Napoleon Buonaparte, just as his but little confiding friends the Directory would least have desired to see him there. But though the Egyptian expedition, in spite of some pretty hard fighting, was after all a mere failure; there is one incident in it which must be noticed, as it throws a terrible light upon the character of Napoleon, and, especially, as he has been defended as to that incident by Mr. Abbott, with a cool intrepidity of unchristian as well as illogical partizanship, such as the most anti-British advocates of Napoleon never equalled before, and we, for their own character's sake, sincerely trust will never attempt to imitate again.

He took Jaffa (the Scriptural Joppa at which Jonah embarked) by assault. In such cases the French soldiery have ever and always proved themselves mere devils in human shape. Drunkenness and plundering always disgrace the victors in such cases, no matter to what nation they belong; but to those offences the French soldier invariably adds rape and murder. The scene that followed the entrance of the triumphant French into Jaffa was one which the pen refuses to trace, and from the mere contemplation of which the imagination starts appalled; we ask ourselves if those filthy and cruel men really partook the ordinary nature of men, and compelled to confess that they did, we look around, as we pass along the crowded streets and wonder how much of excitement and impunity it would take to convert into simi-

larly merciless and unclean devils the multitudes who surround us. The narrative of the awful scenes of Jaffa compel us to speculate thus; and thus speculating we shudder, yet thankfully remember that our own citizens, and our own soldiery, too, worship the one true God and not the French deity of that day, the half-naked harlot, the Goddess of Reason! Yes! We thank God, as we read of Jaffa, that our citizens and our soldiers are neither Republican nor Atheist! Scarcely was the mad licence of the soldiery at an end ere Mr. Abbott's Hero—Idol, the great, the enlightened, the more especially "humane" Napoleon, proved himself well worthy to be the chieftain of that horrible horde of French banditti and murderers whom he called an army; nay, except that he was guiltless of crime against woman, he sank himself fathoms deep, in sanguinary crime and indelible infamy, beneath the bloodiest of his soldiery. Each of them, probably, slew his one or two conquered enemies; but Napoleon, more sublime, in cold-blooded cruelty, calmly and unconcernedly slew his two thousand. Two thousand, see ye, in cold blood; two thousand *prisoners of war* were slain in cold blood by him, calmly and ruthlessly as one would trample upon a venomous reptile, and crush it out of life.

Let us briefly state the facts of the case, ere we proceed to Mr. Abbott's shameless comments upon them. Two thousand unfortunate wretches were captured when even the savage French soldiery grew sated with slaughter, and these *prisoners of War* were marched to Napoleon's camp. A word from him would have saved them; but he ordered them to be put to death. It is alleged in his defence that they were formerly his prisoners at El Arish and had broken their parole, and that the mere fact of their being so numerous rendered it impossible for him to save them, though even anxious to do so; and Mr. Abbott coolly says, "Whatever judgment posterity may form on this transaction, no one can see in it any indication of an innate love of cruelty in Napoleon." This truly terrible intrepidity of partizanship must not be lightly passed over. Let us calmly but sternly, examine the cool defence which Mr. Abbott, the Republican, offers for a most foul crime. This Republican, he who chatters so senti-

mentally about the intelligence, the Christianity, &c., *proh pudor!* the Republicanism and intelligence and love and order of his compatriots, boldly states in the words of others, that his blood-stained Idol slew these thousands and seized upon their country, and just as impudently states, that the slaying was not cruel and the seizure not dishonest! To quote such a man, at any considerable length, is a truly painful task, but it is also one which, in spite of all our feelings of mingled indignation and loathing, we must perform, if but to expose his shameless defence of dastardly murder, committed by the deadly enemy of Britain, and, therefore and necessarily, his very dear friend and revered hero. Let us then, see how he sets about proving that his hero "murdered no more than a hero ought to murder."

"Whatever judgment" says the candid, and liberty and humanity-loving Mr. Abbott, "whatever judgment posterity may pronounce upon this transaction, no one can see in it any indication of an innate love of cruelty in Napoleon. He regarded the transaction as one of the stern necessities of war. The whole system is one of unmitigated horror. Bomb shells are thrown into cities to explode in the chambers of maidens and in the cradles of infants, and the incidental destruction of innocence and helplessness is disregarded. The execrable ferocity of the details of war are essential to the system. To say that Napoleon ought not to have shot these prisoners, is simply to say that he ought to have relinquished the contest, to have surrendered himself to the tender mercies of the Turk, and to allow (to have allowed, if you please, Mr. Abbott!) England, and Austria, and Russia to force back upon the disenthralled French nation the detested reign of the Bourbons. England was bombarding the cities of France to compel a proud nation to re-enthroned a discarded and hated king. The French in self defence were endeavouring to repel their powerful foe, by marching to India, England's only vulnerable point. Surely, the responsibility of this war rests upon the assailants, and not upon the assailed. There was a powerful party in the British Parliament, and throughout the nation, the friends of Reform and of popular liberty, who entirely sympathized with the French in this conduct,

and who earnestly protested against a war which they deemed impolitic and unjust. But the king and the nobles prevailed, and as the French would not meekly submit to their demands, the world was deluged with blood. 'Nothing was easier,' says Alison, 'than to have disarmed the captives, and sent them away.' The remark is unworthy of the eloquent and distinguished historian. It is simply affirming that France should have yielded the conflict, and submitted to British dictation. It would have been far more in accordance with the spirit of the events to have said 'Nothing was easier than for England to allow France to choose her own form of government.' But had this been done the throne of England's king and the castles of her nobles might have been overturned by the earthquake of Revolution. Alas for man!"

After quoting Bourienne, Mr. Abbott proceeds to say: "Even Sir Walter Scott who, unfortunately allowed his Tory predilections to dim the truth of his unstudied yet classic page, while affirming that 'this bloody deed must always remain a deep stain upon the character of Napoleon,' is constrained to admit 'yet we do not view it as the indulgence of an innate love of cruelty, for nothing in Napoleon's history shows the existence of that vice, and there are many things which intimate his disposition to have been naturally humane.'"

What Mr. Abbott's age is we have no present means of ascertaining. If he is an old or even a middle aged man, his case is utterly hopeless; he is doomed to go to the grave consciously, but impenitently, malignant and unjust. If a young man, he may, by some rare chance, or rather by a providential and greatly needed mercy, meet with some true and intelligent friend, both able and willing to convince him of the sad and shameful error of his way, and successful in exhorting and teaching him to avoid plagiarism as an author, and cold, causeless malignity as a man. In the meantime, it is our duty to deal with him as he now exhibits himself, and as this defence of wholesale murder is one of the very worst of even his bad and numerous sins alike against logic and against that Christianity of ethics of which he, in behalf of himself and his compatriots, so unblushingly makes boast, we shall briefly but unsparingly expose his

shamelessness and his absurdity, as we find them in the rather long extract which we just now have made.

He tells us that it is impossible to take this transaction for any indication of an innate love of cruelty in Napoleon, and quotes, in support of his assertion, the words of Sir Walter Scott. He would no more have quoted Scott here than he has quoted either Scott or the other authors upon whom he has levied auctorial blank mail, only that by quoting those few absurd words from him, he cunningly seeks to obtain the sanction of Scott's great name to the abominably cold-blooded apology for murder into which he has interwoven those words. He evidently thought that by this cunning device he had effectually stopped any indignant British author who might feel inclined to protest against the detestable passage as a whole. For once in the way our shrewd author has reckoned without his host. There are few living men, we believe, who reverence Scott's genius as an author, and love his at once simple and noble character as a man, more than we do; but that feeling is the love and the reverence of the soldier to his chieftain, not the blind and implicit submission of the slave to his master. Upwards of twenty-five years ago, when Scott's great work appeared, we pointed out to a literary friend the very passage which Mr. Abbott has so artfully quoted, and we remarked, that in writing those few mischievous words, Scott had doubly sinned, both against sound reasoning, and his own nobly won, well-deserved fame, on the one hand, and against the interests of both religion and humanity, on the other, as there could be but little doubt that, if any writer should venture to justify Napoleon's bloody conduct at Jaffa, he would eagerly fasten upon these very unjustifiable words of Scott, and make the name of that truly good and great man a passport to venal or partizan scribbling which without such passport would have right little chance of making its way in the world. We little thought, at that time, that such shameless apology for murder as that of Mr. Abbott, would ever insult the best feelings and the common sense of men who boast of their tolerably "red" republicanism, far less that it would fall to our lot, on this side of the Atlantic, to defend that Britain under whose

glorious institutions we live. But so it is; among its monstrosities America, the boasting and boasted Republic, has an Abbott, of whom she may be proud, and Barnum, so lately the undisputed sovereign of the realm of humbug, envious. Knowing the great weight which all cultivated minds allow to every word penned by such a master-spirit as Sir Walter Scott, Abbott, in apparent honesty actually gives, for the nonce, his authority. But we know Mr. Abbott too well, thanks to his own teachings, to be for an instant the dupe of his apparent candour. It would ill-become us to allow Mr. Abbott's very paltry trick to become permanently a successful one. We admire Sir Walter Scott because he was a great man, and a good man, and he almost invariably gave to the world reasonings which the Christian could not but admire for their pure morality, and the logician for their close and accurate reasoning. But Scott, though both as writer and as man, he had fewer faults than fall to the lot of most of us, was, after all, only mortal, and "to err is human." In this particular case, Scott erred most fearfully and mischievously, as we feel it our duty to show; for loving Scott much, we love truth and the interest of our common humanity still more. Sir Walter Scott, our readers will observe, in one breath calls this massacre of unarmed and utterly helpless men a "bloody deed," and confesses that it "must always remain a deep stain upon the character of Napoleon Bonaparte." What do we affirm more than that? And what more direct contradiction than is given by those words, could mortal man, (however zealous to set the detestable character of the Corsican butcher, the splendid but merciless brigand, in its true light before the world, what more direct and crushing contradiction than is contained in those words, could mortal man) give to the assertion which immediately follows, that it is not to be viewed as a proof of Napoleon's innate love of cruelty? If the act was *not* a cruel one, why call it bloody? If *not* a cruel act, why state that it must always remain a deep stain upon Napoleon's character? In one or the other statement, Scott necessarily was wrong; for the two statements are diametrically opposed to each other. Aye! But Scott gives a reason for believing that Napoleon was not cruel, not innately cruel, when he adds

"for, nothing in Napoleon's history shows the existence of that vice." That same word *for* is a very perilous one when used in an illogical argument; failing to serve the illogical reasoner's purpose, it is sure to tell very forcibly on the contrary side. Scott calls the deed a bloody one, and one which "must always remain a deep stain upon the character of Napoleon," and we agree with him. But when he says it is no proof of innate cruelty in Napoleon we flatly contradict him, and when he adds, that he so judges "*for*," i. e. *because* "nothing in Napoleon's history shows the existence of that vice." We fearlessly assert that Scott, by that single word *for* cuts away every inch of standing room from under his own feet. Napoleon on *this* occasion showed brutal love of cruelty; and are we to call him guiltless of cruelty who caused the gallant young Duc d'Engheien to be brutally shot in the castle ditch of Vincennes? Was it no proof of cruelty that he coldly sacrificed, avowedly without even the chance of advantage to the cause for which he was hired to fight, many lives of both his own and the Austrian soldiery, and hazarded infinitely more lives on both sides, for the mere purpose of entertaining a woman who, although Abbott calls her virtuous and beautiful, was most probably no better than she should have been, in spite of the assurance that Napoleon felt only a *fraternal* friendship, a *brotherly* interest? Was that no proof of a love of cruelty. we ask? Ah! but, then, we have that same "*innate*" to dispose of. The deed, Mr. Abbott would doubtless argue, might seem cruel to mere Britons, who, of course cannot understand the ethics of war so very profoundly, and yet Napoleon might not be *innately* cruel. Bah! What care we when the bared dagger of the Italian bravo, or the bowie knife of the ruffian is at our throat, what care we whether the murderous ruffian's cruelty was innate, that is to say born in and with him, or whether he acquired it from bad example and only half an hour agone? Besides, we not only have proof that Napoleon was cruel, in the fate of the two thousand at Jaffa, and in the midnight butchery of the ill-fated and too early lost Duc d'Engheien, but we have in the savage blow which he inflicted upon his young school-fellow at Brienne as good a proof, as we require, that his cruelty really

was innate, born with him; showing itself in a mere blow when he had merely a boy's power of mischief, and showing itself in the bloodiest and the most dastardly murders, when he had greater power, and when cold-blooded cruelty was necessary to his purpose, whether that purpose chanced to be the entertainment of "a beautiful and virtuous woman," or the seizure of a kingdom from its rightful king, to bestow it upon a Corsican intruder of his own brood, afterwards to begrudge it even to him.

But although in this idle and, at the same time, immoral and very mischievous tale about deeds being bloody and for ever a deep stain upon their doer, and yet being no proof of his innate cruelty. Mr. Abbott has cunningly contrived to make Scott seem his accomplice, he need not lay the flattering unction to his soul that he and the illustrious author of *Waverley* are even in this solitary instance in the same moral category. Far, very far are they from being so.

Sir Walter Scott, magnanimous by nature, and while writing the *Life of Napoleon*, very nervously scrupulous in his endeavors not too harshly to judge that great genius and very bad man, frequently erred in the very opposite direction, though in no other instance so far and so mischievously. We all have heard of men who were very cowards in their extreme fear of being thought afraid; Scott, while writing the *Life of Napoleon*, was so anxious to show that he was not unduly prejudiced against the hero of that terrible and melancholy tale of boundless ambition and ruthless selfishness, that his anxiety had, in more than one instance, all the ill effect upon his composition, that an undue prejudice in the favour of that *Jupiter Scapin*—that charlatan soldier—could have had. This was especially, obviously, and very lamentably the case as regards this sadly blundered comment. All just and generous men will admire Scott for his desire not to even seemingly exaggerate the case against Napoleon; but all sound reasoners will detect the inaccuracy of the reasoning with which he endeavors to mitigate the indignation due to so cold-blooded a *proof* of cruelty, and all really just and Christian men must needs regret that a delicacy which, within its due limits, was so honorable to Scott, should be

carried to an extent discreditable to the illustrious author's powers of reasoning, and mischievous, as serving to bolster up the false statement of such writers as Mr. Abbott, who are only too happy to seize upon any unlucky, not to say unpardonable lapse in logic, or to avail themselves of an error dangerous to truth, and more especially to young and superficial readers.

But, while we impugn the accuracy of Scott's reasoning in this particular passage of his history, and while we hold that it is calculated to do even a greater amount of mischief than it could do had it proceeded from another; we fully perceive, and gladly as well as frankly confess, that Scott erred from an excess of manly desire to deal leniently with the dead tyrant; and we speak rather in sorrow than in anger, when we say that when Scott, writing *History*, suffered even a kindly motive to induce him to shrink from sternly speaking the truth, and the *whole* truth, in mincing matters with his suggestive metaphysical distinction between the cruelty that butchers, indifferently, a prince, and unarmed prisoners of war, instead of confining himself within the just limit of speaking nothing *more than the truth*, Scott sinned alike against his own fame, against the interests of humanity, and against that truth, but for which man would be a forlorn wretch, and nations only so many disorganised herds. There is, however, this very great difference, even as to the mere and brief denial of Napoleon's cruelty, between them, Sir Walter Scott erred from the excess of a feeling which in itself, and kept duly under control, is highly honourable, and worthy of all laud and of all imitation; while Mr. Abbott has erred from excess of malignity.

Mr. Abbott prudently tells us that Napoleon regarded this most abominable massacre in cold blood of two thousand gallant men, who surrendered as *prisoners of war*, as one of the stern necessities of war, and he goes on to liken it to the firing of shots and shells into a besieged city; we are almost tempted to infer from this passage, that either Mr. Abbott must, when he wrote it, have been temporally stricken with lunacy, or have determined to do his utmost to vindicate his sanguinary and truculent hero, with an utter disregard, not

merely to logic, but to truth, in the every-day acceptance of that term.

Mr. Abbott, must have very well known that between assailing an armed enemy, sheltered by fortified walls, and butchering unarmed and manacled *prisoners of war*, there is the small difference that there is between the soldier and the assassin. He must have very well known that if "the maiden in the chamber, and the infant in the cradle," whom he so sentimentally and imaginatively prates about, get maimed or killed, it is without the intent, or even the knowledge of the assailants, and he knows, just as well as we do, that, to the utmost possible extent, endeavours are made so to direct the deadly missiles as that they may injure fortifications and their armed defenders, and not either maidens, or wives, or widows, to say nothing about small babies in their cradles. Mr. Abbott well knows, that no commanding officer, would for an instant dream of wasting such costly matters as shot and shells to say nothing about powder, upon the ignobly Herodian business of killing maidens and small children. He well knows that when non-combatants are wounded or killed during a siege, it is by accident. With what grace does he, dares he, can he, liken accidents, always deeply regretted, to the *deliberate murder of two thousand prisoners of war*, to that *wholesale murder* which Napoleon not only ordered in cold blood, but in cold blood justified in his last Will and Testament, executed at St. Helena in 1821? Again, Mr. Abbott tells us, in his sham sentimental way, that "the execrable cruelties of war are essential to the system." He knows as well as we do, that this solemnly enunciated truism has not the slightest relevancy to the charge of murderous cruelty which we bring against Napoleon. The men whom he ordered to be butchered were *prisoners of war*, bound, unarmed, and thereby helpless; they no longer had any concern in the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war;" butchering those men in cold blood, shooting them down in small parties, and bayoneting to death those whom the musket bullets failed to kill outright; these demoniac acts of butchery were none of "the details of war;" Mr. Abbott knows as well as we do, that, these were the details merely of dastardly butchery; and knows that Napoleon order-

ed this butchery, partly from a native taste, a true Corsican love of slaughter, but partly also, from one of those fits of all but actual cowardice, with which more than once in his life, he was attacked, as we shall have to show in our brief mention of his flight from Waterloo to the British Ship of War, Bellerophon, and his conduct while on board that ship. His situation, deprived as he had been, by the battle of the Nile, of the means of taking his army of "glorious" ruffians home to France, was really a bad one, and we have no doubt that the excess of his terror had the usual effect of that passion when it is felt by the cruel. It made him we doubt not, for the moment, even more cruel than he usually was. Mr. Abbott says, that to say that Napoleon ought not to have shot those prisoners, is simply to say that he ought to have surrendered to the Turk, and to have allowed England, Austria, and Russia, to force back upon "the disenfranchised French Nation," the detested reign of the Bourbons. We challenge Mr. Abbott to show us how the butchering of the prisoners bettered Napoleon's position as to the Turk. We maintain that the butchery of these men had no more to do in bettering his position, than the butchering long before, of some of his own men, some of the Austrian troops, for the mere amusement of a lady, had to do in improving his then military position, which he himself admits that it neither did or possibly could do. And then, look at the idle untrue declaration about Britain and her allies forcing back the detested Bourbons upon "the disenfranchised French Nation."

If Mr. Abbott did not at every second page give so many proofs of dislike against Britain and of his endeavours to injure her, we really should, as we reflect upon this part of his declaration, imagine him weak; as it is, we are obliged to confess, that he is only very bad. This very man who tells us that Britain and her allies were endeavouring to force back the detested Bourbons, cannot be unaware, that all the nobler and purer spirits in France, that all but the revolutionary leaders in the Convention, and their ruthless followers, out of doors, would gladly have seen those same "detested" Bourbons back again; and he, who here calls the French people a "disenfranchised people, no sooner has to speak of the

seizure of absolute power by his sanguinary hero, then he, this prater about christianity and love of truth as being essential to the stability of his beloved Republic, tells us that the people whom he calls "disenthralled" were, in fact, groaning under the tyranny, and degraded and impoverished by the incapacity, of their revolutionary, and, we may add right rascally tyrants—the Convention acting under what that infamous body facetiously termed the new Constitution. In plain English, in one of his lucubrations, he tells us that Napoleon was laudably engaged in prosecuting the war in Egypt, because he was thus in the most natural and effectual way, making war upon that Britain, who, in conjunction with her allies, was endeavouring to force a detested family upon a "disenthralled people;" and in a subsequent portion, he tells us that the "disenthralled people" were under their revolutionary tyrants, in a state of thralldom, at once so terrible and so debasing as fully to warrant Napoleon in deserting his Egyptian army for the sole purpose of relieving them from that thralldom, to substitute his own scorpions for their whips, to make his little finger heavier upon the people than the loins of the Revolutionary tyrants! How dares this man, we again ask, thus palter with truth? Will he be so good as to tell us in which sense we are to believe him, when he speaks of the French of the time of Napoleon's murderous career in Egypt, as a disenthralled people, or when he apologizes for Napoleon's equally base and selfish desertion of his Egyptian brethren in murder, on the ground that the French people, far from being disenthralled were at that very time, in a state of such equally torturing and debasing thralldom, that only the presence and the usurped power of a Napoleon could possibly have saved them? Again he represents Britain and her allies, as the assailants of France, as unjustifiably interfering in the domestic affairs of France, and as wishing to force upon them a discarded and hated King. He knows that Britain, and the powers allied with her, did nothing of the sort.

Britain and her allies were justly alarmed at the conduct of a nation of atheists and murderers presided over by the scum now of this, now of that, base faction. The "discarded and hated" kings whom Mr. Abbott declaims so hotly, existed not. Louis XVI had

been hated, but he had long been in his premature and bloody grave; again, the king *de jure* who, poor man, was far enough from being a king *de facto*, was neither hated nor loved by the French people who knew little or nothing about him, however much he might be hated by the sanguinary and greedy usurpers, not merely of his power, but of power more extensive and more mercilessly used, than those of any king of France, from Louis XI to Louis XIV, both included. Mr. Abbott tells us, in his didactic way, that the assailants and not the assailed should be charged with the responsibility of this war. We quite agree with him, but who were veritably the assailants? He says Britain and her allies. We say the revolutionary ruffians of France. Mr. Abbott, with his usual felicity, while he asserts *against* us, proves *for* us. He would have us believe that Britain and her allies wantonly, and merely in gratification of their own wishes and in friendship to the exiled and persecuted Bourbons, assailed France; and by way of *proving* that this was (*not*) the case, he proceeds to tell us that if revolutionary France had, unresisted, been allowed to do as she pleased, "the throne of England's king and the castle of England's nobles might have been overturned by the earthquake of revolution. Such is man!"

We quite agree with Mr. Abbott for once in the way; such is man! No king, British or foreign, wishes to see his throne overturned; and, noble or plebeian, no man ever yet had a castle, or even the smallest possible cottage without very devoutly wishing to retain possession of it. In those few words in which Mr. Abbott so judiciously insinuated injustice and malice against Britain, he furnishes the most convincing proof that she was warranted in calling upon her allies to put an end to a state of affairs in France, which threatened to bring such widely spread and disastrous ruin upon all her neighbors, and especially on herself, as one of the nearest of those neighbors. But, in fact, Mr. Abbott gives us far more in this statement than we are inclined to take. Britain *had*, no doubt, just that interest in putting an end to the power of impunity of the sanguinary and plundering monsters of the revolution which every man among us has in extinguishing the fire which is consuming the house of his next-door neighbor, she had, as

she has, the right conferred by that first law of nature, self-preservation. Britain, by Mr. Abbott's own showing, *had* this interest, and was justified in upholding it against the assailants, who had butchered their king and queen, and thousands of subjects, and reduced the rest to the direst distress, and the most awful dismay; but she also had the still higher duty of redressing wrongs, enforcing rights, succouring the distressed, and putting down the ruffians who had usurped the high places, and set up an obscene woman to be worshipped as the representative of the Goddess of Reason.

Farther still, the question of whether Britain and her allies, or the ineffably brutal and disgusting revolutionary miscreants of France, were the miscreants, has in reality nothing at all to do with the question of Napoleon's guilt or innocence, in the matter of the *murder of unarmed prisoners of war*, among the sand-hills to the north-east of Jaffa; and though, in consequence of Mr. Abbott having travelled out of the record, we have felt bound to travel thus long and thus far after him, we shall now take the liberty to recal him to the real question at issue between us. That question is not whether the sanguinary butchery ordered by Buonaparte proved him to be innately fond of cruelty; that is, in spite of Scott's magnanimity and Abbott's sophistry, tolerably well proven by other cases. The real question is simply this; was there anything in the circumstance of the case which *compelled* Napoleon to cause these men to be murdered, and was there anything in their character and position which rendered them less worthy of pity from him than any other two thousand men.

Let us just see how the case stands. Though sent to Egypt by the Directory, Buonaparte was the real originator of the Egyptian expedition, a proposal for which he had forwarded to the Directory while he was busily butchering according to order, in those Italian campaigns which, if they proved his marvellous ability, proved also, and still more strikingly, the merely Brigand principle upon which both he and his masters in Paris then acted, and were determined to act, as long as Providence, doubtless, for some wise though myterious purpose, should allow such nuisances to outrage and perplex the world,

Buonaparte invaded Egypt, and in his usual summary fashion, destroyed the Mameluke power, and the Mamelukes into the bargain, with the exception of the few who had the good fortune to escape; and his farther progress having alarmed the Ottoman Porte, a Turkish army was sent against him, notwithstanding his endeavours to persuade the Moslem Mufti, that he was a Mussulman, inspired and protected by Mahomet himself! It is in vain for Mr. Abbott to prate about the perfidious conduct of Britain and her allies towards the amiable thieves and cut-throats, the French Revolutionists; we have shown, and could, if it were at all necessary to do so, adduce an infinity of farther proofs, that Britain and her allies were not alone entitled, as a matter of self-preservation, but also bound by their duty alike to God and to man, to do their very best towards putting an end to scenes of vice, crime, tyranny, and destruction, unparalleled in any history, since the days of Sodom and Gomorrah. But, independent of that truth; even admitting, for the sake of argument, that the conduct of Britain, and of her allies, was all that Mr. Abbott, in his republican zeal for the name and fame of the most despotic of modern Autocrats, would persuade the world that it was; even believing, as we sincerely do, that nine-tenths of the fine speeches attributed to Napoleon, while resident at St. Helena, have been manufactured for sale long after his tongue had lost the power to speak with selfish shrewdness; still, there is abundant ground for believing that Napoleon invaded Egypt, not with the intention of rendering that and the rich neighboring countries tributary to France, but, with the intention of founding a nominally Mehometan, but really infidel, state under his own despotic power. Napoleon entered Egypt as a Brigand, and and though he has treated us to a multitude of fine things about the great benefit which he conferred upon the Egyptian poulation in general, by destroying the Mameluke power, it was quite clearly a mere case of one set of tyrants and plunderers displacing another.

Life is a field of blackberry bushes. Mean people squat down and pick the fruit; no matter how they black their fingers; while genius, proud and perpendicular, strides fiercely on and gets nothing but scratches.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A LAW-CLERK.

THE TEMPTRESS.

RICHARD PENSON was a native of Westmoreland, his place of birth being the small village of Bedstone, on the borders of Gilgrath forest, some miles north of Appleby. His father had been what is called a "statesman" in those parts, that is, he farmed his own land; but long-continued ill-health, the death of his notable wife, and other crosses and losses, so reduced him in the world, that he died—when Richard, his only child, was in his twentieth year—in little better than insolvent circumstances, the son, who, from his desultory and rather bookish habits, had never been of much use upon the farm, finding himself, after everything had been disposed of and all debts paid, the master of about £200 only, and destitute, withal, of skill in either head or hand to turn his modest capital to account. Being, however, so young, of stout frame and sanguine temperament, he might not for some time have fully realized the undesirableness of his position and prospects, but for the light unexpectedly shed over them by the dark, but scornful eyes of Judith Morton, a damsel of about seventeen, and the daughter of John Morton, a statesman of comfortable means, with whom, whilst his father yet lived in reputedly fair circumstances, he had been on terms of sweetheart intimacy, or at least as much so as some half a dozen other bovine youths whom Judith Morton's handsome person and comparatively cultivated airs and graces attracted round her. The first time Richard Penson met her, after the final winding up of his father's affairs, he was so thoroughly made to understand that an idle, know-nothing young fellow, with £200 for all his fortune, was no match for Judith Morton, that the next half-hour was passed in mental debate as to which of the three expedients for ridding himself of hateful life—hanging, drowning, or poisoning—he should adopt; and he at length decided upon almost as desperate a leap in the dark as either of them, by forthwith writing to a London attorney—whose advertisement, setting forth a willingness to accept an active, clever young man as articled clerk, at a moderate premium, had strongly arrested his attention the day previously at Appleby—that he should be in London for the purpose of having a personal interview with the advertiser as quickly as the coach, leaving Appleby on the following morning, would carry him thither. Three days afterwards, accordingly, Richard Penson presented himself at the attorney's office. That worthy's business lay chiefly at the Old Bailey, and he was rightly reputed one of the sharpest, least scrupulous practitioners that classic institution could boast of. He quickly discerned with those keen, vulpine eyes of his,

that there was the stuff for a clever fellow in Richard Penson; and a bargain was finally struck, by which, in consideration of the greatest part of his cash, and his services for five years, the young countryman assured himself of board, lodging, and a small salary during that period, and his articles at the end thereof. Penson took readily to his new vocation, and ultimately became noted as a keen adept in the tortuous, shifty practice so highly appreciated by the class of clients with whom he had chiefly to deal; though I do not believe he would have lent himself to any decidedly unprofessional expedient, dangerously near as in the fervor of his temperament he might at times have ventured near the faintly-traced boundary-line, which marks the limit which an attorney may not overstep in defence of the most liberal and interesting of clients. For the rest, Richard Penson was a fairly-conducted, pleasant, companionable young fellow, except when more freshly primed than usual, and alone with some one or two of his intimates, he got maudlin about Judith Morton,—her charms, caprices, cruelties. A detestable infiction, I well remember, were those obliging confidences; but resting so slightly upon my memory, that the sole and hazy impression I derived from them was, that he had been jilted by a handsome young shrew, who most likely, on account of her brimstone temper, had not yet obtained a husband; when Richard Penson finished his time, and inscribed his name on the roll as an attorney of the Court of King's Bench. Soon after that event he left town for Westmoreland in renewed quest, I had no doubt, of his old flame. I neither saw nor heard anything of him again till about three years afterwards, when I met him just by the Great Turnstile, Holborn; but so changed was he, that I for some moments vainly cast about in my memory as to whom the pallid, care-worn, poverty-stricken man, whose proffered hand I mechanically held in mine, could be.

"You do not remember me?" he said, with a dull, wintry smile. The voice and a peculiar north-country accent, enabled me to do so instantly; and I blurted out, "Richard Penson! But, good God! what has come to you? Why, you look like an old man!"

"I *am* one," he answered. "Age is not always truly reckoned by years."

"Surely," I said, after a slight pause, "that old craze of yours about the Westmoreland spitfire you used to talk of cannot have made such a wreck of a sensible man?"

"Certainly not; or, at least, not in the way you appear to suppose. But come; if you have an hour to spare, and will stand treat for a few glasses, I will tell you all about it."

"Stand treat for a few glasses!" The hot blood burned in my cheeks and temples as I echoed this sad confession of meanness and degradation from my former acquaintance;

but he did not appear to heed, or was callous to, the implied meaning of the exclamation; and upon my stammering out that he was welcome to as many glasses as he chose to have, he brightened up into a kind of sickly gaiety, said, "I was always a trump," and led the way to a tavern in Chancery Lane. There, and at subsequent interviews, I was made acquainted with the following strange and warning story. Much of the dialogue, which he had a morbid fondness for repeating, he had written out.

When Richard Penson, after an absence of more than five years, revisited his birthplace, he found Judith Morton still single; and though in her twenty-third year, as freshly beautiful, to his mind, as when he had last seen her. He soon found, moreover, that it was quite out of the question that she should become his wife, albeit the refusal was this time more gently intimated than on a former occasion. According to the gossip of the neighborhood, one Robert Masters, a thriving "statesman," but about ten years her senior, had been courting her off and on for a long time; but somehow the affair seemed as far or farther off than ever from a matrimonial termination. It was also reported that a former beau of hers, Charles Harpur, who had emigrated to America, and greatly prospered there, with whom she had constantly corresponded, was shortly expected to pay a visit to England, and of course to Westmoreland. Thus admonished of the folly of further indulgence in his dream-fancies, Penson turned his lingering steps, first towards Appleby, where, however, no opening for an additional attorney presented itself, and finally he came as far southward as Liverpool, opened an office in Scotland Road, and diligently strove to edge himself into the legal business of that flourishing city. The result was so disheartening, that at the end of about six months' fruitless endeavor he had made up his mind to sell his office-desk, stool, chairs, and brass plate, and return to the service of his old master, who would, he knew, be glad to employ him, when an opening for the exercise of his peculiar talents suddenly presented itself, and he was tempted to venture upon the perilous path, the near end of which was destruction.

He was sitting, he told me, in his office, one wet, gloomy afternoon in January, before a handful of fire, alternately revolving in his mind his own dismal present and future, and two or three startling paragraphs that had just been copied into the Liverpool journals from the Westmoreland county paper. To him they were of great interest, but in some degree unintelligible. Robert Masters, the quondam bachelor of Judith Morton, before spoken of, had, it appeared, been killed at a place in Gilgrath Forest by a pistol-shot; and according to one account, robbery must have been the motive of the assassin, as the de-

ceased's pockets had been rifled and his gold watch carried off; whilst, according to another and later paragraph, Charles Harpur, a person of good property, recently arrived from abroad, had been fully committed for the murder; the suggested cause whereof was jealousy with respect to a Jemima Morton, a young woman, the paper stated, of great personal attractions. "The mistake in the Christian name, Jemima for Judith," mused Penson, "is obvious enough; but how comes it that both jealousy and plunder are spoken of as motives for the crime? Charles Harpur is not a robber, and yet both money and watch were missing. I must even, poor as I am, pay a visit to Bedstone. Ha! Well, this is strange!"

A slight noise at the window had caused him to look suddenly up in that direction, and to his great surprise, almost consternation, he saw the handsome and excited countenance of Judith Morton, just above the dwarf Venetian blinds, the dark, flashing eyes, peering eagerly into the office, wherein she yet, he observed, discerned nothing. His sudden starting up revealed him to her; a kind of wild smile of recognition glanced over her features, and in another minute Judith Morton was face to face with Richard Penson,—she, this time the suppliant for favor.

Miss Morton was habited in deep mourning, and her appearance and manner evinced much flurry and disquietude. Hastily seating herself, she drew forth a sealed packet from a large reticule, saying, as she did so, in reply to Penson's questioning glance at her mourning dress, "For my father, he died about three months since." Then holding the packet or parcel in her hand, she gazed fixedly for a moment or two at her astounded auditor, as if to ascertain if the influence she once possessed over him had been weakened by time and absence. Apparently the scrutiny was satisfactory; a bright gleam of female pride danced in her eyes, and there was an accent of assured confidence in the tone with which she said: "I am here, Richard Penson, to retain you professionally in a matter deeply affecting myself, with the full persuasion that spite of—perhaps in some degree because of—by-gones, you will not fail me in this hour of need."

Penson's heart was in his throat, and a few broken words could only gurgie through to the effect that he was soul and body at her service. The prideful smile shot more brightly than before across the face of the temptress, and the voice was gentle and caressing which replied, "I knew that would be your answer, Richard." After hesitating for a moment she took a note from her purse and placed it before the wonder-mute attorney: it was a bank of England note for fifty pounds; and in the excitement of his chivalrous enthusiasm, he rejected it almost indignantly.

"Nay, nay," said Judith Morton, "you

must accept it. My father, as I told you, is no more, and I am tolerably well off," adding with insinuating meaning, "and, better perhaps than that, I am now my own mistress." Penson took the note thus pressed upon him, and an embarrassing but brief silence ensued, broken by Judith Morton, who having unsealed the packet of papers, said, "These are office copies of the depositions made in the case of Charles Harpur, of which you have doubtless heard." The attorney's countenance fell as Judith pronounced that name, and she hastened to say, "It is not you will find for his sake I am chiefly interested,—but first you must read those papers. I will go and take tea while you do so, at the inn below, where the coach stopped: I shall not be gone more than half an hour."

The peremptory manner of the young woman forbade reply, and as soon as the street door closed behind her, Penson addressed himself to the perusal of the depositions. It was some time before the palpitating bewilderment of his brain so far subsided as to enable him to distinctly seize and comprehend what he read; but professional habit at length resumed its influence, and by the time Miss Morton returned he had thoroughly mastered the case as far as it was disclosed by the depositions.

"Well," said she, with seeming calmness, "your opinion upon this sad affair."

"There can be but one opinion upon it," replied Penson, "the facts lie in a nutshell; Harpur met the deceased at a farmer's dinner, after which, both being elevated by wine, Harpur took offence at something—it is not stated what—that Masters said respecting you; and a violent quarrel and fight ensued. Three nights afterwards Masters is found dead, with a bullet through his brain. James Blundell, a respectable man whom I know well, swears positively that he heard the report, and about ten minutes afterwards saw Harpur running, from the spot, not far from which the body was next morning found,—his face, clearly visible in the brilliant moonlight, as white as chalk, and holding a pistol in his hand. There can be no doubt, therefore, that Harpur killed the deceased, though perhaps under circumstances that, if provable, might reduce the offence to manslaughter."

"You noticed that the man's watch and money were not to be found?" said Judith Morton.

"Yes; and that is certainly an odd circumstance; but probably, as I see is suspected, they were stolen by some person who discovered the body earlier in the morning than Blundell and the constable did."

"Is there nothing in your opinion affects the credibility of Blundell's testimony?"

"Not essentially: to be sure there appears to have been ill blood between him and Mas-

ters, but that cannot have any weight against the —"

"Not if strengthend—*made* weighty," interrupted the young woman, with suggestive emphasis.

"I—I do not comprehend you," stammered Penson; greatly startled, as he told me, more by her manner than words.

"You must then, and thoroughly," said Judith Morton, who was now deathly pale, "or nothing effectual will, I see, be done. There is no one within hearing?"

"Not a soul!"

"Draw your chair closer to mine, however, that I may speak the secret *which will place me in your power*, in a whisper; it was I slew Robert Masters!"

"God of heaven—you!—impossible!"

"It is true, and therefore possible, as you shall hear,—but first let me ask this question—With all my faults of temper, caprices, vexatious follies, was I not always a truthful girl?"

"Certainly: you were ever sincere and plain spoken."

"I was sure you would do me justice; you will then have no misgiving as to the exact truth of what I am about to relate, which I will do as briefly as possible. Charles Harpur, one of my old lovers, as you know—though after what has passed he can never be, under any circumstances, more to me than he is at this moment,—lately returned from America much richer than he left England, and renewed his addresses, which were accepted. This came to the knowledge of Masters, who was engaged to me, and he, as you know, met and quarrelled with Harpur. The injurious hints thrown out against me on that occasion were dismissed from Harpur's mind, after an explanation with me, and Masters, foiled in his selfish and malignant purpose, had the audacious insolence to write me word that unless I broke with Harpur he would send him some foolish letters of mine, long since written, of no harm whatever if read and interpreted by calm reason, but which would I knew drive Harpur mad with jealous fury. I so far supplied my mind as to write a note to Masters, demanding in the name of manliness and honour, the return of those letters to me. Judging by his reply, he was in some degree affected by the justice and earnestness of my appeal, and promised if I would meet him at nine o'clock that evening at an old trysting-place he mentioned, he would return my letters, should he not succeed in persuading me not to marry Harpur. I determined on meeting him; the evenings were light and calm, and I have ever felt an almost man-like want of fear. Yet, as the hour approached, and I set off for the place of meeting, I was disturbed by a vague sense, as of the near approach of calamity and misfortune, and I called at Harpur's lodgings, with the purpose

of informing him of what had occurred, and guiding myself by his counsel. Unhappily, he was not at home, and after waiting some time I again determined to keep the appointment with Masters at all hazards. As I turned to leave the room, an open case containing two small pistols caught my eye, and I immediately seized one, precisely why I hardly know myself, except from an undefined thought of shielding myself from possible insult should Master's rage at finding me invincible to his entreaties prompt him to offer me any. I concealed the weapon beneath my shawl, and did not, I well remember, bestow a thought even as to whether it was loaded or not. I met Robert Masters,—he urged me by every argument he could think of to discard Harpur and renew my long since broken engagement with himself. I refused firmly, perhaps scornfully, to do so, and passionately insisted on the fulfilment of his promise respecting the letters. In his exasperation, Masters swore he would do no such thing, and taking one from his pocket, he opened, and pretended to read from it a love-passage, which, had I not been almost out of my senses with rage and indignation, I must have been sure I never could have written. I sprang forward to clutch the letter, a struggle for its possession ensued, and, how it happened I know not, certainly by no voluntary act of mine, the pistol in my hand went off: there was a flash and a report, sounding to me like thunder, and Robert Masters lay dead at my feet! What followed I can only confusedly describe. For a time I was transfixed—rooted with terror to the spot, but presently the stunning sense of horror was succeeded by apprehension for myself; and, by what prompted cunning, I know not, though doubtless with a wild hope of thereby inducing a belief that the deed had been committed by robbers, I threw myself on my knees beside the corpse, and not only possessed myself of the letters, but of the slain man's watch and purse. I had scarcely done so, when I heard footsteps approaching, and I started up and fled with the speed of guilt and fear, leaving the fatal pistol on the ground. The footsteps were Harpur's; he had reached home soon after I left, and followed me only to arrive too late! I disclosed everything to him; he had faith in my truth, as I am sure you have, and swore never to betray me; he has, you know, faithfully kept his word, though himself apprehended for the crime."

Judith Morton ceased speaking, and Pen-son, aghast, stupified, could not utter a word.

"Well, Richard Penson," said she, after a painful silence of some minutes, "have you no counsel to offer me in this strait?"

"Counsel, Judith," replied Penson, with white lips, "what counsel can I offer? The only effect of this confession, if made public, would be to consign you to the scaffold instead

of Harpur; for those who would sit in judgment upon your life would not believe that the pistol was accidentally discharged."

"That is also my opinion, and can you do nothing to save my life—my innocent life, Richard; for be assured that rather than a guiltless man shall perish through my deed, I will denounce myself as the slayer of Robert Masters. You have a reputation for lawyer craft," she added, "and money shall not be wanting."

"There is no possibility of obtaining an acquittal," said Penson, "except by having recourse to perilous devices that— In short I see no chance of a successful defence."

"You once loved me, Richard Penson," said Judith Morton, in a low, agitated voice, "or at least said you did."

"Once loved you—*said* I did!" echoed Pen-son.

"I know not what to say," continued Judith, as if unheeding his words, and with eyes bent on the ground; "Harpur can never be, as I told you, more to me than he is now—I have reason indeed to believe that he has no wish to be; faithful, *as yet*, as he has proved to his promise not to betray me; and it may be Richard—it may be, I say—though that I begin to think will have slight weight with you,—that—that gratitude might lead me to reward, to return the devotion to which I should be indebted for the preservation of my young life."

"Judith—Judith Morton!" gasped Penson, "do not drive me mad!"

"Make no rash promises, Richard, to incur peril for my sake," said Judith Morton, rising from her chair; "by to-morrow morning you will have thought the matter calmly over. I will call about ten o'clock, and you can then tell me if I can count or not upon effectual help from you. Good night."

She was gone; but not till her purpose had been thoroughly accomplished. Richard Pen-son's resolution was taken, and before he threw himself upon his bed that night, his eager and practised brain had elaborated a plan—audacious and full of peril to himself—whereby an acquittal might be, with almost certainty, insured. "I do it," it was thus he glozed the scheme to his own conscience—"I do it to save her life—her young and innocent life, as she truly says, and I will take care that no harm shall ultimately befall Blundell. He will have abundant means of self-vindication when—when I and Judith are safe beyond the Atlantic."

The clocks were chiming ten when Judith Morton entered the young attorney's office on the following morning. "There is more than hope, there is triumph, safety in your look," she said, ungloving her hand, and extending it to Penson.

"Yes, Judith," he replied, "I have determined upon running all risks to extricate you

from this peril. And first the watch—a description of which I shall, as the prisoner's attorney, take care to advertise by-and-by—have you it with you?"

"Yes! here it is; but what is it you propose doing?"

"That, dear Judith, I must be excused for not disclosing. Success depends upon close secrecy. I will, however, see Harpur as his professional adviser, without delay, and assure him—for his continued silence is paramountly essential—that an acquittal is certain, but not of the means of procuring it—stone walls having ears, as they say, and indiscretion being as fatal as treachery?"

"No evil will fall upon any innocent person!" asked the young woman.

"No *permanent* evil—of that be assured," replied Penson. This was about all that passed between the confederates, and a few minutes afterwards Judith Morton took leave, and was soon on her way home.

Harpur's trial came on during the March Assize, at Appleby, and as the case had excited much interest in the county, the Crown Court was densely crowded. The witnesses for the prosecution were not asked a single question by the counsel instructed by Penson for the defence till it came to the turn of the last and only important one, James Blundell. The cross-examination of this man was from the first a menacing one, and the hush of the excited auditory deepened into painful intensity as it became evident from the stern questioning of the counsel, that the defence intended to be set up was, that the deceased had met his death at the hand of the witness, not of the prisoner. It was elicited from Blundell, though with much difficulty, that he was in embarrassed circumstances, considerably in debt to the deceased, with whom he had in consequence, had words more than once, and that he knew Robert Masters had been heard to say he would sell him (Blundell) up before long. The witness was greatly agitated by this exposure of his affairs, and so fiercely was he pressed by the zealous counsel for nearly an hour of merciless cross-examination, that he could scarcely stand when told to leave the witness-box.

"I have to request, my lord," said the prisoner's counsel, "that the last witness be not permitted to leave the court—for the present at least." The judge nodded assent, and a couple of javelin-men placed themselves by the side of the nervous and terrified Blundell. The case for the Crown having closed, and no speech in those days being allowed to be made by a reputed felon's counsel, witnesses for the defence were at once called. "Call Thomas Aldous," said Richard Penson, to the crier of the court, and presently Thomas Aldous, a middle aged, gold-spectacled gentleman, of highly-respectable aspect, presented himself in the witness-box.

"You are the proprietor, I believe, Mr. Aldous," said the prisoner's counsel, "of an extensive pawnbroking establishment in London?"

"Well, sir," replied the witness, "I cannot say mine is an extensive establishment, but it is, I am bold to say, a respectable one, and situate not in London proper, but in the Blackfriars Road, Southwark."

"No matter: you have been within the last few days in communication with respect to an advertised gold watch, with the attorney for the prisoner, Mr. Penson?"

"I have."

"Do you produce the watch in question?"

"I do; here it is. It was pawned with me," added the scrupulous witness, refreshing his memory by a glance at the duplicate, "on the 18th of February last, for £10, and the address given, No. 8, Lambeth Walk, is, I have since ascertained, a fictitious one."

"Will the brother of the deceased who has already been sworn," said the examining barrister, "have the kindness to look at this watch?"

Mr. James Masters did so, and identified it as belonging to his brother, and worn by him at the time of his death.

"Should you be able, Mr. Aldous," continued counsel, "to recognize the person who pawned the watch?"

"I should have no difficulty in doing so," said the pretended Aldous, "although it was just between the lights when the man, a middle-aged, stoutish person came to my shop as he not only had a peculiar cast in his eyes, but that once or twice, when a handkerchief which he held to his face, I suppose in consequence of toothache, slipped aside, I noticed a large, bright red stain, either from scrofula or a natural mark across his lower jaw."

As this audaciously-accurate description of Blundell left the witness's lips, every eye in court was turned upon the astounded individual; the javelin men drew back with instinctive aversion from in front of him, and he, as if impelled by a sympathetic horror of himself, shrieked out, "That's me! he means me! oh God!" "That is the man," promptly broke in the pawnbroker, "I should know him amongst a million." This was too much for Blundell; he strove to gasp out a fierce denial, but strong emotion choked his utterance, and he fell down in a fit, from which he did not entirely recover for some hours, then to find himself in close custody upon suspicion of being the assassin of Robert Masters.

The proceedings in court need not be further detailed; the prosecution had, of course, irretrievably broken down, and there was nothing for it but to formally acquit the prisoner, who was at once discharged, and the crowded court was immediately cleared of the excited auditory, numerous groups of whom remained

for long afterwards in the streets, eagerly canvassing the strange issue of the trial. As Richard Penson left the court a scrap of paper was slipped into his hand, upon which was scrawled in pencil, and in a disguised hand, "Thanks—a thousand thanks—but no harm must come to poor B——. You shall hear from me in a few days at Liverpool. J."

As soon as Blundell could collect his scattered thoughts and advise with a lawyer, there was found to be no difficulty in establishing an *alibi*, that on the day of the pretended pawning he was in his own home at Bedstone, and he was conditionally liberated. Inquiries were next set on foot respecting Mr. Aldous, and as no such person could be found, the nature of the conspiracy by which justice had been defeated gradually disclosed itself. An effort was also made to arrest Penson, the prisoner's attorney, but as he had previously disappeared from Liverpool, and it was reported sailed for America with Judith Morton, the pursuit was abandoned. This information was completely erroneous; Judith Morton had indeed embarked for America, but it was with her husband, Charles Harpur, to whom she had been privately married three weeks previous to the death of Robert Masters, the wedding having been intendedly kept secret for a time, partly on account of the recent death of the bride's father, who, by the bye, died in poor circumstances, and partly because of some family reason of Harpur's. This intelligence reached Penson at Liverpool, in a letter dated London, about a week subsequent to the trial, containing many apologies, another £50 note, and signed "Judith Harpur!"

I will not detain the reader with any description of the wretched, vagabond life led by Penson, from the moment of his departure from Liverpool till I met him in Holborn—till his death, in fact,—for he was utterly irremediable—which was not long delayed, and took place in the infirmary of a city workhouse. He, at all events, though not reached by the arm of the law, paid the full penalty of his offence. Whether the same might be said of Judith Morton, I know not, Penson never having heard either of her or Harpur, since they left England for the States.

THE EYE OF THE LAW.—This eye, we are told, is getting so dreadfully weak, that it is about to advance for an articulated pupil.

A DANGEROUS RIVAL.—Be your pretensions as a lover what they may, you are sure to be cut out by our tailor.

That the Queen, whose name is most unwarrantably used on writs and other legal documents, knows anything of the way in which you are being served out.

That there ever were two such persons as John Doe and Richard Roe.

A LEAF FROM THE PARISH REGISTER.

I HAD once a long search to make among the register-books of Chorley Parish. It extended over many months, and kept me poring, day after day, over the musty pages of the old vestry-room. Abraham Stedman, the clerk, whom we all know very well in Chorley—kept me company the whole time; and in one of my mid-day pauses, when we were sharing some bread and cheese, and beer over the vestry fire, he told me the following passage in his life:—

I have lived in the parish, said he, going on now for seventy years. When I think of past times, my present friends in the place seem strangers to me. Our old acquaintances die off one by one, and new ones come into their places so gradually, that we scarcely miss them; but one day we look round, and find that the world has passed into strange hands.

[At this point Abraham Stedman paused and looked at the vestry fire for a few moments; I was silent, waiting for him to proceed.]

The story I am going to tell you is wonderful enough, though there are no ghosts in it. I do not believe in ghosts. If any man ought to have seen ghosts, I ought; for, I may say, without any offence to my kind friends of to-day, that all my truest and oldest friends are gone to the ghost-land; and I am sure they would pay me a visit if they could. Besides, I never feared to walk about an old house in the dark at midnight, or to go at that silent time through the churchyard where most of my friends lie, or even into the church if I had occasion.

On Christmas Eve—I cannot say exactly how many years ago it is now, but it was not very long after I was made clerk—the rector (that was poor Mr. Godby) told me he was in a little perplexity about the sexton's being ill, seeing there would be no one to ring the bells. Now I always made a point of sitting up with the sexton on that night, and taking a hand at the bells; for I could ring them pretty well, and it seemed only to me a little kindness, proper to the season, to offer to keep him company in such a lonely place. He was a much older man than I was, and I knew he was glad of my society. We used to have a little fire up in the bellry, and make toast and posset an hour or two after midnight. But this time the sexton was ill, and I promised the rector at once that I would ring the bells; and so it was agreed that I should.

I used to offer my company to the old man because I knew that he was timid and a little superstitious; but, for myself, I did not mind at all going there alone. At exactly half-past eleven, on that Christmas Eve, I took all the church keys, and started from my house

to fulfil my promise. It was very dark that night, and windy, and several of our old lamps had either dropped out for want of oil, or been blown out by the gusts. I could not see any one in the street; but, as I left my door, I fancied that I heard footsteps a little way behind me. I should not have noticed it then, if it had not been that on several nights previously I had fancied that some person had secretly followed me, as I went about the town. I came up to a little band of carol singers soon after, and stood listening to them a minute or two. When I bade them good night and a merry Christmas, I had forgotten about the footsteps. It was striking the three quarters as I passed over the stile into the churchyard; and just after that I caught a sound like footsteps again. I looked back, and waited a while; but I could hear nothing more. I was ashamed to walk back a little way, for I began to think that I was becoming a coward, and conjuring up things out of my fear. It was true I had fancied this before that night; but it had never troubled me till then, and so I did not doubt it was some superstitious feeling about my task that was at the bottom of it. "What object could any one have in following a poor man like me, night after night?" I asked myself. So I went on through the pathway between the grave-stones, humming an old ditty.

Now, though I had resolved to banish all thought of the supposed footsteps from my mind, I could not help just turning half round as I stood with the great key in the lock, and looking about in the direction I had come. I own, I was frightened then, for, at about thirty yards distance, I saw distinctly, as I believed, the dark head of a man peeping at me over the top of one of the tomb-stones. I stood in the shadow of the church porch, so that it would be difficult for any one at that distance to observe I was looking that way. The tomb-stone was some way from the gravel path, and out of the line of any one passing through the churchyard, and indeed, as you know, no one would have occasion to pass through the churchyard unless he were going to the church, like myself. I hesitated for a moment, and then walked briskly towards it; but the head seemed to withdraw itself immediately and disappear. What was more strange, I walked round the very stone, and could see no one near; nor could I hear any movement. A little further was another tomb-stone somewhat higher and with a carved top, and I tried to persuade myself that it was this top coming close behind the other stone which had deceived me. But this could not be; for stand how I would in the church porch, I could not bring the second tomb-stone exactly in a line with the first, to my eye, I felt a little uneasy at this strange fancy; but it would not do to go back, for it was near twelve, and I had promised the

rector to be in the belfry, ready to ring out a peal on the stroke of mid-night. So I opened the door quickly, closed it behind me, and walked feeling my way down the aisle.

I was quite in the dark, for my lanthorn was in the vestry-room, and I kept a tinder-box and matches there to light it. I had to grope about for the key-hole of the heavy iron-plated door, and again to fumble among my bunch of keys to find the right one. I am not a man of weak nerve; but a strange sensation came over me, as I stood there in the dark, feeling through all the bunch for the key. The air of the church was close, and had a faint smell of mouldering leather, such as you smell in some libraries, I believe it made me feel faint; for, just then, I had so strong a tingling in the ears, that I seemed to hear the bells already beginning to peal forth in the belfry. I listened and fancied I heard distinctly that confused jingle which precedes a full peal. The fancy terrified me for the moment, for I knew that I had seen the sexton ill in bed that day, and that even he could not be there, unless he had got the key from me. But when this notion had passed, I set it down for another invention of mine, and began to think the tomb-stone affair no more worthy of belief than this. So I turned the great key with both my hands; and, opening the inner fire-proof door, I let myself into the vestry-room.

When I was once in there, I knew where to find my lanthorn and tinder-box in a moment. I always kept them on the second shelf from the ground, in the closet just behind where the plan of the parish estate at East Haydocke hangs up framed and glazed. But the pew opener kept her dusters and brushes there also, and we used to have words about her throwing my things out of order sometimes. This time I found that she had scattered my matches, and I had to stoop down and feel about for them among all the things at the bottom of the closet, which took some time. When I found them, I struck a light and blew the tinder with my breath. I saw the sexton do exactly the same thing one night as I stood in the dark, right at the end of the aisle, and his face reflected the fire at every puff and looked quite devilish as it shone out strongly and faded away again. I mention this because I have thought of it since, and I believe it had something to do with what befel me that night. I lighted my candle, and shut it up in my lanthorn. It gave a very weak light and the sides of the lanthorn were of thick, yellow horn, very dusty and dirty with lying in the closet; for I rarely had occasion to go into the church after dark.

Swinging this lanthorn, then, in one hand, and holding some faggots under the other arm to light my fire with, I went up the steps again into the dark side aisle. Just at that moment, and as I was shutting the

vestry-room door, I suddenly felt a heavy hand laid on my arm. I started, and cried "Whose there?" letting my lanthorn fall, so that the light went out. Nobody answered, but some one immediately held me from behind, trying to keep back my arms with extraordinary strength. I was not a weak man then, although I am short; but I struggled long to get round and face my enemy, and just as I was getting a little more free, another one came to his assistance. I called aloud for help; but they stuffed my mouth with something, and swore it I called they would shoot me through the head. Upon this they bound my arms tightly, and led me back into the vestry-room, where I sat on a chair, while they lighted the candle they had with them.

I was a little frightened, as you may suppose; but I thought they were only thieves, who had followed me, and got into the church, through my forgetting, in my fright about the tombstone, to fasten the church door; and as I knew that there was very little of value in the vestry-room, I was rather glad to think how they would be baffled. When they got a light, I saw that they had half masks on. They were well dressed, and although they swore at me, it was evident that they were not common burglars; I could tell that from their language. One laid a long shining pair of pistols on the baize that covered the table, out of my reach. I knew he did it to intimidate me; for he asked me immediately for my keys, in a loud voice. It was no use my refusing them; I was quite helpless, and they had nothing to do but to take them out of my hands. I told them that the rector kept all the plate in his house, and that there was nothing in any of the closets but a few bottles of wine, and some wax candles. The oldest man, I think, asked me then where the books were kept; but I would not tell him. I determined that, let them do what they might to me, I would keep to my determination not to tell them where the books were. They tried much to terrify me, with words at first, but finding that did not do, the elder one, who was the principal in everything, put his pistol to my ear, and declared he would ask me three times, and after the third time fire. Now I was in great terror at this, and never believed myself so near death as I did then; but I had made a kind of vow to myself, and being in a church, I thought a curse would be upon me if I yielded; so I held my tongue; and when he found I was firm, instead of firing, he flung his pistol down upon the table again, and began sullenly to try all the locks he could find about the room with the keys he had taken from me. In this way he soon found the books he wanted in a fire-proof safe.

And now both of them began to pore over the books by the light of the candle. They chose two with vellum covers, which I knew

to be the marriage registers—the old and the new one—containing all the marriages that had taken place at old Chorley church for seventy years back. I heard one ask the other if there was no index; for they did not understand our way of indexing, which was merely to write down all the letters of the alphabet, with the numbers of the pages at which names beginning with each letter could be found—taking the first letter from the bridegroom's name, of course. So they had a long search, each of them turning over the leaves of one book, and examining it page by page. I watched their faces, and tried to bear in mind at what part of the book they were, in case they should stop. The one who had the old book came to a place, at last, which seemed to contain what he was looking for. He showed it to his companion, and they conferred together, for a moment, in a whisper. Immediately after, the older one tore out I thought some half dozen leaves. He was going to burn them in the flame of the candle at first; but his companion stayed him, and he tore them up, and put them in his pockets. As soon as they had done this, they turned hastily to depart, as if they were anxious to be gone now their business was done. The older one took some more cord from his pocket, and bound me fast in the great vestry chair, drawing the cords round my wrists and ankles, till I cried out with the pain. Then threatening again to return, and blow my brains out if they heard my voice, they went out down the aisle, leaving the vestry room door open. All this happened in little more than half an hour; for the clock chimed the two-quarters after midnight at this very moment.

I sat there two hours alone; but it seemed to me so long that, if I had not heard every quarter chime, I should have expected to see the day dawn through the stained glass window. It was the dreariest two hours that ever I passed in my life. It was bitter cold, and sitting there helplessly in one position, my limbs grew frozen, and the cords seemed to get tighter and tighter, and stop the movement of my blood. It is no wonder I felt nervous after such a scene. Where I sat, with my back to the wall, I looked right into the church, and the door was left open. I could feel a cold wind rushing from it into the room; and as I sat staring into the darkness, strange fancies troubled me. I saw dark shapes floating about, as I thought, and peeping at me from the sides of the doorway; and now and then I noticed something like little flakes of light moving in the gloomy space beyond. I would have given anything for the power to close the door. I fancied strange noises, and began to think of the people I had known who lay in the vaults just below me or in the graves about the church; and several times a heavy hand seemed to be laid upon

my arm again, just in the spot where the man had first seized me. Once I could not persuade myself but that I could hear a low, deep tone from the organ; and again the suppressed jangling of the bells annoyed me. So I sat, listening intently, when the whistling of the wind paused out of doors, and hearing and seeing all kinds of strange things, till the chimes went the quarter after two.

Soon after that, I saw a little shining light moving about at the bottom of the church. It came nearer to me, and I heard a footstep. I had fancied so many things, that I was not sure yet whether I was deceived again, but now I heard some one call "Abraham Stedman! Abraham Stedman!" three times. It was the rector's voice, and I answered him; but he did not know where I was till I called to him to come into the vestry room. He held up his lamp, and was much surprised to find me as I was. I related to him what had happened, and he unbound me. He told me he had lain awake since midnight wondering to hear no bells ringing, and had grown uneasy; for he thought I could not have failed to keep my word, and he knew that I was in the church alone. So at last, he had determined to come in search of me.

This affair made a great stir in Chorley. But we could get no clue to the parties; nor to their object in mutilating the register. They had taken out so many leaves, that it was impossible to tell what particular entry they had wanted to destroy; but it was a curious thing, that on examining the skeleton index, we found that, although there were as many as thirty entries in those six leaves, every one of them began with one of three letters. This was a very small clue, and the marriages at that part were all of many years back; so that no one could ever tell what the names were. It was no wonder that we could get no trace of the two men. Before the next year came round, Chorley people had got some new thing to talk about; and as no one came for a copy of the missing entries in the register, they began to forget all about my adventure.

Eighteen months after the night which I was bound in the vestry-room, old Mr. Godby sent for me one night, and told me he thought he might yet be able to trace the two strangers. He had got a copy of a London newspaper, in which there was an advertisement addressed to parish clerks, inquiring for the marriage register of a Mr. Maclean, which took place about thirty years before. The initial of that name was one of our three letters; but as the advertisement mentioned no place, that would seem a very small matter to go upon. But I had always thought that the entry which the two strangers had searched for was on the first of the leaves which they tore out, and that it was the other leaves underneath which were torn with it, to put us

off the scent. Now, on this first page we found there were two entries, both beginning with M, which was something more. Besides, Mr. Godby reasoned, that a register, about which the parties interested were so uncertain, was the very one which any person knowing of its existence, and having an interest in preventing its appearance, might endeavour to destroy. These three reasons seemed to him so good, that he went up to London about it; and a day or two after, he wrote to me to join him. We were soon upon the scent now; for Mr. Godby had ascertained who were the persons likely to be guilty, supposing that we were right in our conjecture, that the missing register concerned this family. When I saw one of them, I recognised him immediately, although he had worn a mask in the church. I knew him by his appearance, but when he spoke, I could swear that he was the man, and the officer accordingly arrested him. We got such evidence against him afterwards, as clearly to prove him guilty. People were hung for such a crime then; and it was with great difficulty that he escaped with transportation. He confessed all about it afterwards, and said his companion had gone abroad since, he did not know whither; and I believe they never caught him. His motive—as you may suppose—was to defraud children of large property, by destroying the proofs of their legitimacy; by which he benefited as the next of kin of the deceased person; but the lawyers set all to rights again, in spite of the missing register.

THE BELLS.

As one, who would you city reach,
Was slowly rowed to shore:
For whose strange tone and broken speech,
They lightly dipp'd the oar;
His failing voice, his mild dark eye,
Won the rude boatmen's sympathy.

He told them how, when he was young,
In his bright southern land,
A grand old church with bells was hung,
All fashion'd by his hand;
How they had won him much renown
And honour, in his ancient town.

How love first glided with their sound
Into one gentle heart;
And how their tones had linked it round,
Until the Bells were part
Of its own nature, and were fraught
With beautiful and holy thought:

And when, upon his wedding-day,
His ears those joy-bells met;

His own heart beatings, quick and gay,
Seemed to their music set.
And how that day, hope, love and pride—
His whole full heart was satisfied.

How she would say those chimes were meet.
To mark their pleasant hours,
Which were but the unfoldings sweet
Of joy's fresh-springing flowers.
How their young daughter would rejoice,
At theirs, as at its mother's voice.

Like rainbows, many-hued, had shone
Those hours of youthful prime.
At length a fatal storm fell on
The rushing gulf of time;
And smote him in a single day—
One wave took wife and child away.

And then the bells poured out a peal
So sorrowful and slow,
To his sick heart they seem'd to feel
For their old master's woe;
And they had cause; for War's red hand
Drove him an alien from the land.

Now, for their sake, an ocean far
In his old age he crossed;
For, in that dire distressful war,
The sweet bells had been lost;
And yearning for their sound again,
He came to seek them o'er the main—

Was there, because that western town
Some foreign bells possess'd,
And the fond hope they were his own
Flutter'd his aged breast.
He had in them a father's pride:
He fain would hear them ere he died.

The boatmen said, for lovely sound,
His bells they well might be;
And sooth to say they had been found
Somewhere in Italy.
Their voices soon would fill his ear;
The time of evening prayer was near.

And, as the sunset deepen'd more
The silence and the glow,
They rested, lest one plashing oar
Might break the calm below;
And as they heard the light waves float
Their rippling silver 'gainst the boat,
Those glorious chimes told out the hour
With stronger waves of sound;
And when the full peal left the tower,
He knew them—they were found:
And, with strained ear and lips apart,
He drank their music to his heart.

O! trembling like an under strain
Their sweeping anthem through,
Fame's whisperings grew clear again,
And Hope's old carols, too.
Though all without their ancient thrill,
The true bells kept their echo still.

Fond words from wife and child he caught
As exquisitely clear
As though some breeze from heaven had brought
Their voices to his ear.

He lost, in that one moment's ray,
The gloom of many a lonesome day.

The boatmen saw the flushing smile
The faded eye that fired;
The thin hand that kept time a while,
Until it sank as tired;
They saw not as the sun went down,
How the pale face had paler grown:

How God, to his long-waiting hope,
More than it asked had given;
How his dear bells had borne him up
To dearer ones in heaven.

But when the boatmen's toll was o'er:
His soul had reached a brighter shore.

THE SNOW-STORM.

It is not often that we have a snow-storm at Christmas, though this was not at all unusual in the times of "old-fashioned winters." But even in the hill districts of the country, in Wales, Westmoreland, and still further north, snow-storms of great severity sometimes occur about the end of December, when the level country to the south and along the seacoast is quite clear of snow. On one of such occasions the incidents occurred which form the subject of the following story.

The scene is on the verge of the counties of Yorkshire and Westmorland, at a point where the moors, fells, and lofty hills extend in all directions as far as the eye can reach. The country is rugged and sterile, and very thinly inhabited by shepherds, small farmers and cottagers. The life of the people there is still primitive and simple; for the district is too rugged and too poor to invite the approach of railways, and the inhabitants enjoy in retired and humble contentment the fruits of their honest labour.

As in all other districts of England, Christmas is annually celebrated by the dalesmen with feasting and merrymaking. It is the occasion for family meetings and rejoicing. The scattered members come from far off places, converging upon the homes of their childhood; and however varied may have been their success in the world, here they are once again under the old roof-tree.

In an humble cottage near the head of Swandale dwelt the family of the Lamberts, consisting of the heads of the family, John Lambert and his wife Ann, and a small family of children. The Lamberts had farmed the bit of land on which their cottage stood for many generations; and John, being the eldest son, had succeeded to the farm when his father died, the other members of the family having settled down elsewhere,—some in the immediate neighbourhood, while others, having gone into the towns, were there pursuing various honourable callings. As successive Christmases came round, the old farmhouse at Gill Head was the scene of pleasant greetings and delightful family communion. However sundered the various brothers and sisters might be in the world, they always regarded this as the family home, as the head-quarters of their tribe; and it was matter of deep regret to them, as it was to John Lambert himself, when distance or other circumstances prevented them from joining the family at its annual Christmas gathering. But in the year in which our story occurs, an unusually large assembly was promised; and among the expected guests was a near relative from the United States, who had gone out as an emigrant many years before, and had long meditated a Christmas visit to his old home in the Dales; and there was also a sister of John's, who had been absent for many years in London in the service of a respectable family there, who was expected to be present.

A few days before Christmas John Lambert had the pony put into the little market-cart—a vehicle set on rough springs, with a seat fixed across the centre—and with his wife Ann, he drove off to the little town of Reeth, in Argengarth Dale, with the view of laying in the necessary store of provisions for the approaching festivity. His children were set to their several departments of work; Dick, the eldest son, was to look after the sheep and see them safely folded, for there had been a slight fall of snow during the past night; Bessy and Jane, the two girls, were to proceed with a “baking” or cakes; and after enjoining them to good conduct, father and mother drove off, with the intimation that they would be home before dark.

Their way lay across the hills by a short cut. Skirting Hall Moor and Water Crag, whose lofty barren summits lay on their left, they could then drop into the highway down Argengarth Dale, along which the road to Reeth was easy. A blink of sunshine occasionally cheered the travellers on their way; and though the snow lay pretty deep in the clefts and hollows of the hills, the road, which lay along the open moor, was comparatively clear, and they had no difficulty in reaching the highway on the further side of the range. But, like all men accustomed to an out-of-door life, and especially to life among the hills,

Lambert had a keen weather eye; and from time to time he cast a glance up to the lofty height of Water Crag, about which the clouds seemed to be sullenly gathering.

“I dunna like the look o’ the weather,” said he at length; “it looks very like a storm brewin’ upo’ th’ crag there. I wish we had gone to Muker instead of Reeth; the road were easier, and without the hills to cross.”

“Nonsense, John,” said the wife; “the Muker shops are nou’t. We might ha’ bought their haill stock, and put it i’ th’ bottom o’ th’ cart, and not got half’ at we wanted. Besides, Muker’s sae dear. No, no, John, we maun drive to Reeth, if we wad be like our neebors at Christmas, and have plenty i’ th’ house to eat and drink.”

“Very like; and to Reeth we are drivin’, ye see. But it isn’t the gettin’ there I’m thinkin’ on; it’s the gettin’ back across the hills, happen in the snow-drift. I say again, wife, I dunna like the look o’ th’ weather.”

The wife, who assumed to be as weather-wise as her husband, pointed to the signs in the east and in the south, to the patch of blue sky here and there, as auguring fine weather; but John heeded her little, glancing occasionally at the black clouds gathering upon the hill-tops in the west. Still he urged the pony on, and in a short time the town of Reeth lay before them. After the lapse of little more than an hour the markets were made, an ample store of provisions, including many small luxuries, unusual at other times, were carefully packed into the bottom of the cart; the pony, after having been fed, was reharnessed, and John and his wife mounted the vehicle and set out on their way homewards again,—pressing the pony to its speed, for the snow was beginning to fall, borne down the dale by heavy gusts of biting winter wind.

To keep the road was easy enough for the first few miles; for it was well beaten, and marked by dry stone walls on either side. But the snow fell heavily, and it so “balled” in the little pony’s feet, that the beast was often in danger of falling; until at length Lambert had to get out of the cart and lead it by the head. In this way they made but small progress; and John more than once suggested to his wife that they should turn back to Reeth, and stay there until the following day, when the storm would probably have blown over. But the mother thought of her children in the lonely cottage at Gill Head, and she would not for a moment listen to the suggestion.

“No, no, John,” she said, “the snow has not fallen that deep yet. The hills will be clear enough; don’t you see how the drift flies, blown from the moors?”

“Indeed I see,” was the answer, “as well as the blinding snow will let me. And to tell you the truth, wife, it’s the drift I’m maist afeard

on. But, as we are not to go back, why then we must go on as fast as we can, else the night will catch us ere we have crossed the Drystane Moor. Come up, Dobbin, my lad, and put your best foot foremost."

It was growing grey as they struck into the track across the hills from the one valley into the other; and although the fall of snow had somewhat abated, the drift was blinding, and the wind cut them to the bone. Some parts of the moor were quite bare, blown clean by the blast which swept away the new fallen snow in clouds into the hollows of the hills. So long as their way lay along the bare side of the moor, they proceeded well enough; Ann congratulated her husband on their progress, and remarked to him, that after all the drift was not so heavy as he had thought of. But John held his peace, he knew that the danger lay far ahead, and he would not disturb his wife by his fears, until he saw how the drift lay under the shady side of Water Crag, which they were gradually approaching.

The wind howled in mournful gusts down the gullies of the hills, driving before it the snow clouds from the west; the storm seemed as if it would seize the poor wayfarers in its rage and hurl them onward upon its wings. The light was fast disappearing, and now only a dim outline of the near moors, with their few landmarks, could be detected. The road was a mere track, and where the snow lay it was impossible to detect it. Still Lambert felt satisfied that he was as yet on the right road, and he had known every foot of the ground since a boy,—every hollow, and bog, and knoll, and rock, was familiar to him. But, in the midst of a snow-storm, the steadiest head becomes confused. The senses reel, as if in stupor. The whirl and eddy of the drift, the howl of the tempest, the rage of the elements, the impetuous flashing of the snow across the sight, produce a bewilderment of the most appalling kind; and even the strongest natures stand aghast in the presence of a snow-storm raging all about them in the wild and lonely hills.

Lambert felt the perils of the situation; but they had now come so far that he felt there was as much danger in going back as in going forward; and his wife still urged him on. In her maternal anxieties she forgot her own danger.

"I fear we'll never manage it," muttered her husband; "the drift's o'er strong. The howe of the hills along Water Crag must be blown up by this time; and here are we, scarce entered upon Whaw side. Wife!" said he, lifting his voice; "there's a bit of an old hut somewhere hereabouts, up the hill side. I think we can reach it yet; and if you like, as there's nothing else for it, why we must shelter there till the blast has blown by,

or till I can find a road on foot along the heights, if that still be possible."

Ann Lambert offered no objection, and indeed she saw very clearly that it was high time they left the track, which in some places was so deep with snow, that the pony and cart stuck in it from time to time, and could only be dislodged and pushed forward into a shallower part of the road by their united efforts. They were becoming rapidly exhausted with this work, and any possible shelter, no matter of what sort, was above all things to be desired.

Striking off to the right, they made their way up the gentle ascent with great difficulty. Lambert went before, trying the ground with his stick, while his wife led the pony by the head; and thus they painfully toiled on. They still bore up, however, stout-hearted and resolute, determined, if possible, to get through the hills that night. Yet a nameless fear hung over them, a dreary, indefinable sensation of awe, a confused impression of the terrible and sorrowful, akin to the wild hurricane, which still moaned and howled along the waste, driving the blinding snow-drift into their faces. Still, however, they pressed on, affirmed by the thoughts of the dear little ones at home, now waiting so anxiously by the cottage fire for their parents' return.

Suddenly the wife heard her husband's cheerful shout. He was only a few yards ahead of her, yet she could but faintly discern his dim outline through the snow. "Here it is," he cried; "we are all right! But I had begun to think that we had missed it."

The ruined hut was now in sight—a dilapidated shepherd's cottage, with the roof half unthatched, and the skeleton timbers dimly discerned between them and the sky, across which the clouds swiftly scudded. The place was capable of affording the most miserable shelter at any time; and in such a night as that, it was fearful to think of. Still, it was better than none; and they even approached it with feelings of thankfulness and joy.

"Let's unyoke the pony," said Lambert; "poor Dobbin—he's had a sad, heavy pull, and all for nothing. There's no corn for Dobbin to-night. But let me see! Yes, there's Christmas loaves in the cart, and, with his bit of hay, he may contrive to make a supper. And come, wife, let's make the best of things. See if we can't be comfortable in a way. Out with the bottle!"

There were provisions enough in the cart for a week, so that they need not starve of hunger, like a beleaguered garrison. But the place presented no shelter against the cold. There was only one corner of it that was free from snow, which was blown by the gusts of wind into the hut. Lambert, therefore, proposed to go ahead again, as soon as the weather cleared up a little, in search of a road along the heights, by which he might descend into the valley beyond, and allay the fears and

anxieties of his family. His wife expressed her determination to accompany him, and she would not be restrained by Lambert's representations of the perils and the danger.

"I will draw the little cart into the hut, and there, among the straw, and wrapped in my plaid, you will be secure against the cold until my return. If there is a road still possible, I will find it."

"Then I will go with you."

"Stay here, Ann," he implored; "by daylight a search will be made, and one may be saved. But if we both perish?"

"Then God's will be done!"

She would not be moved; and the two went forward on foot in search of a road, proceeding along the bare and exposed places, and thus avoiding the deep drifts which lay below in the hollow. The wind had gone down somewhat, but the snow was still falling. It was now as if beat into the ground as it fell, and they strode in it often knee deep. They had walked on groping for about half an hour, when unknown to themselves, they were approaching the edge of a precipitous rock. Lambert suddenly stopped, at hearing, amidst the moaning of the wind, the thunderous rush of waters far beneath him. "Stop where you are," he exclaimed; and as he speaks, he feels his feet slipping from beneath him, and a sliding mass of snow, dislodged by his weight, bearing him steadily and surely towards the precipice! Suddenly he makes a desperate effort, leaps back, strikes his staff firmly into the ground, and the mass of snow rolls past him like an avalanche, precipitating itself into the valley below.

Scarcely had he strength left to crawl up the steep again to where his wife stood. She had seen her husband's danger, but she could not scream: she sunk down paralysed with fear. Hope and strength now failed her, and she fainted. When she recovered her bewildered senses, her husband was standing over her, calling her by her name. Suddenly she remembered the terrors of the situation, and the precipice so near at hand. "Let us go back," she said, "let us shelter in the hut; we must give up the search. The dear children are not to see us this night; shall they *over*?" Then the mother cried in bitter anguish, but not for long. Lambert encouraged her to think hopefully of the issue. He had known many who had gone through worse plights in the snow than this. It was well they had the shelter of the hut for the rest of the night. Trust Him, it would be all right in the end. And slowly they trudged their way back to the hut, where they found Dobbin sunk down to rest in the dry corner, where also we leave them for a time.

We return to the Gill Head Farm, and to the cottage home of the Lamberts. The house stood in a sheltered situation, protected from the west wind by a steep hill, which rose up

to a great height almost directly behind the little steading. But the sheltered position of the house made it the more apt to be "blown up" by the drift. The snow, as it swept down the valley, was swirled into the sheltered place, and it soon lay very deep all round the house. As night began to fall, the children looked anxiously out for the return of their parents. Every sound was listened to, but all sounds from without were drowned by the howling of the wind. Dick, after seeing the sheep safely folded from the storm, and the cattle foddered, went up the hill with the dog to try and descry the pony-cart coming over the moor, by way of the Dead Man's Gap. But the air was so thick with the snow that it was impossible for him to see a hundred yards before him, and he returned into the house. It was a dreadful night, and the children were increasingly anxious—not without reason. From the window they could still see in the dusk the clouds of snow-drift furiously swept down the dale on the stormy blast from the west. But soon the cottage panes became obscured, and the children could see that the little garden in front was drifted full of snow up to the level of the windows. When they next opened the door, a sudden gust carried a cloud of snow into the apartment. The snow came down the chimney at intervals, and fell sputtering into the fire. A terrible fear now fell upon the children, and they dreaded the fate of their parents, exposed to so awful a storm. The younger children began to cry. But Bessy told them they must go to bed; and, accustomed to obey, they silently but fearfully undressed and lay down; and they cried themselves to sleep. Dick and his sister sat by the fire all night, dozing and starting up from time to time, thinking they heard a noise outside. Once, about midnight, they opened the door, and called out "Who's there?" No reply. The cottage was nearly drifted up all around. But the children could see that the snow had ceased falling; and the moon, which had just risen, and was glistening over the heights of Shunner Fell, showed them that the valley, and the surrounding fells, moors, and hills, were all covered with snow.

They watched and listened all night, and in vain. But they communicated to each other the hope that, seeing the storm coming on, their parents would probably have stayed in Reeth all night, and that they might thus reach the cottage in the morning, if the roads were then practicable. The night wore on, the morning broke, and found the brother and sister still waiting and watching by the peat-fire. Dick declared his intention of setting out with the dog, and trying to find his way across the moor to Reeth, in search of his parents. Bessy encouraged him to this, though not without fears, for he was but a lad, scarce fourteen years of age, though

active and strong, and he knew every inch of the ground. "Well, Dick, go!" she said, "but if there is danger, and the tracks are blown up, turn back at once." "Never fear, Bessy; keep up your spirits while I am away; I hope to find father and mother all right before many hours are over." And away he went, the dog bounding before him through the snow. Dick had much difficulty in getting through the mass of snow drifted all around the cottage. But he made at once for the rising ground behind the house, which was comparatively clear, and proceeding carefully along the crest, he soon rounded the shoulder of the hill, and was lost to sight.

Bessy could now have given way to her melancholy forebodings of sorrow, and sat down and cried bitterly; but she forebore. She set to work, and prepared the children's breakfasts, awoke and dressed them, tried to satisfy their innumerable inquiries about father and mother, then brought in a store of peats from the stack, and potatoes from the brackens, for the household uses. While she was thus busily engaged, she thought she heard a sound without—could it be? She listened. Yes! some one approached. She ran to the door. A stranger gentleman was making his way through the snow into the cottage. Behind him followed another man whom she at once recognised—it was her uncle! The stranger was a foreign relative, but she had never seen him before. They had come to spend their Christmas! and what a miserable reception was this! They had come along the valley from Muker: the roads were heavy, but still they had managed to get through. There was hope for Bessy in this circumstance.

Bessy's story was soon told, and the two men, without sitting down, at once proposed to follow on the track of her brother Dick, in search of the missing. If her parents were in the hills, she thought they would now surely be found. Away they went each carrying a shovel upon his shoulder, and it was well that they made such a provision. The snow had now entirely ceased, and the wind abated. Indeed, it was a fine December morning, with a cheerful sun lighting up the snow-clad hills and fells, revealing a magnificent scene before their eyes when they had reached the summit of the moor. They found that Dick had selected the ground trodden by him with great judgment, keeping to the high grounds, leaping dry stone walls, skirting bog-holes and treacherous gullies, often taking a long stretch about to avoid them. His foot-marks were still fresh, and they had no difficulty in following his route.

They had walked nearly two miles, still keeping clear of the heavier drifts of snow, when they heard before them the clear sharp bark of a dog. "There they are!" exclaimed Uncle Michael, "they cannot be far off now."

In a few minutes they were over the edge of the hill; and there, in the lower ground, on the slope, stood Dick before the ruined shelling! He was shouting to some one, whom they did not see. The two men set up a cheer, and Dick, looking up the hill, cheered again, and waved to them to come down quick. Making what haste they could, they were soon by his side. The dog had led the way to the hut, and the howl which he set up on reaching it soon produced a response, though in a smothered voice, from within the ruin. Dick now knew his father was there, and alive! But the snow lay deep all round the hut, and how to find a way to him. The dog scratched away with all his might, and Dick began to try and clear the way with his arms. But this was miserable work; and he was beginning to despair, when suddenly Providence sent him help in the persons of his two uncles. They set to work with a will, and rapidly cleared their way towards the hut, cheering Lambert with the sound of their voice. The snow had nearly filled the place, and covered it up. Still, however, there was the one corner into which the wayfarers had crept, Lambert keeping off the snow as well as he could. The warmth of the faithful pony had perhaps proved their safety: they had provisions and drank enough it is true; but without the natural animal warmth of Dobbin they must have perished.

At length the group was reached, and fairly dug out. We need scarcely describe the joy of the meeting, and the thankfulness of Lambert and his wife, thus delivered from the very jaws of death. Their first act was to kneel down, and to offer up their heartfelt thanks to God for their providential deliverance. And then they slowly accompanied their friends across the hills, Dick leading the pony, across which they had slung as many of the 'things' as it could carry.

Bessy was on the eager look-out from the cottage door, when the group came into view on the hill head. She sobbed with joy, for she recognised her parents there—her mother her father were both safe—thank God! The little children toddled to the door, and then struggling through the snow they breasted the hill to meet the home-coming group.

It was a happy Christmas that was spent that year in the Lamberts' home at Gill Head. There was much less merriment than usual, but a chastened joy, as when the shadow of some great evil has passed over us—when the lost has been found, or as when the dearest of our relatives has been snatched from the tomb, and given back to our warm love and caresses again.

And in all future Christmases at the Gill Head, the Christmas that was celebrated after the snow-storm was never forgotten.

PROBLEM FOR ARTISTS.—To paint a clergyman from a model which is not a lay figure.

THE SACK OF CHESNUTS.

WHEN I fixed my abode, in October last, in the *Hotel des Carmes* in the street of the same name, which runs through the town of Rouen, piercing it from the *Quai du Havre* to the weird old tower of Philip Augustus on the *Boulevard Beauvoisine*, I had not taken the well known fact into consideration that, if the season be wet anywhere, the rain has a peculiar privilege of coming down into the basin of Rouen. For a whole month that I remained there it rained every day, more or less—but generally more; for an hour in the middle of the day, it would sometimes clear up and allow the possibility of a pedestrian reaching the cathedral or *Saint Ouen*; and, amidst the grove-like aisles of either of these, the most beautiful churches in France, endeavouring to forget the *monks* of a solitude into which he had rashly betrayed himself.

Probably there is no city in Europe which has been longer in getting rid of its antiquity and its dirt than Rouen, but it has at last advanced considerably in that way. For instance, to form the magnificent street, which after several changes of dynasty since it was first begun is now called *La Rue Imperiale*, no less than six narrow streets of high striped houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had to be demolished. The street, as wide as *Piccadilly* in London, is now nearly completed, and would be quite so, but for the opposition of an obstinate millowner whose ancestors for several centuries before him have possessed his mill on the subterranean stream, whose black waters can be perceived from a parapet above the footway, and from whence he refuses to move without receiving almost the weight of his domicile in francs, in exchange for his filthy, dilapidated black and yellow striped tenement. Just opposite this unsightly pile of building, beneath which the dragon of *Saint Romain*, so celebrated for his ravages in monkish days, might well have hidden himself in the sable waters, is a fine range of new houses in the *Parisian* style, much disgraced by the vicinity. A few steps further, in a vast square, rises high in air the white and fairy-like structure of the newly-restored church of *Saint Ouen*, the boast of Normandy. All that presents itself to the stranger's eye on this side is new and clean and freshly decorated. There are new iron gates to the pretty, freshly arranged garden which surrounds the church, newly painted seats under the trees, generally dripping with the heavy drops hanging on their last leaves, but if you advance to the edge of the garden, and observe the remaining ends of the streets which have been cleared away to afford space for these *parterres* and *avenues*, and gold fish fountains, you recognise the Rouen of the Regent Bedford.

As no one can help being an antiquary in the city of a hundred towers, as Rouen has been called, and as the stranger has nothing more amusing on his mind than speculating on old stones, I allowed myself to indulge in many dreamy speculations. But in vain had I examined the huge posts at the entrance of the hotel court to convince myself that they were part of the ancient temple of *Roth*; I was obliged to believe what the old woman who sold hot cakes

opposite told me, that they were recently put there to guard the foot passenger in the absence of the pavement, which is some day to beautify the street; in vain had I hoped, in the *Rue des Fossés Louis XVIII.*, close by, to discover a *feu-rille* or a buttress which would tell a tale. I was forced to give up all thoughts of times gone by as I ascended the gaily ornamented flight of steps leading to the coffee-room of the hotel where usually stood my smart hostess and her smarter daughter, glittering in mosaic gold, and blossoming in the gay artificial flowers for which Rouen is famous.

The room assigned me looked to the street, and was a lively, nolsy, tawdry chamber, with nothing old about it. Though I knew that every step I took along the galleries which led to countless bed-rooms and dining-halls, was over the site of the old convent of *Carmelites* of the time of *Joan of Arc*, yet it was but too evident that not a plank, a brick, or a stone of the modern building had the remotest connexion with the middle ages.

The great fair of *Saint Romain* or the *Pardon* was approaching, and the town by degrees became filled with merchants from every part of France whose commodities were to be exposed for sale; but chiefly the proprietors of whole troops of diminutive Norman horses and ponies intended for sale came pouring in from the towns and villages; all these required domiciles, and the *Hotel des Carmes* had always been the favorite resort of most of them, owing to its central position. Application was made to me to give up my large chamber to claimants who were content to sleep four in a room rather than forego the convenience of the house to which they were accustomed, and whose *table d'hôte* had a good reputation. I resisted for some time, much to the annoyance of an ugly chambermaid and an insinuating waiter, until, one morning, I was suddenly favoured by a visit from the smart daughter of my landlady in person, who, dressed with even more brilliancy than usual and arrayed in her most winning smiles, came to expostulate with me on the want of consideration I displayed in preferring my own comfort to that of the estimable horse-dealers, whose right it had long been to take up their abode beneath her roof. "Madame," she remarked, "can have another room infinitely more suitable to her, out of the noise and bustle of the street, and where her studies will be less interrupted; it is at the other side of the court looking into the charming garden which gives a view of the *Palais de Justice*, and offers many advantages of air and light. It is all that remains," continued the fair *Léonie*, with an arch look, "of the convent garden; and Madame, who is fond of antiquities, will not object, as most persons do, that it is dull and retired."

This last argument was conclusive, and I at once agreed to the fair *Léonie's* proposition of following her to look at the offered chamber, which I was to have in exchange for the one coveted by the more favoured horse-dealers of the Fair.

Through a series of rooms so numerous that I thought I should never get to the end of them, *Léonie* tripped, jingling the keys with which she opened one after another, informing me that

every one would be tenanted in a few hours. I followed, wondering where the journey would finish, when she turned suddenly down a narrow dark passage, and mounting a little stair, emerged into an upper wooden gallery which ran along outside the house above a court yard, and presently arrived at a new doorway, giving entrance to a second passage darker than the first. Léonie, after descending a few stairs, stopped at a small portal at the end of this passage, and, turning the key in the rusty lock, threw open the door of a chamber—long, narrow, and meagrely furnished—which, however, looked rather cheerful as a blaze of sunshine seemed suddenly to have darted into it from a high church-like window at the extremity, to which she at once advanced; and, opening it to the fullest extent, exclaimed, "See what a charming prospect Madame will have from the chapel-room, as we call this *piece*."

I was obliged to confess that there was something attractive about the appearance of the garden below, neglected though it was. Far above the level of the street we had left on the other side, it could be reached from this room by a flight of stone steps descending from the window.

The sun was glittering on dripping trees and flowers grouped round a broken fountain in the middle of this hanging garden, into which no windows besides this one looked, for, on one side was the blank wall of a sugar-refinery, and on the other were the striped gables of several ancient houses whose fronts looked into the narrow Rue des Fossés. The garden-wall partly shut out the opposite hovels, and only allowed the mysteries of their upper stories to be seen, where rickety balconies high in air hung from black windows supporting pots of flowers and bird-cages, in the midst of rags hung out to dry. Several spires of churches with delicate tracery, peered above the roofs of distant manufactories, whose high, singularly-shaped chimneys formed grotesque figures against the sky; some lofty trees, growing in the gardens attached to some of the numerous houses, broke the lines of buildings rather gracefully; and, towering over one mass of spreading foliage, the beautiful lacework of the parapet of that portion of the Palais de Justice built by George d'Amboise, the minister of Louis the Twelfth, and the small ornamented pinnacles which surmount it, finished the prospect.

I did not disagree with Mademoiselle Léonie when she insisted that the position of this secluded chamber was in its favor; and to my objections that the floor was paved with dingy red brick and had no carpet—and that there were no curtains to the two windows, one of immense size, and one small—she replied, that an hour would remedy all defects, and make it a very pattern of comfort.

"Look," she added, "what fine cupboards you have too! This one alone is large enough for all your trunks and books. And into this you could even move the bed itself, if you pleased."

It was quite true that the closets were singularly large, dark, and lofty, and that their hinges creaked dismally as they were thrown open for my inspection.

"Really," continued Léonie, seeing that I appeared tolerably satisfied, "I do not know that

we are right in giving up so convenient a chamber when the house is about to be so full, but, to oblige Madame, we will not be particular."

However bright this model of a room might have looked when I first visited it, it had another aspect on the day succeeding that on which I was installed within it. The rain had descended in torrents ever since, and none of the dark nooks in which it abounded looked the livelier for there being no fire because the huge chimney smoked. I did not look much at my prospect, but occupied myself with a pile of folios, which the liberality of the authorities of Rouen had supplied me with, for certain researches, from the richly endowed public library.

I soon began to find that the quiet of my chamber had not been exaggerated: not a sound reached me from without, and, except when I opened the door of the passage which separated me from the world behind, to descend into day—which was a rare event—no distant murmur from the bustling department on the other side of the court came upon my ear.

I had been three days in my new domicile. It was on the third night of my occupancy, that, as I sat reading by two candles placed in high heavy bronze candlesticks, like those of an altar, a low sound, as of a person nearly choked, which seemed to issue from the huge closet at my back, disturbed my studies. I started, looked up, and glanced round me into the dreary space; my hearselike bed, shrouded by dark red curtains, confined by a coronet with feathers which had once been gaily gilt, but was now dim and dingy, stood shadowy in its recess; my view next took in a clumsy commode with numerous drawers and a grey marble top, on which stood a clock of the period of the Renaissance, rather a valuable relic, but tarnished and with a broken face: the cracked porcelain circles for the numbers that mark the gliding hours, looking like so many staring inquisitive eyes. As I marked these things, the voice of my only companion informed me that it was eleven o'clock, and as the last sound of the communication died away I again heard the same hoarse, unpleasant sound from the interior of my closet. I got up and opened the huge panelled door, which gave its customary creak, but there was nothing within from whence a sound could have proceeded. I sat down again, satisfied that the wind was rising, and that the night would be stormy.

Presently, I had resumed my reading, and had become absorbed in the history of Saint Romain, the popular Saint of Rouen, and the dragon which he subdued by his prayers, bound with his scarf, and gave in charge to the criminal who had consented to accompany him on his adventure. I read how the saint and the sinner dragged and lured the scaly monster along until the bridge over the Seine was reached, when Saint Romain, seizing the scarf which possessed holy virtue, suddenly flung the monster into the river. I paused to consider how it had happened that the imaginative monk, who invented this legend, should have forgotten that no bridge of any kind existed over the Seine at Rouen until more than three hundred years after the miracle; and my thoughts fell into a train, representing the processions of yearly occurrence which, before the

great Revolution, took place in Rouen in commemoration of the delivery from the dragon, and the pardon accorded to the criminal, as still shown in the painted windows of the Cathedral. The cathedral itself next came before my mind as I had seen it in the morning, when I ventured among the umbrellas of the curious, under the dripping trees where the wooden sheds filled with wares, are erected throughout the extent of the Boulevard Bonnevill: I mentally walked along the line of toy shops and hardware, china, and jewellery, until I paused at the Rue Chant-Oiseaux, where the old church of Saint Romain once stood—when again, close to my ear, the same gurgling sound came, as if from the keyhole of the great closet. I got up and stuffed it with paper, but I felt disturbed and nervous, and, closing my book, prepared for bed; previously, however, to retiring, I rang my bell, thinking to obtain a new supply of candles, as I observed that both those I had been reading by, were nearly burnt out, and I felt nervous at the idea of being without any, in case of not being able to sleep. But I rang in vain; not a creature answered my summons, neither the cross chambermaid nor the flippant waiter: and, after repeating the attempt without success, I resigned myself to the privation, and went to bed in the dark.

I had no sooner laid my head on the pillow, than a most remarkable change suddenly came over my solitary domicile. First of all, I heard a door shut with violence, as if at the end of the passage, where I was not aware that one existed. Presently there were confused voices and a heavy step, and a sound as though something were being dragged along, until a stoppage took place at my door. A glimmering light then shone through the wide crevices, which usually let more air than was pleasant into my room; and a rattle, as if an attempt were made to turn the key, ensued. I recollected, however, that the key was inside, and that I had turned it myself before I retired to bed.

I concluded that some newly arrived guest had mistaken his assigned dormitory, and I listened no more. But, all at once the glimmering light again appeared beneath the door—this time, of the large closet, which slowly opened, and I clearly and distinctly saw what seemed to me a man in a cloak, with a broad hat very much over his eyes, step out, and raising a lantern in his hand, which, however, threw his features into shade, gaze round the room. I was so amazed that I had no power to call out; but, still keeping my eyes fixed on the opening left by my two dark red curtains, I saw the man walk a few paces towards the large window, open it cautiously, and descend the steps which led from it into the garden. In a few moments he re-ascended, and as he seemed to have left his lantern below, his figure was merely a black shadow, which I still traced in the gloom advancing to the same closet; there was a pause; and he re-appeared dragging something along, which he took to the steps. I plainly heard that at every one of them—and I counted six—a heavy dull sound was returned as his burthen descended, and it struck against them.

Nothing more occurred; but I confess to having been so uncomfortably nervous—not to

say, terrified—that, though after looking long into the darkness to see the glimmer of the lantern again, I ended by being convinced that I had imagined the whole scene, I had still not the courage necessary to get up and grope towards the bell: excusing my not trying to do so, by reflecting that I had previously found it useless. At last I went to sleep, and in the morning, impressed with the idea that I had passed the night with the large window open, I advanced to close it, when I found to my surprise that it was shut, and the rusty bolt well fastened inside, as it had been during the three rainy days before; the curtain, faithfully placed by Mademoiselle Léonie, had not been disturbed since it was drawn by my own hand early in the evening; and as for the great closet—when I opened it, the hinges creaked as usual, and there was emptiness, but no outlet.

When the cross chambermaid brought my coffee, I ventured to remark that I had been disturbed by new arrivals in the night.

"Impossible," was her sharp reply, "no one arrived last night, and if they had, there is no room for them."

"Unless they have a fancy to sleep in the old fount in the garden," said I; "for, if I was not dreaming, I saw a traveller dragging his own portmanteau down those steps in search of such a lodging."

Catherine, as I said this, looked at me with an uneasy expression of countenance, but said nothing. I asked her why she did not come when I rang my bell.

"Because, after eleven o'clock," said she pertly, "it is time for every one to be asleep, and we are too tired to attend to bells. It is quite enough that Madame has seen it, without us poor servants being scared."

"Seen it?" I inquired with interest. "What do you mean, Catherine?"

But already the cross chambermaid was gone, and did not deign an explanation of her mysterious words.

The next morning was fine. Determined not to lose the opportunity of seeing something of the pretty country, I went out early to keep an appointment I had made with my slight acquaintance, Madame Gournay, whose grandchild was at nurse at Bois Guillaume, about half a league from the town, and whom I had promised to accompany in her first walk over the charming hill and pretty fields which led to the cottage of the peasant who supplied her place to her daughter's infant. Like many French mothers, Madame Gournay the younger—as well as her husband, the organist of the cathedral—preferred the absence of a troublesome baby to its presence in their confined apartment in the town.

"It is better for the child's health," remarked the grandmother, "to be amongst the flowers and fields at Bois Guillaume than in the smoky streets of Rouen."

The beautiful, neat embowered spot we soon reached was so singularly clean and well built for a foreign village, that it made me appreciate my companion's prudence, and when I saw the pretty tidy nurse whom we found playing with the baby, as it lay in its cot, I could not but acknowledge that it was likely to be better tak-

care of with Gustaire Braye than by its rather coquettish mamma at home.

Gustaire had a little son of her own who was also in the cottage, but in an outer chamber. An old woman was knitting beside him as the child scrambled backwards and forwards in a long crib, placed against the wall, in the midst of which it was fastened by the waist to a moveable board, which slid along as his struggles impelled it. No harm could happen to the child in its oddly contrived prison, but the position looked uncomfortable, and I could not help contrasting the two boys as I observed the superior care bestowed on the nursing.

The son of Gustaire Braye was a strange infant: it had a pair of rolling startling eyes which were continually but without meaning fixed on the cot of its foster brother, seen through an open door; it had a large head, was very pale, and every now and then a shudder seemed to pass over it, which was succeeded by a restless movement in its railway. The old woman, from time to time, looked up from her knitting, and gave a glance towards her charge, but did not speak to it, nor did it utter any cry or attempt any sound like words; while the other child was laughing, crowing, and delighting the company in the cottage.

The visit paid, on our return towards Rouen I congratulated Madame Gournay on having found so respectable a nurse.

"Yes," said she, "we consider ourselves lucky, and so is poor Gustaire, and very grateful too to M. le Curé for recommending her; it is not every one would like to have to do with her, after all that has happened; but as I said to my daughter, the poor young woman was not to blame, though her evidence did cause the death of her father. But I forget," she continued, smiling, "you know nothing of the story."

I begged she would indulge my curiosity by relating to me the reason why so neat and pleasant looking a young woman as Gustaire should be avoided.

"As we descend to the Boulevard Beauvoisine," said Madame Gournay, "we shall pass by the Rue Chant-Oiseaux, which, a very few years ago was quite in the fields, and at that time, where there now stand good stone houses there used to be only wretched hovels. In one of these Gustaire's father, a widower, with three children, lived: he had, however, a few fields, and drove a little trade, chiefly in horses, which you must have observed by our fair is a rather extensive trade here. He was a man who was but little liked by his neighbors, whom he annoyed in consequence, and was very frequently away in Brittany, of which province he was a native. Gustaire, though almost a child, took care of her two brothers, worked in the fields, and did more than a grown woman to keep the family comfortable; but her father was not fond of her, nor indeed of any of his children, and they would have been much happier without him, but that when he returned they lived better than usual, as he took care of himself, and generally had money.

"On one occasion when he came home, he brought with him a large sack of chesnuts, of which the boys were very fond, and which they

so freely indulged in, that he at last, angrily, told Gustaire to lock up the remainder, so that there might be some left to be roasted, when he asked for them for his supper. She put the sack away, therefore, in the granary, and the disappointed urchins were foiled. One of them, however, finding where it was hidden, and unable to open the mouth which his sister had carefully tied up, cut a round hole with his knife, and abstracted as many chesnuts as his daring little hand could grasp. Gustaire, on finding this out, afraid to let her father know of the delinquency, mended the hole, and hid the bag in another place, after soundly rating the boy for his theft.

"There was a man named Flecher, a countryman of Gustaire's father, who had established himself at Rouen, as a workman at one of the cotton manufactories, and was known to be a bad character. He spent all the money he earned, which was considerable, in dissipation; he had been turned away from one factory, but, having a good deal of skill, he had not found any difficulty in getting a new engagement, and could have lived well but for his extravagance. This man took a fancy to Gustaire, though he was nearly as old as her father. The latter, thinking him well off rather encouraged his suit, much to the young girl's annoyance, who had taken him in particular aversion; and who, besides that, felt inclined to listen to the addresses of a young man about her own age, who often helped her in her work, being a neighbor's son.

"Flecher and her father, Ivan Braye, became very great friends. From the time of their association, the cottage of the latter was frequently a scene of drunkenness and riot, to avoid which Gustaire would often run to the house of the curé with her knitting, and sit in the kitchen with the good father's *bonne*, until she heard, by the loud singing of the friends as they descended the hills, that her father and his comrades were gone into the town to finish their orgies.

"One night, later than usual, she had left the curé's and returned home, when she found the door left open, a candle burning in the cottage kitchen, and the floor strewn with chessmen. She suspected her brothers and went to the granary to see what depredations they had committed; to her vexation, she discovered that the sack was gone.

"Her father, for whom she waited until daylight, did not return, and as soon as the children were up, she scolded them for the renewal of their theft. Both protested that they were innocent, and that they had longed in vain for the forbidden fruit, the scattered remains of which they took care to appropriate. That same night, Gustaire sat up for her father, but neither he nor his friend Flecher came, nor did he return when several days were passed. She began to feel uneasy at this, as he generally mentioned, in however surly a way, when he intended to be absent long. Her brothers came in on the fourth day after he was gone, having been at the fair; and the news they had heard there, was, that Flecher had left the town, having quitted his employers at the cotton factory at Darnet without notice. She was not sorry to hear this, but a vague uneasiness took possession of her mind.

"There has been a horrid murder in the

town,' said one of the boys, 'at least they say so, though nobody has been found; however, the police are looking out, and we shall soon have more news of it.'

"At this moment the *curé's* *bonne* arrived to look after Gustaire; surprised that she had not, for several evenings, paid her usual visit.

"This is a sad business," said she, 'the person supposed to be murdered is a distant cousin of M. le *Curé*; he had seen him at the fair, and had received a letter which he had brought from le *Mans* for him; he had a good deal of money, it was said, for he intended to make large purchases in Rouennerie, and as his stall of jewellery was very attractive, no one could fail to remark, when for two days he no longer came in the morning to open it. It was not known where he lodged in the town, but people getting uneasy, the police began to inquire, and it was found that he had slept in the *Rue aux Juifs* the last night he was seen; but no notice had been taken as to whether he left in the morning, for the house was so full of lodgers and in such a bustle that no one had time scarcely to think. Certain it is that he has not re-appeared, and all the town thinks he has been murdered.'

"Perhaps he is gone away with Flecher," said Gustaire's eldest brother, 'for he lived in the *Rue aux Juifs* too, and he has run off no one knows where, and so has father too for that matter.'

"Excited by this account, Gustaire set out with her brothers and the *curé's* *bonne*, curious to know if anything new had been discovered, as an event of the kind was too unusual not to excite great interest. They soon reached the Palais de Justice, where a crowd was assembled, and on the countenances of many might be observed an alarmed expression which told that some new feature had appeared in the case.

"The body of poor Marceau the Jeweller has been found," said a person, addressing the *curé's* *bonne*, 'in the well of the old convent garden, tied up in a sack; it is thought that this will lead to discovery, for the sack has two or three chest-nuts in it, and has a round hole in one side which has been sewn up.'

"Blessed Mary!" exclaimed Gustaire, with a sudden start. 'Why, that is the sack my father brought home, and which has just been stolen from me!'

"This exclamation of the young girl excited instant attention, and led, in fact, to the discovery of the whole affair. She was obliged to appear in evidence to prove that the sack had belonged to her father, which she was able to do without difficulty, and entirely unsuspecting that she was thus casting suspicion upon him. It was found that Ivan Braye and Flecher had been seen in company with Marceau, who appeared intoxicated, and that he had entered the lodging of the latter in the *Rue aux Juifs*; that the two had left early in the following morning without the Jeweller, who was not afterwards seen. As Flecher had not returned, the proprietor of the tenement he occupied had resolved to re-let the room; and on the visit of the police, a search was made, which disclosed the marks of what might have been a scuffle in several pieces of broken furniture, and a torn curtain in the recess where the bed stood;

but the police only picked up a chesnut on the floor. They searched among the tangled shrubs in a half-choked bit of garden to which from the room of Flecher a flight of stone steps led, and there, in the centre, found an old dried-up well, where the murdered man's body was discovered in the sack.

"Of course the suspicion which had fallen on the two absent men was confirmed by Gustaire's identification; and the vigilance of the police, after some delay, succeeded in discovering the route of both Flecher and Braye. They were taken at Saint Malo, just as they were about to embark for California. Flecher confessed to having counselled the deed; but asserted that the murder was committed by Braye, who having premeditated it, had brought the sack from his own house; and he it was who had placed the body in it and then dragged it to the spot where it was found. He stated that they had made Marceau drink to excess, and that Braye had strangled him when in a state of insensibility; that they had robbed him, and then fled; that they had spent a great part of their booty, and with the remainder had intended to cross the seas in search of gold; that a quarrel had delayed them, and thus they had been overtaken.

"It is enough," continued Madame Gournay, 'to tell you that both met their deserved fate; but, poor Gustaire's evidence having gone so far to condemn her worthless father, the circumstance preyed on her mind and almost destroyed her. By the kind care of the *curé* and his good *bonne* she recovered, and her young lover, who remained true throughout, did not object to take her as his wife in spite of the opposition of his family. The *curé*, however, managed it, and has always continued her friend. You observed her child—he is dumb and much afflicted, and it is to be hoped will be mercifully taken from her. But she is a good young woman, has quite recovered her health, her husband works hard and is a pattern of kindness to her, and we really saw no reason why she should not nurse our little Albert."

I thanked Madame Gournay for her story, and ventured to inquire the exact locality of the murder. She informed me that most of the houses in the neighborhood had been taken down.

"You may, however," she added, "still find the spot, oddly enough, in the back part of the Hotel des Carmes; the late proprietor bought the ground and built quite a new wing; he laid out the garden and put a fountain over the well. For a time, as it was pretty, nothing was said; but the servants began to fancy strange things—noises and ghosts and such nonsense—particularly in a certain room, which they insist is part of the original building, once the Convent, against the strong walls of which (too strong to take down,) many of the old houses in the *Rue aux Juifs* were erected in former days. There is a flight of steps from what is called the chapel, but it is so changed that it would be ridiculous to say that it positively was so, except that there is still a window that looks like it. I believe the whole place, garden, fountain and all, is left now to neglect, as no one would care to inhabit so gloomy a room. The present mistress of the hotel, how-

ever, is capable of putting a stranger there in fair time when she is over full, and I think," said Madame Gournay, laughing, "you are lucky to have secured a room in the front that looks into the street."

I did not deceive my acquaintance, nor did I say a word about the strange vision I had seen; but, on the same day, after my return from our walk, I removed to the Hotel de Bordeaux on the Quai de Paris, where my cheerful room looked on the suspension bridge, and commanded a full view of all the shipping on the Seine.

FLORENCE MAY—A LOVE STORY.

THE golden light of evening dazzled the eyes of a young girl who stood upon a stile, watching for the arrival of the London coach.

It was about a hundred miles from London—no matter in what direction—at the bottom of a green valley, down the western slope of which the road came winding here and there concealed by trees. A well-beaten path led to a village a few fields distant, embowered in orchards, and leaning, as it were, against the massive oaks and elms of a park, that shut in the view in that direction. The square steeple-tower of the old church scarcely overtopped this background of leaves.

Florence May was waiting for her mother, who had been absent some weeks in London, and who had been compelled to leave her all alone in their humble cottage—all alone, unless her rectitude and her sense of duty may be counted as companions.

They were poor, humble people, Mrs. May was the widow of a country curate, who had died, leaving, as curates sometimes do, not a slight provision for his family. It was like a Providence.—Having fought the fight of life nearly out on £30 or £60 a year, some distant relation, whom they had never seen and scarcely ever heard of, put the curate in his will for £1000. This sum, invested, was sufficient to support both mother and daughter in that out of the way place.

A letter had arrived, when Mrs May had been a widow for three years, requesting her to come up to London to hear of "something to her advantage." This was vague enough; but she resolved to comply; and not being able to afford the expense of a double journey, had left her daughter, then about seventeen, under the guardianship of the neighbors, her own character, and a mother's prayer.

She had been absent more than a week.—What has happened in the meantime? Why does Florence wait with more than the impatience of filial affection—with a countenance in which smiling lips and tearful eyes tell of a struggle between joy and sadness? She is troubled with the burden of her first secret—a secret which she nurses with uneasy delight, and which she is anxious to pour into the ears of her only confidante—her mother. How many maidens of seventeen are still in this dream of innocence!

The sun had set before the roll of wheels came sounding down the valley; and when the coach began to descend, nothing could be distinguished

but the lights that glanced occasionally behind the trees. The time seemed prodigiously long to Florence. She even once thought that some fantastical, ghostly coachman was driving a phantom vehicle to and fro on the hill side to mock her. Young people in her state of mind would annihilate time and space. However, here it comes, the *Tally ho*, sweeping round the last corner—lights glancing—horses tossing their heads and steaming—a pyramid of luggage awaying to and fro. "That's a gal's voice as screamed," said a man to the Whip as they passed. "Full inside and out!" was the reply, and on went the *Tally ho* along the level lap of the valley.

"She is not come," murmured Florence, after waiting in vain some time, to see if the coach would stop lower down; but it pursued its inexorable course, and the young girl returned by the dim path to her cottage on the outskirts of the village.

That was a critical period in her life. For some days after her mother's departure, she had spent her time either at her needle, or with one or two old neighbors, who wearied her with their gossip. To escape from the sense of monotony, she had wandered one morning into the fields, as it was indeed her custom from time to time to do; and there, with the scent of wild-flowers and new-mown hay around, she allowed her mind to be ruffled by those thoughts and feelings which at that age breathe upon us from I know not what region—sparkling and innocent stirrings, that scarcely typify the billowy agitation of succeeding years.

Across the meadows that occupy the lowest portion of that valley, meanders a stream, over which the willows hung their whip-like branches and slender leaves. Near its margin, Florence used often to sit with her work; first diligently attending to, then dropping occasionally on her lap, that she might watch the little fish that flitted like shadows to and fro in the shallow current; then utterly forgotten, as she herself went waiting down the stream of the future, that widened as they went, and flowed at her unconscious will, through scenes more magical than those of fairy-land. The schoolman has sought for the place of Paradise—did they peep into a young heart that is waiting, without knowing it, to love?

It was during her first walk since her mother's absence, that a stranger came slowly down the opposite bank of the stream; and seeing this lovely young girl entranced in a reverie, paused to gaze on her. His glance at first was cold and critical, like that of a man who has trodden many lands, and has seen more such visions than one under trees in lonely places—visions that, when neared and grasped at, harden into reality, vulgar and bucolic. In a little time, however, the brow of this stranger unbent, and his lip uncurred; and there came a strange fear to his heart, that what he saw of grace and beauty beneath that archway of willow boughs, was a mere optical illusion—a phantasm painted on the exhalations of the meadow by the sun's beams.—There is a certain pride in disappointed natures, which makes them believe that all the loveliness of the outer world is of their own imagining, as

If we could imagine more perfect things than God has imagined and thrown on his canvass of the universe.

The man was of the south by travels. If not by birth, and muttered some "Santa Vergines!" more in surprise than devotion. He did not move or speak to attract the young girls' attention, but waited until her eyes which he saw were restless, should chance to fall upon him. Her start of alarm, when she found herself to be not alone, was repressed by the grave politeness of his bow.

"Young lady," he said, in a low musical voice when he had leaped the stream and stood by her side, "I am on my way to Melvyn Park. Perhaps I may learn from you in what direction to turn."

"The roof of the mansion she was above the trees," replied she, rising and stretching out her pretty hand.

"I might have guessed so," said the stranger, whose accent was but slightly foreign; and this is but a bad excuse for speaking to you. It is more frank to say, that I was surprised at seeing so much beauty and grace buried in this sequestered valley, and could not pass on without learning who you may be."

Flattery flies to the heart as swiftly as electricity along the wire. The maiden blushed, and drew off but slightly. "Florence May," said she, "is known to the whole valley, and will not be made sport of nor molested without finding defenders."

Was this affected fear a cunning device for telling her name without seeming to answer an unauthorised question?

"Child," replied the stranger, who perhaps took this view of the matter, for he smiled, though kindly, "you may count on me as one of the defenders. For the present, let me thank you, and say farewell."

With these words, and a somewhat formal bow, he turned and went across the fields, leaving Florence bewildered, almost breathless, with surprise and excitement and, to confess the truth, not a little piqued, that her ruse, if ruse it was, had brought the dialogue to so abrupt a termination. She had no wish to parley with strangers. Her mother had expressly warned her not to do so. What a famous opportunity thrown away to exhibit the rigidity of her sense of duty! Indeed, there had been so little merit on her part, that the stranger, if he had rightly read her countenance, might pretend that the forbearance had been all on his side. Of course, she would have gained the victory in the end; but how much more dramatic if her prudence had been put to a severer test!

These were not exactly her thoughts, but the translation of them. She followed the retiring figure of the stranger, as he kept by the path along the willows; and slightly bit her lip—Then suddenly, as if remembering that the singleness of mind which her attitude expressed was more beautiful than becoming—what an odious euphemism is that word for heartless acting—she turned with something like a flout, and sat down again, with her face averted from the now distant stranger—averted only a moment for soon her attitude would have reminded a

sculptor of that exquisite group in which the girl turns to bill the dove that has fluttered down on her shoulder.

Now, take it as an article of faith that Florence had "fallen in love," as the saying is, with that tall handsome stranger with the black eyes and sun-painted complexion. We would have you more careful in the construction of your credo than that. But, at any rate, an impression had been produced; this was to be expected. When a man falls into the water, he may not be drowned, but is sure to be wet. Florence had never seen any members of that category of "lovable persons," which is of so little political and so much social importance, except two or three six-foot farmers, and the Rev. Mr. Simmer, their pale-faced, sandy whiskered young bachelor vicar of fifty. Should we be astonished, then, that after her first agitation had subsided, there remained something more than memory of the compliment which had fallen from the lips and been ratified by the eyes of that distinguished-looking stranger?

Need it be said, moreover, that whilst she remained by the margin of the stream, and during her sauntering walk home, and all the evening she thought of little else save this very simple meeting. As to her dreams, we shall not inquire into them; but the moonbeams tell us that they shone all night between the ivy-leaves upon a smile as sweet and self-satisfied as ever lived on the lips of a maiden on her wedding-eve.

Next day, it was rumoured in the village that a foreign painter had come to occupy one of the wings of Melvyn House, by permission of the family, which had remained many years abroad. His name was simple Angelo; and a mighty fine gentleman he was. One could not guess, to look at him, that he had ever lived on frogs; or was "obligated to hexpress himself in a barbarous lingo," as the landlady of the Jolly Boys' Inn phrased it.

Florence was proud to say casually, to some old spectacled lady—who observed "indeed she never," and told her neighbor that "Miss May seemed very forward"—that she had held a minute's conversation with this said painter.—We take this as a proof that she was only dazzled by him; and that she has not really experienced one pang of love. So much the better. We must not bestow the only treasures of our hearts on the first interesting person we may happen to meet under a willow hedge.

And yet there she is at her place again, thinking of yesterday's meeting; and—by the bow of Bros!—there is he, too, wandering accidentally in the same direction with his sketch-book under his arm. We had no business to be eaves-dropping; but "concealed fault is half pardoned."—We were invisible, and heard every word they said. It should all be set down here, but it was dreadful nonsense, at least what he said; for she partly in coquetry perhaps, and partly in pride and prudence, intrenched herself behind the ramparts of her maiden modesty, and answered only—by listening.

The young man was in a state of temporary insanity; at least, if one might believe his words. Like all love, he professed to have skill in physiognomy. He asked no information about

Florence, did not care who she was or where she came from; all he wanted to know was, whether she was free. He spoke eloquently and with sufficient respect. The young girl more than once felt her heart melt; and it was a great exertion for her at length to reply, that her mother was away, and that she could not listen to another word without her knowledge and sanction.

She did listen, however, for he went on talking interminably. According to his account, he was an artist who had studied many years at Rome; but he did not say whether he was of English origin or not, and, of course, Florence could not ask the question. This would have been to avow a stronger interest in him than consisted with her views. We should have liked her better, perhaps, had she been more frank and artless. Yet, after all, her conduct was not at this time an image of her character, but arose from a struggle between her own simplicity and her recollection of her mother's warnings.

It is needless to say that, after many hesitations she now invariably went every day to her accustomed seat. This might be interpreted into giving a rendezvous; but she had a prescriptive right to the place, and why should she be driven from it by an intrusive, impertinent stranger?—Impertinent! Nay, not so; nothing could be more reserved and respectful than his demeanor; and if he was really in earnest, and if he turned out to be a respectable man, why—perhaps it would be a matter of duty in her not to repulse his advances. Matrimony was indeed, they had told her, an awful responsibility; but if, by undergoing it, she could raise her mother to a more comfortable position, would it not be her duty to make the sacrifice?

Matters went on in this way for several days, and Florence began to wait impatiently for the arrival of her mother, to whom she might relate all that had passed. Angelo accustomed, perhaps, to more easy conquests, was irritated by her cold caution, not knowing that her's was the hypocrisy of duty. He once even went so far as to say, that he blamed himself for wasting time with a calculating village coquette, and, rising, departed with a formal salute. Florence's bosom heaved with emotion, tears started to her eye her lips trembled, and she was on the point of perilling all her prospects by calling him back. But by a prodigious effort of will, she restrained herself, and kept her eyes firmly fixed on the ground until the sound of his steps had died away.

"No," said she rising, "I am not to be so lightly won. These days have given me experience.—He is certainly captivating in manners, but sometimes I think that one moment of weakness on my part!"—And she thought of the fate of Lucy Lightfoot, who had been left to wear the willow, after saying "Yes" too soon.

In the afternoon, a letter came announcing her mother's arrival for that very day; and it was in the excitement that followed this little misadventure that she waited for the arrival of the coach. She wanted an adviser sadly. Should she, after what had passed, return next day to the meadow, or should she remain at home in melancholy loneliness? The question was more

important than even she imagined; for we will not undertake to say, despite Mr. Angelo's lofty sentiments, that his faith was as strong as he professed. Might he not have wished to test the virtue of this beautiful girl, whom he had found, as it were, by the wayside? Men of the world are not averse to these trials; and if their unfortunate victim fall, they go away on the voyage of life, leaving her to repent in tears, and hugging themselves with the idea that they have not been "taken in." They forget that the most fervent Christian does not venture to ask for strength to resist temptation, but only to keep from it; and that every one of us perhaps would be caught, if the Evil Angler knew what bait to put on his hook.

Florence had just placed her hand on the latch of the door, when she saw a figure come out from a deep mass of shadow close by, and softly approach her. It was Angelo. She screamed but so slightly that even he scarcely heard. "Do not be alarmed, Miss May," he said; "I came here to meet you as you entered. I could not have slept to-night without asking your forgiveness for the rude manner in which I left you, and for my unauthorised accusations. Do say that you are no longer angry."

"Of course—of course; I have no right to be angry. But, for Heaven's sake, sir, retire; I must not be seen by the neighbors talking to a stranger at this hour."

"There is no one in the street, and I will not detain you but a minute. Cannot you find in your heart to give me one word of hope, one look of encouragement? I am bewildered, maddened by your cold indifference."

"You have no right, Mr. Angelo, to call me cold or indifferent; I have blamed myself for my too great simplicity. My mother will be back to-morrow; I will tell her what has happened; and —and— But I must go in."

"This gives me hope," cried he; "I ask no more. Florence—dear Florence!"

He took her hand, and kissed it over and over again, although she almost struggled to get it away. The strong passion of that man seemed to pass through her like an electric shock; and wonderful emotions came trooping to her heart. Suddenly, however, she broke away, and, as if fearing her own weakness, glided into the house without a word, and locked, and bolted, and barred the door in a manner so desperately energetic, that even Angelo, who stood foolishly on the outside, could not help smiling.

"She will come to the meadow to-morrow," said he, rather contemptuously, as if surprised and annoyed at his own success that evening.

But Florence did not come. With the intuitive perception with which modesty supplies woman, she felt that the stranger had pushed his experiments on her character too far. The following day was spent at home in indignant self-examination. What had she done to provoke that freedom, and authorise what seemed something like insult? Conscious of innocence, she proudly answered: "Nothing." But, ah! Florence, were not those tacit rendezvous a fault?

Mrs. May arrived in the evening with a whole budget of news and complaints. Small was the mercy by her vouchsafed to the modern Babylon:

a den of thieves was nothing to it. The "something to her advantage" was a proposal to invest her money in a concern that would return fifty per cent. She had expressed herself "much obliged" to her correspondent; adding, however, that "some people would consider him a swindler, indeed she supposed he was. Perhaps he would object to pay the expense he had put her to. Of course. Dishonest persons were never inclined to pay. She wished him good-morning, and hoped he would repent before he arrived at Botany Bay." Having detailed these and many other brave things which she recollected to have said, good Mrs. May began to pay attention to her tea, and allowed Florence to relate all that she had said, done, thought, and felt during the time of her mother's absence.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. May at length, setting down her tea-cup, "I do not wonder the house looks rather untidy. You have been doing nothing else but making love ever since my back was turned. There's proper conduct for a clergyman's daughter!"

Florence expressed her regret as well as she could, and in trying to excuse herself, was compelled to dilate considerably on the fine qualities of Mr. Angelo. Let it be admitted that she expressed all allusion to the last interview.

"Well, child," quoth Mrs. May, after listening to what by degrees warmed into a glowing panegyric—"I think this is all nonsense; but you know I have always promised never to interfere with any sincere attachment you may form. Are you quite sure this gentleman is not merely making a pastime of you?"

Florence turned away her head, and her mother went on. "I shall make some inquiries into his position and prospects, and character of course. If all turn out to be satisfactory—we shall see; but I confess to having a prejudice against foreigners."

It was no easy matter for Mrs. May to gain the information she required. The whole village, it is true, was up in arms about the young stranger who had arrived at Melvyn Park, and who, as every one knew, had long ago been betrothed to Miss Florence; but nobody could say one word on the subject that was not surmise. Poor Mrs. May was highly indignant when she learned that all those visits to the meadows had been watched and commented on by every gossip, that is to say, every woman in the place, and returned home to scold her daughter, and pronounce the mystery unfathomable.

"You must," said she, "forget this person, who evidently has no serious intentions."

"I will try," replied her daughter with an arch look; "but there he is coming down the street towards our house."

The stranger had heard of Mrs. May's return, and was hastening to beg permission to renew the interviews, the interruption of which had taught him how deeply he was moved. The elder lady received him with formal politeness, as a distinguished foreigner, while Florence endeavored to keep her eyes to the ground. Mr. Angelo found it necessary to break the ice by declaring, that he was no Italian, but an Englishman by origin though not by birth.

"My name," he said, "is Angelo Melvyn, and

I am now the owner of Melvyn Park. Sorrowful circumstances, you will perhaps have heard by tradition, induced my father to go abroad many years ago. When I became the head of the family, I naturally felt a desire to behold the mansion of my ancestors, which was not invested to me personally without melancholy associations. It was my fancy to explore the neighborhood without making myself known. I met your daughter; and—may I hope that she has related to you all I have ventured to say of my feelings towards her?"

This explanation "made all things straight," as Mrs. May afterwards said. Angelo might have told a good deal more; for example, that his heart was only just recovering from the pain of a bitter disappointment, when the lovely form of Florence appeared to console and indemnify him. But few words in these matters are wisdom; and there is always time to be confidential. Within a month from that period, every one had heard that Mr. Angelo Melvyn was about to be married to Miss Florence May, with whom those who had learned their geography, and were not conversant with the facts, insisted he had fallen in love in Tuscany. "In those southern climes," said Miss Wiggins to Miss Higgins, "it is the custom for cities to stand godfathers to children." The wedding took place in due season; and it is to be supposed that it turned out a happy one, for the last news we have heard of Mr. and Mrs. Melvyn was, that they have been seen walking along the meadows near the willow-stream, whilst two bright-eyed children—one named Angelo, and the other Florence—were running to and fro, gathering daisies and butter-cups, to make wreaths and nosegays withal.

EXTREME PHILANTHROPY.—A Teetotaler has started in a whaler with the philanthropic object of seeing whether he cannot convert the Bottle-nose whales to temperance, and induce them to turn away from the Bottle.

A THING NEVER SEEN.—A man does not grieve so much over the loss of his hair. He will even dispense with the services of a wig, but you never saw a woman yet appear in society with a bald head!!!

OUTSIDE PHILOSOPHY.—A good name for a brilliant superficial Philosopher—one who merely touches on the surface of things—would be "Electro-Plato."

DELICACY AND REFINEMENT.—At the Misses Sobbyn's Select Establishment for young ladies, tuition is provided in arithmetic in all its branches—except vulgar fractions.

A BOOTLESS JOKE.—The ready-made shoe-shops only keep one size, for each shoe is a foot long.

HINTS ON YACHTING.—A steam yacht will be found more economical to keep than any other, as it admits of the screw principle.

Advice to farmers. Feed your poultry well, and you will insure full crops.

Earthenware at sea. In the stormy ocean every vessel is a pitcher.

LINES ON THE LOST.

Strain, strain, the eager eye,
To Ocean's western verge, which bounds the
 sight
From seas, far spread, where day with silent
 night
Rejoins eternity.

In vain; no sail appears,
Bearing on gladsome wing the long-lost brave
To love's fond gaze; 'tis but some restless wave
Which there its white crest rears.

While in the long left home,
The mother, wife, and children anxious wait,
Oft sm othe the fireside chair, oft stir the grate,
As he at last were come.

No! Winter marked that crew
Of Britons bold brave his restless reign,
And from his throne he summoned all his train;
Each forth his weapon drew.

Prepared, he bade them stand,
Unbar the gates of Night, and to the hall
Where cold eternal kills, lead one and all
That doomed yet dauntless band.

Doomed, but without decay,
They pass through Death, yet never reach the
 tomb.

Imperishably fixed, they wait the doom
Of their still lifelike clay.

The seasons come and go;
Like Egypt's kings embalmed, they're resting
 there,
Each in his ice-hewn sepulchre,
And pyramid of snow.

Yet Ocean tolls their knell,
From shore to shore the solemn peel ascends,
And with its voice of many waters blends
Their dirge funeral.

And the winds wait for them,
For many a breeze which loves the seamen brave,
By shelly beach, or in its choir-like cave,
Now sings their requiem.

The secret of their fate
Shall, when the sea gives up its dead, be shewn,
And God for judgment by his great White Throne
The world shall congregate.

Love is the first influence by which the soul is
raised to a higher life.

Jealousy is the greatest of misfortunes, and
excites the least pity.

HOW DOCTOR BOWLES KEEPS HIS BROUGHAM.

I HAVE no doubt that people very often are exactly the reverse of what nature meant them for, and that many a Chancellor of the Exchequer would have juggled with knives, and collected a mild, but hard-earned competence by the balancing of donkeys, boys, and pewter-plates, while many an itinerant acrobat would have shone with grace as "the first dancer of his time." only circumstances willed it otherwise. I am no less certain that certain of our youth prepare themselves for the profession which is to give the stamp and character to their whole future lives, by doing everything that is out of character therewith, and by, in short, labouring to prove that nature never intended them to do anything serious or useful to themselves or other people.

O ye, whose arms and legs are going to be cut off to stay the progress of some malignant, yet gradual and treacherous mortification. O ye still more unhappy mortals, who "have nerves," and who are living a life of æther, galvanic bands and camphor mixture, who are condemned to early mornings of shower bath and friction, and who faint at the thought of a "bloater" for supper, little do ye know how young Doctor Bowles, who now drives a flourishing practice and a Brougham, little think ye how he lived when he was gradually—ay, very gradually,—acquiring the rudiments of the knowledge which now ties up the handle of your door, and condemns ye to homœopathic cocoa and arrow-root!

Let us chat over a few of the practices of these building sons of Æsculapius, as we find them in large towns, and let us wonder how they sober into the steady practitioners, with whom we can trust the life of a wife or child, who are so often the go-betweens of life and death.

The medical student, perhaps, has just left a second-rate school (of course, we are not speaking of graduates in medicine who have gone through a regular university career,) and have imbibed as much of *Cæsar's Commentaries* and as little of *Xenophon* as boys usually do. His Greek is decidedly not of the quality requisite for the perusal of *Hippocrates*, and we fear that even *Celsus* will require a severe "grind." He writes a good hand, has not a particular passion for reading, but is of generally precocious habits, and smokes on the sly.

A year or two passes on. Papa and mamma are dreadfully at a loss what to do with him, for money does not abound in the Bowles family, and daughters do.

It is an anxious period. Mr. "Jem" Dol-drum (for such is his familiar *soubriquet*, and we believe it will stick to him through life, if he *should* survive the publication of this paper,) is just of that age when a tailed coat

or surtrout becomes a part of human nature, and when young men generally commence ruining themselves, and annoying their parents to their hearts' content. He has imbibed a strong partiality for theatres, which his indulgent mamma thinks an enormity, and then gives him the money to go with. He has been in love six times, and has "barrowed the feelings" of a most respectable baker's daughter at the corner of the street, leaving the feelings of the baker and his wife in a similarly agricultural condition. He is an adept at conjuring, tricks on cards, and comic songs; and has initiated two juvenile brothers into Mount Vesuvius, till one of them absolutely cried, because he was not allowed to exchange some "Dutch drops" for gunpowder. Moreover, he talks slang, and his father, who is a mild, benevolent sort of personage, does not like to ask him what he means, for fear of manifesting his own deficiencies.

"Jem" *must* go away, and *must* begin to "do for himself." Such is Mrs. Bowles' reflection as she rises in the morning, as she makes indefinite dumplings (quite enough to account for the sleeky, fat countenances of the Bowles family,) as she sips that one "suspicion" of gin-and-water, and as she composes herself on her pillow. Mr. Bowles is rather a "let-things-alone sort of person." He never interfered properly in anything domestic, and when he did, it was almost sure to prove a failure. If he scolded the servants, he generally made choice of the wrong one, and let the real offender escape. If he inspected accounts, he generally found out that somebody had been paid three-halfpence-farthing less than their due, but never complained when there was a mysterious leg of mutton or parcel of "Palmer's patent," for which no one could account, but the tradesman who introduced it into his bill. Accordingly, he did not give himself much anxiety, especially as he heard that "nothing was to be done without money."

It is our belief that the medical profession is entirely supported by maiden "aunts." They not only take an immense deal of medicine, and are of nervous habits, but they often help the young practitioner liberally at his outset in life. Mr. "Jem" Bowles was destined to experience the truth of this observation, for one morning there came a very large letter, with very large black edges, and a very large black seal, and then several people went to and fro in and from the direction of Doctors' Commons, and "Jem" soon found himself in possession of something more than £2,000.

"I know what I'll take to," observed he, after a lengthy discussion one evening on his future prospects, "I'll be a Sawbones. It's such fun."

This might have been thought a somewhat

light view for so solemn a profession, but the medical views of Mr. Bowles junior on the subject, had been chiefly derived from harmonic meetings, the pit of the Adelphi Theatre and similar localities. Hence he had been, like many other young men, taught to look rather at the recreative than the scientific part of the profession.

Behold him, therefore, ensconced in a private lodging near Gower street: Bermondsey was, fortunately, in his opinion, too far off to allow of him coming home with any comfort.

I cannot say much for the room. The furniture looks as if the proprietor was in the habit of throwing it out of the topmost window and fetching it up again, by way of warming himself after the manner of the immortal "log" in Joe Miller. There is a faint odour, as if the whole room had been washing itself in tobacco juice, but some white dust upon the rather greasy-looking table-cloth, and three or four black looking "short-clays" point to another solution of the difficulty.

There has evidently been a party. There is the bone of what was once a piece of beef, and there are oyster-shells enough for a poor neighbourhood, or to serve as stock in trade for that day which is emphatically marked as to be "rememoered" in the street-calendar. There is a window broken, and there are indications of three chairs having been turned into an extemporaneous bedstead. And if we open that wainscot-door, we shall find that Asculapius, i.e. Jem, has been having soda-water, and that Jack Bones (who "passed" only yesterday) is trying vigorously to wash away the headache consequent on celebrating that event. But sponge, sponge, sponge,— "all great Neptune's ocean" is in vain; and he must even wait till it has punished him for a proper period.

Jack Bones and "Jem" live in the same house, and cultivate the same studies; i.e. beer at various hours, from eight a.m. to six a.m.; tobacco *ditto*; theatres, oysters, and other matters, varied by an occasional dip into Gregory and Carpenter, and relieved by a visit to the dissecting-room, or an hour's yawning at the lecture. Will either of them practice? Of course they will.

It is surprising how fast a young man may live, and yet pass his examination. The fact is creditable to the faculty; and it is to the honour of the authorities, that examinations are being made far more strict than hitherto, and that better feelings are diffusing themselves among the students themselves. When Friar Bacon first, in fear and trembling (for the study was a dangerous and a forbidden one) ventured to dissect the human frame, how different must have been his feelings from the coarse ribaldry, the irreverent treatment which the "stiff un" (as it is colloquially designated by medical students) of our

modern hospital-rooms so often experiences! Can any respect or high feeling for the living creature result from so barbarian a contempt for the lifeless remains?

But we are forgetting our "budding *Æsculapius*."

He has not wasted a great deal of money. Sooth to say, the luxuries of medical students are less expensive than those of Alma Mater, and a genuine love of beer begets a wholesome and most financially beneficial dislike for more expensive potations, and we cannot accuse the same gentleman of ultra extravagance in costume. They live a curious life, alternating between quiet, middle-class, safe society, and the very ruck of London or Sheffield (as the case may be.)

Mr. Bowles (for, somehow or other, as the final examination draws nigh, he has assumed an appearance, including a pair of spectacles, which it would be sheer indecorum to associate with any animal bearing the *soubriquet* of "Jem," Mr. Bowles, we repeat, has been reading. He is not a fool by nature, rather the reverse; but whether he might not have been a sounder scholar and a safer man to trust with other people's lives, had he husbanded his own rather better, is a question for his own conscience to decide.

Years, and years, and years roll on, and I am passing through—Square, not a thousand miles from Gower street, and looking very much as it used to look.. Old ideas come across my mind, and every door knocker seems to have its suggestion. What is this? No. It cannot be. This tip-top three-windows-on-a-floor house, with the gigantic street door with the window on each side. What! yes! are my eyes indistinct, or has some imp been playing tricks with the brass plate? No. It is clear as crystal—"Dr. James Bowles." My fingers are on the knocker, and we are shaking hands, and in a minute we are asking each other more questions than the other can answer.

Everything is very professional. There is a skull with a double set of teeth, (the jaw being laid bare to disclose them,) a letter announcing the anniversary dinner of the Royal Orthocranic and Antisclopendral Society, requesting the honour of Dr. Bowles' company, lying, quite by accident, on the consultation *bureau*. There is a collection of test tubes, an electrifying machine (by the way, Bowles has taken up magnetism, among the numerous other *isms* he professes,) a French work on the nerves half open (by the way,) I never knew that Bowles could read that language,) a bust of Liebig (there is a still larger bust of Bowles himself, I suppose presented by some grateful patient, on the side-board in the dining-room,) and abundance of books. There is an undoubted "buttona," and a most presentable footman, and, alto-

gether, our *Æsculapius* seems doing pretty well.

And so he may, for a certain part of the world—for those who cure their diseases by a sight of the Brougham at the door; for those who measure the size of a man's brain by the dimensions of his house front. But I wish well to "Jem" Bowles—and I keep myself and my family to our quiet little surgeon, who took few degrees, and had seen and read more when he was two-and-twenty than busy middle-aged "Jem" ever will, live to what age he may.

THE DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

"Well after all," I exclaimed, "there are few things so comfortable as snug quarters in a good inn;" and, so saying, I drew up my chair a foot or so nearer the fire, and manifested the exuberance of my satisfaction and soundness of the poker by reducing a superincumbent mass of the best Walls-end to minute fragments. A ride of some eighty miles outside the mail in a biting November day had thrown me into that state of delicious languor, which disposes one to regard anything in the best light, and I had abandoned myself to the enjoyment of the pleasurable, so far as it was to be obtained in the best parlour of the head inn in the provincial town of Nibblington. A neat repast had feasted me "light and choice," and a second tumbler of brandy and water, "warm with," stood exhaling its fragrance at my elbow. The fire was in fine spirits, and went laughing and cracking merrily up the chimney: it took part in the satisfaction it afforded—we were sworn friends.

"What a glorious thing it is," I muttered to myself, as I rested my heels upon the fender, and stretched myself backwards into my chair,— "what a glorious thing it is this taking one's ease in one's inn! It hath a relish almost too fine for earth—it smacks of Elysium! You have cheated fate for once, given business the go-by, and left the anxieties that dog your footsteps daily, in the lurch. Here you are 'yourself alone,'—none to thwart, to fret, to frown upon you,—with a few sovereigns in your pocket, you are yourself a king. How respectful is mine host?—he is your chancellor, and holds you tenderly in his keeping, as royal consciences are kept. The waiters, how obsequious!—'like angels, ever eager-eyed,'—these be your ministers, watchful to do your will all the more that the prospect of the *gratuity* to be secured thereby is ever vividly present to their imagination. The chambermaids, your maids of honour, and honoured as maids,—lighting you to

dreams of love and bliss, like second Heros, with warming-pan and bed-room candlestick of brass. Your bed—but, ecod! I never thought of that,”—and I started up and tugged the bell in considerable trepidation.

My call was answered by the appearance of one of those smirking animals, that go about inns with towels over their left arms.

“Have you secured a bed for me?”

“Yezsir.” I resolved the dog should have an additional half-crown for his attention. “Sorry, sir, could not let you have a room to yourself, sir.”

“Eh, what!” I exclaimed, and my contemplated generosity sunk at once below zero.

“Single bedrooms all engaged, sir.”

“The devil!”

“Yezsir,—full of lawyers, sir. Assizes this week—crowded—not a corner to cram a cat in.”

“And where am I to be stowed away pray?”

“Excellent apartment, sir—third story behind—two capital beds, well-aired. Other gin’tm’n very quiet, sir.”

“Who or what is he?”

“Don’t know sir. Came here a week ago, sir—breakfast at ten minutes to eight precisely—cup of coffee, sir, and a half a roll—goes out, and comes home at eleven every night. Mute as a mouse tried myself to draw him out—wouldn’t work, sir. Strange man, sir—neither speaks nor eats—how he lives, can’t tell—what he does, ditto—where he goes, a mystery as dark as *Om-nibus*, sir.”

“Hum! Queer fish, seemingly.”

“Yezsir, singular man, sir—indeed I may say, a very singular man, sir. Seems in rather low spirits, sir.—Any more brandy and water, sir?”

I ordered a fresh supply of this terrestrial nectar, and flung myself into my chair with the air of a man who feels himself a victim to untoward destiny.

That this should have happened to me, of all men in the world!—to me, who never could tolerate bedfellows in my life!—slept with locked door and window fast and not a soul within half a dozen rooms of me—me, whose chief motive for remaining single—my Marion was certainly a very, *very* charming creature!—I do half incline to believe, was the horror of having my habit of loneliness invaded! Possibly the wretch snores. Oh, horrible! most horrible! Well if I do strangle him, no enlightened jury can bring in a worse verdict against me than that of “justifiable homicide.” Looks melancholy, too? Oh your melancholy men have a trick of speaking in their sleep; and I shall be kept shuddering all night

at his incoherent *ohs!* and *ahs!* It is positively too bad! And again I dashed the poker into the bowels of the fire, and stirred it fiercely. The exercise only threw my brain into a livelier state of activity, and my fancies assumed a darker hue. To be shut up in an out-o’-the way room in a confounded old rambling wilderness of an inn, with a fellow whom nobody knows anything about!—to have your valise and breeches-pockets ransacked, their “*silver* lining turned out upon the night,” while you are wooing the caresses of the drowsy god,—or possibly, like the Irish member, to wake in the morning and find your throat cut! A cold line seemed to be drawn across my weasand at the thought, and I groaned inwardly. Seizing my brandy and water, I whipped it off at a gulp; but it had lost its flavour,—was cold, vapid, ineffectual stuff, and left no relish on the palate. I sank into a reverie, a dull and quasi-collapse state of misery, on starting from which I found that the fire had sunk down to a few cinders and a ghost of a flame, which looked up for a moment, as if to reproach me for my neglect, and quietly went out. Conjuring up a smile at my fears,—a very hectic sort of an affair, indeed,—I called for a light, and, following the pilotage of the ‘cham’maid,’ was heralded along a succession of passages, and up a labyrinth of staircase, until I reached the room that had been selected as my dormitory.

Its dimensions were something of the smallest. Two beds, placed directly opposite each other, engrossed three-fourths of the apartment. They were divided by an alley of some four feet in breadth, at the end of which, in the window recess, stood a table with the usual appurtenances of mirror and carafes, and the window itself looked out upon Cimmerian darkness, and the devil knows what. The other furnishings consisted of certain cane chairs, whose appearance was anything but calculated to inspire confidence in their trustworthiness. “The rusty grate, unconcerned of a fire,” stood shivering in the yawning fireplace, above which a cloudy mezzotint, conveying the faintest possible intimation of a blasted heath, with a gibbet in perspective, decorating a wall, which time and damp had reduced from its primitive shade of green to the most miscellaneous diversity of tints. Here was an appearance of things, not certainly the most favorable for dissipating the unpleasant feelings that had for some time been fretting my lesser intestines to the tonuity of fiddlestrings; but I put a bold face upon the matter, and after a leisurely survey of the apartment deposited myself in bed. Sleep, however, was not to be thought of till the arrival

of the person who was to share the apartment with me, and I lay forming all sorts of speculations as to his probable appearance. At length, towards midnight, a heavy step sounded on the staircase, and I heard some one advancing with a stately tread to the room in which I lay. Now, then, for a solution of my uncertainty. I half raised myself on my elbow to examine the person that should enter. The door opened leisurely, and a figure advanced into the room, that increased rather than abated my perplexity. It was that of a tall, powerfully-built man, dressed all in black, with a cloak of the same color about his shoulders, and as he held the candle before him as though he held it not, its light fell upon features of a character singularly impressive, but pale and ghastly, as it were, with untold woe. His long raven hair fell away in masses from his forehead, like blackening pines upon a lightning-scathed mountain summit, and his eyes burned with a dull, moveless glare. He appeared to be utterly unconscious of my presence, notwithstanding my endeavors to excite his attention by sundry admonitory coughs and hems. Finding these of no avail, I resolved to attack him more directly, and, in as indifferent a tone as I could muster, exclaimed,

"Good night, sir!"—no answer—"Good night, sir!" with a stronger emphasis—still not a word; and it was not till I had repeated the salutation several times that he turned his eyes upon me. And oh! what an inward hell did that look reveal!—in words that dropped like minute-guns from his lips, he said—

"I wish you *may* have a good night, sir."

This was enough; I was thoroughly relieved of any desire for further converse with a gentleman of this kidney; so he relapsed into his abstraction, and I into my pillow and speculations.

I was fatigued, and would fain have slept, but this I soon found to be impossible. In vain I turned from left side to right, from right to left, and then in despair threw myself on my face, and dug my head into the pillow. I tried to think of discourses on political economy, of sermons on temperance, of all the most sovereign narcotics I could recall. I repeated the alphabet letter by letter, and then groped my way through the multiplication table; but it was of no use. Sleep was not to be coaxed. The gentleman in black had betaken himself to bed. The room was as dark as midnight could make it, and I heard a sigh, and the curtains drawn closely round in front of where he lay. Strange precaution, I thought. What can he mean? Has he the same doubts of me that are haunting me with regard

to him, and so wishes to place the slight barrier of a piece of dimity between us? Or perhaps the gentleman is conscious of sleeping in rather an ungainly style—tosses his bed-clothes off him, perhaps, or lies with his mouth agape, like a fish in the death pang—and may not wish the morning light to disclose his weakness? But this comfortable view of the matter soon faded away as the remembrance of his appearance pressed upon my vision. Those features so pale and rigid; that massive figure, trained in no ordinary toils, those eyes dead to all outward objects, and lighted up with fires that seemed inwardly consuming him, stared vividly before me. I saw him as he entered the room, and went through all the operation of undressing, with a motion merely mechanical. What could have so palsied the senses and the will? Was it remorse for some unutterable guilt that preyed upon his heart, or was he even then meditating some act of inexplicable crime? I was lying there alone, in darkness, with a felon, perhaps a murderer! And then his answer to my friendly salutation, "I wish you *may* have a good night, sir!" came back upon my ear. *May* have a good night! There was, then, a doubt, which even he confessed. I stirred in my bed with as much noise as possible, coughing at the same time, to see if I could elicit any corresponding sound from my opposite neighbor. But all was hushed. I could not even catch his breathing. Oh, I thought, he must be gone to sleep. He at least takes the matter easy. But still his words—"I wish you *may* have a good night, sir!"—haunted me. What was there to prevent my having a good night, but something of which he himself was alone conscious? The night was a quiet one, and our room too much out of the way to be visited by any of the usual sleep-dispelling noises of an inn? Would to heaven it had been less so! Again, I thought of the curtains drawn so carefully in front of his bed. Might he be not behind them preparing the knife, with which he was to spring upon my secure slumbers? I coughed louder than before, to assure him that I was still wakeful. This horrible fancy now took entire possession of my mind. His sepulchral "I wish you *may* have a good night!" pealed a perpetual alarm in my ears. It was an intimation to settle accounts with the world.

He would not kill my unprepared spirit. Not he! He was a sentimental murderer, an amateur assassin, and fate had kindly quoted me into his grasp. I lay riveted to my couch, expecting every moment to hear the curtains torn apart, and to feel his fingers at my throat. Every nerve

and faculty were strained to the utmost pitch, till even the suspense grew more fearful than the reality itself could have been. A deathlike stillness filled the chamber. Its "very hush and creeping" grew oppressive. The stirring of a mouse would have been worth worlds to me.

Worn out with excitement, I fell into a perturbed and gasping slumber, and, on starting from it, my ear seemed to catch the expiring echo of a groan. It might, however, have only been the wind striking a favorite note in the crannies of the chimney. Day had by this time begun to break, and the gladsome light gave me courage to look out between my curtains. Those of the opposite bed were still down, and its inmates seemed locked in profound repose. I turned my eyes towards the window to strengthen myself by the sight of some cheering object against the anxieties that still hung about my mind, and found that it looked out upon a desolate court, commanding a prospect at the same time of which the leading features were some crazy old chimney stacks. The sky was wet and weltering, and no sound of life was audible, except the occasional rattle of a cart blended with the driver's whoop, rousing the echoes of the slumbering streets. The whole feeling of the time and place was as cheerless as possible; and, to complete my discomfort, a superannuated raven, a creature worn with the throes of luckless prophecy, settled upon a chimney right before my eyes, and began croaking its monotonous chaunt of woe. Oh, how that eternal "caw! caw!" did chafe me, "mingling strangely with my fears," and pre-aging the coming on of some unknown horror! It threw my thoughts back into their old channel. Alarm, however, had now given place to curiosity, and I demanded at all hazards to know more of the mysterious man who had occasioned me such a night of torture. I lay intent to catch the minutest sound, but in vain. Fine-ear himself, that hears the grass grow in the fairy-tale, could not have detected the shadow of a breath. This, I thought is the most unaccountable man I ever met with. He comes nobody knows whence, goes nobody knows where, eats nothing, drinks nothing, and says nothing,—and sleeps like no other mortal beneath the sun. I must and will sound the heart of this mystery.

Here was I, with fevered pulse and throbbing brow, after a night of agony, while the cause of my uneasiness was taking deep draughts of that "tired Nature's sweet restorer," of which his singular appearance and ominous words had effectually robbed me. It was not more strange than revoking. I could bear this state of things no

longer, and discharged a volley of tearing coughs, as if all the pulmonary complaints of the town had taken refuge in my individual chest. Still there was not a movement to indicate the slightest disturbance on the part of my tormentor. I sprang out of bed, and paced up and down the room, making as much noise as possible by pushing the chairs about, and hitching the dressing table along the floor. Still my enemy slept on. I rushed to the fire-place, and rattled the shovel and poker against one another. He cannot but stir at this, I thought; and I listened in the expectation of hearing him start. Still the same deathlike silence continued. I caught up the fire-irons, and hurling them together against the grate. They fell with a crash that might have startled theseven sleepers,—and I waited in a paroxysm of anxiety for the result which I had anticipated. But there were the close curtains as before, and not a sound issued from behind them to indicate the presence of any living thing. I was in a state bordering upon frenzy. The fearful suspense of the past night, the agony of emotions with which I had been shaken, working upon a body greatly fatigued, had left me in a fever of excitement, which, if it had continued, must have ended in madness. I was wild with a mixed sensation of dread, curiosity, and suspense. One way or another this torture must be ended. I rushed towards the bed; upsetting the dressing-table in my agitation. I tore open the curtains, and there, O God! lay the cause of all my agony, a suicide, weltering in a pool of blood. I felt my naked foot alip in a something moist and slimy. Oh, Heaven, the horror of that plashy gore! I fell forwards on the floor, smitten as by a thunderbolt into insensibility.

When I revived I found the room crowded with people. The noise of my fall had alarmed the occupants of the room beneath, and they had burst into the chamber where we lay. But my sufferings were not yet at an end. The noises I had made in endeavouring to rouse the stranger had been heard, and were now construed into the struggle between the murderer and his victim. How it happened I know not, but the razor with which the suicide had effected his purpose was found within my grasp. This was deemed proof-conclusive of my guilt, and I stood arraigned as a murderer in the eyes of my fellow-men. For months I was the tenant of a dungeon. "It passed, a weary time;" but at length my trial came. I was acquitted, and again went forth with an untainted name. But the horrors of that night have cast a blight upon my spirit that will cling to it through life; and I evermore execrate the wretch who first projected the idea of a DOUBLE BEDDED CHAMBER.

THE HACHICHE SMOKER;

OR, THE HISTORY OF A GRAIN OF WHEAT.

THE lovers of the *hachiche* or, *tecrouri*, who are a very numerous body in Costantina, generally consume it in small pipes, about the size of a lady's thimble. Some of them, however, swallow it in the form of pills. It is generally understood that, when taken in the latter form, this narcotic operates with greater power upon the nervous system. It excites singular hallucinations, and is provocative of every excess engendered by the unrestrained violence of the passions.

The *hachaichi*, or consumer of *hachiche*, delights in music, flowers, dogs, hunting the hedgehog, and in the delicious song of a species of *bruant*, or ortolan. His house or shop is ever ornamented with bouquets of the most brilliant flowers, natural or artificial. He surrounds himself with nightingales, goldfinches, and ortolans, which he trains with much care, and confines in beautiful cages, formed of slender reeds and the variegated quills of the porcupine. The ecstatic reveries of the *hachaichi* present nearly always the same idea. One fancies himself upon a throne, surrounded by a brilliant court; another becomes a bird of prey, penetrates through the upper air, and travels over the universe; a third feels himself endowed with a supernatural heroism, and indulges in inflated bluster. The *hachiche*, like wine, creates merriment in some and anger in others: in one it induces silence, in another foolish loquacity.

Whatever may be the peculiarity of the hallucination, the fate of the *hachaichi* is well known. He becomes either a moping idiot, or a raving madman, and consequently a Mahometan priest. Then he attains to a position in society. In every parish he is certain of a dinner. Rich men contend for the honor of lodging him in the vestibule of their houses. It is not the humble tradesmen alone who zealously furnish him with shoes and garments.

There lived in Costantina, during the reign of Daly-Bey, a famous *hachaichi*, named Bakir-bou-Djaloula. He was an embroiderer of the *djebiras*, or sabre-dashes of the Arabian cavaliers. His shop, which was contiguous to the ancient palaces of the oey, in the street of the Saradjine, or the sadlers, became the rendezvous of the lovers of the *kif*, or *hachiche*. At his house congregated several young men, sons of the caids, and the superior officers of the court: choice spirits, who pitied Mahomet for his ignorance of the joys of the *hachiche*!

It is not habitual with an Arabian story-teller to trace in detail the portrait of his hero. He contents himself generally with indicating one or two traits of his character, and adding, that he was as beautiful as the moon when four days old, or as ugly as a *ghoul*, or vampire! We shall proceed otherwise, because it is of importance to our European readers that we enter a little more into particulars. Bakir-bou-Djaloula was twenty years of age, and of full figure: his eyes were large and well formed, though placed rather obliquely; a trifling languor in the pupil, and a partial drooping of the eyelid, gave to his expression somewhat of a vague and absent character. The

continual inflation of his mobile nostrils, and the curved form of his upper lip, shadowed by a deep chestnut-colored moustache, indicated, however, something of a fiercer nature. His hands and feet, always naked, as is customary with the Arabs, exhibited the most perfect form and symmetry. Bou-Djaloula belonged to the aristocracy of the working men, for he was an embroiderer upon morocco. The care which he bestowed on his toilet heightened the effect of his personal carriage. Notwithstanding the least possible touch of eccentricity in the form of his turban, which was of white muslin, interwoven with raw silk, his costume was in good taste. He wore wide trousers of lilac cloth, a vest and two under-waistcoats of rich green taffeta, from Tunis; and over the whole, a long *haïf*, or *djerid* of white silk, with cords of the same color; and which, passing from beneath his turban, gracefully enveloped his figure. As he sat thus attired in his shop, in the street of the Saradjine, a stranger would have taken him for a son of the bey, or the pacha!

With regard to disposition, Bou-Djaloula resembled no one in particular. Although he conducted himself with a propriety and a self-respect becoming his condition; although alms fell from his hands in a beneficent shower; although during the day, all true believers in the prophet admired his reserved demeanor; yet the moment the sun sank below the earth, he delivered himself up entirely to an existence of the most eccentric character. The Mussulman artisans, pretty well to do, have generally a shop in the commercial, and a house in the more retired part of the city. The house of Bou-Djaloula, after the prayer of *acha*, became the scene of the most fantastic pleasures, indulged in by young men famous for wit, musical talent, or skill in the chase. There Bakir-bou-Djaloula became transformed into an Eastern poet. His saloon was ornamented with rich carpets, of the most brilliant dyes, and illuminated after the fashion of the grand mosque on the night of the *mandoul*, or the nativity of the prophet. Enormous bouquets of flowers decorated the walls of the apartment. With an ibrik, or vase of silver, a negro sprinkled the guests with water distilled from orange-flowers. The pipe of kif passed from hand to hand, and while the nightingales, the goldfinches, and the ortolans, struggled for supremacy in the execution of *scritures* and brilliant variations, the guests sank upon soft cushions, overpowered by the delicious rapture of the growing hallucination. Then arose bursts of laughter and bravadoes; then the thrilling tones of a passionate love-song; then the jest and repartee of the wit; and then—sensual silence!

"The pithor doth not always return from the fountain uninjured," saith an old Arab proverb. Bakir-bou-Djaloula, by a frequent indulgence, was eventually oppressed with a mental drowsiness that reduced him almost to the condition of a mute. He spoke only in monosyllables. His fingers had ceased to touch the threads of gold, with which he formerly traced fantastic arabesques on the Morocco leather. The city itself appeared to him as a filthy place of abode, and the giddy chatter of his companions lost all its attraction. He loved to walk alone upon the ter-

ness of the Mécid, to the north-east of Costantina, and to seat himself upon one of the little grassy spots which tower like eagles' nests amongst the precipices overhanging the river Roumel. There he would remain for hours, until he became re-born to the world. What gratified him still more than these green spots, dotting the rocky mountain summit, was the aspect of the meadows, sprinkled with marshmallows and spring daisies; but nothing so effectually dispelled the vapors of his midnight hallucinations as the splendor of the mid-day sun. If sometimes he remained a few hours at home, it was simply to enjoy the song of a pretty asfou, which he had captured during the preceding year in one of those sporting excursions into which the smokers of the *hachiche* enter with such passionate enthusiasm. This bird had acquired considerable reputation amongst the lovers of kif, on account of the fullness and sweetness of its voice. Bou-Djaloula had caused to be constructed for it, by a skillful workman of Tunis, a cage of ivory and ebony, flagreed with golden wire, and between the pillars of which glittered small crystal prisms. So devoted was the affection of the *hachichi* for his winged songster, that he had begun to regard it as a transformed djinn, upon the preservation of which depended his happiness and prosperity! Heaven knows whether or not the brain of Bou-Djaloula was slightly deranged!

One morning he strolled through the street Feramebou-Roume, leading to El-Kantara, enveloped in his cloak, his thoughts began to wander. He ascended silently the rising ground of the Mansoura, to the south of Costantina, seated himself upon the margin of a field of wheat, and fell into a slumber. He dreamed a dream. He thought that he gathered a grain of wheat; that this grain placed in the earth produced sixty *epis*; these sixty the following year yielded one *saas* (nearly three bushels); that the *saas* produced the third year ten *saas*; and that at the conclusion of ten years he was in the possession of so large a quantity of wheat, that a king alone would be able to purchase the whole produce. The cool zephyrs of the evening having awakened our *hachichi*, he arose, but continued his dream as he descended towards the city. He found a grain of wheat in his hand, which, for safety, he placed in his mouth, and gave free scope to his imagination.

"When my crops shall have attained such gigantic proportions," said he to himself, "I shall be at a loss how or where to store them. I shall require a large number of warehouses; and who will let them to me? Ah! it is true! Who will be able to furnish buildings sufficiently spacious? Stay! I think the bey would not refuse me the state granaries for a sufficient consideration. The bey is desirous to increase his resources, and I shall be most happy to do him a service!"

So saying, he arrived at the Turkish *café*, in the street of the Jews. The *caid-el djabir*, or compeller of subsistences, was at the moment seated upon one of the external benches, and perceiving Bakir pass, courteously invited him to partake of a cup of coffee. The dreamer accepted the invitation with a gracious smile, kissed the shoulder of the *caid*, and seated himself. A few minutes afterwards, he inquired in a calm tone,

and with a dignified air, if the bey would be disposed to let him his granaries for the housing of his crops. The question was put with so much gravity and decorum of manner, that the honest functionary dreamed not of suspicion. He intimated that he would with pleasure undertake to communicate his wishes to the seigneur Daly-Bey. After this conversation they separated, and the *caid* hastened to the palace. It is necessary to premise that the crops of the royal demesnes had failed in the preceeding year, and that, consequently, the bey had been compelled to resort to divers painful expedients. Added to which, at this unfortunate juncture, and at the moment when Bou-Djaloula was cradling his infant dreams of prosperity, an untoward event had aggravated the embarrassment of the sovereign ruler. Bou-Râad, *caid* of the Segnaïs, had raised the standard of revolt. For the purpose of stifling the insurrection in its birth, which from day to day assumed a more menacing aspect, Daly-Bey had resolved to proceed immediately to the theatre of the rebellion, and place himself at the head of his army.

On hearing the proposition addressed to him by the *caid*, Daly-Bey saw instantly the means by which he felt assured the province might be saved. In the Musselman world, affairs of business are rapidly matured. For fear of losing so favourable an opportunity of strengthening his resources, the prince determined to attach to his interest the rich proprietor, by giving him a position at the court, and marrying him to one of his daughters! On the following day, an officer of the palace knocked at the door of Bakir-bou-Djaloula, who through living merely upon *mad-jouns* or *tecrouri* pills, had, so to speak, lost the habit of feeling emotion of any kind whatever. He listened to the word of the messenger, raised himself tranquilly, and marched with calm indifference towards the palace, as though he were merely returning to his shop in the street of the Saradjine. On his approach, negroes, guards, and officials retired respectfully. His hallucination continued; all the honours showered upon him appeared due to his position!

The door of the medjâas, or state reception-room, opened, and the bey, a venerable man with a long white beard, advanced to the threshold to receive the new comer. "God protect thee, my son!" said he in an affable tone; "we have passed the morning in awaiting thy coming." He then offered to Bakir one of the brocaded cushions upon which he reclined. The embroiderers of *sabre-dashes* immediately seated himself upon the couch of his highness, to the great amazement of the *caids*, *câdis*, *muphtis*, and *cheikhs*, who crowded the hall. After the usual complimentary ceremonies, Daly-Bey introduced the more important business; but it appeared to him unworthy and undignified to commence with the matter relative to the storage of wheat. He preferred in the first place, to attach to himself the rich capitalist by indissoluble ties, and therefore offered to him the hand of his youngest daughter. "When he shall have become my relative," thought he, "I shall hold his fortune in my hands; the finances of the country will be replenished, and I shall be enabled to pay to the Pacha of Algiers the tribute of the province with-

out the necessity of levying an additional impost." Bou-Djaloula exhibited a becoming sensibility of the honour done to him by the bey, his imperturbable *sang froid* enabled him to keep his countenance; and he played his part admirably to the conclusion. The bey wished the marriage to take place immediately, and the cadis shortly afterwards read the marriage documents, when it appeared that no dower was required from Bou-Djaloula.

A day passed. On the following morn preparations were made for the nuptial ceremonies. *Fetes* were given in the public places of the city; at the bazaar of Soul-el-Asr, dances of negroes; at the grand square of Sidi-Djellia, the performances of jugglers from Morocco; and at Rahbet-el-Djemal, the feats of the *aisious* mountebanks, with their serpents, dogs, and poignards. Although every one gazed with admiration at the dignified calmness of the newly betrothed, his languid eyes evinced scarcely a single mark of gratification as he walked over the city, and accorded a few smiles to his companions. When the evening arrived the grand dignitaries of the *makem* had the honour to assist at the nuptials of Bou-Djaloula! Each kissed his hands and studied how to gain his favour, for in honoring him they gratified the Bey of Constantina. At length, in the midst of the banqueting, two negroes silently raised the curtains of embroidered velvet at the extremity of the hall, when Daly-Bey arose, took the hand of his son-in-law, and conducted him to the apartment of his daughter. The lucky embroiderer of *sabre-dashes* was allied to his highness by the most sacred of ties. Yet it would soon become necessary to render due consideration for such honour; and how was he to reveal the truth to the bey? Allah rules the universe! It is God alone can save his creatures!

Bou-Djaloula firmly believed the bey would, the following day, demand an account of his possessions; at the thought whereof the fear of death shook his heart, notwithstanding the stolid indifference by which it was enveloped. Heaven, however, willed it otherwise. Daly-Bey, on his part, feared acting too precipitately in the matter, least his son-in-law might be induced to conceal a portion of his wealth. He conceived the excellent idea of dragging from him his secret by female interposition, and said to his wife, "Thou shalt order thy daughter to ask him in what hiding-places his crops of grain are provisionally deposited." The wife made no further question, but sought her daughter and prevailed upon her to employ all the influence of her charms to ascertain the revelation which interested so deeply not only the family, but the state itself.

Is it more profitable for man to be rational or mad? That is the question with which we commenced.

Bakir-bou-Djaloula, violently ejected from his life of reverie, marched for the first time upon the highway of real life. Rational thoughts began to crowd his awakening brain. He distinctly heard the voice of the *barrak*, or public crier, proclaim his execution in the street of the *Saradjine*. Why did he not stick to his embroidery? Nevertheless, he determined bravely to meet his fate. He returned to his chamber, gazed with admiration upon his wife, seated him-

self beside her, and saw in her so much beauty and grace, that love germinated in his heart, and then he regretted to die. Yet, at the age of twenty, the thought of death itself sinks into oblivion beneath the gaze of a beloved one. A single pressure of his bride's beautiful hand dissipated the gloom as if by enchantment. Lella Sicambour (his wife was so named) took up a *derbouka*, or chrystal tambourine, and striking her delicate fingers on the resonant skin, marked the measure to a national melody. With this prelude the husband mingled the tones of his voice. An hour afterwards the young wife asked, with the apparent indifference of a confiding lover, wherefore he hesitated so long to discover his treasures; why he made a mystery of so ordinary a matter; and above all, wherefore he left his beloved companion in the anguish of uncertainty? The prince of a single day kissed the forehead of the curious beauty; then, gliding two of his fingers beneath his moustache, he drew from his mouth the grain of wheat, and said, "Behold my capital! With this and the help of Heaven we shall become the opulent of the earth!" The daughter of the bey suddenly waxed pale and fainted. Her husband was mad!

Bou-Djaloula had not forgotten, in taking possession of the sumptuous apartments in the palace which the bey had granted for his use, to cause the cage of his cherished asfou to be transferred there. Lella Sicambour had only a single fault, but it certainly was not the one least annoying to a husband desirous of peace. She was jealous! The predilection which Bakir appeared to entertain for his winged melodist had given her from the first much disquietude; and as, from the injury she has received a woman extracts the revenge, so, with the rapidity of thought, she hastened to profit by the absence of her husband, and maliciously opened the door of the cage in which strutted the odious rival. Seduced by the fragrance of the orange-groves, the myrtles, and pomegranate-trees, the graceful branches of which waved in the breeze near to the window where its costly prison was fixed, the asfou hesitated not to profit by the occasion apparently so generously accorded. With a single stroke of its wing, it reached an acacia redolent with flowers, from which it poured forth the most delicious cadences, as though in thanks to the beautiful being to whom it owed its liberty. Lella Sicambour, nevertheless, felt some uneasiness when reflecting upon the probable consequences of this little *coup d'état*, accomplished but a few minutes before the conversation took place which we have just narrated. The symptoms of alienation which Bou-Djaloula had manifested in her presence had redoubled the anxiety of her heart.

During the whole evening not a word was exchanged between the young people. Nothing was left for Bakir but to sleep. As soon as the morning, with her new-born rays, gilded the nuptial couch, he descended into the gardens of the palace. Near to the groves of jasmín was a terrace of white marble, where Daly-Bey repaired each day for the performance of his religious duties. Thither Bou-Djaloula directed his steps, and uttered a fervent prayer to the Most High to close the abyss which fate had dug before him. Previously to the commencement of his devotions

laid upon the marble before him the magic grain of wheat, the singular cause of his reveries and his ephemeral grandeur. In strict accordance with the traditional ceremonies of the faithful followers of the prophet, he kneeled and raised himself alternately while reciting some verses from the Koran. He had prostrated himself for the third time, and fervently kissed the marble at his feet, when a slight touch, very like that produced by the wing of a bird, caused him suddenly to raise his eyes. What was his surprise when he saw his favourite asfour perched upon a strawberry plant at a short distance from him, and devouring with singular relish the unfortunate grain of wheat! Although the vapours engendered in his brain by the *tecrouri* had begun to dissipate, Bou-Djaloula still regarded this grain of wheat as a kind of talisman, the loss of which would precipitate the terrible *denouement*, the very thought of which shook his limbs with terror. But how had the bird escaped, and by what strange fatality had it alighted upon the marble at the very moment when Bakir had placed before him the grain of wheat! The thought was sufficient to light up within him a choleric frenzy that speedily transformed the smoker of *hachiche* into a ferocious animal.

"Ah! miserable ingrate," cried he, "not only dost thou abandon me; not only dost thou forget all my love and care for thee, but thou dar'st still to rob me of my last hope. Alive or dead, I will retake thee." Impatiently he rushed to his chamber, armed himself with a fowling-piece, and hastened in pursuit of the deceiver. The asfour, in sight of its master, uttered a piercing cry and took flight over the palace walls in the direction of the Coudiat-Aï, to the west of Oostantina. Bou-Djaloula hurriedly ascended the mountain, upon the summit of which stood an old olive-tree, partially broken by the winds. The heart of the *hachiche* beat violently as he approached the tree: he hoped the fugitive would alight upon it. A slight twitter was heard, the asfour once more rose and directed its course towards the south; yet there was no hurry or precipitancy about its flight. It appeared rather to delight in flitting about or floating motionless in the air, as if awaiting the approach of its master. Still it carefully kept at such a distance as though it were sensible of the danger menaced by the fowling-piece of Bou-Djaloula. The whole of one of the longest days in summer was consumed in this pursuit, and when evening arrived the *hachiche* found himself completely exhausted by thirst and fatigue.

They entered a lonely valley, beneath the thick umbrageous shadows of which a limpid stream preserved a delicious coolness. The asfour, no less fatigued than its master, alighted upon a mulberry-tree, overlooking this miniature paradise. "Ah, wicked bird!" exclaimed Bou-Djaloula, as he quenched his thirst in the liquid crystal flowing beneath a grove of rose-laurels; "at length I have overtaken thee. Thy life alone shall satisfy my vengeance!" Already his finger presses the trigger; the fate of the winged songstress is sealed! But, hark! A sound resembling the galloping of a fiery steed arrests his hand! Bou-Djaloula, fearing the arrival of an enemy, instantly threw himself upon the ground, in the midst of a

dense thicket, and steadily fixed his eye upon the spot from which the horseman was approaching. He soon distinguished a man, tall and robust, with an eye of fire and armed with a musket! What could be his business in such a solitary spot? Bou-Djaloula held his breath and observed him intently. On arriving near the rose-laurels, the stranger reined in his horse, and gazing around him, anxiously listened to hear if the slightest sound revealed the presence of a fellow-being. Confident he had no witness of his deeds, he vaulted from the saddle and alighted near the edge of the rivulet. Close to the spot lay an enormous stone. He raised this rock from its place with a facility that proclaimed extraordinary muscular power. It covered a small trench or hollow. Bou-Djaloula saw him detach from the saddle a large valise, and cautiously deposit it in this hole. More mystery! The man must have selected so retired a spot for the concealment of things most precious to him.

At the moment the stranger bent himself over the hole, Bou-Djaloula distinctly saw his features. This mysterious cavalier was no other than the redoubtable Bou-Râad, the *câid* of the Segnaï! The son-in-law of Daly-Bey was in the presence of the rebel chief against whom his father had determined to march in person. A shrill scream from the asfour aroused the *hachiche* from the stupor into which he was falling. Recalling all his coolness, courage, and skill, he steadily took aim at the heart of Bou-Râad! A report echoes through the hills! "Allah! Allah!" cried the Arab chief, as he sank, mortally wounded, to the earth. The terrified bird instantly took flight.

So intense were the emotions of Bou-Djaloula, that they effected a complete revolution in his mental condition. His thoughts gradually recovered their distinctness, and his reason, as if awakened from a long lethargy, resumed its empire over his senses. After bowing his head to the earth, and returning thanks to the Most High, he cut off the head of the *câid*, enveloped it in a haïk, and drew the valise from the hole. These trophies secured, he mounted the stranger's horse, put spurs into his flanks and galloped towards Oostantina.

The appearance of Bou-Râad had sufficiently informed Bakir that he was in an enemy's country, and that so long as he remained his life was in imminent danger. An hour's hard galloping over hill and dale brought him, terrified and exhausted, within sight of a narrow gorge or ravine, deffling from which he perceived a numerous troop of horsemen. Flight was impossible. The unhappy *hachiche* raised his eyes to heaven, and resigned himself without resistance to what appeared his inevitable fate. He already fancied he felt the cold blade of the yataghan enter his heaving chest, when the cry of "Bou-Djaloula!" repeated by a hundred voices, struck upon his ear. He was immediately surrounded by the cavaliers of the Bey of Oostantina, and eagerly hurried forward into the presence of their leader, who followed at a short distance his advanced guard. At the sight of his son-in-law the prince of the true believers frowned ominously, and appeared about to issue some sinister order, when Bou-Djaloula hastily disentangled from the folds of the haïk the head of Bou-Râad. "Oh

my master!" cried he, "thy slave had sworn to partake of neither food nor rest until he had avenged thee upon a treacherous and rebellious subject. His vow is accomplished; for behold! oh, my prince! the head and the treasures of the *càid* of the Segnaïs!" The sight of the gold and precious stones which fell from the valise marvellously allayed the anger of the bey; but his delirious joy burst all bounds when he saw upon the earth the bleeding head of his terrible enemy, Bou-Râad, whose very name signifieth "redoubtable as the thunder!" "God is great!" he exclaimed. "Oh, my son! it is he who has guided thy steps, as it was he who inspired me with the wish to unite thee to my well-beloved child!"

After the preliminary expressions of congratulation and assurances of friendship, Bakir, the ex-dreamer, was invited to relate how he was enabled to accomplish so marvellous a deed as the conquest of the valiant *càid* by his single arm, and in the bosom of his powerful tribe! Bakir's imagination was not often at fault. He therefore drew largely from it, and gave a most plausible coloring to the adventure. His proofs were before them; and, what was more, there existed no one to dispute his statement.

The soldiers, shouting aloud as with one voice, proclaimed Bou-Djaloula the prince of cavaliers, the *émir* of warriors, the blessed of God!

The tribe of the Segnaïs having made humble submission and paid a large tribute, the army returned to Costantina.

The dream commenced in a field of wheat and finished with a triumph, the splendor of which is spoken of by the people to this hour. In place of his imaginary capital, the fortunate embroiderer of *sabre-dashes* became possessed of a more tangible treasure in the shape of diamonds, gold, and precious stones!

What availeth wisdom?

A PERFECT STRANGER.

AN addition of more than ordinary interest has recently been made to the collection of animals in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, in the shape of a fine specimen of the great ant eater, or ant bear, as it is sometimes called, from South America. Being the first animal of the kind ever exhibited alive in Europe, it has attracted an unusual degree of attention, and for a considerable time figured in the daily advertisement in the newspapers as the chief *lion* of the Gardens.

This remarkable animal was purchased for some German adventurers, who procured it in the interior of Brazil, and had brought it all the way to London, in the hope, it seems, of realizing a little fortune by exhibiting it to the marvel-loving British public. The experiment was tried for some two or three weeks, though with hardly the success the hopeful proprietors anticipated. A small shop was obtained for the purpose in Broad Street, Bloomsbury, where, somewhat obscurely announced as the wonderful *Antita* from Brazil,

the animal was exhibited to the public, at a charge of sixpence each for admission. The influx of visitors, however, was so miserably small, that before many days had passed, a removal was contemplated to the more promising neighborhood of Oxford Street; when Mr. Mitchell, the ever active and (in the matter of discovering rare birds and beasts) almost ubiquitous secretary of the Zoological Society, waited upon the proprietors, to bargain with them for the removal of the animal to the Society's gardens in the Regent's Park. But warned by the fate of the young walrus, for which such an enormous sum was asked a short time previously, he merely treated for the hire of the animal, offering so much per week, as long as it might live. This the owners declined; they would either keep their *antita* to themselves, or part with it altogether, in which case they required the handsome amount of £300! To give that for an animal which might very probably be dead in a few weeks or less, was out of the question, so the negotiation paused. But Mr. Mitchell, backed as he is, is not the man to be baffled when there is an animal like the ant bear at stake. Negotiations, therefore, were speedily renewed, and terms being at length agreed upon, the purchase was effected; when the triumphant secretary bore off his prize rejoicing. Snug accommodation was provided for the stranger in one of the large rooms attached to the reptile house, where, side by side with the disconsolate chimpanzee, it now daily receives the attention of artists, fellows, and professors, and sucks eggs, and displays its elegant proportions before the eyes of an admiring public.

Making due allowance for the novelty of the spectacle—which is, of course, the principal cause of the enthusiasm displayed—there is very much in the form and structure of the great ant eater to arrest attention, and excite the liveliest curiosity. From the point of its snout to the extremity of its enormous tail, its appearance is altogether peculiar. It stands about as high as a Newfoundland dog, and has a thick coat of dry shaggy hair, like that of the sloth. Its general color is grizzly brown, except across the breast and shoulders, where there is an oblique black band, bordered with white. The two most characteristic parts of it are the head and the tail. The head is remarkably narrow and long, covered with short close hair, and slightly curved. At the point of the elongated snout, a narrow slit forms the diminutive mouth, from which the animal continually protrudes its long cylindrical tongue, letting it hang down from the jaws like a huge black worm. The immense tail has an upward curve, precisely the reverse of the curve of the head; it almost equals the body in length, and, furnished with a profusion of long flowing hair, which sweeps the ground as the animal walks along, forms an

ample covering for the body, when its owner is disposed to coil himself up for a nap. A glance is sufficient to discover that it is the fore-limbs or arms that are chiefly employed, whether for work or war. They are extremely thick and muscular, and are armed with large claws, which turn in upon the soles of the feet, so as to give the animal the appearance, when in motion, of walking on its knuckles.

At home, in America, the ant bear has the repute of being somewhat dull and stupid, and few people that see it here will be likely, we imagine, to question the truth of the imputation. On rising from its ordinary noon-day slumbers, it looks round upon the array of eager faces in front of its cage with a marvellously bewildered and vacant stare, and seems, as it stands motionless, with its head poked forward, to be endeavoring, in a creamy sort of way, to recollect the whereabouts of its situation. Like all strictly nocturnal animals, it spends the greater part of the day in sleep; a circumstance which young ladies who go to the gardens purposely to see it pronounce a "shame." It certainly is very provoking, and it is to be hoped that, in the course of time, the creature will be taught to comport itself in a more befitting manner. As it is, one may esteem himself fortunate if he happen to find the animal awake. The probability is, it will be coiled up upon its bed of straw, in the corner of its cage, with a roomful of excited visitors waiting its awakening. Every one puts great faith, of course, in the label on the front of the cage, and has no manner of doubt, therefore, that the shaggy mound in the corner is truly "*Myrmecophaga jubata*, the great ant-eater from South America;" though, for all that any one can discern himself, it might be a goat, or a dog, or simply a heap of hair.

Our patience was at length rewarded. A keeper entered the cage, and, tapping an egg against a tin dish, caused the mound upon the straw to move; a huge tail was then flung back, a long pointed head was next drawn from under the body, then a pair of small round eyes opened wide, and the strange, ungainly creature stood upright. Pausing for a moment, it then followed the keeper to the front of its cage, where it displayed its skill in sucking up the egg, which was broken for it into the dish. Having finished its snack, it allowed its paw to be shaken by the keeper, and then sleepily walked back to its bed in the corner. Deliberately adjusting the straw, it concealed its head between its fore legs, then went down upon its knees, and suddenly dropping upon the straw, and at the same moment bringing its tail forward, so as entirely to cover its body, it became again an indistinguishable heap.

The reference to the sloth above will remind the scientific reader that the great ant eater is a distant relative of his, being, in fact,

a member of the same singular and eccentric order—the *edentata* of zoologists. A word or two about this remarkable section of the animal world will be of use here, in fixing the position and connections in the animal scale of the subject proper of the paper.

In the first place, be it understood that the scientific designation of the order is by no means applicable, in its literal rendering, to all the animals composing it; only one small section being strictly *toothless*, while all the rest of the order are deficient merely of the teeth in the fore part of the jaw. At no very distant period, speaking geologically, the *edentata* made a far more important figure in the world than they do at present. The gigantic mastodon and megatherium, which uprooted trees to browse upon the foliage, and the unwieldy glyptodon, a fossil armadillo, all belonged to the present order, and inhabited precisely the same districts where their now pigmy descendants cling to the forest branches, or burrow in the ground. At present there are two principal groups of edentate animals—the first of which comprises the arboreal leaf-eating sloths; the second, the armadillos and their allies, and the true *edentata*, or animals destitute of all dental apparatus whatsoever. The sloths and armadillos are confined exclusively to South America, but the aardvark, or earth hog, an animal allied to the latter, is a native of South Africa, where it represents the ant eaters of America. Of the strictly toothless mammals, there are two small groups, the pangolins of Africa and India—strange, reptile-like animals, which, like the armadillos and our own hedgehog, roll themselves up into a ball when attacked, and present to the assailant nothing but the sharp-pointed edge of their overlapping scales—and the true ant eaters. Of these there are three distinct species, all of them confined to the continent of South America. There is the little ant eater, an engaging little animal, with a rabbit-shaped head, but about the size of a squirrel, and, like it, exclusively arboreal in its habits; the tamandua, also inhabiting trees, but of a larger size, and possessing a more elongated snout; and the great ant eater, the hero of the day, the largest, and in many respects the most remarkable, of existing edentate animals.

Brazil, the country whence the stranger which has lately arrived amongst us was brought, may be regarded as the proper home of the great ant eater, although it is also found in all the neighboring countries, ranging as far south as Paraguay, where, according to Azara it is occasionally reared as a domestic pet. But though thus spread over a large area, it is nowhere of frequent occurrence, and in most places is considered rare. A writer in the *Literary Gazette*, alluding to this point, says, "There is not a city in Brazil where it would not be considered almost as much a

curiosity as here. In the extensive forests of the Amazon, the great ant eater is, perhaps, as abundant as in any part of South America; yet, during a residence of more than four years, I never had an opportunity of seeing one." Its favorite haunts are humid forests, and low swampy grounds bordering on rivers and stagnant pools. There is no reason to believe that it ever climbs trees, as stated by Buffon and others, and the stories that have been told of its springing upon the backs of horses, and tearing open their shoulders to suck the blood, are equally improbable. Like all the edentate animals, the great ant eater is naturally shy and timid, and endeavors to escape from its assailants by flight. Its pace, however, is slow and awkward, so that it is easily overtaken. If compelled to defend itself, it does so with great vigor, sitting upon its hind-quarters, and striking with its powerful claws, using one arm to support itself, while the other is kept ready for a blow. In extreme cases, it throws itself upon its back, and endeavors to hug its assailant in a close embrace; when its immense muscular power enables it to overcome even the most active of its foes. It is said that even the jaguar has been found dead, locked in its arms.

In a state of nature, the great ant eater, so far as is known, lives exclusively on insects. As its name implies, its favorite and principal food consists of ants; for the procuring of which its entire organization is beautifully adapted. Standing on its broad hind feet, it breaks through the crust of the ant-hills with its powerful hooked claws, and the moment the insects appear at the breach, it darts out its long flexible tongue, covered with a glutinous saliva, into the thickest of the throng, and again draws it into the mouth. By this means a considerable number of ants are speedily obtained, the tongue being protruded and again drawn in upwards of a hundred times in a minute, and each time, of course, covered with the insects. The ant eater now in the Zoological Gardens, having left his native country, has lost, of course, his natural food. Nor will he put up with the nearest substitute that can be given him. He has been supplied with our common English ants, as well as with other insects, but he turns up his nose at them all. He seems disposed at present to confine himself almost exclusively to eggs and milk, of the former of which he contrives to make away with the respectable number of between twenty and thirty every day.

For a considerable time after its arrival, it was amusing to observe to what an extent the stranger in the Gardens monopolized the attention of visitors. Excepting at "feeding-time," almost everything else was forsaken, and left to ruminate in solitude upon the strange vicissitudes of those who live on popular favor. Their feline majesties in the ter-

race-dens were highly indignant, indeed, at their desertion, and paced to and fro, muttering wrathful to themselves, hardly deigning to recognise our solitary attentions by a single glance. The eagles stared down upon us from their rocky pinnacles, and the seal looked round from his pool, utterly neglected. Again, there was that grandiloquently-named beast, the choiropotamus, himself but a short time before the hero of the gardens, but for the time forgotten, like a fallen favourite, and left to whisk his ears, or grunt to his kinsmen and neighbours, the Wart Hogs, as little cared for as a common pig. Chunev, the perambulating elephant, shuffled along with a half-filled howdah; while the proboscidian mother and daughter turned their backs upon the world, in disgust apparently at the sudden falling off of buns and fruit. The Hippopotamus took up his own cause, and through the medium of our ever-to-be-respected contemporary 'Punch,' howled at the public for their neglect of him in most lugubrious verse. We hope that, like afflicted mortals, he may have found his heart eased by the exercise; but, if he would regain his popularity, he must do something more to the purpose. Let him follow the example of his cousin across the channel, and make a mouthful of the first lapdog that comes in his way, and he will assuredly rise to his former eminence again at once. The fish house alone, of all the attractions in the gardens, maintained its position against the new-comer. The unique and beautiful collection of living forms there displayed will constitute one of the chief sources of amusement and instruction the Gardens contain, and is little likely to lose its interest, whatever other additions the place may receive.

Since its removal to the Zoological Gardens the Great Ant-Eater has thriven amazingly, and strong hopes are now entertained of its surviving the winter. The matter, however, is still extremely doubtful; and all who are desirous of seeing this extraordinary animal alive should lose no time in doing so.

DECIPHERING CYPHERS.—Some little boys have been amusing themselves in deciphering the cyphers that appear occasionally in the *Times*. We wish they would exercise their ingenuity in translating LORD ASERKEEN—anywhere, so long as he was translated out of the Ministry—for we look upon him as being the greatest Cypher of the present day.

"TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY."—Considering the rubbish that is mostly sold at the cheap Furniture Mart, the poor deluded individuals, who buy their chairs and tables and four-post bedsteads there, generally turn out Furniture Mart-ym.

A COCKNEY'S QUESTION ON THE NAVY.—Does a Port Admiral mean an Admiral who is laid down for a long series of years, and not decanted for service till he is very old?

THE WORLD!

The World! the world! ah who would sigh,
To mingle with the fickle throng,
Whose smiling lips their hearts belie,
Hearts treacherous as siren's song.

The world; and who would wish to tread,
With willing steps the thorny maze,
Of passions fierce, whence peace hath fled,
And all is viewed through envy's gaze.

How easily that world is won,
While fortune smiles with Noon-tide glare,
As Gheber's bow before the sun,
How fervently they worship there.

But soon that world, when sorrows lower,
Forsakes the worship erst so warm,
As birds at autumn's closing hour,
Retreat before the coming storm.

The world, a charm is in the sound,
And youth's first dreams will wander there,
Delusive hope then beams around,
And pleasure calls from scenes of care.

Life's sea first calm, soon storms arise,
And tempest-tost along they're hurled,
With grief they sternly then despise
The cold unsympathetic world.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A FRIEND OF MINE,

WHEN Juan was intrusted to me, he was about three years old. His height was that of a child of the same age. When I freed him from the bamboo-basket in which he was brought to me, he seized hold of my hand, and tried to drag me away, as a little boy who wanted to escape from some disagreeable object might have done. I took him into my room, in which there was a sort of cell prepared for him. On seeing this new cage, which resembled a Malay house, Juan understood that it was in future to be his lodging: he let go my hand, and set about collecting all the linen he could find. He then carried his booty into his lodging, and covered its walls carefully. These arrangements made, he seized on a table-napkin, and having dressed himself in this as majestically as an Arab in his bournos, lay down on the bed he had prepared.

Juan was of a very mild disposition; to raise one's voice to him was sufficient; yet he now and then had very diverting fits of anger. One day I took from him a mango he had stolen; at first he tried to get it back, but being unable to do so, he uttered plaintive cries, thrusting out his lips like a pouting child. Finding that this pettishness had not

the effect he anticipated, he threw himself flat on his face, struck the ground with his fist, screamed, cried, and howled for more than half an hour. At last, I felt that I was acting contrary to my duty in refusing the fruit he desired; for, in opposition to God's will, I was seeking to bend to the exigencies of civilisation the independent nature which He had sent into the world amid virgin forests, in order that it should obey all its instincts and satisfy all its passions. I approached my ward, calling him by the most endearing names, and offered him the mango. As soon as it was within his reach, he clutched it with violence, and threw it at my head. There was something so human in this action, something so evil in the expression of his rage, that I had no hesitation that day in classing Juan among our own species; he reminded me so much of certain children of my acquaintance. But since then I have learned better; he was only on rare occasions peevish and naughty.

The first day that I let Juan dine at table with me, he adopted a disagreeable mode of pointing out the objects that were pleasing to him: he stretched out his brown hand, and tried to put upon his plate everything he could lay hold of. I gave him him a box on the ear, to make him understand politeness. He then made use of a stratagem; he covered his face with one hand, whilst he stretched the other towards the dish. This scheme answered no better, for I hit the guilty hand with the handle of my knife. From that moment, my intelligent pupil understood that he was to wait to be helped.

He very quickly learned to eat his soup with a spoon in this way: a thin soup was placed before him; he got upon the table like a dog lapping, and tried to suck it up slowly. This method appearing inconvenient to him, he sat down again on his chair, and took his plate in both hands; but as he raised it to his lips, he spilled a portion of it over his chest. I then took a spoon and showed him how to use it; he immediately imitated me, and ever after made use of that implement.

When I brought Juan on board the *Oleopatras*, he was domiciled at the foot of the main-mast, and left completely free; he went in and out of his habitation when he pleased. The sailors received him as a friend, and undertook to initiate him in the customs of a seafaring life. A little tin basin and spoon were given him, which he shut up carefully in his house; and at meal-times he went to the distribution of food with the crew. It was very funny to see him, especially in the morning, getting his basin filled with coffee, and then sitting comfortably down to take his first meal in company with his friends the cabin-boys.

Juan spent part of his days in swinging among the ropes; sometimes he came on to the deck, either to enter into conversation

with the persons of the embassy, whom he knew very well, or to tease a young Manilla negrito, who had been given to M. de Lagrené. This negrito was his dearest friend. Some people pretended that the sympathetic ties which united these two beings were based on consanguinity. However that may be, Juan had a profound contempt for monkeys; he never condescended to notice one, and preferred the society of a dog or sheep to that of one of these quadrumana. Juan acquired the habits of a *gourmet* whilst on board: he drank wine, and had even become deeply learned in the art of appreciating that liquor. One day two glasses were offered him, one half full of champagne, the other half full of claret. When he had a glass in each hand, some one tried to deprive him of that containing the champagne. To defend himself, he hastily brought his disengaged hand up to the one which had been seized, and, having, by a dexterous effort, succeeded in freeing it, he poured the sparkling liquid into his mouth and having made sure of the flavour, hastened down to share the beverage with me.

When I arrived at Manila, Juan and I took up our abode in a Tagal house, and we lived in common with the family inhabiting it—consisting of the father, mother, two girls of fourteen and sixteen, and of some little children. Juan was charmed with our residence. He spent his days in play with the little Tagal girls, and robbing the mango-women who were imprudent enough to put their merchandise within his reach.

Juan had nothing of those social virtues called abnegation and devotion; he was selfish, and would not have found communistic principles to his taste. He was perfectly conservative in this respect; and only liked communism with regard to the property of others. If an animal invaded his cage, he drove him away unmercifully; one day he even picked the feathers out of a pigeon which had been struck with the unfortunate idea of taking refuge there.

Whenever we put into harbour, I brought him clusters of bananas; the fruits were placed with those belonging to the officers of the staff. Juan had leave to enter this sanctuary at his pleasure. Provided he had been once shown which clusters belonged to him, he respected the others, until such time as he had exhausted his own provision; after that he no longer went ostensibly and boldly in search of fruit, but by stealth, crawling like a serpent; the larceny committed, he came up again faster than he had gone down.

It is untrue that orang-outangs have been taught to smoke: Juan, and all those I have seen, were unable to acquire that habit.

Such is the account of an orang-outang given by Dr. Yvar, who was physician to the scientific mission sent by France to China, and who resided six months in the Eastern

Archipelago. This animal is a native of the islands of Borneo and Sumatra, and the peninsula of Malacca, dwelling in the deepest recesses of forests of gigantic growth, and seldom venturing into the more thinly-wooded districts. Very little is known of the habits of the creature in its wild state, and many fabulous accounts respecting it have in consequence been received as true. Its usual height is supposed to be about four feet, although there is a description of one by the late Dr. Abel, the stature of which, according to the details laid before the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, exceeded seven feet.

The orang-outang is grave and gentle in its manners, and more docile than any of the monkey tribe, easily imitating some of our actions, learning to use a spoon, and even a fork; and acquiring a relish for sweetmeats, coffee, and spirits. It is fond of being noticed, and capable of great attachment. During youth, the forehead and skull appear well developed, and carry something of a human character, but as the animal advances in age, the resemblance quickly disappears.

CONFESSIONS OF A JUNIOR BARRISTER.

My father was an agent to an extensive absentee property in the south of Ireland. He was a Protestant, and respectably connected. It was even understood in the country that a kind of Irish relationship existed between him and the distant proprietor whose rents he collected. Of this, however, I have some doubts; for, generally speaking, our aristocracy are extremely averse to trusting their money in the hands of a poor relation. Besides this, I was more than once invited to dine with a leading member of the family when I was a student at the Temple, which would hardly have been the case, had he suspected on my part any dormant claim of kindred. Being an eldest son, I was destined from my birth for the Bar. This about thirty years ago, was almost a matter of course with our secondary gentry. Among such persons it was, at that time, an object of great ambition to have a "young counsellor" in the family. In itself it was a respectable thing—for, who could tell what the "young counsellor" might not one day be? Then it kept off vexatious claims, and produced a general interested civility in the neighbourhood, under the expectation that, whenever any little point of law might arise, the young counsellor's opinion might be had for nothing. Times have somewhat changed in this respect. Yet, to this day, the young counsellor who passes the law-vacations among his country friends finds (at least I have found it so) that the old feeling of reverence for the name is not yet extinct, and that his *début* upon the law of

trespasses and distress for rent are generally deferred to in his own country, unless when it happens to be the assizes'-time.

I passed through my school and college studies with great *éclat*. At the latter place, particularly toward the close of the course, I dedicated myself to all sorts of composition. I was also a constant speaker in the Historical Society, where I discovered, with no slight satisfaction, that popular eloquence was decidedly my forte. In the cultivation of this noble art, I adhered to no settled plan. Sometimes, in imitation of the ancients, I composed my address with great care, and delivered it from memory: at others, I trusted for words (for I am naturally fluent) to the occasion; but, whether my speech was extemporaneous or prepared, I always spoke on the side of freedom. At this period, and for the two or three years that followed, my mind was filled with almost inconceivable enthusiasm for my future profession. I was about to enter it (I can call my own conscience to witness) from no sordid motives. As to money matters, I was independent; for my father, who was now no more, had left me a profit-rent of three hundred pounds a-year.

No; but I had formed to my youthful fancy an idea of the honors and duties of an advocate's career, founded upon the purest models of ancient and modern times. I pictured to myself the glorious occasions it would present of redressing private wrongs, of exposing and confounding the artful machinations of injustice; and should the political condition of my country require it, as in all probability it would, of emulating the illustrious men whose eloquence and courage had so often shielded the intended victim against the unconstitutional aggressions of the state. It was with these views, and not from a love of "paltry gold," that I was ambitious to assume the robe. With the confidence of youth, and of a temperament not prone to despair, I felt an instinctive conviction that I was not assuming a task above my strength; but, notwithstanding my reliance upon my natural powers, I was indefatigable in aiding them, by exercise and study, against the occasions that were to render me famous in my generation. Deferring for the present (I was now at the Temple) a regular course of legal reading, I applied myself with great ardor to the acquirement of general knowledge. To enlarge my views, I went through the standard works on the theory of government and legislation. To familiarize my understanding with subtle disquisitions, I plunged into metaphysics; for, as Ben Johnson somewhere says, "he that cannot contract the sight of his mind, as well as dilate and disperse it, wanteth a great faculty;" and, lest an exclusive adherence to such pursuits should have the effect of damping my popular sympathies, I duly relieved them by the most celebrated productions of

imagination in prose and verse. Oratory was, of course, not neglected. I plied at Cicero and Demosthenes. I devoured every treatise on the art of rhetoric that fell in my way. When alone in my lodgings, I declaimed to myself so often and so loudly, that my landlady and her daughters, who sometimes listened through the keyhole, suspected, as I afterward discovered, that I had lost my wits; but, as I paid my bills regularly and appeared tolerably rational in other matters, they thought it most prudent to connive at my extravagances. During the last winter of my stay at the Temple, I took an active part, as Gale Jones, to his cost, sometimes found, in the debates of the British Forum, which had just been opened for the final settlement of all disputed points in politics and morals.

Such were the views and qualifications with which I came to the Irish Bar. It may appear somewhat singular, but so it was, that previous to the day of my call, I was never inside an Irish Court of Justice. When at the Temple, I had occasionally attended the proceedings at Westminster Hall, where a common topic of remark among my fellow-students was the vast superiority of our Bar in grace of manner and classical propriety of diction. I had, therefore, no sooner received the congratulations of my friends on my admission, than I turned into one of the courts to enjoy a first specimen of the forensic oratory of which I had heard so much. A young barrister of about twelve year's standing was on his legs, and vehemently appealing to the court in the following words: "Your Lordships perceive that we stand here as our grandmother's administratrix *de bonis non*; and really, my lords, it does humbly strike me that it would be a monstrous thing to say that a party can now come in, in the very teeth of an Act of Parliament, and actually turn us round under color of hanging us up on the foot of a contract made behind our backs." The court admitted that the force of the observation was unanswerable, and granted his motion with costs. On enquiry I found that the counsel was among the most rising men of the Junior Bar. For the first three or four years, little worth recording occurred. I continued my former studies, read, but without much care, a few elementary law books, picked up a stray scrap of technical learning in the courts and the hall, and was now and then employed by the young attorneys from my county as conducting counsel in a motion of course. At the outset I was rather mortified at the scantiness of my business, for I had calculated upon starting into immediate notice; but being easy in my circumstances, and finding so many others equally unemployed, I ceased to be impatient. With regard to my fame, however, it was otherwise. I had brought a fair stock of general reputation for ability and acquirement to

the bar; but, having done nothing to increase it, I perceived, or fancied that I perceived, that the estimation that I had been held in was rapidly subsiding. This I could not endure; and as no widows or orphans seemed disposed to claim my protection, I determined upon giving the public a first proof of my powers as the advocate of a still nobler cause. An aggregate meeting of the Catholics of Ireland was announced, and I prepared a speech to be delivered on their behalf. I communicated my design to no one, not even to O'Connell, who had often urged me to declare myself; but, on the appointed day, I attended at the place of meeting, Clarendon-street Chapel.

The spectacle was imposing. Upon a platform erected before the altar stood O'Connell and his staff. The choir which they surrounded had just been taken by the venerable Lord Fingal, whose presence alone would have conferred dignity upon any assembly. The galleries were thronged with Catholic beauties, looking so softly patriotic, that even Lord Liverpool would have forgiven in them the sin of a divided allegiance. The floor of the chapel was filled almost to suffocation with a miscellaneous populace, breathing from their looks a deep sense of rights withheld, and standing on tiptoe and with ears erect to catch the sounds of comfort or hope which their leaders had to administer. Finding it impracticable to force my way toward the chair I was obliged to ascend and occupy a place in the gallery. I must confess that I was not sorry for the disappointment; for, in the first feeling of awe which the scene inspired, I found that my oratorical courage, which, like natural courage, comes and goes, was rapidly "oozing out,"—but, as the business and the passions of the day proceeded—as the fire of national emotion lighted every eye, and exploded in simultaneous volleys of applause—all my apprehensions for myself were forgotten. Every fresh round of huzzas that rent the roof rekindled my ambition. I became impatient to be fanned, for my own sake, by the beautiful white handkerchiefs that waved around me, and stirred my blood like the visionary flags of the fabled Houris inviting the Mohammedan warriors to danger and to glory.

O'Connell, who was speaking, spied me in the gallery. He perceived at once that I had a weight of oratory pressing upon my mind, and good-naturedly resolved to quicken the delivery. Without naming me, he made an appeal to me under the character of "a liberal and enlightened young Protestant," which I well understood. This was conclusive, and he had no sooner sat down than I was on my legs. The sensation my unexpected appearance created was immense. I had scarcely said "My Lord, I rise," when I was stopped short by cheers that lasted for some minutes.

It was really delicious music, and was repeated at the close of almost every sentence of my speech. I shall not dwell upon the speech itself, as most of my readers must remember it, for it appeared the next day in the *Dublin Journals* (the best report was in the *Freeman*), and was copied in all the London opposition papers except the *Times*. It is enough to say that the effect was, on the whole, tremendous.

As soon as I had concluded, a special messenger was despatched to conduct me to the platform. On my arrival there, I was covered with praises and congratulations. O'Connell was the warmest in the expression of his admiration; yet I thought I could read in his eyes that there predominated over that feeling the secret triumph of the partisan, at having contributed to bring over a young deserter from the enemy's camp. However, he took care that I should not go without my reward. He moved a special resolution of thanks "to his illustrious young friend," whom he described as "one of those rare and felicitous combinations of human excellence, in which the spirit of a Washington is embodied with the genius of a Grattan." These were his very words, but my modesty was in no way pained at them, for I believed every syllable to be literally true.

I went home in a glorious intoxication of spirits. My success had surpassed my most sanguine expectations. I had now established a character for public speaking, which, independently of the general fame that would ensue, must inevitably lead to my retainer in every important case where the passions were to be moved, and, whenever the Whigs should come in, to a seat in the British Senate.

* * * * *

After a restless night—in which, however, when I did sleep, I contrived to dream, at one time that I was at the head of my profession, at another that I was on the opposition side of the House of Commons redressing Irish grievances—I sallied forth to the Courts to enjoy the impression which my display of the day before must have made there. On my way, my ears were regaled by the cries of the news-hawkers, announcing that the morning papers contained "Young Counsellor —'s grand and elegant speech."—"This," thought I, "is genuine fame," and I pushed on with a quickened pace toward the Hall.

On my entrance, the first person that caught my eye was my friend and fellow-student, Dick —. We had been intimate at College, and inseparable at the Temple. Our tastes and tempers had been alike, and our political opinions the same, except that he sometimes went far beyond me in his abstract enthusiasm for the rights of man. I was surprised—for our eyes met—that he did not rush to tender me his greetings. How-

ever, I went up to him, and held out my hand in the usual cordial way. He took it, but in a very unusual way. The friendly pressure was no longer there. His countenance, which heretofore had glowed with warmth at my approach, was still and chilling. He made no allusion to my speech, but looking round as if fearful of being observed, and muttering something about its being "Equity-day in the Exchequer," moved away. This was a modification of "genuine fame" for which I was quite unprepared. In my present elevation of spirits, however, I was rather perplexed than offended at the occurrence. I was willing to suspect that my friend must have found himself suddenly indisposed, or that, in spite of his better feelings, an access of involuntary envy might have overpowered him; or perhaps, poor fellow, some painful subject of a private nature might be pressing upon his mind, so as to cause this strange revolution in his manner. At the time I never adverted to the rumor that there was shortly to be a vacancy for a commissionership of bankrupts, nor had I been aware that his name as a candidate stood first on the Chancellor's list. He was appointed to the place a few days after, and the mystery of his coldness was explained.

Yet, I must do him the justice to say that he had no sooner attained his object than he showed symptoms of remorse for having shaken me off. He praised my speech, in a confidential way, to a mutual friend, and I forgave him—for one gets tired of being indignant—and to this day we converse with our old familiarity upon all subjects except the abstract rights of man. In the course of the morning I received many similar manifestations of homage to my genius from others of my Protestant colleagues. The young, who up to that time had sought my society, now brushed by me as if there was infection in my touch. The seniors, some of whom had occasionally condescended to take my arm in the Hall, and treat me to prosing details of their adventures at the Temple, held themselves suddenly aloof, and, if our glances encountered, petrified me with looks of established order. In whatever direction I cast my eyes, I met signs of anger or estrangement, or, what was still less welcome, of pure commiseration.

Such were the first fruits of my "grand and elegant speech," which had combined (O'Connell, may Heaven forgive you!) "the spirit of a Washington with the genius of a Grattan." I must, however, in fairness state that I was not utterly "left alone in my glory." The Catholics certainly crowded round me and extolled me to the skies. One eulogized my simile of the eagle; another swore that the Corporation would never recover from the last hit I gave them; a third that my fortune at the Bar was made. I was invited to all their

dinner-parties, and as far as "lots" of white soup and Spanish flummery went, I had unquestionably no cause to complain. The attorneys, in both public and private, were loudest in their admiration of my rare qualifications for success in my profession; but, though they took every occasion, for weeks and months after, to recur to the splendor of my eloquence, it still somehow happened that not one of them sent me a guinea.

I was beginning to charge the whole body with ingratitude, when I was agreeably induced to change my opinion, at least for a while. One of the most rising among them was an old schoolfellow of mine, named Shanahan. He might have been of infinite service to me, but he had never employed me, even in the most trivial matter. We were still, however, on terms of, to me rather unpleasant familiarity; for he affected in his language and manners a certain waggish slang, from which my classical sensibilities revolted. One day, as I was going my usual rounds in the hall, Shanahan, who held a bundle of briefs under his arm, came up and drew me aside toward one of the recesses. "Ned, my boy," said he, for that was his customary style of addressing me, "I just want to tell you that I have a sporting record now at issue, and which I'm to bring down to — for trial at the next assizes. It's an action against a magistrate, and a Bible-distributor into the bargain, for the seduction of a farmer's daughter. You are to be in it—I have taken care of that—and I just want to know if you'd like to state the case, for, if you do, it can be managed." My heart palpitated with gratitude, but it would have been unprofessional to give it utterance; so I simply expressed my readiness to undertake the office. "Consider yourself, then, retained as stating counsel," said he, but without handing me any fee. "All you want is an opportunity of showing what you can do with a jury, and never was there a finer one than this. It was just such another that first brought that lad there into notice," pointing to one of the sergeants that rustled by us. "You shall have your instructions in full time to be prepared. Only hit the Bible-boy in the way I know you can, and your name will be up on the circuit."

The next day Shanahan called me aside again. In the interval, I had composed a striking exordium and peroration, with several powerful passages of general application, to be interspersed according as the facts should turn out, through the body of the statement. "Ned," said the attorney to me, as soon as we had reached a part of the Hall where there was no risk of being overheard, "I now want to consult you upon"—here he rather hesitated—"in fact, upon a little case of my own." After a short pause he proceeded: "You know a young lady from your county, Miss Dickson?"—"Harriet Dickson?"—"The

very one."—"Intimately well; she's now in town with her cousins in Harcourt street: I see her almost every day."—"She has a very pretty property too, they say, under her father's will—a lease for lives renewable for ever."—"So I have always understood."—"In fact, Ned," he continued, looking somewhat foolish, and in a tone half slang, half sentiment, "I am rather inclined to think—as at present advised—that she has partly gained my affections. Come, come, my boy, no laughing; upon my faith and soul, I'm serious—and what's more, I have reason to think that she'll have no objection to my telling her so: but, with those devils of cousins at her elbow, there's no getting her into a corner with one's self for an instant; so, what I want you to do for me Ned, is this—just to throw your eye over a wide-line copy of a little notice to that effect I have been thinking of serving her with." Here he extracted from a mass of law documents a paper endorsed "Draft letter to Miss D—," and folded up and tied with red tape like the rest. The matter corresponded with the exterior. I contrived, but not without an effort, to preserve my countenance as I perused this singular production, in which sighs and vows were embodied in the language of an affidavit to hold to bail. Amid the manifold vagaries of Cupid, it was the first time I had seen him exchanging his ordinary dart for an Attorney's office-pen. When I came to the end, he asked if I thought it might be improved. I candidly answered that it would, in my opinion, admit of change and correction. "Then," said he, "I shall be eternally obliged if you'll just do the needful with it. You perceive that I have not been too explicit, for, between ourselves, I have one or two points to ascertain about the state of the property before I think it prudent to commit myself on paper. It would never do, you know, to be brought into court for a breach of promise of marriage; so you'll keep this in view, and before you begin, just cast a glance over the Statute of Frauds." Before I could answer, he was called away to attend a motion.

The office thus flung upon me was not of the most dignified kind, but the seduction case was too valuable to be risked; so pitting my ambition against my pride, I found the latter soon give way; and on the following day I presented the lover with a declaratory effusion at once so glowing and so cautious, so impassioned as to matters of sentiment, but withal so guarded in point of law, that he did not hesitate to pronounce it a masterpiece of literary composition and forensic skill. He overwhelmed me with thanks, and went home to copy and despatch it. I now come to the most whimsical part of the transaction. With Miss Dickson, as I had stated to her admirer, I was extremely intimate. We had known each other from childhood, and conversed with

the familiarity rather of cousins than mere acquaintances. When she was in town I saw her almost daily, talked to her of myself and my prospects, lectured her on her love of dress, and in return was always at her command for any small service of gallantry or friendship that she might require. The next time I called, I could perceive that I was unusually welcome. Her cousins were with her, but they quickly retired and left us together. As soon as we were alone, Harriet announced to me "that she had a favor—a very great one indeed—to ask of me." She proceeded, and with infinite command of countenance. "There was a friend of her's—one for whom she was deeply interested—in fact it was—but no—she must not betray a secret—and this friend had the day before received a letter containing something like, but still not exactly a proposition of—in short, of a most interesting nature; and her friend was terribly perplexed how to reply to it, for she was very young and inexperienced, and all that; and she had tried two or three times and had failed; and then she had consulted her (Harriet,) and she (Harriet) had also been puzzled, for the letter in question was in fact, as far as it was intelligible, so uncommonly well written, both in style and in sentiment, that her friend was, of course, particularly anxious to send a suitable reply—and this was Harriet's own feeling, and she had therefore taken a copy of it (omitting names) for the purpose of showing it to me, and getting me—I was so qualified, and so clever at my pen, and all that sort of thing—just to undertake, if I only *would*, to throw upon paper just the kind of sketch of the kind of answer that ought to be returned."

The preface over, she opened her reticule and handed me a copy of my own composition. I would have declined the task, but every excuse I suggested was overruled. The principal objection—my previous retainer on the other side—I could not in honor reveal; and I was accordingly installed in the rather ludicrous office of conducting counsel to both parties in the suit. I shall not weary the reader with a technical detail of the pleadings, all of which I drew. They proceeded, if I remember right, as far as a *sur-rebut*—rather an unusual thing in modern practice. Each of the parties throughout the correspondence was charmed with the elegance and correctness of the other's style. Shanahan frequently observed to me, "What a singular thing it was that Miss Dickson was so much cleverer at her pen than her tongue;" and once upon handing me a letter, of which the eloquence was perhaps a little too masculine, he protested "that he was almost afraid to go farther in the business, for he suspected that a girl who could express herself so powerfully on paper would, one day or other, prove too much for him when she became his wife. But, to conclude, Shanahan obtained the lady

and the lease for lives renewable for ever. The seduction case (as I afterwards discovered) had been compromised the day before he offered me the statement; and from that day to this, though his business increased with his marriage, he never sent me a single brief.

Finding that nothing was to be got by making public speeches, or writing love-letters for attorneys, and having now idled away some valuable years, I began to think of attending sedulously to my profession; and, with a view to the regulation of my exertions, lost no opportunity of inquiring into the nature of the particular qualifications by which the men whom I saw eminent or rising around me had originally outstripped their competitors. In the course of these inquiries, I discovered that there was a newly-invented method of getting rapidly into business, of which I had never heard before. The secret was communicated to me by a friend, a king's counsel, who is no longer at the Irish Bar. When I asked him for his opinion as to the course of study and conduct most advisable to be pursued, and at the same time sketched the general plan which had presented itself to me, "Has it ever struck you," said he, "since you have walked this Hall, that there is a shorter and far more certain road to professional success?" I professed my ignorance of the particular method to which he alluded. "It requires," he continued, "some peculiar qualifications: have you an ear for music?"—Surprised at the question, I answered that I had. "And a good voice?"—"A tolerable one."—"Then, my advice to you is, to take a few lessons in psalm-singing; attend the Bethesda regularly; take a part in the anthem, and the louder the better; turn up as much of the white of your eyes as possible—and in less than six months you'll find business pouring in upon you. You smile, I see, at this advice; but I have never known the plan to fail, except where the party has sung incurably out of tune. Don't you perceive that we are once more becoming an Island of Saints, and that half the business of these Courts passes through their hands? When I came to the bar, a man's success depended upon his exertions during the six working-days of the week; but now, he that has the dexterity to turn the Sabbath to account is the surest to prosper: and

"Why should not piety be made,
As well as equity a trade,
And men get money by devotion
As well as making of a motion!"

These hints, though thrown out with an air of jest, made some impression on me; but after reflecting for some time upon the subject, and taking an impartial view of my powers in that way, I despaired of having hypothesis enough for the speculation, so I gave it up. Nothing therefore remaining but a mere direct and laborious scheme. I now planned

a course of study in which I made a solemn vow to myself to persevere. Besides attending the courts and taking notes of the proceedings, I studied at home, at an average of eight hours a-day. I never looked into any but a law-book. Even a newspaper I seldom took up. Every thing that could touch my feelings or my imagination I excluded from my thoughts, as inimical to the habits of mind I now was anxious to acquire. My circle of private acquaintances was extensive, but I manfully resisted every invitation to their houses. I had assigned myself a daily task to perform, and to perform it I was determined. I persevered for two years with exemplary courage. Neither the constant, unvarying, unrewarded labours of the day, nor the cheerless solitude of the evenings, could induce me to relax my efforts.

I was not, however, insensible to the disheartening change, both physical and moral, that was going on within me. All the generous emotions of my youth, my sympathies with the rights and interests of the human race, my taste for letters, even my social sensibilities, were perceptibly wasting away from want of exercise, and from the hostile influence of an exclusive and chilling occupation. It fared still worse with my health: I lost my appetite and rest, and of course my strength; a deadly pallor overcast my features; black circles formed round my eyes; my cheeks sank in; the tones of my voice became feeble and melancholy; the slightest exercise exhausted me almost to fainting; at night I was tortured by headaches, palpitations, and frightful dreams; my waking reflections were equally harassing. I now deplored the sinister ambition that had propelled me into a scene for which, in spite of all my self-love, I began to suspect that I was utterly unfitted. I recalled the bright prospects under which I had entered life, and passed in review the various modes in which I might have turned my resources to honourable and profitable account. The contrast was fraught with anguish and mortification.

As I daily returned from the courts, scarcely able to drag my wearied limbs along, but still attempting to look as alert and cheerful as if my success was certain, I frequently came across some of my college contemporaries. Such meetings always gave me pain. Some of them were rising in the army, others in the church; others, by a well-timed exercise of their talents, were acquiring a fair portion of pecuniary competence and literary fame. They all seemed happy and thriving, contented with themselves and with all around them; while here was I, wearing myself down to a phantom in a dreary and profitless pursuit, the best years of my youth already gone, absolutely gone for nothing, and the prospect overshadowed by a deeper gloom with every step that I advanced. The friends whom I

thus met inquired with good-nature after my concerns; but I had no longer the heart to talk of myself. I broke abruptly from them, and hurried home to picture to my now morbid imagination the forlorn condition of the evening of life to a briefless barrister. How often, at this period, I regretted that I had not chosen the English Bar, as I had more than once been advised. There, if I had not prospered, my want of success would have been comparatively unobserved. In London I should, at the worst, have enjoyed the immunities of obscurity; but here my failure would be exposed to the most humiliating publicity. Here I was to be doomed, day after day and year after year, to exhibit myself in places of public resort, and advertize, in my own person, the disappointment of all my hopes.

These gloomy reflections were occasionally relieved by others of a more soothing and philosophic cast. The catastrophe, at the prospect of which I shuddered, it was still in my own power to avert. The sufferings that I endured were, after all, the factitious growth of an unwise ambition. I was still young and independent, and might, by one manly effort, sever myself for ever from the spell that bound me; I might transport myself to some distant scene, and find in tranquility and letters an asylum from the feverish cares that now bore me down. The thought was full of comfort, and I loved to return to it. I reviewed the different countries in which such a resting-place might best be found, and was not long in making a selection. Switzerland, with her lakes and hills, and moral and poetic associations, rose before me: there inhabiting a delightful cottage on the margin of one of her lakes, and emancipated from the conventional inquietudes that now oppressed me, I should find my health and my healthy sympathies revive.

In my present frame of mind, the charms of such a philosophic retreat were irresistible. I determined to bid an eternal adieu to demurrers and special contracts, and had already fixed upon the time for executing my project, when an unexpected obstacle interposed. My sole means of support was the profit-rent, of which I have already spoken. The land out of which it arose, lay in one of the insurrectionary districts; and a letter from my agent in the country announced that not a shilling of it could be collected. In the state of nervous exhaustion to which the "blue books" and the blue devils had reduced me, I had no strength to meet this unexpected blow. To the pangs of disappointed ambition were now added the horrors of sudden and hopeless poverty. I sank almost without a struggle, and becoming seriously indisposed, was confined to my bed for a week, and for more than a month to the house.

When I was able to crawl out, I moved

mechanically toward the courts. On entering the hall, I met my friend, the king's counsel, who had formerly advised the Bethesda: he was struck by my altered appearance, inquired with much concern into the particulars of my recent illness, of which he had not heard before, and, urging the importance of change of air, insisted that I should accompany him to pass a short vacation then at hand at his country-house in the vicinity of Dublin. The day after my arrival there, I received a second letter from my agent, containing a remittance, and holding out more encouraging prospects for the future. After this I recovered wonderfully, both in health and in spirits. My mind, so agitated of late, was now, all at once, in a state of the most perfect tranquillity: from which I learned, for the first time, that there is nothing like the excitement of a good practical blow (provided you recover from it) for putting to flight a host of imaginary cares. I could moralize at some length on this subject, but I must hasten to a conclusion.

The day before our return to town, my friend had a party of Dublin acquaintances at his house: among the guests was the late Mr. D——, an old attorney in considerable business, and his daughter. In the evening, though it was summer-time, we had a dance. I led out Miss D——: I did so, I seriously declare, without the slightest view to the important consequences that ensued. After the dance, which (I remember it well too) was the favourite and far-famed "Leg-of-Mutton jig," I took my partner aside, in the usual way, to entertain her. I began by asking if "she was not fond of poetry?" She demanded "why I asked the question?" I said, "because I thought I could perceive it in the expression of her eyes." She blushed, "protested I must be flattering her, but admitted that she was." I then asked "if she did not think the Corsair a charming poem?" She answered, "Oh, yes!"—"And would not *she* like to be living in one of the Grecian islands?" "Oh, indeed she would." "Looking upon the blue waters of the Archipelago and the setting sun, associated as they were with the rest," "How delightful it would be!" exclaimed she. "And so *refreshing*!" said I. I thus continued till we were summoned to another set. She separated from me with reluctance, for I could see that she considered my conversation to be the sublimest thing that could be.

The effect of the impression I had made soon appeared. Two days after, I received a brief in rather an important case from her father's office. I acquitted myself so much to his satisfaction, that he sent me another, and another, and finally installed me as one of his standing counsel for the junior business of his office. The opportunities thus afforded me brought me my degrees into notice. In the course of time, general business began to

drop in upon me, and has latterly been increasing into such a steady stream, that I am now inclined to look upon my final success as secure.

I have only to add, that the twelve years I have passed at the Irish Bar have worked a remarkable change in some of my early tastes and opinions. I no longer, for instance, trouble my head about immortal fame; and such is the force of habit, have brought myself to look upon a neatly-folded brief, with few crisp Bank of Ireland notes on the back of it, as, beyond all controversy, the most picturesque object upon which the human eye can alight.

INVENTIONS AND USEFUL ARTS OF THE ANCIENTS.*

To take a systematic review of all the inventions and useful arts practised by the ancients, and to show how large a proportion of those now in daily use among ourselves are derived or inherited from that well-spring of knowledge, the past, would occupy far more time than could be awarded to a single lecture; I have, therefore, from a vast number at my disposal, selected a few examples from among those of most familiar application at the present time.

The inventive genius of the ancients seems to have been fully equal to that of the present day, if we make allowances for the accumulation of knowledge which we of these latter days have at our disposal, whereon to found our farther advance. For knowledge, like a body falling through the air, acquires greater velocity and power the further it descends, and we being the oldest generation the world has ever produced, have the accumulated energy of 6000 years to help us forward.

The invention of the screw, the wheel, the rudder, and the double pulley, all of very ancient origin, may be compared with any modern inventions in mechanical science.

In the reign of Sesostris, 1500 years B.C., the form of the earth appears to have been known to Egyptian scholars. Solar and lunar eclipses were calculated, they constructed sun-dials and water clocks; and would seem to have been acquainted with the quadrant.

Their knowledge of mathematics evinces itself in a variety of their works, as, for instance, their instruments for measuring the rise of the Nile at Syenne and Memphis, from the application of the screw to raise water, their canals, sluices, &c. In chemistry and mineralogy, they must also have made considerable advance, as they executed artificial emeralds, and inlaid silver with a blue color, displaying both science and skill. They also understood the process of mining known in our day, as crushing and washing: and which is now employed with profit for separating the gold of California and the copper of Lake Superior, from the rock in which it is embedded; but they carried it out on a scale of far greater magnitude

than we do. Travellers of the present day find traces which show that whole mountains were dug down, and whole rivers turned from their course to wash the excavated ore. They were acquainted with all the principal metals and their uses; and worked skillfully in gold, silver, copper, lead, and iron. They understood the art of weaving and coloring cloths, both cotton and woollen; they brewed beer from barley, hatched eggs artificially, and made paper from papyrus of so excellent a description that in a comparatively modern day it was much sought after, and used in preference to parchment.

Many very ancient nations were masters of the art of working in glass. Pliny, writing in the first century, speaks of Sidon as distinguished for its glass works, and says its manufacture was introduced into Rome in the reign of Tiberius. The Egyptians, however, carried this art to its highest perfection long before that time; history tells us that they performed the most difficult operations in glass-cutting, and manufactured cups of astonishing purity, ornamented with figures in changeable colors. Layard's interesting discoveries amid the ruins of Ninevah, which must be entitled to an antiquity carrying us back near 2000 years before the Christian era, confirms this knowledge to those ancient people—the most beautiful and highly wrought specimens of glass-work having been found.

The ancients were long before us in applying it to the ornamenting of rooms and houses, they even used it in beautifully colored blocks several inches in thickness for pavement and flooring, as has since been discovered in Herculaneum, a city buried by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, A.D. 79.

Glass mosaics and reliefs executed in glass with the highest skill, are described by the celebrated antiquarian, Winkelman. A very beautiful tablet of the latter kind is now preserved in the Vatican. It resembles a large cameo, 8 inches by 6, cut in glass; the figures, which represent Bacchus and Ariadne, with two satyrs, are very finely executed.

But the celebrated Portland vase, taken from the Barberini Palace, near which it was found, is the most exquisite production of the kind hitherto discovered. The Duke of Portland purchased this relic for 1000 guineas, and it is still in possession of his family. It is a funeral vase, taken from what was supposed to be the sarcophagus of Alexander Severus, a Roman emperor, who died A.D. 235. It exhibits several figures in bass relief, of white opaque glass, on a deep blue ground, but so exquisite is the workmanship, so perfect the material of which it is composed, that for a long time it was believed to be sardonix. There is nothing in modern manufacture approaching it in beauty.

For porcelain we have as little to thank the moderns, whose highest aim, even at the present day, is to copy, in hopes of equalling the works of older nations. In China and Japan, the art was carried to perfection 450 years B.C.: and the Chinese still possess the secret of making the most beautiful description of this ware, which, until very late years, has not been even successfully imitated by European nations. Metallic mirrors were in use among the ancients, and have

* Extracted from a Lecture delivered by Dr. Jukes, before the St. Catherine's Mechanics' Institute.

been found by Layard amongst other wonders amid the ruins of Nineveh. Burning glasses are mentioned in a comedy written by Aristophanes 500 years before the Christian era. Archimedes, the great geometrician, who flourished in the third century B.C., is said to have destroyed the Roman fleet by fire, from the collected influence of the sun's rays, reflected from numerous plain mirrors. According to the written history of the Chinese, silk manufactories were in operation there 2700 years B.C. They were also acquainted with the art of printing, claiming to have discovered it long before the commencement of the Christian era, and it is denied by none even of the Christian writers, that it was fully established in China early in the tenth century, nearly 500 years before it was contemplated in Europe.

Linon of a fine quality was woven by the Egyptians at a very early date, for their priests wore robes of it at all their religious ceremonies; hence they are styled "linen wearing" by both Ovid and Juvenal—the first of whom wrote before the Christian era. The skill attained by the Assyrians in the manufacture and dyeing of silk, linen, and woollen stuffs, had reached such perfection, that their garments were still a proverb many centuries after the fall of the empire.

There are, moreover, numerous passages in the Old Testament, which speak of linen cloths, linen ephods, and curtains, and veils of fine linen, which show that the ancient Jews were also well acquainted with its manufacture.

It is difficult to fix the date of the first manufacture of sugar. It was, however, known to the Greeks and Romans, and Herodotus, writing 2300 years ago, tells us that the Zygantes, a people in Africa, made it in large quantities. Strabo also speaks of "India stone sweeter than figs and honey." And Dioscorides, in the first century, tells us that in India and Arabia, they manufacture a kind of concrete honey called saccharon; it is found in reeds, and resembles salt in solidity and friableness between the teeth. Pliny also speaks of it, and Aëliar, in the second century, describes the process of manufacture from the juice of the cane.

The peculiar form in which white sugar is crystallized even at the present day, viz., the sugar-loaf or cone is derived from the Arabs, who used earthen moulds of that shape for this purpose many centuries ago; the practice has been transmitted to us through the Spanish and Portuguese, who derived it from the Moors. In fact, the very name of sugar in English, sucre in French, and asucar in Spanish and Portuguese, is an evident imitation of the Arabic word for the same article—shuker—this was derived from the Sanscrit, sharkara, meaning sweet salt.

The manufacture of cotton was first commenced in Hindostan, from thence was carried by the Arabians; diffused over Africa and fixed in Europe; whence it was brought by an enterprising operative to the United States. And strange as it may seem it is to the Arabs, though half-naked, hard-riding demons, so often employed in stripping unfortunate christians to the skin, that chaste modesty is indebted for the comfort of a shirt. Such, however, is the fact. The Arabs conferred upon us that grateful and now ornamental garment. Herodotus also informs us that cloth made from

cotton was the common dress of the inhabitants of India, and this as I said before was 2,300 years ago.

The manufacture of woollens and satinets may easily be carried back to 1,500 years B. C., for we read in the Book of Leviticus of woollen garments as common, and also of cloths woven mingled of linen and wool.

Scale armor of steel inlaid with copper has been recently discovered by Layard amid the ruins of Nineveh; beads and ornaments of glass, agate, cornelian and amethyst; silver bracelets and hairpins of elegant construction; spoons, pottery and other household utensils, and bronze ornament, which seem to have been originally the feet of chairs, tables, and other furniture, long since fallen to dust, which Layard declares equal to the workmanship of Greece in execution. It is evident, therefore, that they not only possessed skilful mechanics in those days, but also the requisite knowledge to enable them to work in these various materials, and to produce a degree of finish equal to the finest of modern days; yet these relics cannot be less than 3,000 years old!

These few facts gathered promiscuously and presented in no regular order, have been hastily thrown together as they came to hand; many other and more striking instances might be found, serving as examples to show how many of the most useful and ornamental articles of the present day, which we are apt to consider of quite modern invention, were brought to a perfect state of developement many thousand years ago. Nor, while regarding the stupendous monuments of ancient glory, which after having outlived their written history, and the memory of the deeds they were intended to commemorate, still speak to our outward senses, like dim shadowy ghosts from the forgotten dead. Can we avoid the reflection that many wonderful and useful inventions must have flourished among such a nation, though time hath long ago swept to everlasting oblivion every trace by which they might be discerned.

A PENNY SAVED AND A PUNCH GOT.—Mr. Punch presents his compliments to Mr. Planché, and will trouble that gentleman to request Mr. Stirling to make a slight addition to an exceedingly proper observation she offers, as "*Comedy*," in the very pleasant piece, the *Camp of the Olympic*. Mrs. Stirling remarks, in her very happiest stage manner,

"And who for wit in comedy would seek.
When Punch Himself is but a great a week?"

To prevent unhappiness and misconception, would Mr. Planché add something of this kind?

"Fourpence, I mean to country friends supplies him.
The favoured Londoner for threepence buys him."
With this addition the *Camp* will become a charming little piece.

THE TYPE OF CONCERT.—An author having his love-letters printed.

In olden times he was accounted a skilful peacocks who destroyed his victims by bouquets of lovely and fragrant flowers; the art has not been lost,—nay, it is practised every day by the world.

THE BLANKSHIRE HOUNDS.

I HAD passed the College, and taken out my degree; I was M.R.C.S. and M.D. of Edin: My mother was delighted—my uncle was disgusted. My mother's ambition was satisfied, and she felt herself amply repaid for her long years of shabby stuff gowns and sugarless tea when my diplomas, framed and glazed, were hung up in her parlor; while my uncle, frowning indignantly, asked, "who would be fool enough to give a guinea to a whipper-snapper fellow, as pale as a ghost, as thin as a whipping-post, and without even whiskers?" He was quite right. I invested the legacy of my aunt Podaleigh in genteel apartments and a brass plate in the principal street of Jennynton. I wore a white cravat, and walked about with a book seriously bound in my hand. A carriage I could not afford. It was before the days of broughams; but no one came with a fee, and the poor patients—chiefly old women who had been the round of all the medical staff in Jennynton—treated me with almost a patronising air.

Fortunately my uncle—who had quarrelled with my mother, his sister, because she would make me a physician—was solicitor and agent to the Dowager Countess of Bullrush; and, about the time that my legacy was reduced to a very minute balance which I feared to draw out of the Old Jennynton Bank, the young Earl, who had been brought up on the coddling principle—two nurses and a governess until he was thirteen; then a private tutor, and two grooms, one to ride behind and the other beside him; three glasses of wine at dinner, and a select library, chosen by the bishop of the diocese, the popular Bishop Flam, celebrated for his melodious voice and accommodating opinions—I say the young Earl suddenly broke out of bounds, first accepted an invitation from the Bishop's wife's nephew, the Honorable Frank Fastman, without consulting the Countess; staid away a fortnight; returned darning a tandem and smoking a cigar; and then, after purchasing a stud of hunters from Mr. Thong, the celebrated dealer, on credit, accepted the mastership of the Blankshire Hounds, which had been offered by a gentleman he met at Mr. Fastman's table, on the strength of Lord Bullrush having an estate in that county, which neither he nor his father had ever seen.

The Dowager had hoped to lead her son through life in the same pleasant and easy way that she had led him through the castle gardens when he was in frock and trousers, rewarding him from time to time with a peach or a bunch of grapes. But when he took to horse-flesh she preached, raved, fell into hysterics, and finally sent for my uncle.

My uncle was not taken by surprise; but set out at once, and took me with him. We rode his two Norfolk cobs, presents from Lord Holkham. The family physician, Dr. Fleme, had been sent for; also Sir Albert Debonair, from London; but Dr. Fleme was attending the Duchess, and Sir Albert was at Brighton, waiting for a bow from royalty; so I felt the Countess's pulse; and, with much trepidation, made up, on my suggestion, a prescription consisting chiefly

of sugar, hot water, and old Cognac. I then retired.

My uncle listened to the Dowager's mingled fears for her son's soul and body; for the Countess fancied a fox hunt was next door to an hospital; not dreaming that the Earl and his tutor had been pretty regular attendants on the Jennynton harriers for the previous three seasons. He then gently insinuated that, as the young lord unfortunately took after his father instead of his mother, and was consequently obstinate, and would be of age in a year, and might then object to certain liberties that her ladyship had taken with the estates, perhaps it would be better to let him have his own way. He mentioned the case of young Lord Modbury, who married the dairymaid to spite his father, because he would not let him go to Paris; and the Honorable Mr. Eton who went to London and lost forty thousand pounds at the oyster club, because Lady Eton objected to his four-in-hand, with many other anecdotes of a like nature. Finally, he advised that the Black Oak Grange, the best house on the Blankshire estate, should be fitted up and filled with a carefully selected staff of servants, and a stud of first-rate hunters, and that her ladyship should withdraw all objections, on condition that his lordship took with him a resident medical attendant. To this conclusion, not without much sighing and sobbing, and pious ejaculations, her ladyship came at length; and this was the way in which I, Adam Mufeigh, who always had the strongest objection to anything beyond nine miles an hour, came to be the medical and daily companion of a fox hunting Earl. Ah, me! The thought of what I have had to do, in my time, even now makes me tremble all over with goose's flesh as I sit in my morocco arm-chair, and enjoy the fruits of early hardships upon pigskin.

The Dowager took a fancy from the moment she saw me trotting up the avenue—for, as she flatteringly observed, "He rides so badly, he is not likely to lead dear Reginald into mischief."

It was October when this occurred. Down we went into Blankshire, and took possession of Black Oak Grange, a curious old-fashioned house, which was already scrubbed, warmed, and ventilated, with a *corps* of the ugliest maidens I ever beheld together. In this house I passed four seasons, and met with many adventures; of which one will be enough for the present.

The Blankshire hounds hunted over one of those old-fashioned squirearchical districts, where good fat land, rude cultivation, old families of moderately independent means, and the absence of mines and manufactories, as well as of roads leading to any important town, combined to stirrish in great perfection all those John Bull prejudices which rail-roads and high-farming have done much to extinguish. Pig-tails, top-boots and buck-skins, four-horse coaches, postillions and out riders, county assemblies, minnets and cotillions, had their last stronghold in Blankshire. The county families seldom travelled to London; even the county members had perpetual leave of absence. The peers who had estates in the county rarely visited them, and if they came for shooting, came as strangers. Manufacturers were looked on and talked of,

much as Southern planters talk of niggers, No professional man, except one favourite M. D., had ever been admitted to the Blankshire assemblies held in the rooms of the chief inn—the Bullrush Arms—in a decayed cathedral town, where the squires had town houses, and spent a portion of the year (including hard frosts) in a series of dinners and whist-parties with the rosy, port-loving prebends of the old school.

The Blankshire Hounds had been a subscription pack from time immemorial, and had grown imperceptibly from badger and hare-hounds, to fox-hounds. There was a club, and a club uniform, which it is not necessary to describe, although it might fill a few pages for some fashionable sporting writers—at any rate, the whole club and county believed this costume to be perfection, and the utmost possible contempt was felt and shown for any stranger who varied a hair's breadth or a shade from the cut of the clothes or the colour of the tops, of the Blankshire Club. It was the rule of the Blankshire Club that no one appearing in the field should be spoken to unless he was introduced. "Foreigners," that is, persons not belonging to the county were special objects of dislike; and, at various times, the sons of rich merchants and manufacturers, who had been tempted to bring their studs over hundreds of miles of bad roads, by reports of the famous sport among the ox-feeding pastures of Blankshire, were signally routed, in spite of their first-rate hunters and Meltonian costume, by the combined contempt and studied insults of the old squires and sporting parsons. Gates shut in their faces, loud laughter at mishaps, frequent misdirections, and unmistakable signs that they were not wanted, generally caused a speedy retreat. In fact, as Squire Thickd observed in a loud whisper to parson Bowan, "They didn't want any interlopers, showing off their airs and their horses." And it is a curious fact, that these gentlemen of the old school, who could not be too civil to the friends of their own sect, were as proud of their systematic rudeness as if it had been both wise and witty.

But, the falling of war rents, and the change of time which brought the corn and cattle of other districts, better provided with roads, to compete with Blankshire; not to mention the inroads which a few generations of four-bottled men had made on ancestral estates gradually diminished the income of the Blankshire Foxhound Club. As it was impossible to admit as subscribers any of the new men—sons of millers, agents and lawyers who had grown up in a new generation—the suggestion of the Honorable Mr Fastman, when on his visit to his uncle the Cannon of the Blankshire Cathedral, of inviting young Lord Bullrush to take the mastership of the hounds (then vacant by the death of Squire Blorrington, of apoplexy, the day after the Annual Hunt dinner at the close of the season) was entertained, grumbled at, and finally agreed on: with the understanding that my lord was to pay half the expenses, and they were to manage.

Behold us then installed in the Grange with everything new about us, except the black and white timber-laced house: everybody calling on my lord, and my lord calling on everybody. Oh,

those were queer times! Chiefly, the country people were puzzled how to treat me; but, as I kept in the background, and secured the good will of the steward and the stud groom, by a little timely attention to their wives, and agreeable perscriptions for themselves, when they made too, free with Bullrush claret, which mixed with Blankshire ale rather badly, I had good rooms, good attendance, and the best of the quiet horses to ride. I was supposed to hold a sort of secret-service-post direct from the countess, and the squires were tolerably civil.

It was astonishing how Lord Bullrush, who had been brought up in a nursery almost all his life, bloomed and flowered into importance. In a month, when the dowager came down to visit him, she found that her influence had faded to a shadow; he came up to her, with his hands in his pockets, smoking a cigar. But to return to the Blankshire squires.

Lord Bullrush would shake hands, and would make friends with all who came out with the hounds; he broke through all the county etiquette; he greeted a hard riding young farmer quite as cordially as Squire Beechgrove or Squire Oldoak; he even asked Sheepskin the young lawyer to dinner, the day he beat all the field and jumped the Gorse Park pallings.

One day—it was in December, after three weeks' hard frost—we met at the Three Ponds. When we came up, there was a strange, knowing groom leading two horses about, of a stamp we did not see every day—great well-bred weight carriers, quite fresh on their legs; one of them a black, with a side saddle. Whose could they be? It was not Miss Blorrington; we knew Miss Blorrington's old grey cob; it was not Mrs. Beechgrove: she was there, staring with all her eyes. Some one had asked the groom, and he had answered in a sort of Yorkshire accent, "My maister's."

"And who is your master, my man," said my lord.

"There he is, a coming," said the man, "and perhaps you'll ask him yourself."

"Fellow," cried Squire Grabbie, "do you know who are speaking to? That is the Master of the Hounds, Lord Bullrush."

"I don't care who the hang he be; my orders is to answer no questions and tell no lies."

Up drove a Stanhope, drawn by a fast trotting bay; out of it got, first, a tall, broad-shouldered young man, dressed in a costume that set the whole hunt, except Lord Bullrush, in a ferment. None of them had ever seen anything like it before; but my lord always liked something new, and does now. A scarlet single breasted coat and cap—all the Blankshires wore hats; leathers—all the Blankshires wore brown cords; hunting jack-boots—and all the Blankshires wore mahogany tops. Worse than all, the stranger wore moustaches. With a grave bow to the master and more ceremony to his companion, he handed out a pretty cherry-cheeked girl, in a black Spanish hat, with plump rosy lips, and nice teeth; a short saucy nose; and a remarkably neat flexible figure.

In an instant they were both mounted; and it did not look likely from their style and seat, that they were French—as Grabbie had suggested,

with a contemptuous point at the black boots and moustaches.

On that morning there was not much time for inquiries. The hounds found a fox five minutes after being thrown into cover, ran him a run of ten minutes back to cover, there changed him for another who put his head straight and gave us (that is to say, those who like riding over hedge, ditch, brook, rail, and gate—I don't) one of the quick things of the season. Here, perhaps, it may be expected that I shall relate how the two strangers took the lead, kept it, and pounded the whole field at some tremendous fence. But they did not do anything of the kind; it is true they did not follow my example, and keep with Farmer Greenleigh and Lord Bullrush's second horse man to the high road and the bridle roads; no, they kept tolerably straight, rode a fair second place out of the crowd, and made no display except once, when the old jealous brute, Grabble, let the wicket gate of a covert fly back as the lady was cantering up to it. She never slackened her pace; but with one touch and one word flew it, and the next moment dashed the mud of a heavy ploughed field into the face of Grabble's wheezy mare, with a smile.

The kill was a pretty thing, on a steep grass hill side, in view—the strangers fairly up. After the whoo-whoop, they turned their horses' heads and rode off, without giving any one a chance of saying a word.

Their departure was the signal for a thousand questions. Who were they? What were they? Where did they come from? Their persons, their horses, their accoutrements, were severely criticised. Their appearance in the field was treated as impudence; the man was a strolling player, if not a Frenchman. Parson Doddie suggested that he might be an emissary of the Pope; Lawyer Toddle suspected he was a Russian spy rather than otherwise. At length an appeal was made to Lord Bullrush, whom they despised for his youth, his half shyness and his ignorance of fox hunting, and whom they admired for his title and his estate. My Lord gave in against them. He thought "the stranger a neat style of man who rode well, and the girl was monstrous pretty." This changed the current of criticism. Then came the news from Toddle's articled clerk, Bob Sharply, that the strangers had taken the farm-house which formerly belonged to Farmer Cherry, and had six horses there; but only brought two men servants—one of whom was a yokel—and had hired a maid and two understrappers in the village. They were man and wife, named Burden, or Barden, or Barnard, or something beginning with a B.

The next hunting day—we went out three times a week—the mysterious B's were on the field. This time mounted on two greys, better bred, better broke, and handsomer than anything in Lord Bullrush's stud. Again they rode forward, again disappointed Grabble, and Doddie, and Toddle, by not getting into grief. Ours is a fair country, with stiff hunting fences and some water, but it seemed child's play to the lady; and, as for the husband, he rode like one that had been crossing such a country all his life—quite quiet, and as firm as a rock. The vexatious thing was, that when all the club had decided

that he was not to be noticed, or answered or encouraged, he never gave them a chance of being impertinent, never spoke, never seemed to see any one; rode away the moment it was decided that the hounds were to go home. Some of the younger members of the hunt, thawed by the bright eyes and dashing style of the lady B., attempted a few civilities; but with no sort of success, although she succeeded in getting several into terrible croppers, by leading them over tremendous fences at the end of a hard run. Her favourite bay, thorough-bred, with her feather, weight, was what she called him, Perfection.

The steady silence of the strangers had its effect. To my great amusement, after a certain time it began to be rumoured that they were a young couple of high rank living incognito. One day the news came that the gentleman was a French prince of the blood; then he was the grandson of a noble duke; then he was the nephew of an English north-country earl. At length it was settled that they were most distinguished personages, who chose to bear the simple name of Barnard. Toddle's wife went in her new carriage with her best harness to make a call, when she knew they were out hunting, but found no one to answer her questions except stupid Molly Coddlin from our Blankshire charity school, where the smallest quantity of instruction was doled out among large lots of girls in hideous uniforms. Molly knew nothing except that her missis and master were real quality, and that Reuben, the saucy groom at home, had strict orders to let no one in. Mrs. Doddie tried, and called when Mrs. Barnard was at home. Mrs. Doddie had loudly proclaimed, after seeing the mysterious lady at the cathedral in a Parisian bonnet, that she must be an actress. Mrs. Doddie's cards were received, but "Master and missis were out, they told me to say," was the satisfactory answer. Squire Grabble, full of some private information, so far changed, that he rode up to the unknown horseman and "hoped he'd join a few friends to dinner that evening;" to which the stranger answered loudly, before three or four of Grabble's set, "I have not the honor of knowing you, sir; and you don't know me. I may be a bagman, or a play-actor, or even a newspaper writer, as you observed to my servant the other day; therefore, I beg to decline your invitation."

Grabble grew so blue that I began to feel for a lancet. He spluttered out, "Do you mean to insult me?"

"Just as you please," said the stranger, laughing, and looking down on the little fuming man. So there the conversation ended.

At length I was sent on an embassy from Lord Bullrush, and got for answer, very civilly, that Mr. B. had come down for amusement and good sport, did not intend to go into society, much obliged, and all that.

For the rest of the winter these mysterious B's supplied our city with the staple of gossip. Offers to buy their horses were declined with "not at present." In the end, the conclusion came to, was, that Mr. B. was some great personage in disguise. The majority inclined towards a Russian agent; though Doddie stuck up for the Pope and

the Jesuit's College. All agreed that such horses were never seen in the county.

While the mystery was at its height; when Lord Bullrush, perfectly frantic at being balked, had determined to storm the house and throw himself at the feet of a young dameel, apparently a sister of the lady in the Spanish hat; the farmhouse was found shut up. Farmer Cherry's executors advertised a sale by auction of the furniture and stacks. Mr. Barnard's horses were placed in the stables of the principal hotel under the charge of the Yorkshire groom, and an advertisement in the local papers announced them for sale, "the property of a gentleman declining hunting." They were sold, with the exception of two reserved, at high figures, fetching the largest prices ever known in the county; but they did not give unmitigated satisfaction to all the purchasers. Perhaps it was the weight or the hand; but the sorrel and the grey never went so well with any one as with the lady in the Spanish hat. The groom was proof against gin, brandy, crowns and half-guineas. His master could ride a bit, he could, so could his missis; and that was all they could get out of him—probably it was all he knew.

After two more seasons, Lord Bullrush gave up the Blankshire hounds, and not only disgusted the whole neighborhood, but I verily believe killed the Countess Dowager by marrying a pretty girl—a country surgeon's daughter—the very picture, as he declared, of the lady in the Spanish hat. After that, we travelled on the continent for three years. I published my book on Peculiarities of Digestion, and my Analysis of the Ories of Infants: on the strength of which, with Lord and Lady B's patronage, I set up in practice; until, at a fortunate moment his lordship, who had settled down into a steady voting politician, was able to put me in the saug appointment I now hold. I live genteelly in Calverdish Square, and have a great reputation for the diseases of infants.

I continue a great favorite with both my lord and my lady, and am often asked, in the dull season when Parliament sits late, to take a vacant place at their table. It was after one of these dinners, on a hot July evening, that his lordship proposed a stroll and a cigar. We walked up and down divers quiet streets, until we came into a modern neighborhood, where a magnificent chemist's shop occupied the corner. "Let us go in," said my lord. "I should like a glass of soda water."

Now, though my conscience went against patronising a surgeon who demeaned himself to sell soda water, I could not say no.

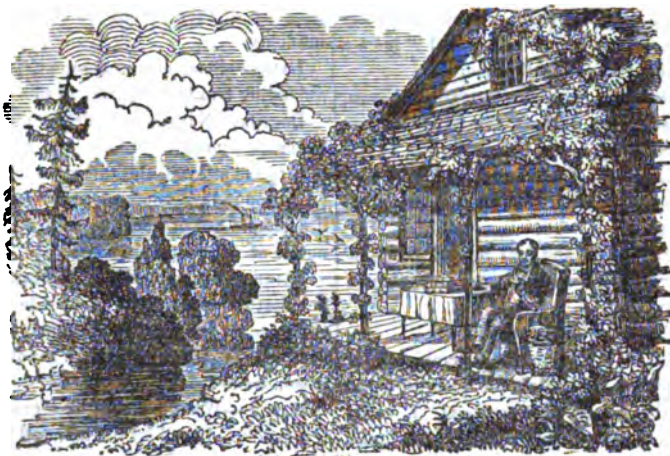
We walked in and had the soda water; but the sight of all the pretty things in glass and china set Lord B. (always a gossip) chatting and asking questions; at length the shopman was obliged to appeal to his master about some question of eau de Cologne. The master came forward: a tall man, dressed in the professional black and white.

As I was looking over the labels, a name repeatedly caught my eye, and reminded me of something, when I heard Lord B. exclaim, "Pray, sir, where have I seen you before? Your face is familiar to me." I looked up, and the truth flashed

upon me as the druggist answered quietly, "In Blankshire, when your lordship had the hounds, and I went there to spend my honeymoon, and sell my father's horses, while waiting until I could buy a business to my mind. My father was a Yorkshire farmer, and made me—a third son—a surgeon. He had horses; of course we rode them. I went to Paris to finish my education, and there picked up my moustache and boots. When I married Farmer Cherry's heir-at-law, a neighbor of my father offered to lend us the house, and told us the story of the hunt. We were young, much in love, did not want impertinence, and did like fox-hunting. I heard of a surgeon's and druggist's business likely to suit me, and I left your country. We have three children. I am doing a good business—indeed it cost me some thousands of pounds—and we often laugh about the Blankshire Hunt. I hope to have your lordship's custom." Here he handed an ornamental card—Robert Barnard, Surgeon Accoucheur. Prescriptions carefully made up. Eau de Cologne, Seltzer, and all other German Waters.

Lord Bullrush laughed with delight; gave a large order for Seltzer water and perfume; and hastened home to tell his wife. Barnard's has since become a favorite house of call. My lord delights to tell the story of the Russian Prince and Princess. And the other day, when young Lord Pie Poudre, grandson of Soffington of Lombard Street, was expatiating after dinner on "blood," and its inscrutable advantages, "Bosh," answered Bullrush in his rough way, "blood in horses, blood in greyhounds, blood in gamecocks, I understand; but, as for men, we must take him round to see our sporting druggist, eh, doctor?"

MAN AND WOMAN.—Between male and female there is difference of *kind* only, not *degree*. Man is strong, woman is beautiful; man is daring and confident, woman is diffident and unassuming; man is great in action, woman in suffering; man shines abroad, woman at home; man talks to convince, woman to persuade; man has a rugged heart, woman a soft and tender one; man prevents misery, woman relieves it; man has science, woman taste; man has judgment, woman sensibility; man is a being of justice, woman an angel of mercy. These comparative characteristics represent man as the head, woman as the heart; or, man the intellect, woman the affection. And in so doing, we submit that no position derogatory to woman is involved therein. We are, as a simple fact, more influenced by our hearts than our heads—by our love than our conviction. While physical and mental endowments make a forcible appeal to the senses, yet it is susceptible of experimental proof that moral power really controls and decides the fate of the world; and as it is in this latter particular that woman preeminently shines, we should contend, so far from her being man's inferior, that she is, at present at least, his decided superior. With this view of their relative position before us, we shall be the better able to definitely calculate the value of the sexes to each other.



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

ENDERUNT XXI.

[Laird, Major, and Doctor.]

LAIRD.—Div ye ken, Major, I begin to suspect that I am dropping astern o' this progressive age.

MAJOR.—Indeed! Such an admission from a native of North Britain, is one of the most remarkable phenomena of the day—the beard movement and table rappings not excepted. Pray when and how did the humiliating light break in upon you?

LAIRD.—It was at a cookie shine, held in oor Kirk the other week, for the benefit o' the bell ringer. Some o' oor young College birkies frae Toronto attended by special request, and the topics which they discussed after the cookies and short bread had been demolished, and the lang nebbit words they made use o', clean took awa' my breath.

MAJOR.—I can perfectly appreciate your feelings. Every whelp who has progressed in his "humanities" beyond Lennie's grammar, now sets up as a species of admirable Orlinton, and laughs to scorn old fogies, like ourselves, who make no pretensions to an infinitude of polyglote gifts.

LAIRD.—In such a state o' things, something imperatively behooves to be done, in order to keep us up wi' "the march o' intellect." Can ye recommend to me a pair o' stils which will enable me to hirkle along, so as no' to be hopelessly left out o' sight?

MAJOR.—Your simile I take, and as it so chances may ere at this very moment be resting upon the very crutches which you desiderate.

LAIRD.—What are their names?

MAJOR.—One is entitled "*The Imperial Ga-*

zetter," and the other "*The Imperial Dictionary*," both begotten of Blackie & Son of the City of Saint Mungo.

LAIRD.—And are ye certain that they will enable me to haud my ain at soirees?

MAJOR.—Never doubt it man. If you only exercise yourself occasionally, say half an hour every morning before brose time, in these admirable *vade mecum*s of information you need not fear to break a lance with the most glib-tongued literary mushroom, forced into premature maturity by hot-houses.

LAIRD.—And whaur are the productions to be got?

DOCTOR.—Think shame of yourself, you incorrigible old fossil for asking such a question. Have you yet to learn that Mr. Thomas Maclear has been engaged for the last eleven years in disseminating the publications of the Blackies. His myrmidons have penetrated every nook and corner of these regions, which is so far advanced in civilization as to boast of a church, a mill, and a tavern. And yet, forsooth, you, at this late time of day, come seeking information with finger in mouth, touching his leading library wares. I always suspected you to be a pretender, now I know it.

LAIRD.—Deil throttle the ill-tongued tinkler! Major! if ye wudna' hae murder committed in the Shanty, hand my twa arms! You filthy concoctor o' black draughts, and pestiferous pills, consider yoursel' kicked out o' the door, and your thick head broken wi' this pot-bellied bottle.

DOCTOR.—As long as your looks are metaphori-

cal, I shall willingly eat them without swearing. Come, come, let us call a truce, and "teem a cup o' kindness," in ratification thereof.

LAIRD.—Here's a speedy reformation to you. As matters stand at present, the hangman has every prospect of spanning your craig.

DOCTOR.—Is it the case, Laird, that you contemplate erecting a new villa, on the manor of Bonnie Braes?

LAIRD.—Maybe yea, and may be no! but wha' has been giving you an inkling o' my plans I should like to ken?

DOCTOR.—That is not the question.

LAIRD.—But it is the question—craving your pardon, Sangrado! Oh! this is the queerest world for gossip, that ever was created! I verily believe that if I took treacle instead o' kirk milk to my parritch, the fact would be patent in Toronto before sunset! However, na' to mak' a mystery about naething, I hae been thinking o' speculating a thocht in stane and lime. The some price that I got for my kneeve fu' o' wheat.

DOCTOR.—Confound your "kneeve fu' o' wheat!" Are we never to hear an end of the usurious rate at which you have vendid a few miserable bushels of breadstuffs?

LAIRD.—Heeh sirs, but the creature's snell the nicht! Its sheer envy that's stirring up the auld Adam in the bodie. He is like to eat his fingers off, because sauts and caster oil hae na' risen in the market in consequence o' the rumours o' wars.

MAJOR.—Let there be an end to this peppery episode, I intreat of you. Have you any suggestion to offer the Laird, good medico, in the architectural line?

DOCTOR.—The fellow does not deserve to have any gentleman take an interest in his affairs. However, to demonstrate that I scorn to cherish malice, I would call his attention to a little volume, which I picked up in Maclear's this morning, entitled, "*A Home for All, or the Gravel Wall, and Octagon mode of building.*"

LAIRD.—Mony thanks, Doctor, for your kindness. Your bite is no near sae vicious as your bark, and that I hae often mainteened ahint your back. It was a considerate thing for you to think upon me, and my bit plans when I was meditating a voyage upon the sea o' mortar.

MAJOR.—Pray who is the advocate for gravel and octagon walls?

DOCTOR.—O. S. Fowler, of the firm of Fowler, and Wells, New York.

MAJOR.—One of the most flatulent quacks, which this empirical age has produced. Upon the substratum of Phrenology he has erected more crazy structures than I can reckon up, the

majority of them redolent of materialism and infidelity.

LAIRD.—Sma' encouragement, I opine, to be guided by him in the planning of a house!

DOCTOR.—Nay, do not mistake me, neighbours. I admire Fowler as little as you can possibly do, but, to me at least, the theory of building which he propounds, savours of novelty, and I judged it a simple act of courtesy to bring it under the notice of our rustic associate.

LAIRD.—Ye were richt, Doctor. Wha kens but that the bump-hunting land loupier, may hae stumbled by accident upon some grand discovery, destined to effect a signal revolution in the mason-trade?

MAJOR.—What is meant by "gravel walls?"

DOCTOR.—I shall let the man tell his own story (*Reads.*)

Simplicity and efficiency characterize every work of nature. Her building material will therefore be simple, durable, easily applied, everywhere abundant, easily rendered beautiful, comfortable, and every way complete. All this is true of the GRAVEL WALL. It is made wholly out of lime and stones, sand included, which is, of course, fine stone. And pray what is lime but stone? Made from stone, the burning, by expelling its carbonic acid gas, separates its particles, which, slacked and mixed with sand and stone, coats them, and adheres both to them and to itself, and, re-absorbing its carbonic acid gas, again returns to stone, becoming more and still more solid with age, till, in the lapse of years, it becomes real stone. By this provision of nature, we are enabled to mould mortar into whatever form we like, and it becomes veritable stone, and ultimately as hard as stone, growing harder and still harder from age to age, and century to century. Even frost and wet do not destroy its adhesive quality, after it is once fairly dry. The walls of my house stood one severe winter entirely unprotected, even by a coat of mortar, *without a roof*, yet neither peeled, nor cracked, nor crumbled, one iota. Does frost crumble or injure a brick wall? Yet what but lime forms its bond principle? Nothing? Then why should frost injure any wall having lime for its bond principle?

Reader, reflect a moment on the value of this lime principle. What would man do without it? How useful to be able to cast or spread mortar into any shape, and have it harden into stone. Without lime, of what use brick? How could we make inside walls, or hard finish them? Let us, while enjoying the luxuries secured by this law, thankfully acknowledge their source.

Obviously, this hardening property of lime adapts it admirably to building purposes. Mixed with sand, formed with brick or stone into any shape we please, it petrifies and remains forever. How simple! How effectual! How infinitely useful! Like air or water, its very commonness and necessity makes us forget its value.

And cannot this hardening principle be applied to other things as well as to mortar? Especially, can it not be applied as effectually to

coarser mortar as to fine? Aye, better! If it will bind fine sand particles together, why not coarse stones? Especially, coarse stones imbedded in fine mortar? Lime sticks to anything hard, and sticks together any two or more hard substances, coated with it and laid side by side, whether large or small. It fastens stones and brick together, as now usually laid up by the mason, then why not if thrown together promiscuously? Fact and philosophy both answer affirmatively.

In 1850, near Jayneville, Wisc., I saw houses built wholly of lime, mixed with that coarse gravel and sand found in banks on the western prairies, and underlying all prairie soil. I visited Milton, to examine the house put up by Mr. Goodrich, the original discoverer of this mode of building, and found his walls as hard as stone itself, and harder than brick walls. I pounded them with the hammer, and examined them thoroughly, till fully satisfied as to their solidity and strength. Mr. Goodrich offered to allow me to strike with a sledge, as hard as I pleased, upon the inside of his parlor walls for six cents per blow, which he said would repair all damages. He said, in making this discovery, he reasoned thus: Has nature not provided some other building material on these prairies but wood, which is scarce? Can we find nothing in our midst? Let me see what we have. Fine Lime abounds everywhere. So does coarse gravel. Will they not do? I will try. He first built an academy not larger than a school-house. Part way up, a severe storm washed it, so that a portion fell. His neighbors wrote on it with chalk by night, "Goodrich's folly." But, after it was up, he wrote in answer, "Goodrich's wisdom." It stood; it hardened with age. He erected a blacksmith's shop, and finally a block of stores and dwellings; and his plan was copied extensively. And he deserves to be immortalized, for the superiority of this plan must certainly revolutionize building, and especially enable poor men to build their own homes.

All the credit I claim is that of appreciating its superiority, applying it on a large scale, and greatly improving the mode of putting up this kind of wall.

MAJOR.—Of course touching the virtues of gravel as a building material, I can say nothing; most emphatically, however, do I reprobate the octagon style of dwelling. When I was in the West Indies I saw a structure of this kind, a sketch of which appeared in the *London Illustrated News*. Being slightly acquainted with the owner of the affair, he insisted upon showing me through the same.

DOCTOR.—And to what conclusion did the inspection lead you?

MAJOR.—Simply this, that if a man be determined to make his family uncomfortable for life, he will indubitably house them in an octagon shaped dwelling.

DOCTOR.—Wherein did the inconvenience mainly consist?

MAJOR.—That question it is not easy to answer.

Everything was out of joint and out of place. The most ingenious cabinet-maker could not contrive furniture which might gracefully harmonize with the distortions of the rooms; and in fact had the greatest misanthrope desired a habitation devoid of one redeeming feature of comfort, there was such a mansion ready fashioned to his hand.

LAIRD.—Ye hae effectually scunnered me against octagons, but there may be something in the gravel part o' the theory. By your leave, Doctor, I'll put Fowler's book in my pocket, and consult my friend Mr. Hay upon the matter. Guid stane is scarce at Bonny Braes, as plain dealing under a lawyer's wig, but we can ding a' the world for gravel! Dinna put your tumbler, Major, upon that parcel, for it contains a work I would ill like to see stained.

MAJOR.—What is the gem whose purity you so jealously conserve?

LAIRD.—It is the January number o' the *Art Journal*, to which my friend Hugh Rodgers has seduced me to become a subscriber. The tax is something upon a bit farther bodie, but when wheat brings—

DOCTOR.—"No more o' that, Hal, an you love me!"

MAJOR.—You will never regret having enrolled yourself as one of Mr. Hugo's clients. The *Art Journal* is, beyond all controversy, at once the cheapest and the most beautiful periodical of our era.

DOCTOR.—I say ditto to that most emphatically, and congratulate our rustic socius upon the glimmering of taste which he has evinced in the transaction.

MAJOR.—What an invigorating and refreshing print in this number before us, is that of "Raising the May Pole?" Ten years ago such an engraving would have been thought low priced at half a guinea.

LAIRD.—It was that very picture which induced me to patronize the magazine. There is a balmy, auld country aroma about it, which is worth a hundred sermons against the unnatural sin o' annexation! I sat looking upon it wi' moistened een for the better o' half an hour, and when I laid it down, I felt the first qualm o' hame sickness I hae experienced for the last quarter o' a century!

MAJOR.—When upon the subject of the fine arts, let me commend to your attention the *Illustrated Magazine of Art*, the February part of which Maclear sent out to the Shanty this evening. At the low rate of fifteen shillings currency per annum it presents you with an almost bewil-

dering variety of artistically executed woodcuts, the subjects being mainly taken from the great masters. Here, for instance, are a series of engravings after Albert Cuyp, which convey an excellent idea of the style of that illustrious Dutchman, accompanied by an essay on his works by one who is evidently familiarly conversant with art.

DOCTOR.—I sincerely trust that both the *Illustrated Magazine* and the *Art Journal* will find extensive circulation in Canada. At present the taste of our colonial fellow-subjects is almost at the zero point, and it is only by making them conversant with the genuine article that we can hope to work an effectual reformation.

MAJOR.—There I differ with you, Doctor. I think that for the population more really good taste is abroad than you will find in the mother country.

LAIRD.—Can either o' ye recommend a new novel, worthy o' Girzy's disgeestion?

DOCTOR.—Here are a brace, which, with the utmost confidence, I can prescribe to the vestal mistress o' Bonnie Braes.

LAIRD.—Hoot awa' wi' your vestals! In these heart-burning times o' controversy, ye will sib-lins mak' the Protestant world believe that I am the owner o' a nunnery, and poor Girzy the Leddy Superior thereof!

DOCTOR.—Well, then, if Girzy, who is no vestal, desires to read a couple of sterling tales, let her bestow her affections upon *Lizzy Lockwood*, by Catherine Crowe, and *John*, from the pen of Emilie Carlen. They are both far above mediocrity, and may even aspire to the *super saltum* dignity of excellence.

MAJOR.—So far as *Lizzy Lockwood* is concerned, I can fully endorse your verdict. Nothing could be more terrible than the fate of the much-sinning Lady Glenlyon, who elopes from an affectionate husband, with a man who cherishes towards her not one feeling even of sensual regard. It is a stern and most practical homily on the guilt of incontinence, and the story is told with an epigrammatic vein worthy of William Godwin. As for *John*, I have not had time to look into it.

DOCTOR.—It is the very antipodes of the fiction you have been so correctly characterizing. Tho' the plot is slight, almost to transparency, it is managed with excellent tact; and the sunny simplicity of the worthy widow, who fancies that her daughter is destined to captivate half the noblesse of Sweden, is pleasingly suggestive of the Vicar of Wakefield.

LAIRD.—I have nearly forgotten to speer, if ye could tell me anything about a book which, they tell me, is making an unco stir in New York. What's the name o't, again? Tuts! I canna mind it—but it's something like warm oats.

MAJOR.—I presume you have reference to *Hot Corn*?

LAIRD.—That's the very thing. They say that it is a first class production, and should be studied by the rising generation equally wi' the Pilgrim's Progress and the Holy War.

MAJOR.—In this instance the *vox populi* is emphatically the *vox diaboli*!

LAIRD.—As I have forgotten my Hebrew, maybe you will favor me with your opinion in plain, home-spun Anglo-Saxon.

MAJOR.—I mean to say that the parent of mendacities must have dictated the puffs which have elevated *Hot Corn* into a nine day's notoriety! In a literary point of view, the affair is intensely beneath criticism, and its much vaunted morality is that of the brothel!

LAIRD.—Heeh, aiss, what a leeing world our lot is cast in!

MAJOR.—You may weill say so! Under the flimsy pretence of exalting virtue and exposing vice, the compiler of this miserable cento of filth accumulates a mass of putrid ordure enough to turn the stomach of a street walker of ten year's standing!

DOCTOR.—There is one consolation, however. The literary impotence of the abortion will effectually prevent it from doing any harm. Prudent as is the taste of this rationalistic and faith-unsettled age, plain, unspeiced wickedness will not go down! In the present instance Mahoun has neglected to shake his pepper box over the mess, and consequently the epicures of *clattyness* will turn from it as undeserving of their devours!

LAIRD.—I heard that some preachers had cracked up *Hot Corn*.

MAJOR.—Most unsophisticated of agriculturists. Have you forgotten what your old friend Robert Burns says?

Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never pen'd:
Even ministers, they hae been kow'd,
In holy rapture,
&c. &c. &c.

LAIRD.—No, I have na' forgot it; do I look like a man who wad forget anything that Robin wrote. But I say, Doctor, what are you poring over?

DOCTOR.—*Sheil's Sketches of the Irish Bar*.

MAJOR.—What, the same that appeared some time ago?

DOCTOR.—I am not quite sure. I rather think that some of them are familiar to me; however it is an amusing book, full of chit-chat, and I have selected as a specimen of it, for this month's *Angle*, one of the most readable. What are you laughing at, Laird?

LAIRD.—The title o' this book; fancy ony body noo-a-days, when peace congresses are a' the rage, inditing a book called the "*Art o' War*."

MAJOR.—If it is Jomini's book that you are nickering at, you have small cause for mirth. It is a work which cannot fail, at the present moment especially, to interest deeply all students on the tactics of war.

His principles are laid down with care, and he has illustrated them with vigor, adducing military facts from all ages in support of every position he has advanced. One part, most particularly, is interesting, where he shows that, speaking of the Balkan, men generally have been too ready to take for granted that the passes are impregnable—he adduces two instances of this ignorance. Just listen:—

"I will cite two examples of them of which I was a witness; in 1796, the army of Moreau, penetrating into the Black Forest, expected to find terrible mountains, defiles and forests, which the ancient Herodotus called to memory with frightful circumstances; we were surprised after having climbed the cliffs of that vast plateau, which look upon the Rhine, to see that those steep and their counterforts form the only mountains, and that the country, from the sources of the Danube to Donauwerth, presents plains as rich as fertile.

The second example, still more recent, dates in 1812; the whole army of Napoleon, and that great captain himself, regarded the interior of Bohemia as a country cut up with mountains; whereas, there exists scarcely one more flat in Europe, as soon as you have crossed the belt of secondary mountains with which it is surrounded, which is the affair of a march."

The book will be found by all military aspirants a most valuable one, and even for the every day reader it will have interest.

LAIRD.—Weel, weel, I am too auld to begin sic like studies. Hae ye got anything else, Doctor?

DOCTOR.—Yes; a lot of Tallis' books. "*Shakespeare*," and "*Flowers of Loveliness*," to wit.

MAJOR.—Shakespeare can never come amiss, come in what guise it may.

DOCTOR.—You forgot, I fancy, the American edition of it, for boarding-school girls, with the improper passages cut out.

MAJOR.—True; I forgot that. Tallis' version however, is, I am certain, not of that sort.

DOCTOR.—By no means. It is a capital edition, with good notes, well got up, and finely illustra-

ted. The print too is large, so as not to make the study of the immortal bard a trial to weak eyes. The second number of the "*Flowers of Loveliness*" is at your elbow, Laird. Look at the engraving of "the passion flower," and tell me how you like it.

LAIRD.—I'll no deny that is very striking, but here is ane I prefer, the Laurel—I like the attitude o' the lassie stannin' up; there's something fine in her attitude. Save us a', Major, what gape you gape you way?

MAJOR.—I am sleepy. The Doctor tempted me to go to a Concert last night, and I am so little used to late hours now that I feel tired.

LAIRD.—Hoo did ye like it?

MAJOR.—Very much; I refer you to the Doctor, however, for full particulars.

DOCTOR.—Why, Major, what has become of all your indignation?

LAIRD.—About what?

DOCTOR.—Our friend was very irate at the ill manners of several of the audience, who got up, while the last song was still unfinished, and bolted to the door, perfectly careless of the fact that they were thereby preventing better mannered persons from hearing what was sung.

MAJOR.—The more I think on it the worse light do these undisciplined creatures appear in. One person, to whom I made the remark, told me that it was because it was late, in consequence of the programme being too long.

DOCTOR.—And what was your response?

MAJOR.—That if it was late, it was owing to the senseless encoring. No fewer than three long pieces were encored—a downright infliction on parties who go to enjoy themselves.

DOCTOR.—Nothing at all, my dear Major, to the first night. Nearly every song was encored, and it was as hard, in some cases, as though *Hamlet* or *Richard the Third* should be encored at the end of the last act.

LAIRD.—But, Doctor, this is no telling me what I want to hear. How did the concert go off?

DOCTOR.—Very successfully. The singing throughout was good, three duets especially. You must go, Laird, on the next night. You will be delighted with Griebel's violin, or, if the piano delights you more, you will find Mr. Hayter's music well worth listening to. You are not as fast at modern concert giving, or I would tell you that the selection, in this last affair, gave much more satisfaction than those of the former. Look at the Major, how fearfully he yawns! We must shorten our proceedings in pity to him. Out with your facts, Laird.

LAIRD.—There they are, close at your elbow. Bax them over, and I will read them. [*Reads.*]

PLANS FOR THE YEAR.

A person who first visits one of our best manufacturing, is struck with the perfect order and system that prevail in every part of the establishment. Every man is busy, and every one knows his place; every part of the machinery is perfectly adapted to its intended purpose,—slow and powerful in one part, and light and rapid in another; the power applied to move the whole is just sufficient for all its multifarious operations, and none is wasted; the rough material is carefully worked up in such a way that nothing is lost; and skilful calculations are made of all the expenditure as compared with the future profits, and the whole carefully recorded by skilful clerks, in such a manner that those transactions that contribute most to profit, or those which occasion loss, are quickly detected.

Is it so with the farmer? Does he so arrange his business that every hired man is occupied, knowing at any moment what work is assigned him, and so that none are idle at one time, and again overwhelmed with accumulated work at another? Is the team power perfectly adapted to the amount of tillage in view, with steady labor, and without over-driving? Is the system of business such that the farm forces may be evenly distributed through the season? And, above all has the careful and keen-sighted farmer ascertained by accurate accounts and by weighing and measuring, which of his operations are paying him best, taking the cost of the rough material, the expense of working it over, and its ultimate avails, all together in the estimate?

The farmer's rough material,—the land and the manure applied to enrich it,—is too often left out of his calculations. He counts only the amount of money received at the end of the year, and the cost of labour but nothing more. A system of cropping is pursued that *appears* to be profitable, because it returns money; but if it is really impoverishing land, the owner is really selling off his farm piece-meal, and it is as great an error to call such a course profitable, as it would be to sell off a ten-acre slice each year, and throw the avails promiscuously into the sales of crops. Nay, it is *better* to reduce the farm in size, than to reduce it in quality, for the reason that a small and fertile farm yields more *net* profit, than the same produce from a larger estate cultivated at greater cost. Manufacturers are very careful of the rough material—let no farmer be less so, because, unlike them, he is not compelled to buy his supply every year; for a bale of raw cotton or a ton

of wool, is worth as much when left by inheritance as when paid for each day in cash. An interesting proof of the deceptiveness of *present* profit was furnished by an experiment performed some years ago in England with two distinct plans of rotation—one, with the wheat crop occurring frequently, and constituting a more exhausting course; and the other more beneficial to the soil, but affording less return in cash. At first the close-cropping course appeared decidedly the most remunerative; but in the course of years the other course had so improved the land, that the minor or secondary crops themselves proved as profitable as the wheat crop had formerly been, which now far exceeded them, and thus rendered the enriching course the best, even throwing out of view its influence on the soil.

An even distribution of labor is of much importance, and not unfrequently entirely overlooked. Hands hired for the season commonly come to understand the routine of work much better than day-hands, and they work more cheaply. A farmer sows half his fields with wheat, with the hope of realizing a fine sum of money; but after the wheat is sown, his men have but little to do that is profitable until the next harvest, when he may be compelled to pay double or even triple wages, all of which trim down the profits, to say nothing about the "rough material." The appropriation of land to the production of some particular product exclusively, has been beautifully advocated by theorists, but in long practice it will not be found to compare with mixed husbandry, that is, with the judicious rotation of crops, combined with raising full herds of domestic animals for the production of manure. In other words, raise plenty of animals, to enrich the crops, which are to feed the animals again. This action and reaction is the best way to create a plentiful surplus for sale, and at the same time preserve or increase the fertility of the farm.

There is no error more common than the imperfect execution of certain operations, when the farmer finds himself behindhand, with a deficiency of hands. This error is the cause of the luxuriant growth of mulleins and thistles so often seen in pastures; and of the heavy coating of weeds which overpower young root-crops, and choke the free growth of corn and potatoes. These often consume all the net profits of the crop, and a defective plan thus compels the farmer to labor for nothing. We have known a crop of oats so diminished by a few days delay in sowing in spring, and a large field of wheat by a similar delay in autumn, as barely to pay for seed and labor, which otherwise might have yielded a heavy return.

There is no remedy for these evils but a careful and accurate plan of operations at the commencement of the year. The course of cropping should be distinctly marked out beforehand, and the number of acres determined for the oats, barley, corn, potatoes, carrots, wheat, corn-fodder, and so forth; the amount of labor for each of these may be nearly estimated, and the time in the season when each should be fully completed; and then, making allowance for interruptions, accidents, and rainy weather, the requisite force may be timely secured, and the whole machinery move on with regularity and without any derangement. All these plans must be fully recorded in a book kept for the purpose—if the memory is depended on, confusion and failure will be the certain result. If possible, the year's plans should be so completely digested, that the operations of every week may be distinctly laid down on a page allotted for each; the necessary variation of a few days, according to the earliness or lateness of the season, may be easily made afterwards. On such a book as this, notes may be made with the progress of the season, thus perfecting the plan for a second year. A few minutes daily devoted in this way, will accomplish much that is valuable for the farmer, and prevent a great deal of anxiety and confusion.

FLOWERS FOR THE SHADE.

There are several flowering plants that do better in the shade than when fully exposed, among which are those brilliant evergreen shrubs, the *Kalmias* and *Rhododendrons*. The *Mezerion* succeeds best in the shade, as well as the *fuchsia japonica*, the *gentians*, *chrysanthemums*, *pansies*, the *periwinkle*, *gladiolus floribundus* and *natalensis*, the *tiger flower*, the *auriculas*, *cowslips*, and the *forget-me-not*. Most of the *Phloxes*, and *Ranunculi* do well in the shade, and many bulbous plants, as *haycinth*, *tulips*, &c. All our wild flowers from the woods will of course succeed; such for instance as the *Hepatica*, *Claytonia*, *Erythronium*, *Trillium*, *Lilium philadelphicum*, *Cypripediums*, *Orchis fimbriata*, and *Cymbidium*. Some evergreens are much better grown in the shade; among them the *box*, which is always of a fairer green when sheltered from the sun. The *English Ivy* and the *yew* are of the same class. This list might, doubtless, be greatly enlarged by those who have had occasion to grow plants in the shade, our experience being quite limited in this direction.

THE FARMERS' NEGLECT OF THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

The reluctance shown by this class of people to give a little time and labor to the

production of Vegetables for the use of their families, is most surprising. They appear to think the employment altogether beneath their attention. It may be all very well for the women to engage in it, but to suppose that the farmer himself would do so is deemed almost absurd. Ask a farmer why he does not set off a piece of his land as a Kitchen Garden wherein to raise a plentiful supply of agreeable and wholesome vegetables, and in nine cases out of ten he will reply, "Oh, I have not the time, and cannot afford the labor." Now this is altogether a misapprehension. For what purpose has he time at all, but to support comfortably himself and those dependent upon him? (higher aims always supposed.) If, therefore, the products of the kitchen garden will (and who doubts?) most materially add to the comfort and health of a family, and at a far lower cost than the yield of a field, to grudge a little time and trouble is surely inconsiderate if not unreasonable.

Very long is the list of choice edibles; a small lot of ground so devoted will afford *Asparagus*, *Sea Kale*, *Lettuce*, *Peas*, *Beans*, *Squash*, *Onions*, *Cabbages*, *Cauliflowers*, *Carrots*, *Salsify*, *Parsnips*, *Beets*, and *Tomatoes*, besides many useful herbs. A few days' labor in the year would suffice to give an abundance of these things. Probably there is no one who could raise them to greater advantage than the farmer. In most cases he can choose a suitable soil, and he never need lack manure. Indeed, he ought to have these rich gifts of nature in their highest condition. No one can doubt but that vegetables would contribute to the health and enjoyment of the farmer and his household. Through the greater part of the year he eats salt pork, which is apt to engender scrofula and kindred diseases. It is owing to this extreme use of salt provisions, without the counter tendency of vegetables, that such diseases are so prevalent. If he must feed so much upon salt meat, he ought to provide that which would prevent its injurious effects. I find that such people have no reluctance to eat of them when presented, but do so apparently with as great relish as others, while they neglect their cultivation. The expense of growing vegetables is small. Let us take *Asparagus* as an example. The bed once made will last a lifetime, and two or three dollars will obtain a sufficient stock of plants from any nurserymen.

If these things contribute to the health of a family, so they do to its enjoyment. How much they cheapen the cost of living, they know best who are careful and industrious enough to grow them.

The present month is the time to get things in order, and as the first work is the making of *Hot-beds*, sash, frames, &c., should be made ready. An amateur gardener, a young friend in Ohio, requests us to give simple directions for making a hot-bed, *just for family use*, unless we consider it a matter so well understood that the room it occupied would be wasted to most of our readers." The many questions we have asked of us by hundreds of all sorts of persons shows us that many are turning their attention to gardening who never gave the subject a thought before, and that the simplest directions in the most ordinary practice are eagerly sought for, and really needed. We therefore comply with the request of our correspondent, giving the system we usually practise, and have before recommended.

Every one should have a hot-bed, if it were only to forward a few plants for the garden. The too prevalent opinion is, that they are expensive and difficult to manage, requiring the skill of the professional gardener. Both suppositions are entirely erroneous. A hot-bed may be constructed by any man of ordinary ingenuity. A frame of about twelve feet long and six wide, which will allow of four sashes, each three feet wide, will be found large enough for any family. It should be made of common two inch plank—the back about three feet high, the front about half that, the ends having a regular slope from back to front. This will give an angle sufficient to throw off rain, and give the full benefit of external heat and light to the plants within. If the beds are narrower, the front must be higher in proportion. The sides and ends are simply nailed to a strong post, four inches square, placed in each corner. For the sash to rest and slide upon, a strip six inches wide is placed upon the frame, the ends morticed or sunk into the sides of the frame so as not to cause a projection. The sashes are made in the ordinary way, but without cross bars; and in glazing, the lights are made to overlap an eighth or quarter of an inch, to exclude rain. Such a frame, costing but a mere trifle beyond the labour, will last for years, and furnish all

the cabbage, tomato, celery, cauliflower, pepper, melon and cucumber plants needed, with a sprinkling of early radishes, &c. Where so large a frame may not be wanted, an old window may be used for sash, and all expense of glazing avoided. One of the sashes is moved down as in admitting air, and another laid off entirely.

Hot-beds should occupy a dry situation, where they will not be affected by the lodgement of water during rains or thaws. They should be exposed to the east and south, and be protected by fences or buildings from the north and north-west.

Where it is intended to merely grow plants for transplanting to the garden, they may be sunk in the ground to the depth of eighteen inches, and in such a case require not more than two feet of manure; but when forcing and perfecting vegetables is designed, a permanent heat must be kept up, and the bed must be made on the surface, so that fresh and warm manure may be added when necessary. A depth of three to four feet of manure will in such cases be wanted.

Manure for hot-beds requires some preparation. It should be fresh manure, placed in a heap, and turned and mixed several times, and producing a regular fermentation. It is thus made to retain its heat a long time; otherwise it would burn and dry up, and become useless.

The mould should be laid on as soon as the bed is settled, and has a lively regular-tempered heat. Lay the earth evenly over the dung about six inches deep. Radish, and lettuce require about a foot of earth. After it has lain a few days it will be fit to receive the seed, unless the mould has turned to a whitish colour, or has a rank smell, in which case add some fresh earth for the hills, at the same time holes should be made by running down stakes, to give the steam an opportunity to escape.

Those who wish to force cucumbers, &c., should begin, in this section, if the weather is favourable, by the 1st of March. For raising plants, the middle is time enough.

"NE PLUS ULTRA"—A FINE LATE BROCOLI.

Pre-eminently superior among the new varieties of vegetables which from time to time come before the public, stands this new Brocoli, being by far the best variety of that

esteemed vegetable that has yet come under my notice; and possessing as it does all the good qualities which its name implies, I feel I shall be doing the public a service by making its merits more generally known. For the last three years I have grown this sort along with others of known excellence, with the same unvaried result in favor of the "*Ne Plus Ultra*," and during the last year, a season of unparalleled fatality to Brocolies, while others were killed this sort stood uninjured, producing its fine heads in May and June, equal if not superior to other sorts in favorable seasons. The chief merits of this Brocoli consists in its being very hardy, possessing a dwarf habit, with large and compact rich cream-colored heads, which are protected by ample smooth glaucous foliage, and it has the richest flavor in the whole tribe. Need I say more than this, that it possesses all the finest qualities of the far-famed *Pensance* Brocoli, in addition to a hardness which has long been a desideratum in that otherwise excellent sort. No garden, however small, should be without it.

PRESERVING EGGS.

The newspapers are constantly furnished with new rules for preserving eggs. One of the latest is the following: "Wrap each egg closely in a piece of newspaper, twisting it tightly to keep out the air, place them in layers in a box with the small ends down, and set them where they will be cool without freezing." We have no doubt this is a good way, but it would be nearly as difficult to exclude the air by printing paper as by gauze or net work paper being a very porous substance. *The great secret of success in preserving eggs is to keep the small ends downwards*, the air-bubble which occupies that end supporting the weight of the yolk, and preventing its adhesion to the shell. If the egg is laid on its side, this adhesion will soon take place and the egg will be spoiled, no matter however completely excluded from the air. Eggs preserved as above, or by packing in salt, or oats, or on shelves purposely made for them by boring with large auger holes, so as to hold the egg upright, without allowing it to pass through, are all good ways, *provided the small end is kept downwards*. There are other requisites that should not be forgotten; for example, the eggs should be quite fresh when packed away, and especial care should be taken that none are cracked, as those soon spoil, and communicate the fermentation to the others if they are in contact or close proximity. Packing in salt is a good way, but it is not so convenient as the others, because the salt is apt to become hardened, and to adhere to the shells. A cool place is indispensable.

THE EFFECTS OF DRAINAGE ON TILLAGE.

Last spring I concluded to plough a clayey

field only once for wheat, and that after harvest. The field contained about 40 acres. Previous to draining, it was one of my wettest fields, and in dry weather, even in April or May, was very hard to plough, often having to get coulters and shares sharpened every day, when we used wrought iron shares. I bought oxen in spring so that I could put a yoke of oxen and a pair of horses to each plough, and owing to the great drought before, during, and after harvest, I got a large plough made by Messrs. Newcomb & Richardson, of Waterloo, the makers of the Seneca County Plough, so that I could put two or more yokes of cattle and a pair of horses to it if necessary. Immediately after harvest the day of commencement came, when we started for the field, oxen and drivers, ploughmen and horses; and besides new shares on the plough, we took 16 other shares along, expecting to have to change every day. When we got to the field, I had one man put a pair of horses before the large plough, and try to open the land with a shallow furrow. He went 70 rods away and back, without ever a stop, except when the clover choked the plough. I then had the plough put down to eight inches deep, and he went round apparently with the same ease. He then went round at nearly ten inches deep and no trouble at all. His furrow was about ten inches deep and fourteen wide, and laid as perfect as it could be. I then had one yoke of oxen put behind my smallest horses, and a pair of horses before each of the other ploughs and they ploughed the field with perfect ease, and only changed shares twice. I never was more agreeably surprised in my life—in fact had they been ploughing up gold dust as they do in California, I should have been no more pleased.

Although the field was undoubtedly ploughed at the rate of nine inches deep, yet the clover roots went deeper and the land ploughed up as mellow as any loam; whereas had it not been drained it would have broken up in lumps as large as the heads of horses or oxen.

A few years ago, a neighbor broke up a field about the same season of the year and similar land, but not drained; and after cultivating, rolling and harrowing, he had to employ men and mallets to break the lumps before he could get mould to cover the seed; and after all he did not get the third of a crop of either wheat or straw. My wheat looks as well as any I ever saw, and I doubt not but it will be a good crop.

With regard to Newcomb & Richardson's "Seneca County Ploughs," I think them the best I ever used. They are of light draught and do their work perfectly. Try them brother farmers, and if they don't please you, lay the blame on me. They are manufactured at Waterloo, Seneca co. I procured two of them last year, and will get other two this spring. Yours truly, JOHN JOHNSTON.

MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The splendid tissues manufactured for evening costume, would seem now to have attained almost the climax of magnificence; yet, nevertheless, it is difficult to conjecture how far the luxury of dress may extend during the approaching season. One fact is self-evident, and must be generally satisfactory: it is, that the money expended on the luxury of the rich, carries comfort to the homes of the poor; for charity is never so judicious or so effectual as when it opens up channels for industry, and holds out rewards for labor. Instead, therefore, of adopting those utilitarian views, which tend to censure the progress of elegance, let us rather encourage that progress as an element of general prosperity.

Among the newest and richest products of the silk loom, we have seen some exquisite brocade woven in various brilliant hues, also moire antique delicately *lamé* with gold and silver, over which embroidery, scattered in a variety of vivid colours, produces the effect of jewelled mosaic work.

Next to these rich materials, suited to full evening costume, the most marked novelties of the season are the new *sorties de bal* just imported from Paris. Some of cashmere, embroidered with gold and silver, and trimmed with fringe of the same costly materials, are types of Asiatic splendor. Others are of white satin, trimmed round with white guipure and edged with broad feather fringe; or instead of the fringe, rich Alençon lace, which, after forming a double row round the cloak, is gathered up as a hood to be drawn over the head at pleasure. We have seen several of these little cloaks, made of pink or blue therry velvet, lined with ermine; and without any trimming whatever on the outside. They are very simple, but very *distingués*. Others are lined with white satin instead of ermine, and are edged with broad feather fringe of the same color as the therry velvet. Several *sorties de bal* have been made of white or pink satin, covered with what at first sight might be mistaken for exquisite quilting in a most elaborate and elegant design; but which, on a nearer inspection, is found to be a light kind of embroidery. We have seen one of these cloaks made of white satin and edged with a trimming consisting of small rosettes of pink *mignonette* ribbon, producing the effect of a wreath of small roses.

Several newly-made silk dresses, intended for out-door costume, have the skirts ornamented with bands of velvet in lieu of flounces. One of these dresses, composed of dark-blue silk, is trimmed with bias rows of black velvet of graduated width. The corsage is high behind, but partially open in front, and is edged round with revers, in the shawl form.

To the corsage is added a basque, trimmed with two rows of velvet. The sleeves are split open as far as the elbow, and trimmed in the same manner as the basque. The under-sleeves worn with this dress consist of a large *buillonné* of worked muslin fastened on a wristband of Mechlin lace. The collar and chemisette are in the same style as the under-sleeves; Mechlin lace being employed to trim the collar and to form the front of the chemisette. The mantelet to be worn with the dress just described consists of black velvet profusely trimmed with black lace. The bonnet is of pink therry velvet, intermingled with *buillonnés* of blonde, and trimmed with white and pink flowers made of velvet. The same flowers are combined with blonde to form the under-trimming.

A dress of chequered poplin, green and black (just made up,) is in the redingote form. The front of the skirt is ornamented with trimming consisting of seven bows of chequered ribbon, corresponding with the colors in the dress. These bows, which diminish as they ascend from the bottom of the skirt upwards, are formed of loops and flowing ends. To each bow a jet tassel is appended, and the jet tassels are of graduated sizes. The front of the corsage is formed of plaits or folds reaching from the shoulders to the waist, in the centre of which they cross and form a corsage *en cœur*. The front of the corsage is trimmed with bows of ribbon, corresponding with those on the skirt, but smaller. The sleeves, which are of the pagoda form, are lined with white satin, and the edges in the inside are bordered by a *ruche* of white ribbon. The sleeves on the outside are edged with bows of chequered ribbon, the same as those on the corsage.

The trousseau of a young bride, whose approaching nuptials are at present a topic of interest in the fashionable circles, contains several beautiful dresses of worked muslin. One, intended for *petites soirées*, we will here describe. It has three jupes of skirts; the upper one forming a tunic. These jupes are edged round with a wreath of roses, so exquisitely wrought in open work, that the flowers seem as if made of lace inlaid in the muslin. At intervals and as if scattered accidentally over the wreath of flowers, are ears of corn, wrought in satin-stitch, and standing out in high relief from the flowers. The corsage has a *berthe* edged in the same style, descending in a point at the back and in front, and open on the sleeves. In this opening there is fixed a bow of pink sarsenet ribbon, with long flowing ends. A row of bows of the same ribbon and of graduated size, is placed in front of the corsage. Two bows gather up the tunic at each side, and the ends hang down to the very bottom of the skirt. Nothing can be more simple and elegant than this dress.

CHESS.

(To Correspondents.)

J. W.—Your problem is too simple to be even admitted as an enigma in our chess page. We hope your next attempt may be more successful.

R. B.—Stalemate is a drawn game.

W. G. D., Kingston.—Received, and will have a place in our next.

G. M'D.—We agree with you; see our remarks on the chess tournament.

PATR.—Our enigmas are generally so simple, that it would be a mere waste of space to publish the solutions. They are not *all* original.

Solutions to Problem 3, by D.M., J.H.E., Esq., E.S. of Hamilton, and G. P are correct; all others are wrong.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. III.

WHITE.

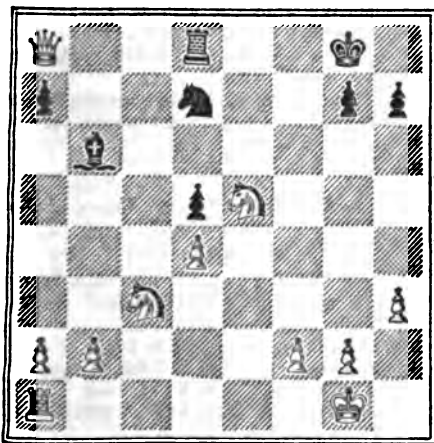
BLACK.

- 1 Q Kt to Q 5th. K moves.
 2 P to K B 3d. K moves.
 3 Q Kt to K B 4th (ch) K takes Kt.
 4 P to K Kt 4th. K takes Kt.
 5 B mates.

PROBLEM NO. IV.

Occurring in actual play between two members of the Toronto Chess Club.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in five moves.

ENIGMAS.

No. 19. By M. Andersen.

WHITE.—K at K Kt 2d; Rs at Q 4th and Q R sq; B at K B 6th; Ps at K B 3d, K 2d, Q B 3d, and Q Kt 3d & 4th.

BLACK.—K at his 6th; Kt at K 4th; Ps at K B 2d & 5th, and Q B 6th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 20. By — of Hartford.

WHITE.—K at K Kt 7th; Q at Q R 7th; Kts at Q B 5th and Q Kt 5th; Ps at K Kt 4th and K B 3d.

BLACK.—K at his 4th; R at K sq.; B at Q B 8d; Kt at K Kt sq.; Ps at K R 8d, K Kt 4th, K 2d, and Q B 2d.

White to play and mate in three moves.

ST. CATHERINES CHESS CLUB.

We notice that a chess club has been formed in the rapidly rising town of St. Catherines. At a meeting of this club, held on the 9th of Feb., Thos. H. Graydon, Esq., was elected President, Captain Taylor vice-president, and J. B. Benson, Esq., secretary and treasurer for the ensuing year. The club meets every Monday and Thursday evening, at seven o'clock, in the Library, Town Hall. We are glad to see chess clubs springing up in the different towns of Canada, and hope ere long to have the pleasure of noticing several others.

THE CHESS TOURNAMENT.

This interesting contest, to which we briefly alluded in our last, is the first of the kind that has taken place in Toronto: but we trust that it will prove the forerunner of many more, and that chess will henceforth receive more attention than has hitherto been paid to it in a town which numbers so many lovers of the "Royal Game," and in which we fear that chess does not receive a tithe of the attention which it would command in an English town containing a far less number of inhabitants. One or two previous attempts to establish a chess club here have failed; and a new club which was formed under promising auspices in the spring of last year, and which now numbers nearly forty members, is already languishing, and its weekly meetings are far from being well attended. In the hope of giving a successful stimulus to so worthy a game, it was thought that a little tournament on the plan of the memorable tournament of players of all nations held in London during the Great Exhibition of 1851, might not only lead to some interesting contests between those actually engaged in the tourney, but also from the interest such a contest might reasonably be supposed to excite, cause the practice of the game among the amateurs of Toronto to become more general, and impart to it that stimulus which it so much required. Accordingly eight gentlemen, of tolerably equal force quickly entered the lists, and it was determined that the prize which should be subscribed for, and be the reward of the winner, should be a large (club size) set of the magnificent "Staunton Chessmen" in ivory, which were immediately ordered from England, and the players were paired by lot as follows for the first division of the

tourney—the winner of the first three games in each pair to be the victor:—

1. Dr. Beaumont vs. G. L. Maddison, Esq.
2. Hon. W. Cayley vs. F. Cayley, Esq.
3. A. Leith, Esq., vs. W. Ransom, Esq.
4. G. Palmer, Esq., vs. J. Helliwell, Esq.

the player first-named in each pair having the right of choice of chessmen (i. e. color), and also of moving first in the opening game. On the completion of the several matches in this series the score stood thus:—

Dr. Beaumont,	}	3
Mr. Maddison,	}	1
Mr. W. Cayley,	}	3
Mr. F. Cayley,	}	1
Mr. Leith,	}	1
Mr. Ransom,	}	3
Mr. Palmer,	}	3
Mr. Helliwell,	}	1

The four defeated players being excluded from further participation in the contest.

The winners were again paired by lot in the same manner as before, and the result was—

1. Hon. W. Cayley, vs. Dr. Beaumont.
2. G. Palmer, Esq., vs. W. Ransom, Esq.

The number of games in this series was to be the same as in the former, and at the time we write, they had not been brought to a close.

We now proceed to give a selection of the games played in the first series, and next month we hope to give the best of those played in the second and final divisions.

First game between Messrs. Beaumont and Maddison.

(Sicilian Opening.)

WHITE (DR. B.)	BLACK (MR. M.)
1 P to K 4th.	P to Q B 4th.
2 K B to Q B 4th.	P to K 3d.
3 K Kt to B 3d.	Q Kt to B 3d.
4 P to Q B 3d.	K Kt to K 3d.
5 Castles.	K Kt to his 3d.
6 P to Q 4th.	P to Q 4th.
7 K P takes P.	K P takes P.
8 B to Q Kt 5th.	P to Q R 3d.
9 B to Q R 4th.	K B to Q 3d.
10 Q B to K 3d.	Q to her Kt 3d.
11 R to K sq.	Castles. (a.)
12 P takes Q B P.	K B takes doubled P.
13 P to Q Kt 4th. (b)	K B takes B.
14 R takes B.	B to K 3d.
15 Q Kt to Q 2nd.	P to Q 5th.
16 P takes P.	Q Kt takes P.
17 P to Q R 3d.	Q R to Q sq.
18 Kt takes Kt.	B takes Kt. (c)
19 R to K 4th.	K R to Q sq. (d)
20 R takes R.	B takes R.
21 Q to her B 2nd. (e)	Q to her 3d.
22 Kt to K B 3d.	R to Q 5th.
23 P to K R 3d.	P to Q Kt 4th. (f)
24 B to Q sq.	Kt to K B 5th. (g)

25 R takes R.	Q takes R.
26 Q takes Q.	Kt takes Q.
27 B to Q B 2nd.	Kt to Q Kt 7th.
28 Kt to Q 2nd.	P to K R 3d.
29 K to B sq.	B to Q 4th.
30 P to K Kt 3d.	P to K Kt 4th.
31 B to K B 5th.	K to Kt 2nd.
32 B to Q B 8th.	B to K 3d.
33 B takes B. (h)	P takes B.

The game was prolonged for upwards of thirty more moves, and was finally won by Black.

Notes.

(a) Black would evidently have lost his Q if he had ventured to take the Q Kt P.

(b) Taking the Q P would have been disadvantageous for White.

(c) At this point the advantage in position is certainly in favor of Black.

(d) Better to have declined exchanging, and combined his forces for an attack on the adverse King's quarters.

(e) A necessary precaution against Black's next move, as White must otherwise have lost the Kt.

(f) He might here, we think, have safely taken the K R P.

(g) White's B is apparently in great danger, and yet we cannot discover how Black could have succeeded in capturing him. If Black had played his B instead of his Kt to support the R, and when White took R with R, retaken with the B, attacking the Q, the check White would have been able to give at Q B 8th would have allowed him to save the B.

(h) White acted unwisely in exchanging Bishops. Had he avoided doing so, he would probably have been able to win.

Fourth and last Game between Messrs. Palmer and Helliwell.

(Sicilian Opening.)

BLACK (MR. H.)	WHITE (MR. P.)
1 P to K 4th.	P to Q B 4th.
2 P to Q B 3d. (a)	P to K 3d.
3 K Kt to B 3d.	Q Kt to B 3d.
4 P to Q 4th.	P to Q 4th.
5 Q to her 3d. (b)	K Kt to B 3d.
6 P to K 5th.	K Kt to K 5th.
7 P to Q R 3d.	P to K B 3d.
8 Q Kt to Q 2d.	Kt takes Q Kt.
9 Q takes Kt.	P takes K P. (c)
10 P takes doubled P.	B to K 3d.
11 Q to K B 4th.	R to K B sq.
12 Q to K Kt 3d.	K to K B 2d. (d)
13 K B to Q 3d.	K to Kt sq.
14 Q B to K B 6th.	B to K B 3d.
15 Q B to K B 4th.	Q to K B sq.
16 Q to K R 3d.	P to K R 3d.
17 Q B to K Kt 5th. (e)	R takes Kt.
18 P takes R.	B takes B.
19 R to K Kt sq. (f)	Kt takes K P.
20 P to K B 4th.	Kt takes B. (gh)
21 Q takes Kt.	Q takes P.
22 R to K Kt 3d.	B to K R 3d.
23 R to K B 3d.	Q takes K R P.
24 K to his 2d.	P to Q Kt 3d.

25 P to Q B 4th. P to Q R 4th.
 26 Q to K Kt 6th. Q to K 4th. (ch)
 27 K to K B sq. B to Q R 3d.
 28 Q to K B 7th. (ch) K to R sq.
 29 K to K Kt 2d. B takes Q B P.
 30 Q R to K R sq. Q to K Kt 4th. (ch)
 31 K to R 3d. B to K 7th.
 32 K R to K B 4th. Q B to K R 4th. (g)
 33 Q to Q B 7th. Q B to K Kt 3d. (h)
 34 R to K Kt 4th. (i) Q B to K B 4th.
 35 P to K B 3d. (k) B takes K R. (ch)
 36 P takes B. Q R to K B sq.
 37 R to K Kt sq. (l) Q to K 6th. (ch)
 38 K takes B. Q takes R.
 39 K to K R 5th.

White mates in three moves.

Notes.

- (a) This is a novel move in this opening.
 (b) A very bad move.
 (c) White made a serious mistake in taking his P so soon, as he loses at least two moves, besides subjecting himself to an attack which one would think ought to have won the game.
 (d) Castling in the face of such a battery was an act of temerity that few players, we think, would have had courage for.
 (e) Black fails to make the most of his fine attacking position. From this point the advantage is altogether on the side of White.
 (f) Black's game is now completely broken up, and we do not see a good move for him on the board.
 (g) The winning move.
 (h) Threatening, if Black ventured to take the K B, to win at least one of the Rooks immediately.
 (i) He had surely a better move than this.
 (k) Q R to K Kt sq would have been much better, but Black's game is hopeless, play what he will.
 (l) After this, all hope for Black is gone.

Third game between Messrs Leith and Ransom.

(K Kt's Defence in the K Bishop's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)

BLACK (Mr. R.)

1 P to K 4th. P to K 4th.
 2 K B to Q B 4th. K Kt to B 3d.
 3 P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th. (a)
 4 P takes Q P. Kt takes P.
 5 P takes P. Q B to K 3d.
 6 K Kt to B 3d. B to K 2d.
 7 P to Q B 3d. P to Q B 3d.
 8 Castles. P to Q Kt 4th. (b)
 9 B to Q Kt 3d. Q Kt to R 3d.
 10 Kt to Q 4th. Q to Q B 2d. (c)
 11 Kt takes B. P takes Kt.
 12 P to Q B 4th. P takes P. (d)
 13 B takes P. Q Kt to Q B 4th.
 14 R to K sq. Castles on K side.
 15 Q B to K 3d. Q Kt to Q 2d. (e)

16 Q B to Q 4th. Q R to Q sq.
 17 Q to K Kt 4th. R to K B 4th.
 18 Kt to Q 2d. Q Kt to K B sq. (f)
 19 Q R to Q B sq. (g) R to K B 5th.
 20 Q to K R 5th. R takes Q B.
 21 Kt to K B 3d. (h) R to K B 5th.
 22 P to K Kt 3d. R to K B 4th.
 23 Q to K Kt 4th. Q Kt to K Kt 3d.
 24 P to K R 4th. (i) Q to her Kt 3d. (k)
 25 P to Q Kt 3d. Q R to K B sq.
 26 K to Kt 2d. (j) Q Kt takes K P. (m)
 27 R takes Q Kt. R takes R.
 28 Kt takes R. Q takes K B P. (ch)
 29 K to R sq. R to K B 3d. (n)
 30 R to K B sq. Q to her 7th.
 31 R takes R. Kt takes R.
 32 Q takes Q P. (ch) K to R sq.

Here White, strangely enough, overlooked the smothered mate which he might have given in two moves, (o) and the game was carried on as follows:—

33 Kt to K B 7th. (ch) K to Kt sq.
 34 Q to Q B 8th. (ch) B to Q sq.
 35 Q takes B. (ch) Q takes Q.
 36 Kt takes Q. (dis. ch) K to B sq.
 37 Kt takes Q B P, and wins.

Notes.

- (a) Losing a P at the very outset! He should have played 3. P takes P.
 (b) This is uselessly weakening his flank.
 (c) This allows White to isolate one of Black's pawns.
 (d) Here, again, Black has to submit to the isolation of another P.
 (e) He evidently dare not take the K P.
 (f) Far better to have taken the K P with this Kt, by which he would have gained a P and a capital position.
 (g) Overlooking the obvious move by which Black threatens to win the Q B.
 (h) "The day after the fair."
 (i) White's position at this crisis is a difficult one; but he might easily have made a better move than that in the text. Why not have played Q to K 4th, protecting the K P?
 (k) Again he might have won the K P and made his game sure, being a piece ahead. The move made does not seem to us a good one, as White might have satisfactorily answered with 25. B to Q 3d, leaving the Kt P *en prise*.
 (l) This is useless. His only chance was to take off the Kt with B.
 (m) Here Black's love of finessing clearly loses the game. Having several times neglected taking the K P when he might have done so with advantage, he pays dearly for capturing it now. Had he played the natural move of 36. R takes Kt, nothing could have saved White's game.
 (n) Much better to have played the Q here.
 (o) The student will easily discover how.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

PHILLIPS, SAMSON & COMPANY, of Boston, have just issued a new and elegant edition of the Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell, with an interesting and well sketched biography, edited by Epes Sargent. The biographical sketch embraces all that is really interesting in the Life of this celebrated poet, in eight chapters, being a much more concise and readable Life of the great poet, than that of Dr. Beattie, published by the Harpers in 1850.

The edition of Campbell's poems just issued is in small octavo, embracing, in some five hundred pages, all that he wrote, with copious notes.

Campbell had gone very successfully through the undergraduate classes in the University of Glasgow, occasionally amusing himself with the youthful frolic of scribbling; but as yet his muse had restricted her songs to ephemeral subjects.

When about the age of twenty-three, he made a tour to the Highlands, and by the way picked up a few stanzas, some twelve in all, bearing the title, "Pleasures of Solitude," on which he wrote a friend, "The world has now the Pleasures of Imagination, the Pleasures of Memory, and the Pleasures of Solitude. Let us cherish the Pleasures of Hope;" from which time it would seem Campbell formed the resolution to write the poem which bears the said title.

APPLETON & Co. have issued of their great Library of the British Poets the following.—Milton, in 2 vols.; Thomson, in 1 vol. Herbert and Young, in 1 vol. each.

This Poetical Library, when complete, will embrace in about 150 volumes all the British Poets from the days of Chaucer, and will be the handsomest and best Library Edition of the poetry of Great Britain ever published in Europe or America.

In "Norton's Literary Gazette," our readers will find a full prospectus of this edition, with the names of the *hundred* poets, whose works it is intended to embrace.

APPLETON & Co. have just published Miss Martineau's translation of Auguste Comte's great work on *Philosophie Positive*, which has been called the *novum organum*, as its talented author has been designated by Sir David Brewster—"The Bacon of the nineteenth century."

This work is one of the greatest of modern Philosophical works of our age; indeed it is an improvement upon Laplace's "Theory of Probabilities," and we regret to say its Theology is of the same stamp.

Morton's Gazette also announces as issuing from the press of Appleton & Co., The Philosophy of Cousin—the criticism of which, in the Edinburgh Review brought Sir William Hamilton into notice, and, at the same time the public are indebted to the Appletons for a

six volume edition (in 8vo.) of the Spectator, pica type—one of the most superiorly executed editions of this great popular work that has ever been published. Addison did in British *Belles Lettres* what Bacon did in British Philosophy; and the Spectator, like the *Novum Organum*, will never cease to be read and studied.

Among the last issues of Appleton will be found Dr. Ure's celebrated Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines, illustrated with sixteen hundred engravings on wood.

Personal Explorations in Texas and Mexico. An "Atlas of the Middle Ages," by Professor Koeppen; and "RUSSIA AS IT IS," by Count Gurowski.

Norton's "Literary Gazette," under the title of LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, of the 1st of January number we find the following "The New York Times gives the following as the probable order of re-issue of the works formerly published by Harper and Brothers. The first to receive attention will be the School and College Books, including the large Latin and Greek Lexicons, the Dictionaries of Greek and Roman Antiquities. The works of Professor Authon, the Universal Atlas and the whole catalogue of Elementary and advanced School Books.

These being hourly in demand, will be sent to the press immediately, and by the end of January or early in February the trade will get their demand supplied.

After these English and American Literature will be undertaken, Prescott's Histories, Ticknor's Spanish Literature, Grote's Greece, "Coleridge's and other works in similar departments will be undertaken." &c.

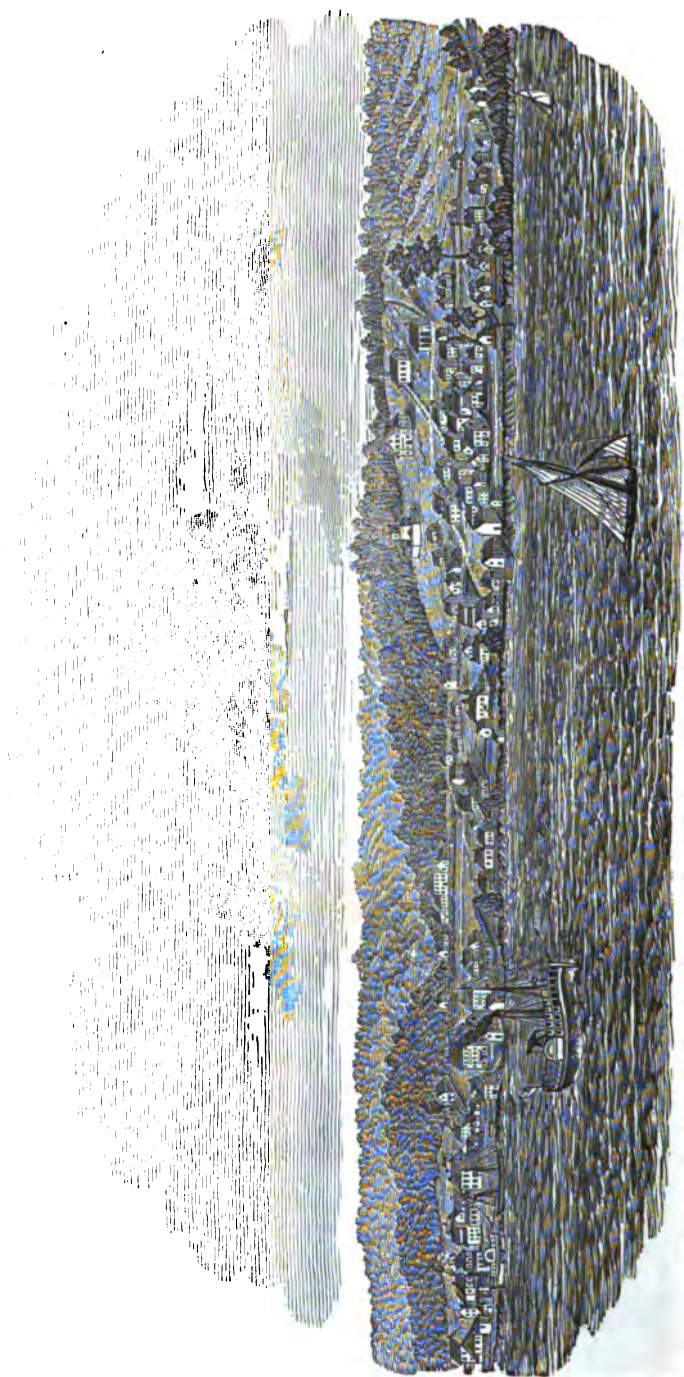
LIPPINCOTT GRAMBO & Co, PHILADELPHIA, have ready for issue a new Latin, English Dictionary on the basis of the School Dictionary of INGERASLEO with additions from the Lexicons of Koch and Keotz. This work has received the highest commendations from the very best Scholars in Germany and is deemed a Book which must find general if not universal patronage in all our American Schools. Except such as are under the preceptorship of Authors or Editors who will use their own Editions.

Lippincott Grambo & Co. also announce a work which promises to be a great *addendum* to the revived Literature of antiquity. The work is entitled "Types of Mankind," or Ethnological researches, based upon the ancient monuments, paintings, sculptures and crania of races, and upon this natural, geographical, philological and Biblical History by J. C. Nott M. D. Mobile Alabama, and Geo. R. Gliddon formerly U. S. Consul at Cairo, Mobile, may boast of its authorship. We are already indebted to Dr. Hamilton of that city for one of the ablest defences of Christianity, which modern times have afforded us, in "THE FRIEND OF MOSER."

Paris Fashions for April.







BARRIE, C.W.



JOSEPHINE

CONSORT OF NAPOLEON 1804 1809

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THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER XVI.

We will follow the fortunes of the commander-in-chief, first, assigning due deference to his rank. The point selected for rendezvous was Grenadier Island, some eighteen miles distant from Sackett's Harbour; this point had been chosen for its contiguity to the St. Lawrence, and at this place, after various casualties, the expedition, amounting to some eight thousand eight hundred men, arrived by the 24th of October. Previous to the arrival of the troops the following correspondence had passed between General Wilkinson and Commodore Chauncey:—

"The main body of the division of the army at this point (Niagara) has sailed to join that at Sackett's Harbour, at the head of the St. Lawrence, with the design to reduce Kingston and Prescott, and to proceed thence to Montreal.

"The main body of the enemy's force is, in this vicinity, at the head of the lake and in York, leaving Kingston very weak.

"The enemy's squadron, beaten and forced to the head of the lake, is not in a situation to attempt the regaining of Kingston harbor, while the American squadron keeps an eye upon it.

"Under these circumstances, will it be for

the interest of the service, that the American squadron should accompany the flotilla with the troops, or shall it watch the British squadron, effect its destruction, and prevent the sudden transport of the division of the enemy by a rapid movement by water to reinforce Kingston?

"It strikes me, that, in the first case, the enemy being apprised of our intention, by our movements, which cannot be concealed, may, with the aid of their squadron, reach Kingston before our troops are embodied and organized for the attack; and thus the reduction of the place may be spun out to the consumption of the season, and, of course, the main design must fail.

"In the second case, while the American squadron blocks up that of the enemy at the head of the lake, the flotilla will enjoy a free sea, and the British, by being cut off from transport by water, will be thrown back in their arrival at Kingston; long before which period the place must be taken, and our army landed on Montreal Island—no act of God intervening to thwart our intentions."

Fort George, Oct. 1st, 1813.

To this communication a prompt reply was made by Chauncey.

U. S. Ship Pike,
Off Niagara,

Oct. 1st, 1813.

"DEAR SIR,—The reasons you assign, in your memorandum, why the American squadron should remain in this vicinity, in preference to accompanying the flotilla down the lake, are so conclusive, and correspond so exactly

with my own ideas and wishes on the subject, that I have no other to offer. I will barely observe that my best exertions shall be used to keep the enemy in check in this part of the lake, or effect his destruction. Yet, with my utmost exertions and greatest vigilance, he may (when favoured by a strong westerly wind) slip past me in the night, and get eighteen or twenty hours start of me down the lake, before I can discover his movement. If that should be the case, I shall lose no time in following him, with so much celerity, as to prevent his interrupting you in your operations upon Kingston."

ISAAC CHAUNCEY.

The Secretary at War (General Armstrong's) observations so entirely coincide with our own view of the case that we are tempted to transcribe them, adopting them fully.

"That a project, giving to the fleet a false position; diverting it from the important duty of covering the descent of an entire division of the army from Fort George to Sackett's Harbor, and thereby directly exposing it to capture or destruction, should have met the high approbation and cordial welcome of the naval commanders, is a problem not easily solved."

Subsequent events confirm this opinion, as Sir James Yeo, who was not the man to allow himself to be confined in port, pushed boldly into the lake, and arrived at Kingston on the 7th. The most unfortunate part of the affair for the British was, that Sir James kept the northern side of the lake, and thus left the boats carrying the division (much dispersed and wholly defenceless) without molestation. Had he been compelled, by adverse winds, to beat down the lake, the probability is great that he must have fallen in with the flotilla, and in such a case the fate of the division would have been sealed.

It had been anticipated by the American commander that General De Rottenburg would have taken measures to reinforce Proctor, and provide for the defence of Malden, but instead of doing so, that general despatched nearly all his effective troops, under convoy of Sir James Yeo, to provide for Kingston.

Having thus brought the Americans to their place of rendezvous, and seen the British reinforcements arrive, in safety, at Kingston, we will accompany the American general-in-

chief in the demonstrations, which followed, to his abandonment of the movement against Kingston.

Having only eight thousand men, and the British at Kingston now numbering nearly two thousand, it was deemed advisable to substitute Montreal for the point of attack, especially as Commodore Chauncey volunteered to watch both channels, so as to ensure a quiet sail, or pull, down the river to the flotilla. Unfortunately, however, the American commodore was as little competent to execute one undertaking as the other, and no sooner was the expedition consisting of three hundred large boats, exclusive of schooners, sloops, and twelve heavy gun boats, safely under weigh, than two brigs, two schooners and several gun boats were on the "qui vive" to annoy them. The first detention was at French's Creek, directly opposite the point, at which an army, destined for Kingston, might be supposed to land, here a halt of some five or six days occurred, during which time the flotilla and troops were much annoyed by the teasing British vessels from the bay opposite French Creek. On the 5th November, another start was effected, and a place called Hoag's, four miles below Morrisville, and about fifty from French Creek, was reached. At this point the water procession halted preparatory to passing Fort Wellington, distant six miles farther. The general here drew up, agreeably to established custom, a proclamation, addressed to the inhabitants of the country he was about to conquer. "For its brevity, no less than its moderation," says James, "it far surpasses anything of the sort hitherto promulgated by an American General.

"Proclamation of James Wilkinson, Major General and commander-in-chief of an expedition against the Canadas, to the inhabitants thereof:

"The army of the United States, which I have the honor to command, invaded the province to conquer, and not to destroy; to subdue the forces of his Britannic Majesty, not to war against unoffending subjects. Those, therefore, amongst you who remain quiet at home, should victory incline to the American standard, shall be protected in their persons and property; but those who are found in arms must necessarily be treated as avowed enemies.—To menace is unmanly.—

To seduce, dishonorable—yet it is just and humane to place these alternatives before you.”

On the 7th the powder, ammunition and all the troops, except enough to man the boats strongly, were landed, the boats with muffled oars, and keeping close to the Ogdensburg side, dropping down the river while the troops and ammunition proceeded by land to the Red Mill, fourteen miles below Ogdensburg. The expedition proceeded on the next day, slowly, after a skirmish between twelve hundred American troops, who had been ordered to land under Colonel Macomb, and a party of militia, who had assembled about Fort Matilda, for the purpose of annoying the troops in their passage down the river, which is here not more than five hundred yards wide.

On the 9th of November the flotilla arrived, in the afternoon, at Williamsburg, on the Canadian side. Here the troops already on shore, amounting to some twelve hundred men, were reinforced by General Brown's brigade, with a body of dragoons from the American side.

From this point a detachment, numbering some twenty-nine hundred or three thousand men, was despatched to drive the British troops from the shore, along which they were to march to Barnhart's, a distance of about twenty miles. A double object was to be effected by this movement, as the boats would be thereby lightened, in their long and perilous descent of the violent rapid called the Long Sault, and would, at the same time, be freed from any annoyance from an enemy on shore. This body proceeded along the banks a few miles, when they unexpectedly found themselves brought to a stand at a place called Chrysler's farm. The impediment in their way was a body of troops who were prepared to dispute the undisturbed march of the Americans.

“Hitherto,” says James, “the battles between the British and American troops had been chiefly bush fighting skirmishes. Now they met in an open champaign, where there was no shelter for the American riflemen, no rests for their pieces. All was conducted, as General Wilkinson says, in open space and fair combat.”

The best account we can give of the en-

gagement, will be found in the respective bulletins of the commanding officers.

From Lieutenant Colonel Morrison, to Major General De Rottenburg.

Chrysler's, Williamsburg, Upper Canada,

November 12th, 1813.

SIR,—I have the heartfelt gratification to report the brilliant and gallant conduct of the detachment from the centre division of the army, as yesterday displayed in repulsing and defeating a division of the enemy's force, consisting of two brigades of infantry and a regiment of cavalry, amounting to between three and four thousand men, who moved forward, about two o'clock in the afternoon, from Chrysler's point, and attacked our advance, which gradually fell back to the position selected for the detachment to occupy; the right resting on the river, and the left on a pine wood, exhibiting a front of about seven hundred yards. The ground being open, the troops were thus disposed: the flank companies of the 49th regiment, the detachment of the Canadian fencibles, with one field piece, under Lieutenant Colonel Pearson, on the right, a little advanced on the road; three companies of the 89th regiment, under Captain Barnes, with a gun, formed in echelon, with the advance on its left supporting it. The 49th and 89th, thrown more to the rear, with a gun, formed the main body and reserve, extending to the woods on the left, which were occupied by the voltigeurs, under Major Herriot, and the Indians under Lieutenant Anderson. At about half past two the action became general, when the enemy endeavored, by moving forward a brigade from his right, to turn our left, but was repulsed by the 89th, forming *en potence* with the 49th, and both corps moving forward, occasionally firing by platoons. His efforts were next directed against our right, and to repulse this movement the 49th took ground in that direction in echelon, followed by the 89th; when within half musket shot the line was formed, under a heavy but irregular fire from the enemy. The 49th was then directed to charge the gun posted opposite to ours; but it became necessary, when within a short distance of it, to check the forward movement, in consequence of a charge from their cavalry on the right, lest they should wheel about, and fall upon their rear; but they were received in so

gallant a manner by the companies of the 89th, under Captain Barnes, and the well-directed fire of the artillery, that they quickly retreated, and by an immediate charge from those companies one gun was gained. The enemy immediately concentrated their force to check our advance, but such was the steady countenance, and well-directed fire of the troops and artillery, that at about half-past four they gave way at all points from an exceeding strong position, endeavoring by their light infantry to cover their retreat, who were soon driven away by a judicious movement made by Lieutenant Colonel Pearson. The detachment for the night occupied the ground from which the enemy had been driven, and are now moving in pursuit.

I regret to find our loss in killed and wounded has been so considerable; but trust a most essential service has been rendered to the country, as the whole of the enemy's infantry, after the action, precipitately retired to their own shores. It is now my grateful duty to point out to your honor the benefit the service has received from the ability, judgment, and active exertions of Lieutenant Colonel Harvey, the deputy-adjutant-general, for sparing whom to accompany the detachment, I must again publicly express my acknowledgments. To the cordial co-operation and exertions of Lieutenant Colonel Pearson, commanding the detachment from Prescott, Lieutenant Colonel Plenderleath, of the 49th, Major Clifford, of the 89th, Major Herriott, of the voltigeurs, and Captain Jackson of the royal artillery, combined with the gallantry of the troops, our great success may be attributed. Every man did his duty, and I believe I cannot more strongly speak their merits than in mentioning, that our small force did not exceed eight hundred rank and file. To Captains Davis and Skinner, of the quarter-master-general's department, I am under the greatest obligations for the assistance I have received from them; their zeal and activity has been unremitting. Lieutenant Hagerman, of the militia, has also, for his services, deserved my public acknowledgments, as has also Lieutenant Anderson, of the Indian department. As the prisoners are hourly bringing in, I am unable to furnish your honor with a correct return of them, but upwards of one hundred are in our possession; neither can I

give an account of the ordnance stores taken, as the whole have not yet been collected.

I have the honor to be, &c.

J. W. MORRISON,

Lieut. Col. 89th, commanding
corps of observation.

Total of killed and wounded—one captain, two drummers, nineteen rank and file, killed; one captain, nine subalterns, six sergeants, one hundred and thirty-one rank and file, wounded; twelve rank and file, missing.

Col. Morrison does not mention the number of troops under his command at Chrysler's farm, but James places them at "eight hundred rank and file, besides Lieutenant Anderson and about thirty Indians, who had accompanied the detachment from Kingston."

This number General Wilkinson has continued to swell in his official letters* from six-

**From major-general Wilkinson to the American secretary at war.*

HEAD-QUARTERS, FRENCH MILLS,
Adjoining the Province of Lower Canada,
16th November, 1813.

SIR,—I beg leave to refer you to the journal which accompanies this letter, for the particulars of the movements of the corps under my command, down to the St. Lawrence, and will endeavour to exert my unfeeble mind to detail to you the more striking and important incidents which have ensued since my departure from Grenadier Island, at the foot of Lake Ontario, on the 8rd instant.

The corps of the enemy which followed me from Kingston, being on my rear, and in concert with a heavy galley and a few gun-boats, seemed determined to retard my progress. I was tempted to halt, turn about, and put an end to his teasing: but alas! I was confined to my bed. Major-general Lewis was too ill for any active exertions; and above all, I did not dare to suffer myself to be diverted a single day from the prosecution of the views of government. I had written major-general Hampton on the 6th inst., by adjutant-general colonel King, and had ordered him to form a junction with me on the St. Lawrence, which I expected would take place on the 9th or 10th. It would have been unpardonable, had I lost sight of this object an instant. I deemed it of vital importance to the issue of the campaign.

The enemy deserves credit for their zeal and intelligence, which the active universal hostility of the male inhabitants of the country enabled them to employ to the greatest advantage.

Thus, while menaced by a respectable force in the rear, the coast was lined with musketry in front, and at every critical part of the river, which obliged me to march a detachment, and this impeded my progress.

teen hundred to two thousand, and not satisfied even with this amplification, in a note to his memoirs, written long subsequently, the American General actually ventured to state that, "the enemy showed twenty five hundred men in battalion, on the 11th, and this force was beaten back, by seventeen hundred of *undisciplined* troops, upon a reserve of seven hundred men, making the whole strength of the enemy thirty-two hundred men."

To disprove this is easy, and if we take Col. Walbacks evidence, (who was in the action, and swore, at the general's court martial, "That he had a fair view of the enemy, and that he supposed the whole, regulars, militia, and indians to have been between eleven and twelve hundred men") and compare

it with the testimony of Major-generals Lewis, Boyd, Covington, and Swartwout, who concurred in opinion "that the British force amounted to about five hundred," James, statement may be considered as very nearly correct. By adding as much to the numbers given by the four generals, as we deduct from Walback's, we arrive at James' numbers. This may fairly be done, as at the Court Martial one party was doing his best to support general Wilkinson, while the others were, perhaps, influenced by opposite feelings.

Having settled this point, we will in turn, attempt to fix the numbers of Americans.

It has been truly said that—

"A tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."

and this is literally the case with General

On the evening of the 9th, the army halted a few miles from the head of Longue Sault. On the morning of the 10th the enclosed order was issued. General Browne marched, agreeably to order, and at noon we were apprised, by the reports of his artillery, that he was engaged some distance below us. At the same time the enemy were observed in our rear, and their galley and gun-boats approached our flotilla, and opened a fire upon us, which obliged me to order a battery of 18-pounders to be planted, and a shot from it compelled the enemy's vessels to retire, together with their troops, after some firing between the advanced parties. By this time, in consequence of his disembarking and re-embarking the heavy guns, the day was so far spent, that our pilots did not dare to enter the Sault (eight miles a continued rapid), and therefore we fell down about two miles, and came to anchor for the night.

Early the next morning everything was in readiness for motion; but having received no intelligence from General Brown, I was still delayed, as sound precaution required I should learn the result of his affair, before I committed the flotilla to the Sault.

At half-past ten A.M., an officer of dragoons arrived with a letter, in which the General informed me he had forced the enemy, and would reach the foot of the Sault early in the day. Orders were immediately given for the flotilla to sail, at which instant the enemy's gun-boats appeared, and began to throw shot among us. Information was at the same time brought me from Brigadier-general Boyd, that the enemy's troops were advancing in column. I immediately gave orders to him to attend them. This report was soon contradicted. Their gun-boats, however, continued to scratch us, and a variety of reports of their movements and counter-movements were brought to me in succession, which convinced me of their determination to hazard an attack, when it could be done to the greatest advantage; and I therefore resolved to anticipate them. Directions were accordingly sent by that distinguished officer, Colonel Swift of the engineers, to Brigad-

ier-gen. Boyd, to throw down the detachments of his command, assigned to him in the order of the preceding day, and composed of men of his own, Covington's and Swartwout's brigades, into three columns, to march upon the enemy, outflank them if possible, and take their artillery.

The action soon after commenced with the advanced body of the enemy, and became extremely sharp and galling; and lasted, with occasional pauses, not sustained with great vivacity, in open space, and fair combat, for upwards of two hours and a half, the adverse lines alternately yielding and advancing. It is impossible to say with accuracy what was our number on the field, because it consisted of indefinite detachments, taken from the boats, to render safe the passage of the Sault.

General Covington and Swartwout voluntarily took part in the action, at the head of the detachments from their respective brigades, and exhibited the same courage that was displayed by Brigadier-general Boyd, who happened to be the senior officer on the ground. Our force engaged might have reached 1600 or 1700 men, but actually did not exceed 1800. That of the enemy was estimated from 1200 to 2000, but did not probably amount to more than 1500 or 1600; consisting as I am informed, of detachments from the 49th, 84th, and 104th regiments of the line, with three companies of the voltigeur and Glen-gary corps, and the militia of the country, who are not included in the estimate.

It would be presumptuous in me to attempt to give you a detailed account of this affair, which certainly reflects high honor on the valor of the American soldiers, as no example can be produced of undisciplined men, with inexperienced officers, braving a fire of two hours and a half, without quitting the field; or yielding to their antagonists. But, sir, the information I now give you is derived from officers in my confidence, who took active parts in the conflict; for, although I was enabled to order the attack, it was my hard fortune not to be able to lead the troops I commanded.

Wilkinson. In his first letter that officer declares that "General Boyd's force did not exceed eighteen hundred men." In his second letter, the General discovers and corrects an omission of six hundred men under Lieutenant-Colonel Upham. In a note to the General's book we meet with the new assertion, "*The force under General Boyd, which engaged the enemy at Chrysler's, was superior to him*;" in this case Boyd's force must have exceeded thirty-two hundred men. We leave it to the reader to judge and reconcile the conflicting assertions.

From Wilkinson's own notes, we may safely place the numbers of the Americans at twenty-nine hundred men, acting under General Boyd and as assistants to the crews of the flotilla, in navigating the rapids; and making the most liberal allowance for this head, we have still left an American force thrice as great as that of the British, at Chrysler's.

On the evening of the day of battle, the Americans retired to their boats and embarked,

proceeding to Barnhartz, near Cornwall, not as had been their intention by a land march, but in crowded boats, exposed to the annoying fire of their pursuers both by land and water.

Leaving, for a short space Gen. Wilkinson, we will follow the former General Hampton's movements—his force. whom we left, organising an attack, from the eastward, with, as we have previously stated, perhaps the most efficient division that had as yet taken the field during the war. As to numbers we have the authority of the Washington organ, which states that at Burlington "were then collected five thousand regulars, under Major-General Hampton. Two thousand more were on their march and immediately expected from the Eastern States, and several smaller bodies were pushing to that post from other quarters."

Allowing that all these troops, either did not arrive in time, or were not required by the American General, we have still in his

The disease with which I was assailed on the 2nd of September, on my journey to Fort-George, having, with a few short intervals of convalescence, preyed on me ever since; at the moment of this action I was confined to my bed, unable to sit on a horse, or to move ten paces without assistance. I must, however, be pardoned for trespassing on your time by a few remarks in relation to this affair. The objects of the British and American commanders were precisely opposed, the first being bound by the instructions of his government, and the most solemn obligations of duty, to precipitate his descent of the St. Lawrence by every practicable means, because this being effected, one of the greatest difficulties opposed to the American army would be surmounted; and the former by duties equally imperious, to retard it, and if possible to prevent such a descent. He is to be accounted victorious who effected this purpose. The British commander having failed to gain either of the objects, can lay no claims to the honors of the day. The battle fluctuated, and the victory seemed at different times inclined to the contending corps. The front of the enemy was at first forced back more than a mile, and though they never regained the ground they lost, their stand was permanent, and their charges resolute. Amidst these charges, and near the close of the contest, we lost a field-piece by the fall of the officer who was serving it with the same coolness as if he had been at parade, or at a review. This was lieutenant Smith, of the light artillery, who in point of merit stood conspicuous. The enemy having halted, and our troops having again formed in battalion, front to front, and the fire having ceased on both sides, we resumed our position on the bank of the river, and the infantry being much fatigued, the

whole were re-embarked, and proceeded down the river without further annoyance from the enemy or their gun boats, while the dragoons with five pieces of light artillery marched down the Canada shore without molestation.

It is due to his rank, merit, and services, that I should make particular mention of brigadier-general Covington, who received a mortal wound directly through his body, while animating his men, and leading them to the charge. He fell where he fought, at the head of his men, and survived but two days.

The next day the flotilla passed through the Sault, and joined that excellent officer, brigadier-general Brown, at Barnhartz, near Cornwall, where he had been instructed to take post and wait my arrival, and where I confidently expected to hear of major-general Hampton's arrival on the opposite shore.

But immediately after I had halted, col. Atkinson, inspector-general of the division under major-general Hampton, waited on me with a letter from that officer, in which, to my unspeakable mortification and surprise, he declined the junction ordered—and informed me he was marching to Lake Champlain, by way of co-operation in the proposed attack upon Montreal. This letter, together with a copy of that to which it is in answer, were immediately submitted to a council of war, composed of many general officers, and the colonel commanding the elite, the chief engineer and adjutant-general, who immediately gave it as their opinion, that the attack on Montreal should be abandoned for the present season, and the army near Cornwall be immediately crossed to the American shore, for taking up winter quarters, and that this place afforded an eligible position for such quarters. I acquiesced in this

letter, to the Secretary of War, of the 12th October, very satisfactory proofs not only as to numbers, but also as to efficiency.

"Four thousand *effectives* infantry, and a well appointed train of artillery, ought to inspire you with some reliance upon our army."

Here is evidence to substantiate our assertion, and be it remarked that there is no proof that the expected reinforcements did not arrive, as General Hampton speaks only of effective infantry, and would not be likely to include the raw levies which were pouring in on him in the category of effectives. Neither is mention made of cavalry, although a force without which American movements were seldom attempted.

On the 22nd October, General Hampton reached the junction of the Outarde and Chateauguay rivers. Here Col. De Salaberry was prepared to check their further advance with literally a handful of Canadians, and most judiciously does he seem to have posted himself. According to Christie, "In his rear there was a small rapid, where the river was fordable; this he covered with a strong breast-work and a guard, keeping at the same time a strong picquet of the Beauharnois militia,

in advance on the right bank of the river, lest the enemy approaching under cover of the forest, might cross the ford and dislodge him from his ground."

Hampton, perceiving the importance of forcing this position, ordered Colonel Purdy on the night of the 25th, with a strong body to fall on De Salaberry's rear, while he attacked him in front with the main body. Fortunately Purdy got bewildered in the woods, and did not gain the point of attack as desired. In the morning General Hampton, with from three thousand five hundred to four thousand men under General Izard, advanced, expecting every hour to see the effects of Purdy's attack from the rear. This advance was gallantly met by De Salaberry, and checked the American skirmishers retreating on the main body. This retreat was mistaken for a flight and the advancing body wavered, De Salaberry remarking that, from numbers he must be speedily outflanked, resorted to a ruse which proved completely successful. He ordered the buglers placed at intervals to sound an advance, which

From general Wilkinson to the American secretary at war.

Head-quarters, French Mills, Nov. 18, 1813.

SIR,—I beg this may be considered as an appendage to my official communication respecting the action of the 11th instant.

I last evening received the enclosed information, the result of the examination of sundry prisoners taken on the field of battle, which justifies the opinion of the general officers who were in the engagement. This goes to prove that, although the imperious obligations of duty did not allow me sufficient time to rout the enemy, they were beaten; the accidental loss of one field-piece notwithstanding, after it had been discharged 15 or 20 times. I have also learned, from what has been considered good authority, but I will not vouch for the correctness of it, that the enemy's loss exceeded 500 killed and wounded.

The enclosed report will correct an error in my former communication, as it appears it was the 89th, and not the 84th, British regiment, which was engaged on the 11th. I beg leave to mention, in the action of the 11th, what, from my severe indisposition, I have omitted.

Having received information, late in the day, that the contest had become somewhat dubious, I ordered up a reserve of 500 men, whom I had ordered to stand by their arms, under lieutenant-col. Upham, who gallantly led them into action, which terminated a few minutes after their arrival on the ground. With great consideration and respect, I have the honor to be, &c.

JAMES WILKINSON.

Hon. John Armstrong, secretary at war.

opinion, not from the shortness of the stock of provisions, (which had been reduced by the acts of God,) because our meat had been increased five days, and our bread had been reduced only two days; and because we could, in case of extremity, have lived on the enemy, but because the loss of the division under major-general Hampton weakened my force too sensibly to justify the attempt.

In all my measures and movements of consequence, I have taken the opinion of my general officers, which have been accordant with my own.

I remained on the Canadian shore till the next day, without seeing or hearing from the powerful force of the enemy in our neighbourhood, and the same day reached this position with the artillery and infantry.

The dragoons have been ordered to Utica and its vicinity, and I expect are 50 or 60 miles on the march. You have, under cover, a summary abstract of the killed and wounded in the affair of the 11th instant, which will soon be followed by a particular return; in which, a first regard will be paid to individual merit. The dead rest in honor, and the wounded bleed for their country, and deserve its gratitude. With respect,

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

JAS. WILKINSON.

Here follows a statement of the killed and wounded;—*Killed*, 102.—*Wounded*, 286.

Hon. J. Armstrong, &c. &c. &c.

had the effect of checking the ardor of the enemy, and, just at this moment, a company of the Provincial militia, hitherto concealed, opened an unexpected fire on the main body. This almost flank fire, and the extended line along which the bugles appeared to sound, possessed General Hampton and his army with the idea that a powerful body was in front and on the flanks, and the Americans were thrown into the utmost disorder, and a tumultuous and precipitate retreat ensued—leaving Col. DeSalaberry, with scarcely three hundred Canadians, master of the field. About the close of the affair Sir George Prevost and General DeWatteville arrived on the ground.

Even Ingersol is compelled to remark respecting this affair, "Encomium on the prowess of Col. De Salaberry and his Canadian countrymen is probably well founded. It is true that a few hundred of them worsted an army of between four and five thousand American regulars, when General Hampton had been for some time assiduously preparing for active service, and the bubble of Canadian conquest burst and evaporated, if not forever, at any rate for that war."

A more detailed account will be found in the following general order of October 27th :

HEAD-QUARTERS,

A Fourche, on Chateauguay river.

Oct. 27th, 1813.

GENERAL ORDERS.—His excellency the governor-in-chief and commander of the forces has received from major-general De Watteville, the report of the affair which took place at the advanced position of his post, at 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning, between the American army under the command of major-general Hampton, and the advanced pickets of the British thrown out for the purpose of covering working parties, under the direction of lieut. col. De Salaberry ; the judicious position chosen by that officer, and the excellent disposition of his little band, composed of the light infantry of Canadian fencibles, and two companies of Canadian voltigeurs, repulsed with loss the advance of the enemy's principal column commanded by gen. Hampton in person ; and the American light brigade under col. M'Carty, was in a like manner checked in its progress on the south side of the river, by the gallant and spirited advance of the flank company 8d battalion embodied militia,

under captain Daly, supported by captain Bruyere's company of Sedentary militia. Captains Daly and Bruyere being both wounded, and their companies having sustained some loss, their position was immediately taken up by a flank company of the first battalion embodied militia. The enemy rallied and repeatedly returned to the attack, which terminated only with the day in his complete disgrace and defeat, being foiled by a handful of men not amounting to a *twentieth* part of the force opposed to them ; but which, nevertheless, by their determined bravery maintained their position, and effectually protected the working parties, who continued their labors unmolested. Lieut. col. De Salaberry reports having experienced the most able support from captain Ferguson, in command of the light company Canadian Fencibles, and also from captain Jean Bapt. Duchesnay, of the two companies of Voltigeurs ; from captain Lamoote and adjutants Hebden and O'Sullivan, and from every officer and soldier engaged, whose gallantry and steadiness were conspicuous and praiseworthy in the highest degree.

His excellency, the governor-in-chief and commander of the forces, having had the satisfaction of himself witnessing the conduct of the troops on this brilliant occasion, feels it a gratifying duty to render them that praise which is so justly their due ; to major-general De Watteville for the admirable arrangement established by him for the defence of his post ; to lieut. col. De Salaberry, for his judicious and officerlike conduct displayed in the choice of position and arrangement of his force ; to the officers and men engaged with the enemy the warmest acknowledgments of his Excellency are due, for their gallantry and steadiness, and to all the troops at the station the highest praise belongs, for their zeal, steadiness, and discipline, and for the patient endurance of hardship and privation which they have evinced. A determined perseverance in this honorable conduct cannot fail of crowning the brave and loyal Canadians with victory, and hurling disgrace and confusion on the head of the enemy that would pollute their happy soil.

By the report of prisoners, the enemy's force is stated at 7,500 infantry, 400 cavalry, and ten field pieces. The British advanced

force actually engaged, did not exceed *three hundred*. The enemy suffered severely from our fire, as well as from their own; some detached corps having fired upon each other by mistake in the woods.

Canadian light company had 3 rank and file killed—1 sergeant, 3 rank and file wounded.

Voltegeurs, 4 rank and file wounded.

Third battalion, flank company, 1 captain wounded—2 rank and file killed, 6 wounded, and four missing.

Chateauguay Chasseurs, 1 captain wounded.

Total—5 rank and file killed—2 captains, 1 sergeant, 18 rank and file wounded, and 4 missing.

Officers wounded—captain Daly, 8d embodied militia, twice wounded severely, but not dangerously. Captain Bruyere, Chateauguay chasseurs, slightly.

(Signed) EDWARD BAYNES, adj. gen.

After his repulse at Chateauguay, General Hampton retreats. Hampton, retreated to his late position; and, on assembling a council of war, it was determined to fall back on their former position at Four Corners, so as to keep open the communication with the United States, and, at the same time, be in readiness, if possible, to renew an attack on the enemy. The retreat was much impeded and harrassed by the Canadian militia,* who hung on their rear; and, indeed, so great had been the fatigues and privations experienced by the Eastern division, from constant attacks and the inclemency of the season, that General Hampton, deeming farther co-operation with General Wilkinson impossible, shortly after fell back upon Plattsburg, and retired to winter quarters.

We will now return to General Wilkinson, whom we left, near Cornwall, awaiting the arrival of General Hampton.

General Wilkinson was not kept very long in suspense, as on the 12th November, a letter from Hampton made its appearance, "*blasting*," according to the commander-in-chief," all his

hopes, and destroying every prospect of the campaign." A council of war was called on the receipt of this communication, and it was determined that "the conduct of Major General Hampton, in refusing to join his division to the troops descending the St. Lawrence (to carry an attack on Montreal,) rendered it expedient to move the army to French Mills, on Salmon river."

This determination was carried into effect on the 13th.

General order. The retreat of the two American generals, with their forces, having removed every appearance of danger, the commander of the forces, by a general order of the 17th November, dismissed the Sedentary Militia, with due acknowledgements of the loyalty and zeal which they had manifested.*

The failure of an invasion planned on so great a scale was with difficulty apologised for by the public journals in the pay of government; but the Boston Gazette, not having a share of government patronage, was enabled to speak out boldly; and we transcribe an extract from that journal:—

"Every hour is fraught with doleful tidings—humanity groans from the frontiers. Hampton's army is reduced to about two thousand, Wilkinson's cut up and famishing; crimination and recrimination are the order of the day. Democracy has rolled herself up in weeds, and laid down for its last wallowing in the slough of disgrace. Armstrong the cold-

* "Head Quarters, Lachine,
November 17th, 1813.

"General Order.—The divisions of sedentary militia called out by the general order of the 8th instant, are to be disbanded and to return to their respective homes, in the following order.

"His excellency the governor in chief and commander of the forces, in dispensing, for the present, with the further services of the militia, feels the greatest satisfaction in acknowledging the cheerful alacrity with which they have repaired to their respective posts, and the loyalty and zeal they have manifested at the prospect of encountering the enemy—although he has been checked in his career by the bravery and discipline of his Majesty's troops in the Upper Province, and thus frustrated in his avowed intention of landing on this island, his excellency feels confident that had he been enabled to reach it, whatever might have been his force, he would have met with that steady and determined resistance from the militia of the province, which would have terminated his third attempt for its invasion, like those which preceded it, in defeat and disgrace.

* Sir George Prevost, in his official despatch on this occasion, solicited from the Prince Regent, as a mark of his gracious approbation of the embodied battalions of the Canadian militia, five pairs of colors, for the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th battalions, which was accordingly granted.

blooded director of all the military anarchy, is chopfallen."

The Boston Gazette was not the only plain spoken journal in this respect. Similar ridicule assailed government from all parts of the north and east, and announced that "complete ruin from Champlain to Erie,† marked the retrograde of American arms, closing the year 1813 with a destructive invasion."

It will be now interesting to inquire into the causes of the failure, and to ascertain how far it was attributable to the gallantry of the defenders, and in what degree to be ascribed to the disputes or imbecility of the American generals.

It appears as if an overruling Providence had ordained that, by means of the failure of the expeditions. of inefficient leaders, the expeditions, from which the greatest results were expected, should be precisely those to be frustrated and covered with ignominy and shame. Hull, Dearborn, and Smyth have alike been found the most energetic of leaders in their proclamations, but just the reverse in the hour of action, and so it was in the present instance. The American government committed the fatal mistake of entrusting the command of the most important expedition ever sent forth since the formation of the Republic, to two generals most heartily

jealous of each other, and political enemies; the Secretary at War being at the same time, if we are to judge by his writing, an opponent of the commander-in-chief of the expedition. The result of this we have seen.

The failure is to be ascribed to two causes. General Wilkinson's incompetence, and Hampton's anxiety to secure to himself the honors of the expedition.

Of the first we have the most abundant evidence furnished at the court martial held on General Wilkinson.

The testimony of Mr. Thime on that trial prove these facts.

"1st. That the General began his expedition without knowing whether he carried with his army of eight thousand men, subsistence sufficient for five days or for fifty.

"2ndly. That his attention to this important subject was first awakened at Grenadier Island, in consequence of the supposed effect of a storm on the provision boats.

"3rdly. That, although apprised that the loss was great, he adopted no measures to remedy that disaster."

Nor was this all that was proved. In the General's diary it is stated that, on the 7th of November, having passed all the preceding night in the open air, he was

"The Montreal Volunteers, to march from Lachine, at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning, to Montreal.

"The 1st batt. of Montreal militia, at 8 o'clock on Friday morning.

"The 2d batt. at 10 o'clock, and the 3d batt., at 12 o'clock, on the same day.

"The above corps are to remain embodied until the 24th instant, on which day a corps of the line will relieve them.

"On the 20th instant, colonel McGill will allow the whole of the men belonging to the second class of sedentary militia to return to their respective homes.—Upon proper certificates being produced to the commissariat of Montreal, each captain or commanding officer of a company of sedentary militia is to receive for every private man, returning home, at the rate of 1s. 3d. currency and non-commissioned officers in that proportion, for every five leagues that they have to travel—this allowance is, for that period, in lieu of pay and rations.

"Colonel La Croix's division, now at Lower Lachine, is to march from thence on the 20th instant, so as to arrive on the Champ de Mars,

† In allusion to the British descent on the Niagara frontier.

at Montreal, by 10 o'clock in the morning of that day, for the purpose of piling their arms, and returning in store their accoutrements, ammunition, blankets, haversacks, and canteens.

"Lieut. col. M'Kenzie's battalion will march from its present quarters so as to arrive on the Champ de Mars, at 12 o'clock the same day,—and lieut. col. Leprohon's at 2 o'clock.

"Lieut. col. Cuthbert's is to arrive on the Champ de Mars, at 10 o'clock on the 21st inst.—The battalion placed under the command of lieut. col. Boucherville will leave the ground it at present occupies on the 12th, and proceed to Montreal on its route to Three Rivers.—The one confided to the command of lieut. col. Deschambault will commence falling back to Montreal on the 23d instant.—The remaining battalions of the sedentary militia are to commence their march for their respective parishes on the 23d.

"The quarter-master general of the forces will make the necessary arrangements for relieving captain Platt's troop of Volunteer Cavalry from its present duty, on or before the 24th instant when it is to return to Montreal for the purpose of being disarmed until further orders.

"By his excellency's command,

EDWARD BAYNES,
Adjt.-general."

in consequence thereof much indisposed. The statements which follow will show to what cause the General's indisposition was really to be ascribed.

"On or about the 6th of November, 1818, (the night the American troops passed Ogdensburgh and Prescott,) having received orders to muffle the oars, and leave men enough barely sufficient to man the boats, we marched the remainder by land below Ogdensburgh. When we arrived, as we thought, near the place where we were to meet the boats, (say a mile below Ogdensburgh,) we halted at a small house near the river (D. Thorp's); and while there, discovered a boat approaching the shore. Major Forsyth hailed the crew, and on explanation was informed it was General Wilkinson's boat. The Major, myself, and others, met the General at the water's edge, and asked if he wished to come on shore. Indicating that he did, Forsyth and myself took him by the arms to assist him out of the boat, and up the bank. We found him most abominably intoxicated, and hurried him into the house; during which time, he was muttering the most desperate imprecations against the enemy—saying, that if they did not cease firing, he would blow to dust the whole British garrison, and lay waste their country. After seating him on a chair near the fire, the major and myself retired to consult what was best to be done, under the present situation of the commander-in-chief; when we concluded to detail and post a guard near the door of the house, to keep out both citizens and soldiers. I made the detail and posted the sentinel, and soon afterward perceiving the General to nod, and apprehending that he would fall into the fire, I proposed laying him on something like a bedstead that was in the room, and having done so, he was, in a very short time, in a sound sleep. The time to the best of my recollection, at which we received the General, was about two o'clock in the morning. For some time after this occurrence, he was not very accessible; it was said that he was in bad health."

The above is a statement made by Major Birdsall.

"Owin Chatfield deposeth and saith, that, on the night the American army passed Prescott, this deponent went to the house of Daniel Thorp. This deponent farther saith, that

General James Wilkinson was there, and in a state of intoxication; and that his deportment, and obscene and vulgar conversation, but too plainly manifested his being in that situation. This deponent farther saith, that the General sung several obscene and vulgar songs; and farther saith not.

(Signed) OWIN CHATFIELD.

Sworn before me at the village of Ogdensburgh, this 17th of July, 1835.

JOHN SCOTT,

Justice of the Peace, &c.

"Daniel Thorp deposeth and saith, that he lives about a mile below the village of Ogdensburgh, and that, on the night the American army passed Prescott, General James Wilkinson came to the house of deponent in a state of intoxication, as deponent verily believed at the time, and which he still believes; and that soon after his arrival at deponent's house, the General was put to bed. This deponent farther saith, that the General remained at his house several hours, and that, during his stay there, his behaviour was very unlike a gentleman, and his conversation very vulgar and obscene.

(Signed) DANIEL THORP.

Sworn before me, this 18th of July, 1819.

JOHN SCOTT,

Justice of the Peace, &c."

Were this proof not sufficient, there is that of General Boyd, who deposed at the trial "that he sought an interview with the general commanding, for the purpose of reporting the occurrences of the day, and receiving such new orders as they might suggest, and found an aide-de-camp at the door instructed to announce that the chief of the army was not in a condition, to receive visits, give orders, or even listen to a reporting officer, just returned from a field of battle."

The opinion the reader must have formed of the General's capability for command after these extracts, will enable him to arrive at a very sufficient conclusion as to the main cause of the failure. We have, however, a farther cause—the gallantry of the men "who," according to Ingersol, "in brigs, schooners, gun boats and galleys, led by the gallant Captain Mulcaster, gave our craft no repose or respite from attack." This, too, although Chauncey had boasted that he was to destroy Sir James Yeo's squadron, and *ensure a safe*

passage for the flotilla down the river. So much for Chaunceyan gasconade.

Ingersol, in mentioning Wilkinson's diary, calls it "the Odyssey of a calamitous voyage, by a bed-ridden general and his tempest tossed followers, who were continually assailed by vigilant and skilful enemies on the water, and from batteries along the shores, at every turn."

The highest meed of praise we can award to the Brito-Canadian defenders of their soil and perhaps the most reliable, as it comes from an enemy, is simply to transcribe a passage from Ingersoll.

"The British and Canadian troops deserve great credit for the persevering and invincible spirit in which they met a formidable invasion, fortified every pass on the St. Lawrence, seized every opportunity of harassing, impeding, and assailing our army, until at last they, more than storms, and casualties, *more than Hampton's defection*, forced it to dishonored defeat, when, well led, there was every pledge of victory." We need add nothing to such commendation.

The reasons assigned by General Hampton, General Hampton, in vindication of his disobedience, were want of food for men; forage, for cattle and horses, and means of transporting more of the former than each soldier could carry on his back. These excuses can be doubly disproved, first by Hampton's own letter to Wilkinson in answer to one from that general, complaining of scarcity of provisions. Hampton, in that letter, so far from setting forth any scarcity on his part, distinctly says, "I hope to be able to prevent your starving;" and then continues, "besides rawness and sickness, my troops have endured fatigues equal to a winter campaign in the late snows and bad weather, and are sadly depressed and fallen off." When thus complaining, it is not likely that Hampton would have omitted to add to his complaint of "fatigues undergone," that of scarcity of provisions, had such really existed. This point established, we may safely adduce as the second means of disproof, the testimony given at Wilkinson's trial by various officers. First, General Bissel deposeth—

"That he reached the Four Corners with his regiment, on the 15th November, from

St. Regis—that the marching was generally dry, the roads frozen, and part of them sandy—that, for a few miles through the woods, the frost, in some places, yielded to loaded waggons—that he had a number of horses with his regiment, but found no difficulty in procuring supplies for them, his quartermaster purchasing a considerable quantity of hay and corn, within three miles of the Four Corners."

Colonel Thomas, quartermaster-general of Hampton's army, deposeth—"That there was always on hand full supplies of hard bread, flour, salt pork, and beef, and beef cattle with the army; and that he was always competent to furnish means of transportation for said army, wherever it might be ordered to move, as well after as before General Wilkinson's order to General Hampton to join the army on the St. Lawrence."

Major Wadsworth, issuing commissary, deposeth—"That he had constantly a full supply for the troops, of hard bread, flour, salt pork, and beef; and after the first of October, constantly with the army, a considerable number of beef cattle. About the 10th of November, when the division moved from Chateauguay (Four Corners) to Plattsburgh, there was in deposit forty-five days' provision of bread and flour, a considerable quantity of salt meat, and at the Four Corners and its vicinity, seven or eight hundred head of fat cattle."

Captain Conkling, of the 4th U. S. infantry deputy quartermaster, being asked by the court what time it would have taken to remove the division, with its provision and baggage, from the Four Corners to St. Regis, on the St. Lawrence, deposeth—"That he did not exactly know the distance between the two places, but if twenty-five miles, as reported, it would have taken three days."

The real secret of the failure was the jealousy of the two commanders and the secretary at war, Wilkinson's jealousy of Armstrong's authority being as sensitive, as Hampton's of Wilkinson. As early as the 24th of August, Wilkinson, according to Ingersol, wrote to Armstrong requesting that he would not interfere with his arrangements, or give orders within the district of his command, meaning, of course, that he wished Hampton to receive no orders save through him.

Two heads on the same shoulders make a monster. Happily for Canada, this great expedition, nay the whole campaign, was a monster with three heads, biting and barking at each other with a madness which destroyed them all, disgraced the country, and saved Canada. Discord was a leprosy in the very heart of the undertaking, and to this fully as much as to Canadian gallantry, great as it undoubtedly was, is to be ascribed the failure of the long cherished schemes and hopes of the war party.

The sad intelligence of the catastrophe on the Thames reached General Vincent about the 9th October, and that active officer, in order to secure a central position, so as either to co-operate with the remains of Proctor's army, or renew operations on the Niagara frontier, immediately moved his troops from the cross roads to Burlington heights, where Proctor joined him with the small remnant of his division. This movement has been described by American historians thus—

"General McClure, with the New York militia, volunteers, and Indians, succeeded in driving the British army from the vicinity of Fort George, and pursued them as far as the Twelve Mile Creek."

The subsequent conduct of General McClure and his army will satisfy the reader as to the probability of this statement.

The effect produced on Sir George Prevost by the tidings of Proctor's discomfiture was an order to Vincent, to commence his retreat without delay, and to evacuate all the British posts beyond Kingston. A council of war, held at Burlington heights, decided, however, upon an opposite course of action, and it was determined to defend the western peninsula at all hazards. James's remarks on this order of Prevost are forcible and just:—

"Fatal, indeed, would have been the retreat. There was still a considerable number of sick, both at Burlington heights and at York; and, considering the season of the year and the state of the roads, the whole of them must have been left to the protection of the enemy. Nor, for the same reason, could the ordnance, ordnance stores, baggage, and pro-

visions have followed the army; and yet the garrison at Kingston, upon which place the troops were directed to retire, had, at this time, scarcely a week's provision in store. This abandonment, too, of territory so soon following up the affair at the Moravian village, what would the Indians have thought of us? In short, it will not bear reflection."

A very spirited occurrence grew out of one of the effects produced by Proctor's discomfiture. Two companies of the 100th regiment, which had been stationed at Charlotteville, in the London district, had been ordered to join the main body at Burlington heights, and orders had also been issued to disembodied the militia. The officer, however, to whom the execution of this duty had been entrusted, knowing that a body of American marauders, with some disaffected Americo-Canadians, had been committing outrages on the inhabitants, left a supply of arms and ammunition with some of the militia officers and privates. Col. Bostwick, of the Oxford militia, determined to put down the marauders, and having, accordingly, mustered forty-five men, he marched, towards the end of October, against, and fortunately fell in with, them, on the shore of Lake Erie, about nine miles from Dover. An engagement ensued, in which several of the gang were killed and wounded, and eighteen taken prisoners. These eighteen were tried and fifteen convicted of high treason—of this number eight were executed, and seven transported. The whole affair was very creditable, planned with considerable judgment, and carried out in a most spirited manner. The President of Upper Canada was so pleased with it that he issued a general order,* in commendation of the spirit and zeal displayed.

* "District general order.

District head-quarters,
Kingston, 35th November, 1813.

The major-general commanding, and president, having received from major-general Vincent a report of the very gallant and patriotic conduct of lieutenant-colonel Bostwick, and an association of 45 officers and men of the militia of the county of Norfolk, in capturing and destroying a band of traitors, who, in violation of their allegiance, and of every principle of honor and honesty, had leagued themselves with the enemies of their country, to plunder and make prisoners the peaceable and well disposed inhabitants of the province, major-general De Rottenburg requests that colonel Bostwick, and every individual of the association, will accept his best thanks for their

This general order we cannot but regard as a severe commentary on the policy of Sir George Proctor, which would have given up the whole peninsula without striking a single blow in its defence.

The inhabitants in the neighborhood of Fort George having represented to Gen. Vincent how exposed they were to the predatory attacks of General McClure's militia, who were pillaging their farm houses and destroying their barns, he determined to check these depredations and injuries. Colonel Murray was accordingly ordered to make a demonstration with three hundred and seventy-nine rank and file of the 100th regiment, about twenty volunteers, and seventy Indians led by Colonel Elliott, as far as the Forty Mile Creek, beyond which he was forbidden to proceed. This movement had the effect of making General McClure, who was posted at Twenty Mile Creek, decamp with considerable haste. Observing the effects of his demonstration, Col. Murray solicited and obtained permission to extend his march, first to the Twenty, and subsequently to the Twelve Mile Creeks. These approaches on Murray's part so alarmed the American General, by this time driven back to Fort George, as to induce him to adopt the atrocious measures which led to such just and prompt, and merited, though severe retaliation.

General McClure, having heard of the destruction of Newark, now Niagara, and dreading a similar fate, determined to evacuate Fort George. Even this step, however, was not considered by the American General as affording sufficient security; he feared lest Fort Niagara might be endangered should he leave a shelter for the advancing troops, and acting under this impulse, he wan-

teal and loyalty in planning, and gallantry in carrying into execution, this most useful and public spirited enterprise.

"The major-general and president hopes, that so striking an instance of the beneficial effect of unanimity and exertion in the cause of their country, will not fail of producing a due effect on the militia of this province. He calls upon them to observe how quickly the energetic conduct of 45 individuals has succeeded in freeing the inhabitants of an extensive district from a numerous and well armed banditti, who would soon have

tonly destroyed the flourishing village of Newark, and then ignobly fled into his own territory.

The winter of 1812 had set in unusually early, and for several days previous to the 10th December, the cold had been very severe, and deep snow covered the ground. It was in such weather that General McClure resolved to execute his barbarous plans. Half an hour's notice this second Davoust gave to the unfortunate inhabitants for preparation. This brief space was all that was accorded to the villagers to save their furniture, their babes, and their bed-ridden. This interval passed, the merciless incendiaries came round and executed their merciless orders. James's indignation at this affair is very great, when describing the burning of Newark:—

"Out of the one hundred and fifty houses of which Newark had consisted, all, save one, were levelled to the dust. Such articles of furniture and other valuables as the incendiaries could not, and the inhabitants had neglected or been unable, to carry away, shared the general fate. Of Counsellor Dickson's library, which had cost him between five and six hundred pounds sterling, scarcely a book escaped. Mr. Dickson was at this time a prisoner in the enemy's territory, and his wife lay on a sick bed. The ~~lady~~—how shall we proceed!—took up the poor lady, bed and all, and placed her upon the snow before her own door; where, shivering with cold, she beheld her house and all that was in it consumed to ashes! Upwards of four hundred helpless women and children, without provisions, and in some instances with scarcely clothes upon their backs, were thus compelled, after being the mournful spectators of the destruction of their habitations, to seek shelter at a distance, and that in such a night, too! The reader's imagination must supply the rest."

left them neither liberty nor property. He reminds them that, if so much can be effected by so small a number, what may not be expected from the unanimous exertions of the whole population, guided and assisted by a spirit of subordination, and aided by his majesty's troops, against an enemy who comes for no other purpose than to enslave, plunder, and destroy.

By order,

H. N. MOONSON,

Lieutenant A. D. A. G."

We will reserve our comments on this proceeding until we have accompanied the respective forces through the movements which quickly succeeded the destruction of Newark.

With such haste did McClure retreat, that the fortifications at Fort George, which had been repaired since their occupation by the Americans in May were left comparatively uninjured. He was in too much haste to destroy the magazines, or even to remove his tents, of which a sufficiency for fifteen hundred men were left standing—even the destruction of the new barracks, recently erected on the Niagara, was not deemed necessary.

Had McClure not retreated with such precipitancy, the indignation of the soldiers, as they beheld the smoking ruins of the beautiful and flourishing village, would have burst like a thunder stroke upon the heads of the American General and his troops.

Colonel Murray gives the following account of his march and occupation of Fort George:

"From colonel Murray to major-general Vincent."

Fort-George, Dec. 12, 1813.

SIR,—Having obtained information that the enemy had determined on driving the country between Fort George and the advance and was carrying off the loyal part of the inhabitants, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, I deem it my duty to make a rapid and forced march towards him with the light troops under my command, which not only frustrated his designs, but compelled him to evacuate Fort George, by precipitately crossing the river, and abandoning the whole of the Niagara frontier. On learning our approach, he laid the town of Newark in ashes, passed over his cannon and stores, but failed in an attempt to destroy the fortifications, which are evidently so much strengthened whilst in his possession, as might have enabled general McClure (the commanding officer) to have maintained a regular siege; but such was the apparent panic, that he left the whole of his tents standing.

I trust the indefatigable exertions of this handful of men have rendered an essential service to the country, by rescuing from a merciless enemy, the inhabitants of an extensive and highly cultivated tract of land, stored with cattle, grain, and provisions, of every

description; and it must be an exultation to them to find themselves delivered from the oppression of a lawless banditti, composed of the disaffected of the country, organized under the direct influence of the American government, who carried terror and dismay into every family.

I have the honor to be &c.

J. MURRAY,
Colonel.

To major-general Vincent, &c.

Sir George Prevost, relieved, by the unexpected termination of Wilkinson's expedition, from all further apprehension with regard either to Montreal or Kingston, now hastened to take such measures as would counterbalance the success which had attended General Harrison's movements, and secure the maintenance of the commanding positions yet held at Stony Creek and Burlington Heights.

Early in November Lieutenant General Drummond and Major General Riall had arrived from England; the former to relieve De Rottenburg in the military command and presidency in the Upper Province. Both these officers arrived at General Vincent's headquarters at St. David's, soon after the re-occupation of Fort George, and at the crisis when Col. Murray's energy and decision had been so ably manifested.

Colonel Murray proposed to General Drummond a retaliatory attack upon the opposite lines; and the proposal not only met with the cordial approbation of General Drummond, but his hearty sanction. Without waiting, therefore, for the permission of Sir George Prevost, he instructed Colonel Murray to carry his plans into immediate operation. This decision was right, as the delay necessary for waiting the orders of the commander in chief might have enabled the enemy to recover from his panic, and the opportunity for striking a vigorous blow and avenging the conflagration of Newark, might have been thus lost. Orders were therefore given for prompt and vigorous measures, to be carried out by Col. Murray and General Riall. Col. Murray's despatch gives a clear and unexaggerated account of the surprise of Fort Niagara:—

*From the same to lieutenant-general
Drummond.*

Fort Niagara, Dec. 19, 1813.

SIR,—In obedience to your honor's commands, directing me to attack Fort Niagara, with the advance of the army of the right, I resolved upon attempting a surprise. The embarkation commenced on the 18th, at night, and the whole of the troops were landed three miles from the fort, early on the following morning, in the following order of attack:—Advanced guard one subaltern and 20 rank and file; grenadiers 100th regiment; royal artillery, with grenadiers; five companies 100th regiment, under lieutenant-colonel Hamilton, to assault the main gate, and escalate the works adjacent; three companies of the 100th regiment, under captain Martin, to storm the eastern demi-bastion; captain Bailey, with the grenadiers royal Scots, was directed to attack the salient angle of the fortification; and the flank companies of the 41st regiment were ordered to support the principal attack.—Each party was provided with scaling ladders and axes. I have great satisfaction in acquainting your honor, that the fortress was carried by assault in the most resolute and gallant manner, after a short but spirited resistance.

The highly gratifying but difficult duty remains, of endeavoring to do justice to the bravery, intrepidity, and devotion of the 100th regiment to the service of their country, under that gallant officer lieutenant-colonel Hamilton, to whom I feel highly indebted for his cordial assistance. Captain Martin, 100th regiment, who executed the task allotted to him in the most intrepid manner, merits the greatest praise; I have to express my admiration of the valour of the royals, grenadiers, under captain Bailey, whose zeal and gallantry were very conspicuous. The just tribute of my applause is equally due to the flank companies of the 41st regiment, under lieutenant Bullock, who advanced to the attack with great spirit. The royal artillery under lieutenant Charlton, deserve my particular notice. To captain Elliot, deputy-assistant-quarter-master-general, who conducted one of the columns of attack, and superintended the embarkation, I feel highly obliged. I cannot pass over the brilliant services of lieutenant Dawson and Captain Fawcett 100th,

in command of the advance and grenadiers, who gallantly executed the orders entrusted to them, by entirely cutting off two of the enemy's piquets, and surprising the sentries on the glacis and at the gate, by which means the watchword was obtained, and the entrance into the fort greatly facilitated, to which may be attributed in a great degree our trifling loss. I beg leave to recommend these meritorious officers to your honors protection. The scientific knowledge of lieutenant Gengruben, royal engineers, in suggesting arrangements previous to the attack, and for securing the fort afterwards, I cannot too highly appreciate. The unwearied exertions of acting quarter-master Pilkington, 100th regiment, in bringing forward the materials requisite for the attack, demand my acknowledgements. Captain Kirby, lieutenants Ball, Scroos, and Hamilton, of the different provincial corps, deserve my thanks. My staff-adjutant, Mr. Brampton, will have the honor of presenting this despatch, and the standard of the American garrison; to his intelligence, valor, and friendly assistance, not only on this trying occasion, but on many former, I feel most grateful. Our force consisted of about 500 rank and file. Annexed is a return of our casualties, and the enemy's loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The ordnance and commissariat stores are so immense, that it is totally out of my power to forward to you a correct statement for some days, but 27 pieces of cannon, of different calibres, are on the works, and upwards of 3000 stand of arms, and many rifles in the arsenal. The store-houses are full of clothing and camp equipage of every description.

J. MURRAY,
Colonel.

His honor lieutenant-gen. Drummond, &c.

THE WRITERS FOR THE TIMES.

Went with Barnes to his own room, and drew up my paragraph, while he wrote part of an article for next day. Says that he writes himself as little as possible, finding that he is much more useful as a superintendent of the writings of others. The great deficiency he finds among his people is not a want of cleverness, but of common sense. There is not one of them (and he includes himself in the number) that can be trusted writing often or long on the same subject; they are sure to get bewildered on it.—*Moore's Diary.*

The true meaning of the word "Equality" is — "No one better off than I am."

THOUGHTS FOR APRIL.

"Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it."

Truly descriptive of the month of April is the line from the Royal Psalmist, which we have taken for our motto. The drying winds of April have swept over the earth, and prepared it for the soft fertilizing spring showers which are the usual hand-maidens of April, and now the first promises of spring are realized, and the commonest weed, is regarded with interest, and is beautiful to the eye, long accustomed to the sombre uniformity of winter. The book of nature now opens her leaves to enquirers, who, in the first sunny days of spring, curiously examine the awakening of plants from their winter's sleep, as the icebound earth thaws into life. With what interest is the first green sheath regarded, as it expands into the flower or the fragile leaf, so tender in appearance as to afford as little hopes of successful contention with the biting frost, as a new-born infant. Tender as it looks, however, that fragile leaf is a hardy child of spring, and, like the children of the poor, it is guarded by him who suffereth, not a sparrow to fall unheeded, and thrives without complaint or suffering from its lot. Mary Howith's lines breathe so truly the spring feeling that we cannot resist transcribing them:—

"The Spring, she is a blessed thing!
She is the mother of the flowers;
She is the mate of birds and bees
The partner of their revelries,
Our star of hope through wintry hours.

The merry children when they see
Her coming, by the budding thorn,
They leap upon the cottage floor,
They shout beside the cottage door,
And run to meet her night and morn.

They are soonest with her in the woods,
Peeping, the withered leaves among,
To find the earliest, fragrant thing,
That darts from the cold earth to spring,
Or catch the earliest wild bird's song.

The little brooks run on in light,
As if they had a chase of mirth;
The skies are blue, the air is warm,
Our very hearts have caught the charm
That sheds a beauty over earth.

The aged man is in the field;
The maiden 'mong her garden flowers;
The sons of sorrow and distress
Are wand'ring in forgetfulness,
Of woe that fret, and care that lowers.

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She comes with more than present good,
With joys to store for future years,
From which in striving crowds apart,
The low in spirit, bruised in heart,
May glean up hope with grateful tears.

Up let us to the fields away,
And breathe the fresh and balmy air;
The bird is building in the trees,
The flower has opened to the bees,
And health, and love, and peace are there.

A country ramble on a fine spring morning is one of the most delicious of earthly enjoyments, the air just bracing enough to afford a pleasant stimulus to the exercise. The swelling of the buds in the hedges, perchance the flowers in some shady nook, the twittering and chirping of the birds, the teams at their busy work, all inspire a fresh and exultant feeling, chastened only by the memory of some dear one, who, on a bed of sickness is denied the pleasure we are tasting. The first gush of sorrow quickly fades away, however, as we remember that the same bounteous hand who has prepared these blessings for us, may even now be preparing an enduring and blessed spring time for our suffering friend. The heart must be dead to all pure enjoyments to whom a ramble on a fine Spring morning, is not suggestive of similar reflections.

The rise of the sap, awakened by the genial warmth of spring from its winter's sleep, the perspiration by the leaves, the germination of the little seed, are all phenomena to awake anxious attention and admiration, demonstrating their divine origin, and mute evidences of the wisdom and harmony which are visible in the minutest and most trivial of those creations of God.

One of not the least interesting indications of spring which occurs in this month, is the pairing of birds. The same author, from whom we quoted a striking passage in March Thoughts, observes on this point,

"Soon the bare branches of the forest and hedge-rows are to be clad in the green livery of spring, and the whole feathered tribes, as if in anticipation of this change, are making joyful preparation for the season of love. This is the period when the feathered songsters are in full note, and many birds which are silent or rarely heard at other seasons, now enliven the period of the opening year with their cheerful invitation to their mates. This pairing of birds, while it lasts, has something so much akin to the social and domestic duties and affections of the human race, that it excites a sympathy such as we cannot extend to other animals."

One of Cowper's finest fables bears the title of "Pairing Time," and describes how on a fine winter's day some inexperienced young birds resolved to anticipate the coming spring in opposition to the advice of an experienced Bullfinch "Who could boast more years and wisdom than the most."

The results are thus told:

"All paired, and each pair built a nest,
But though the birds were thus in haste,
The leaves came not on quite so fast,
And Destiny, that sometimes bears
An aspect stern on man's affairs,
Not altogether smiled on theirs.
The wind, of late breathed gently forth,
Now shifted east, and east by north:
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,
Could shelter them from rain or snow,
Slipping into their nests, they paddled,
 emselves were chilled, their eggs were addled;
Soon every father bird and mother
Grew quarrelsome, and pecked each other,
Parted without the least regret,
Except that they had ever met,
And learned in future to be wiser,
Than to neglect a good adviser."

Cowper's satire, though sufficiently applicable to mankind, is by no means so to birds, which are never tempted, even by the mildest winter, to build their nests before the real approach of spring. The feathered tribe remain as indifferent to the fallacious promises of the late days of winter, as insects cradled in their silken cocoons or chrysalis cases. It is only when the proper season approaches that the feathered songster seeks its mate, and even then their instinctive care in selecting a place that will afford protection from any fickleness in the season, is most remarkable.

We have said that the book of nature, whether in the bird, the bee, or the bud, is most interesting and instructive to the curious enquirer, we must not, however, forget that its revelations are limited and imperfect, and not seldom liable to misconstruction. How many, alas, have there been, and are there, who have converted the most wondrous evidences of Divine wisdom and goodness, into theories based on scepticism. Let us then approach our enquiries with an humble spirit, and as we see in the spring time the promises of the coming harvest, so let us seek by diligent self-communing with our spirits, in the spring time of life, for evidences of that harvest, whose reapers are to be the angels, and whose husbandman shall be the Almighty.

BARRIE.—LAKE SIMCOE.

AMONGST the numerous Towns of Upper Canada, which every day add to their prominence in our Province, is that of Barrie, a view of which, reduced from one taken by Captain Grubbe, late of the Hon. East India's Company's Service, a resident of the place, we present to our readers in this issue.

The county town of Simcoe, (a county originally of great extent—lately reduced by the addition of the Townships of St. Vincent and Collingwood to the County of Grey, but even now covering an area of 1,159,400 acres,) it was to be expected that Barrie would take its stand amongst those, the position of which, rendered them peculiarly liable to the advantages of increase of population and wealth, which all our settlements are so rapidly acquiring. But it has done so in no ordinary degree. The situation, so long ago as in the administration of Governor Simcoe, (from whom the county is named) forced itself upon the attention of that individual, and he then fixed on a point, about two miles to the eastward of the present Town, as a convenient site for a settlement; to bear the name Kempenfeldt, in honour of the great admiral who was lost when the Royal George sank in Portsmouth Harbour. It was, however, found advisable, to place the Town at the head of Kempenfeldt Bay, and thus, leaving Kempenfeldt, which still retains its original survey of streets and blocks, on which but a few cottages have ever been erected, the present Town, named after Commodore Barrie, found birth. Beautifully situated on Kempenfeldt Bay, (one which runs westward a distance of nine miles from Lake Simcoe,) on a rising ground, which slopes directly to the water's edge, it is not to be wondered that many of those who come to see, remain to live. On the high road from the City of Toronto to Penetanguishene, on Lake Huron, the latter, at one time regarded by the Home Government, in days when colonies were more valued by them than they now are, as a valuable Naval Station, it joined those two places; whilst before the era of Railroads, which has so rapidly, and with such astonishing effect, come upon us, it received a great part of the traffic from the rich Townships of Nottawasaga, Collingwood, and St. Vincent, either permanently, or *en route* to Bradford, Holland Landing, and other places in Yonge Street, which were the forerunners of its prosperity. Some eight years since, in Canada, as regards the growth of places, a period almost beyond the memory of man, it numbered 600 souls in population; it has gradually increased

ed, until by the last Census, we find that it numbered 1007. This was in 1852, and since that date, it may be safely said that it has increased to a very little short of 1500. This, it must be remembered, is a large and very rapid increase, especially when the area of ground occupied within the limits of the Town, and that actually opened, is taken into consideration.

It was about the year 1852, that the project, which some time previously had been mooted, of establishing a line of Railroad, to connect Lakes Ontario and Huron, assumed some tangible shape. That communication with Lake Simcoe, and the traffic of its waters should be obtained by the Line, was self-evident, and Barrie then commenced to assume a position of importance, and to be regarded as one of our future Towns. Indeed, property which had previously risen gradually, nay, even to a price which was then regarded as fabulous, then arose, as those who have passed the last two years in Canada know well how it can rise; and fifth of acre Town Lots, which before were sold at £20, now realized more than double, in some cases treble that sum; streets long since laid out, were opened, corner lots secured, buildings erected, and it has continued rapidly increasing in wealth and population. Since October 1852, the Northern Line of Railroad has been thus far in full operation, and its terminus being on a point of the Bay, immediately opposite Barrie itself; and distant from its centre, about a mile. This has created misgivings as to whether the Town might not be injured by the distance of the terminus, but strong efforts are now being made by the corporation of the Town, to bring the Line actually to its centre, which, if done, as is most probable, will be of great benefit and convenience to its inhabitants, and must necessarily tend to its farther expansion and advancement.

This would obviously be very much the case, in consequence of the fact, now very apparent, that during the mid-winter, daily railroad communication, with its northern terminus at Collingwood harbour, on Lake Huron, will be prevented by the snow. That which proves the barrier to locomotion through the medium of steam, is the greatest boon of Providence to the back farmers, who then avail themselves of sleighing to bring produce and other matters for transport to Toronto; this being the more so, as the main roads from Orillia and Penetanguishene and from all the townships to the north, east, west, and north-west, as far as St. Vincent, all centre in it. As a place of residence, no situation in Canada can possess or offer greater advantages.

One is pre-eminent, namely, that of being situated on the water's edge. To the non-business man, the bay, sheltered from the sudden and violent gusts of wind which render its sister of Toronto unsafe, or at least suspicious, and abounding with inlets, bays, and landings, affords ample opportunities of indulging in his *dolce far niente*, or should he prefer somewhat more animated recreation, in the piscatory art. Here one may float along, dreaming lazily all the day, through, disturbed by nothing, unless momentarily aroused to thought by the shrill whistle of the iron-horse. Of its salubrity, no doubt whatever exists. During the periods in 1832 and 1834, when cholera so remorselessly visited our then young settlements, arresting their growth, Barrie stood, by the blessing of Providence, unscathed, and has ever been free from epidemic of any kind. Although but sixty miles north of Toronto, it enjoys in winter a climate quite unlike that English November weather which characterizes Toronto—a constant, steady, bracing atmosphere is experienced, so little accompanied by wind, that in very cold days, (and in this winter the thermometer has stood as low as 30° below zero, Fahrenheit), beyond the natural keenness of the air itself, no unpleasant sensation is experienced.

In a commercial and business point of view, it is as stated, rapidly progressing—a fact most amply verified by the loud calls which have lately been made, and are now being responded to, of increased hotel accommodation. The facilities for the transport of merchandise from Toronto, have encouraged new stores; and two printing offices are in full operation, each furnishing its weekly newspaper to the teeming press of the province. Connected with the surrounding townships by the roads which run through a large farming country; and with the ports on Lake Simcoe—Orillia, Beaverton, Bradford Landing, and others—by a steamboat, there is a repeated influx of travellers, whilst great encouragement yet exists for increased advantage being taken of the water communication it has the power to enjoy. Lumber is supplied from a steam mill in the town, kept in constant operation, whilst a monopoly is prevented by the existence in the neighborhood of others, worked by water-power—several, in addition, being in course of erection, but a few miles distance. Two grist mills are also being erected within a mile of each other. A tannery and distillery are now about to be raised; and indeed, every trade offers signal signs of success.

It may perchance seem to some of our readers that we are but using such stereotyped phraseology

logy as may with justice be applied to most of the small towns of Upper Canada. If there be such unbelievers in the land, let them ensconce themselves in the cars of the Northern Railroad, on some one of the balmy mornings of that spring which is now bursting so genially upon us, and if they be not smitten immediately with a mania for building lots—store or cottage, boat-house or wheat store—freight schooner, or pleasure skiffs, “write us down” mistaken.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY. No. XXII.

WHEREIN IS RECAPITULATED THE PROGRESS OF
LAWYER DIRLTON'S COURTSHIP, AND THE UP-
SHOT THEREOF.

HAVING safely arrived in the ancient capital of Scotland, I made up my mind to remain there for a day or two, in order to recruit my energies, before resuming my professional labours in Dreepdaily.

Though I had previously paid more than one visit to “Auld Reekie,” the city was always invested with an aroma of fresh and fragrant interest in my eyes. In the old town, especially, a Scotchman cannot perambulate a single street without meeting with objects calculated to conjure up stirring memories of the past. There is the little chamber in Holyrood Palace, where Signor David, the Italian musician, was brutally murdered in the presence of his royal mistress! There is the balcony in the Canongate, from which the Marquis of Argyre beheld his rival, the illustrious Montrose, carted like a felon to the gallows, and laughed, like a coward as he was, at the misfortunes of one who was nobler in adversity than ever he had been in the brightest moment of triumph! There is the kirk of St. Giles (Cathedral no longer), where Janet Geddes tested with her joint stool the strength of the Prelate parson's skull, who presumed to read the liturgy—or, as Janet expressed it, “the mass” in her “lug!” There . . . but if I go on at this rate, I may as well write a history of Edinburgh at once, and, consequently, I resume the sober and regular thread of my narration.

On leaving the Aberdeen mail coach, I proceeded forthwith to the dwelling of mine ancient friend, Duncan Dirilton, a “Writer to the Signet,” or attorney at law, as the English would have designated him. For many years Duncan had officiated as my “doer,” or man of business, and an intimacy of the closest and warmest description had been engendered between us.

During the Court vacations, Mr. Dirilton, who could hook a trout as well as he could concoct a brief, frequently paid me a visit for the purpose of enjoying a week's angling. And in like manner, whenever my destiny led me to Edinburgh, I took up my quarters with him, as a matter of course, in his messuage on the Castle Hill. He occupied, I may mention in passing, the house built by the famous Allan Ramsay, who combined the arts of song, writing, and wig-making—a combination of gifts which (as may be predicated) gave him a peculiar interest in my eyes.

Whilst the cady—or porter—is conveying my baggage to “Ramsay Lodge,” I may as well give my readers an inkling of the antecedents of the occupant thereof.

Duncan Dirilton spent the first forty-eight years of his lease of existence, in what rakes and hen-pecked husbands term “single blessedness.” Commencing the struggle of life without a plurality of shillings to jingle in his pockets, he at little dreamed of becoming a Benedict as he would of aspiring to the judicial ermine. In his case, however, there was a verification of the wise man's saying, that the “hand of the diligent maketh rich,” and it came to pass, in process of time, that the name of Dirilton came to be registered in the books of the Bank of Scotland, as a sign and token that the bearer thereof had an interest in the deposits of that temple of inammon.

When the lawyer had reached this epoch in his monetary history, he began to suspect that, upon the whole, a bachelor was consumedly suggestive of a bell without a tongue, or a fiddle devoid of a bow! His solitary meals tasted insipid and *wasah*, as porridge lacking the condiments of salt; and when his cross old housekeeper, Martha Skiransqueal, poured forth his matutinal or vesper allowance of tea, he could not help opining that the “scandal broth,” (as Walter Scott terms the macerated Chinese herb) would taste more refreshing if dispensed by a younger and less wrinkled hand!

To abbreviate a long story, Duncan made up his mind to spread his net in the matrimonial sea, and barter a freedom which had become intolerably irksome, for the vassalship of Hymen.

Having adopted this resolution, he lost no time in carrying it into effect.

Mr. Dirilton was a native of the most little country town of Dumfries, and had ever cherished a kindly remembrance of the scene of his “groom and salad days.” No stream, in his estimation, more pellucid than the gently rolling Nith, and fairies, he deemed, might envy the fresh verdure of its enclosing banks.

In these circumstances, it is not strange that to this quarter his thoughts turned when he meditated nuptiality.

When occasionally attending the Circuit Court of Dumfries, Duncan had partaken of the hospitalities of the Lord Provost thereof, Malcolm McGee. This functionary was the ancestor of three daughters, comely enough to look upon, and who had all ripened into a conjunctionable age, the youngest having bidden an everlasting adieu to her twenty-fifth birth-day. These damsels had left an agreeable impression upon the lawyer's recollection, and after taking the matter "*ad avizandum*" (to use his own legal jargon), he came to the conclusion that he might as well try his luck in this direction as anywhere else.

But here a formidable difficulty presented itself in the outset. Anxious as he was for a wife, he could not afford the leisure necessary for a systematic courtship. He had no partner, and his business was of that engrossing description which precluded the possibility of his leaving Edinburgh for any protracted length of time.

On the other hand, he was wisely determined not to make rash choice so far as a helpmate was concerned. Being personally cognisant of the fact, that the provost was by no means overburdened with lucre, he felt pretty confident that a well-doing writer to the signet, who had realised a few thousand pounds, would be eagerly welcomed by the McGees as a suitor, irrespective of personal recommendations which he might possess. In these circumstances, he was naturally apprehensive that the damsel to whom he might throw the electing handkerchief, would accept of him merely for his money, a catastrophe which he dreaded even more than the chill and discomfort of celibacy.

It was "*Hobson's choice*," however, with my friend, and he was resolved to make the best of things as they stood.

Accordingly he indited a letter marked "*private and confidential*," to the civil ruler of Dumfries, certifying him of his desire to become the son-in-law of that personage, and craving license to visit his domicile in the capacity of a suitor. Duncan declared that he had not concentrated his affections upon any of the young ladies in particular, but doubted not that he would have small hesitation in making a choice. He added, owing to an unfortunate circumstance, he feared he would show to some disadvantage before the Misses McGee. Some months previously he had caught a severe cold, which affected his hearing to such an extent as to render him deaf as a post. This affection, his medical advisers assured him,

was only of a temporary nature, and would disappear under the influence of proper treatment, but in the meantime it rendered him, of necessity, somewhat unprepossessing to the gentler sex.

Provost McGee communicated to his *placens uxori* (Mr. Paumie has the credit or blame of these learned words), and she, stimulated by the injunctions to secrecy with which the information was coupled, indoctrinated her daughters with the same before the senectitude of the world had been increased by twelve hours. Thus it came to pass that when Dirlton, availing himself of the warm invitation of the chief magistrate of Dumfries, arrived at the dwelling of that potentate, all the members of the family, parents as well as children—were ripely aware of the object of his visit. If he had entered the mansion singing the ancient song—

"I am a braw wanter, seeking a wife,"

he could not have added to the information of the inmates thereof.

In consequence of his auricular infirmity Mr. Duncan communicated, for the most part, in dumb show with the clan M'Gee. By the whole of them, from *pater familias* downwards, he was liberally favoured with—

"Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,"

and so far as pantomime went, his reception could not by any possibility have been more flattering or propitious.

I need hardly say that the lawyer, possessed as he was of such a limited parlour, did not suffer the grass to vegetate under his feet. If his learning was dull, not so his eyes. Carefully did he mark every motion and action of the fair trio, and none of their proceedings escaped his penetrating ken.

Ere two days had elapsed, Mr. Dirlton had so far made up his mind, that his regards were divided between Janet, the second eldest, and Isabella the youngest of the sisters. The former of these, if any thing, engrossed the largest percentage of his *devoirs*, seeing that her features were peculiarly well formed, and her complexion and general contour of the most faultless, and winning description. On the other hand, Isabella though not boasting of the same physical perfection which marked her eldest sister, was of a gentler demeanour, and there was in her eyes a kindly truthfulness which penetrated the heart more thoroughly and potently than mere external grace.

With a woman's infallible instinct Miss M'Gee, ere long, became convinced, that she was

not destined to change her paternal surname for that of Dirlton. Tossing her head, therefore, at the incomprehensible want of taste, manifested by the man of law, she with heroic resignation abandoned the field to the two more juvenile candidates for a plain gold ring.

Sorely perplexed was my friend Duncan, (as he often assured me,) touching the choice which it behoved him to make. He might have been likened and compared to the playactor Garrick, solicited by Tragedy and Comedy—or to a school boy whose fortune was limited to three pence, vibrating between the conflicting charms of a mutton pie and a gooseberry tart! So great and compassless was his dubitation, that he had almost made up his mind to put an end to the dilemma by resorting to the homely oracle of a shilling tossed into the air—the King's head standing for Janet, and the royal arms adumbrating Isabella! The fates, however, had so predestinated matters, that the necessity was avoided of appealing to this somewhat unsatisfactory ordeal!

One evening Mr. Dirlton was sitting in the drawing room, in company with his two charmers, who conjointly formed the most difficult problem he had ever been called upon to solve. Much silent communing had taken place through the instrumentality of a slate, and the finger alphabet, and by common consent all hands were enjoying a season of repose. The sisters occupied themselves in turning over the pages of an illustrated volume, and Duncan, taking a package of forensic documents from his pocket, solaced himself with the romantic details of an action to determine the proprietorship of a contested midden. Jerubbaal Jaup, was the name of the pursuer, and Simon Sharn that of the defendant, and as the process had been before the "Lords of Session," for upwards of twenty years, without a final decision, on account of its multiform feudal intricacies, it naturally formed a most savory and appetizing bone for the picking of a conveyancer!

After a season the ladies lighted upon the portrait by Hogarth, of the notorious John Wilks, with his pole and cap of liberty. No one who is at all conversant with the aforesaid picture requires to be informed, that John, as there represented, is far from being a beauty, and in fact might be employed with pregnant effect to frighten the squalling denizens of a nursery into good behaviour!

"Gracious me, Isabella!"—exclaimed Miss Janet McGee, "did you ever see such a striking likeness, as this is to our deaf admirer, at the other end of the table?"

"Hush, hush!" whispered the party addressed. "How can you speak in that manner of a person in his own presence? I declare you bring the blood all into my face. What, if he should catch you?"

"Hear me indeed!" rejoined Janet, "there is as much chance of the old steeple bell hearing me, as deaf Duncan! I suppose if he pops the question, I must needs say yes—seeing that such a chance is not to be met with every day, but oh, it is a dull and dreary look out, to think of spending ones life with such a stupid companion! As for love, that is perfectly out of the question! The sooner that I am entitled to wear a widow's cap, the better it will be! Heigh ho!"

At this moment Mr. Dirlton chanced to look up for the purpose of snuffing the candle, and most affectionate was the glance which the double faced Miss Janet bestowed upon him! Venus herself could not have assumed a more captivating expression of countenance! It was enough to turn the heads and beguile the hearts of half the Scottish bar!

Duncan having resumed his exploration of the profundities of the litigated "middenstead," the sisters recommenced their communing.

"I am perfectly ashamed to hear you go on at such a rate!" observed Isabella, in a tone audible, it is true, though not nearly so loud as that employed by her sister. "If I felt as you do towards our visitor, I would as soon think of marrying daft Cockjet Fraser, or drunken Thomas Trot, the club-footed dancing master, as him! It is very likely that he thinks more of you than he does of me. In fact, I half suspect that such is the case. But oh, it makes me sorry and sick at heart, to reflect that a worthy and excellent man, is about to throw himself away upon one who does not care a boddle for him! Janet (continued the excited maiden, with flushed cheek and tear charged eye) Mr. Dirlton, though he may never know it, is dearer to me than I can tell! I liked him the first moment I saw him, and there is music to my ear in the very sound of his foot when he is coming up the stairs! Dull as his deafness might make him to others, he would never be dull to me, and it would be the leading, and untiring pleasure of my life to lighten his years, and add to his happiness! They say he is rich, and high up in his profession, but if he was as poor as Job was, and only a lawyer's clerk, I could not love him one jot the less! Yes! you may laugh Janet, but I speak simply the even down truth, and Heaven knows I have no motives for telling a falsehood!" Here the gentle Is-

bella wiped a tear from her cheek, and commenced singing the beautiful little song of Burns.

"My heart is sair—I daurna tell—
My heart is sair for somebody;
I would wak' a winter night,
For the sake of somebody.
Ochon, for somebody!
Och hey, for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake of somebody."

"Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on some body!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody,
Ochon, for somebody!
Och hey, for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake of somebody."

At the conclusion of the oratory stave, Janet greeted the minstrel with a sarcastic titter, and remarked with no small seasoning of bitterness: Heigh ho! I am sure it would hardly kill me with sorrow, if I beheld 'somebody carrying you off on his back to Edinburgh, this blessed day! My benison would accompany both of you, provided 'somebody' gave me the keeping of his purse! Indeed if it were not for fear of the dust which my refusal of the old sober sides, would be certain to kick up, I would almost be inclined to say 'no' when he pops the question! That word, however, I must not, dare not speak! Our honoured parents would make the house too hot to hold me, if I suffered 'somebody' to slip through my fingers!"

Here the scornful beauty seated herself at the spinet—there were no pianos in those primitive times—and opening the instrument, ran her fingers in a preluding manner over the keys. "As you have favored me with a song, Bella," she said, "I can do no less than return the compliment! It is a thousand pities that my admirer cannot enjoy my warbling!" Having thus delivered herself, Miss Janet cast a look of the most melting and winning nature, upon Mr. Dirlton, who by this time had finished the mastication of his savoury legil morsel, and proceeded to give voice to the following lyric:

"What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck to the pennie that tempted my minnie,
To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'!"

"He's always compleenin frae mornin' to e'enin',
He hosts and he hiples the weary day lang;
He's doigh and he's dozin, his bluid it is frozen,
O, drearie's the night wi' a crazy auld man!"

"He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows,
O, fool on the day I met wi' an auld man."

Here the jeering vocalist intermitted her lay for a short season to make an interludal observation.

"Dear me," she said, "I am strongly tempted to write my sentiments upon the slate, in a round text hand, for the information of Daddy Dull! But I am sorely in want of fashionable plenishing, and my newest gown is a century behind the present fashion, so he must remain in blissful ignorance! Let me take comfort and consolation from the last verse of the song, which seems as if it had been composed to meet the *peculiar circumstances of my case*, as the minister would express it:"

"My auld antie Katie upon me takes pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan!"

'Had a stranger entered the apartment at the moment when the syren concluded her canticle, he would have predicated, without the ghost of a dubitation, that her whole heart and soul were bound up in, and concentrated upon, the elderly gentleman, who by this time had taken his station at the spinet! She gazed at him with all the absorbing yet shrinking devotion of a vestal's first love, and nothing could exceed the tenderness of her features, as she gave utterance to the concluding words—

"Then his auld brass will buy me a new pan!"

"Will it, by Jupiter!" roared out the man of parchment and red tape—"two are required for the making of such a bargain, and may I never obtain a verdict or a decree in absence again, if I give you the chance of speculating with my auld brass, as you are pleased to express it! None are so deaf as those who won't hear, and your pan may lack a bottom till doomsday, or the first of the Grecian *calends*, if you depend upon me furnishing a substitute therefor!"

Miss Janet McGee at once perceived how the land lay, and that her prospects of acquiring the surname of Dirlton were about as unsubstantial as was her ability to liquidate the national debt! She did not faint, most probably because she chanced to be vested with her best gown, but emitting a shriek of commingled rage and chagrin, rushed from the room as if it harbored the plague!

Isabella, confounded and abashed by this catastrophe, was about following in the wake of her sister, when Duncan Dirlton implored her to favor him with an audience. He represented to her the circumstances in which he was placed, and the reasons which had induced him to enact the part which he had done. Most emphatically he

craved her pardon for having simulated deafness (an infirmity which never had been his lot), pleading that without such a stratagem it would have been impossible for him to have discovered the real state of her affections. "Oh, dearest Isabella!" he pleaded in conclusion, "if you will only consent to wed *somebody*, you will make him the happiest of men, and his whole life will be devoted to the grateful task of ministering to your comfort and gratification!"

My readers must be singularly obtuse, if they require to be indoctrinated touching the result of this declaration. Ere two hours had elapsed, Mrs. McGee was regarding the elated wooer with that knowing and peculiarly complacent look, bestowed upon an approved son-in-law elect. As for the Provost, he protested that he was ready and willing to die and be buried with all convenient despatch, seeing that the cup of his mundane felicity was running over like a surcharged toddy tumbler! Previous to his sepulture, however, the civic magnate insisted upon brewing a gigantic libation of cold punch, and as he was the leading consumer of his own manufacture, he became nearly qualified for funeral honors! If not precisely dead, he was, before midnight, dead drunk!

The nuptials of the happy pair were celebrated with all convenient despatch, and my friend often assured me that the longer he lived, the greater cause he had to thank his stars that so affectionate and gentle a wife as Isabella McGee had fallen to his lot!

Having reached Ramsay Lodge, I had the good fortune to find Mr. Dirlton at home, and as I fully anticipated, was invited to take up my abode with him during my residence in the North British metropolis. In this invitation he was cordially seconded by his spouse, who, as became a well-conditioned matron, always delighted in showing favor to the acquaintances of her liege lord.

Being fatigued with travelling, I, after partaking of a frugal symposium of Prestonpans oysters and Edinburgh ale, gladly retired to rest. When lighting me to my dormitory, Mr. Duncan assured me that I had visited him at a most propitious season. "There is," said he, "a recess in the Court at present, and so I shall have the more leisure to show you the lions of Auld Reekie!"

Experience is a pocket-compass that few think of consulting until they have lost their way.

Grey hairs, like honest friends, are plucked out, and cast aside, for telling unpleasant truths.

Revenge is ever the pleasure of a paltry spirit, a weak and abject mind.

REFLECTIONS ON THE SEA.

"Ye gentlemen of England,
Who live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the sea."

The sea, the ocean waste, the trackless way,
In holy record called, the *great, great deep*—
Hath fed me with a strong desire to visit
Lands, where birds and beasts, and fruits and
flowers

Unseen before, might feast enquiring eyes,
Enlarge my view of God's economy.
This first instilled in me a reverence
For that Great Being, whose paths are on the
Great waters, and whose footsteps are not known—
Who first decreed the bounds they shall not pass;
Who breathes but o'er the ocean's 'whelming
strife.

And gentle ripples fall insensibly to calms,
And glassy smoothness wide as vision's ken,
Is seen with graduating swells, on which
The Nautilus, the Gull, and Gannet ride.
The stormy Petrel, with its breast of down,
Who tops each mountain wave, who revels most
In elemental war, alone if speech were given
Could tell the fate of thousands who have sunk
To sleep 'tween sea-weeds, where the corals grow.
The agony of dread despair that's felt,
By noble souls that sail in leaky craft,
Or when by gale terrific struck; when spars
And bulwarks in the yeast of water's surge
O'er laboring ships, and sometimes rest
A moment on their crazy decks, to crush
The few who deemed a respite had been given—
Who thought they saw a star of hope from heaven.
With garments drenched—with long and dripping
hair—

With death springs nerved—a sailor boy forlorn
Has gained some slippery shelf, to breathe
awhile,

Ere stern exhaustion's felt, to witness there, and
then

His much loved vessel peaceably break away—
His shipmates struggling wildly ere they sink,
Through blocks and stay-sails, shrouds and run-
ning gear,

To hear hoarse whistling for their requiem sung—
"Thy will be done!" oh, God, he scarce could
say.

No time for far-fetched prayers, with face up-
turn'd,

He looked the words, in childhood taught,

"Let not the water floods o'erflow me,

"The deep, the mighty deep me swallow up."

Thas once been mine to suffer all such pang—
To hear the gallant vessel's bottom grind
On sunken rocks, mid' such a storm, that all
Description fails—when minute guns and mast-
head

Lights were heard and seen from nearest land.
No boat, however manned, that sea could brave,
—One, there was, who nightly vigils kept,
Loved unreservedly—lived near the shore—
A praying mother, who still loved me more.
Extreme of peril ousts all craven fear
In battle's midst, as in the storms of night;
The heart's best incense are the briny pearls
That fall from manly face, when first made known
A ship's distress in stormy seas—the fearful odds
That mariners contend with—afresh the
Sympathetic flood is seen to fall from
Cheeks of weather-beaten tars, how well
So e'er they strive to man themselves against it.

REUBEN TRAVELLER.

Bytown, February 3, 1864.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

In the December number of this magazine, a brief outline was given of the causes which were likely to lead to what sanguine speculators and the Peace Society considered an impossibility, an event belonging to the past, an European war. Such a calamity was considered as pertaining to a phase of society which we had outgrown and which was to be confined in future to the semi-barbarous East, as an able article in the *North British Review* has it:—

Many circumstances combined to rock us in the cradle of this comfortable belief. Habit had become a second nature: we had got so accustomed to the arm-chair of prosperity and peace that the mind absolutely refused to contemplate the possibility of a state of things which should ever shake us out of it. An earthquake, like that of Lisbon, laying London and Manchester in ruins, would scarcely have seemed to us more unnatural or unlikely. A generation and more had gone by since anything like a serious war had desolated the Continent. Nearly every one engaged in the last great contest had passed from the stage: the few who remained had become to be regarded rather as relics and monuments of a former world, than as agents and associates in this; the men who conduct the affairs of Europe and govern states, and frame and constitute

the feelings, dispositions, and modes of thought of nations now, were trained and educated under the shadow of a great convulsion and a long calamity, and received their early bent while the impression of a series of sufferings and sins, nearly unparalleled in history, was yet deep and vivid in their parent's minds. Then, they have seen several abortive attempts on the part of the ambitious and the bad to get up wars, crushed at once by the general combination of all the European powers, as crimes and follies too monstrous to be permitted for a moment. They have seen every one rush instinctively, with a zeal strangely compounded of humanity and selfish alarm, to tread out the first sparks of flame which threatened to grow into a conflagration. They have seen imbroglio after imbroglio, in which war seemed absolutely inevitable, solved by diplomacy instead; revolution after revolution pregnant with the seeds of universal conflict, terminated either entirely without fighting, or with only a temporary and partial campaign, danger after danger, from which escape seemed impossible without a miracle, hanging over us for months, and yet leading to no catastrophe at last;—till an almost universal feeling has grown up that *some* peaceful way will be found out of every quarrel, *some* peaceful solution of every dilemma. However dark the sky, however menacing the attitude, however complicated the difficulty, we have felt almost boundless confidence in skill and good fortune combined leading to a satisfactory issue.

Now, however, this sense of security has been rudely disturbed. In spite of the most zealous and protracted efforts on the part of the greatest powers in Europe to prevent it, a regular war has broken out between two sovereigns, whose territorial possessions are the most extensive in the world; and even while we write, the decision hangs upon a thread, whether the other states will be able to appease the quarrel, or will themselves be drawn into the vortex,—whether this flame, like so many others, will be trampled out in time, or will spread into a conflagration, in which dynasties and thrones and landmarks will be burned up like the dry grass of the prairie. So great a catastrophe, we may be well assured, has not come upon us without mighty guilt in some quarters, and grievous neglect or compromise of duty in many others.

Let us endeavor to apportion the responsibility, as far as our information—necessarily imperfect,—and our judgment—necessarily fallible—will afford us light.

Russia is of course the great criminal, the prime mover in this iniquitous affair. Notwithstanding the special pleading and partial representations of the author of "Russia in the Right," among those who have watched her proceedings from the commencement of the year, there can be scarcely two opinions as to the indecency and immorality of her conduct, even if we regard only the transactions in this immediate quarrel. But we entirely refuse thus to confine our observation. The text cannot be fairly understood without the context. We must read her actions by the light which past history throws over them. We must interpret her conduct in 1853 by her conduct during the last one hundred and fifty years. This last aggression upon Turkey is only the most recent step in a long march—the closing act in a long drama of conquest and encroachment. When Peter the Great ascended the throne in 1689, he found himself the ruler of a vast territory and a scattered population—a territory cut off from Western Europe and hemmed in by nations far more powerful and civilised than his own—a population sparse, heterogeneous, and nearly barbarous. His only outlets were to the frozen ocean and the Caspian Sea. His only ports were Archangel and Astrakan. Sweden cut him off from the Baltic. Turkey cut him off from the Black Sea. Poland cut him off from all contact with European civilization. His whole soul was possessed with an insatiable, but not an unnatural nor an ignoble ambition. He proposed to himself to make Russia a great empire instead of a pathless and immeasurable desert. He aspired to rise from the position of the ruler of an Asiatic horde to that of a European potentate. For this purpose it was necessary that he should obtain access to the Baltic, the Euxine, and the Mediterranean. For this purpose he planned and developed that policy of territorial aggrandisement which his successors have ever since so pertinaciously and unswervingly pursued—sometimes by open war, but oftener by diplomacy and intrigue. Constantly baffled, frequently defeated, but never disheartened or turned aside, Russia has ever since that

period pressed forward towards her end, with a steadiness of decision and a continuity of success which have impressed beholders with the idea of an inevitable and appointed destiny. By the treaty of Neustadt in 1721, she obtained access to the Gulf of Finland, and an outlet for St. Petersburg. How she absorbed Poland at four successful mouthfuls—in 1773, 1793, 1795, and 1815—we all know. In 1809, she took Finland from Sweden to obtain the command of the Gulf of Bothnia; and at the general settlement in 1815, risked the peace of Europe rather than surrender it, and caused the scandalous arrangement by which Norway was torn from Denmark and given to Sweden as an equivalent. By the war which terminated in the treaty of Kinnardji, in 1775, she gained a footing on the coast of the Black Sea; in 1783 she annexed the Crimea and the Sea of Azof; in 1792, by the treaty of Jassy, she obtained from Turkey another slice of territory, with Odessa as a port; the treaty of Bucharest in 1812, left her in possession of Bessarabia; and that of Adrianople in 1829, gave her the mouths of the Danube, and additional territory, and important fortresses on the Asiatic shore of the Black Sea. But this was not all. She held possession for some time of the Moldo-Wallachian provinces, established her own system of rule therein, and when the objections of Europe and her own prudence induced her to evacuate them, she stipulated that the institutions and form of government she had set on foot should not be disturbed; that Turkish troops should not be allowed to occupy them; and that she should have the right (which she at once exercised) of establishing a quarantine on the Danube, thus virtually detaching them from Turkey, to whom they now owe only a sort of feudal homage.

One step only remained. Russia had obtained nearly all she wanted from Turkey, except that open seizure of Constantinople, which she well knew the other powers would never permit. She had done all she could as an *enemy*: she must do the rest as a *friend*. Conquest had done its work; it must now be exchanged for the more insidious and more fatal weapon of protection. The unfortunate quarrel of the Sultan with the Pacha of Egypt, gave Russia the opportunity she so ardently desired. She saved the Porte

(though greatly weakened by the virtual severance of Egypt and Syria,) and the treaty of Unkiar Skelessee was her reward. By this treaty Turkey was bound to assist Russia in all wars, (i. e. to allow Russia to drag her into all her disputes and compel her to quarrel with all her own friends,) and Russia engaged to protect Turkey against all enemies. France and England, however, became alarmed, and insisted on some modification of this arrangement and the Protectorate of Russia was not yet as perfect as she desired; and the recent demand which has brought on the present crisis was designed to complete the subjugation.

The last proceeding of Russia was both in matter and in manner one of the most objectionable she had ever been guilty of. Stripped of all diplomatic drapery, it amounted to a virtual demand for a protectorate over all the subjects of the Porte belonging to the Greek Church, (probably ten millions in number) an arrangement which would empower them to bring all their grievances, real or supposed, to the feet of the Czar, instead of to those of their lawful sovereign for redress, which would authorize Russia to interfere on their behalf on every occasion, and under every pretext. It was as if Austria or France had claimed the right of interposition and remonstrance, of protection and guarantee, on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland. With the known character and designs of Russia, it would have amounted nearly, if not quite, to a transfer of allegiance on the part of the vast majority of the European subjects of the Porte, from the Sultan to Nicholas; and as was universally felt, to concede such a demand would have been a complete surrender of sovereignty and independence. It was about the most audacious step Russia had yet taken. But Turkey seemed to be in a humour for concession. France had cajoled her out of a grant of certain privileges to the Catholics of Syria; Austria had bullied her into submitting to the Montenegrin robbers; Russia herself had insisted on her withdrawing on behalf of the Greek Christians the concession with regard to the Holy Places which she has just made to the Latin Christians; England and Prussia, a while before, had insisted on her permitting the establishment of a Protestant Church at Jerusa-

lem. Then, Austria lay at her feet, in consequence of her past services in crushing the Hungarians, and the probability that in case of war, those services might be needed again; so that the Czar might well believe that Austria would offer no impediment to his designs. He well knew, too, that England and France, to interfere effectually, must interfere in unison; and both his own diplomatists and our newspapers had told him that such unison was now impossible. He knew that our ministers all dreaded and deprecated war; he believed that our people would endure any amount of insult and ill-usage rather than endanger that tranquillity which was so essential to commercial undertakings; he imagined that Mr. Cobden and his allies would be able to raise such an outcry about the utter worthlessness of anything save peace and pence, as to paralyze all vigorous action on the part of the government in all matters of foreign policy; he was persuaded that jealousy of Louis Napoleon had tied our hands, and that indolence and wealth had subdued our spirit. He laid our vigilance to sleep by assuring us that he only desired (what the Sultan at once granted,) the restoration of the former privileges of the Greek Church; and then, *while the British Ambassador was absent from Constantinople*, he sent Prince Menzikhoff, an officer of high rank, and great pomp, and with a large military staff, to present his unwarrantable demand, and to *require an answer in eight days* on the pain of—"the most painful consequences." He trusted the suddenness of the demand, the unpreparedness of Turkey, the display of insolence and power, the habit of yielding to his formidable name, and the absence of the Sultan's best adviser, for obtaining an affirmative reply. But he was mistaken. He had gone too far. The spirit of the Porte was aroused; he occupied the Principalities, but even this step failed to intimidate or overawe; the jealousy of other powers was alarmed; the concession was refused; England and France came to the rescue; time was gained; Turkey armed; and the bully, much to his surprise, was compelled to fight. He was not prepared for this; he hoped to gain his ends by the *display*, not by the *use* of force; and the result has been, that the fortunes of the first campaign have gone against him.

Observe : we do not mean to alledge that the Emperor Nicholas is a monster of iniquity because he has done all this. He has acted after his nature, and according to the traditional policy of his dynasty. He is acting for the aggrandisement of his country, and may very possibly believe he is acting right. We are not entitled to expect of him that he shall be so far beyond his nation or his age, as to consider the laws of eternal morality rather than the dictates of Russian interests—to prefer justice to patriotism. We merely affirm that his objects are clear,—that he is ambitious, daring, and unscrupulous, and that it is necessary both for the interests of England and of Europe, that his ambition should be checked. Equity and policy both require that the integrity and independence of Turkey shall be maintained ; and these can only be maintained by the permanent discomfiture of Russian designs. It is essential to Russia that she should possess Constantinople—if she is to be the mighty and prosperous power which it is the “fixed idea” of her rulers to make her. It is essential to England, to European peace, to the interests of general freedom, that Russia should *not* have Constantinople ; and she must, therefore, be kept out of it at any cost. Vast in her ambition, and unscrupulous in her means, she certainly is—and we are called upon to resist her to death. For the strong to use their strength to trample on the weak, is in the highest degree iniquitous ; and this Russia has unquestionably done, whatever be the plausible disguises by which she may have veiled to herself the naked nature of the deed. But still we may treat her and regard her as a dangerous enemy, rather than a desperate and unnatural criminal. When we see how even good men deceive themselves as to the right and just, where their own objects and wishes are concerned, we can well suppose that any sovereign who sits upon the throne of Muscovy, may regard it as his duty to absorb Turkey if he can.

The position of Austria, in the common guilt which has brought the calamity of war upon us, is second only to that of Russia, and originated some years ago. If she had remained the powerful and independent empire she once was, Russia could scarcely have ventured on this aggression, nor would Austria for a moment have permitted it. The two Em-

pires are in too close contact on their eastern frontier not to be mutually jealous and vigilant over any movement which can bring aggrandisement to either. The Principalities which the Czar has seized are overlapped by the Transylvanian provinces of Austria, and are bounded by, and command the navigation of her magnificent river,—almost her only outlet. Their permanent possession would be almost as great a menace to Austria as a wrong to Turkey. But Austria, by her proceedings in 1849, had deprived herself of the power of resistance, and almost of protest. Not content with being the constitutional sovereign of a free, faithful, and warlike nation, the Emperor resolved to be its Despot and Oppressor ; he broke his oaths, he violated his engagements, he trod down the liberties of Hungary ; and, meeting with the resolute opposition which might have been anticipated, he was beaten, baffled, and disgraced. In order to consummate his perfidious and cruel crime, it was necessary to call in the aid of his powerful neighbour ; he crouched to Nicholas that he might trample on Kossuth, and, that he might enslave his subjects, became himself a slave to his ally. He has paid dearly for the perilous and insidious assistance ; he is now shackled to Russia by a double tie of vassal and accomplice ; he cannot protest against transgressions which are as nothing in comparison with his own atrocities ; he cannot thwart a will to which he is indebted for his empire ; and the army, which might and would have been employed in protecting Turkey, finds ample occupation in watching and repressing Hungarian discontent. It is possible that at last Austria may have resolved to join the Western Powers, as a course involving less peril than any other ; but Nicholas could not anticipate such a line of conduct—nor do we believe in it ; he counted and he had a right to count, on the connivance if not the aid of the potentate whom he had rescued from humiliation and ruin ; and without this calculation it is scarcely credible that he would have thought the opportunity was ripe for the audacious demands which Prince Menzikhoff was instructed to prefer.

The share of France is confined to the circumstances that it was she who gave the pretext for the commencement of the entire

imbroglio by endeavouring to steal a march on Russia, and procuring from the Porte a firman declaring her Protector of the Holy Places. This step she subsequently withdrew, but unhappily Russia had already taken advantage of it to charge the Sultan with a breach of faith, and to demand fresh concessions and guarantees. It was a piece of petty and mischievous ambition on the part of Louis Napoleon, which has led to much evil and embarrassment. Since that, however, his conduct has been irreproachable. The moment the independence of Turkey was seriously threatened, he joined England in protesting. He was not sorry to have an opportunity for resenting the delay and want of cordiality on the part of the Czar in acknowledging his imperial title. With his usual sagacity, he saw in the "position" the precise occasion which he wanted for gaining a real entrance into the magic circle of European sovereignty, and for earning in the eyes of the world a character for dignity, good faith, pacific intentions, and generous and far-seeing policy; and he has improved it with admirable skill. He at once assured our government of his determination to act with them throughout the whole affair with cordiality and honor, and indeed to be guided almost entirely by their advice; with every temptation to precipitate a war which would have been very popular in France (for France has never forgotten the disaster of 1812, nor the occupation of 1814 and 1815), and would have brought glory and therefore stability to his throne, he has patiently exhausted all the resources of negotiation before preparing for ulterior measures; he has manifested the greatest prudence, firmness, and forbearance; and though we do not suppose that in his heart he cares one fig for Turkey, or regards the affair in any other view than as it may be made subservient to his own moral "rehabilitation," yet if his motives had been the highest and most unselfish in the world, it is difficult to see how his proceedings could have been worthier or more unblameable.

England, we grieve to say, has been far more guilty in this matter. Her share dates like that of Austria from some time back, and as in all free countries must be divided between the government and the people. Her first great mistake—so great as to be nearly a

crime, certainly a deplorable dereliction of duty—was in permitting Russian interference to crush Hungary in 1849. If she had then—said firmly and resolutely to the Czar:—"Leave Austria to fight her own battles, and perpetrate her own sin; your sympathies are with her—ours are with her victim; both are natural; let us both suppress them; but if you interpose on the one side, we will give all the aid we safely and conveniently can to the other; we will not see a brave and independent nation, with a guaranteed and long-descended constitution like our own, trampled down by the coalition of two despotic empires in spite of treaties and in defiance of decency and right."

If England had held this language, who can doubt that Russia must have held her hand, and that Hungary would have now been independent, or again united to Austria under material guarantees which would have placed her liberties beyond future danger? In either case Turkey would have been safe, and England would now have been spared the imminent prospect of a war. In the former case Hungary—naturally sympathetic with Turkey—would have constituted a powerful and warlike ally, whose forces, in addition to those of the Porte, the Czar would have hesitated to encounter. In the latter, Austria would have been powerful enough and free enough peremptorily to have forbidden the meditated wrong. Our second error—though here we speak with more diffidence, as not yet being possessed of all the facts necessary for forming a decided judgment—seems to have consisted in not assuming from the first opening of this dispute a higher tone, a more indignant language, and a prompter action. We do not appear to have succeeded in at once impressing Russia with the conviction that, come what might, we would not permit her encroachments to proceed. We remonstrated, we negotiated, we moved our fleet—but we have been in the habit of doing all these things, *and doing nothing more*; and the Czar evidently supposed that all he needed was to be bold and insolent enough, and that we should then counsel our ally to yield or at least to compromise the quarrel on unfavorable terms. Our proceedings at Vienna gave too much countenance to this surmise. Our represen-

tives there, by some most unaccountable incapacity or oversight, did certainly recommend Turkey to consent to terms which would have been to her as fatal and dishonoring as Russia could have desired. Our uncertain action and timid and hesitating language evidently satisfied Russia that she had nothing ultimately to fear from us, and thus unintentionally drew her on to a position from which retreat seems nearly impossible. Had we plainly and boldly assured her in the first instance that we would advise Turkey to no substantial concession, and that we would, if needful, support her by men and money in an armed resistance, no one who is acquainted with the mingled daring and pliability of Russian policy can doubt for a moment that she would have retracted and retired. She may have believed we were in earnest; but she did not believe that we were ready to enforce our remonstrances by ulterior measures. She believed, and she had but too much reason to believe, that war was an eventuality which we were not prepared to encounter—that we in common with the rest of the Powers of Europe, preferred peace to justice and to character.

Without following up these speculations as we might do had we space, we have said enough to show us that a war once fairly entered upon, it must inevitably become not a mere war of crowns but of nations and opinions, and possibly even a war of nations against crowns—and would open questions involving the entire resettlement of Europe. Before it was ended, alliances and combinations might have changed more than once; friends may have become divided, and foes have become joined: dynasties and forms of government might have been overthrown and replaced by their antagonists and opposites; old wounds might have been re-opened, old chimeras re-aroused, old failures re-attempted and the wild confusion of fifty years since once more sweep away the landmarks of Europe. It is natural enough that all men who have not nerves of iron, and who remember that fearful time, should shrink from opening the floodgates of such an incalculable deluge; it is natural especially that those should shrink from it who have no earnest wishes, no enthusiastic hopes, no clear or well-defined line of policy chalked out in their

own minds,—who do not know what port to steer for, what issue to desire, which of two perils they are most anxious to avoid; it is most natural of all that those should shrink from it whom age has taught to dread evil rather than to be sanguine after good, to distrust all brilliant promises and magnificent visions of a regenerated era, and to sicken at the prospect of the dreary desert of chaos and bloodshed which lies between the dreamers and their goal. We believe it is to this feeling, more than any other—to a sense of *unpreparedness* on the part of all our statesmen to face and grapple with the vast problem which shakes its warning finger and lifts its menacing voice in the distance—that we must ascribe the irresolution manifested by both England and France to take any hostile or decided step which may preclude an accommodation, and the obvious determination of all Powers except the combatants themselves to hush up the quarrel by any means and at any price. It is this which has made our government at once interfere to allay irritation and mediate a compromise; it is this which led our representatives to propose terms to Turkey which would have been weakness in her to accept, and which it was disreputable in them to suggest; it is this which has made Austria alike ready to join the Western Powers in warning and thwarting the Czar; it is this which has made England and France slow and forbearing to the verge of silliness and weakness; it is the knowledge of this feeling, its prevalence and power which has emboldened Nicholas to press on to his designs with such arrogant and haughty violence.

We cannot therefore wonder that men, on whose head the responsibility of action must rest, should exhaust every contrivance of diplomacy and every effort of patience before venturing to begin a war the nature of which will be so serious and the issues so distant and uncertain. Nor perhaps ought we to blame them too severely if, with such a prospect before them, they push forbearance beyond the limits of either dignity or prudence. We would only entreat them to remember, that though it may be worth any effort and any sacrifice to *avoid* such a war as lies before them, merely to *postpone* it may be worth no effort and no sacrifice at all. If it must come

it is best that it should come at a time when, as now, our case is clear, our cause is just, our allies are strong, and our means ample and ready. A year or two hence might find us in a far less favorable position for encountering whatever eventualities the future may have in store for us. Turkey might be exhausted by a long and fruitless attitude of armed inaction; possible controversies might have arisen with America; a coolness might have intervened between us and France; Russian intrigue might have sown dissension and distrust among her allied antagonists; and we might have a Caffre, an Affghan, or a Burmese war upon our hands. But be this as it may, one thing is quite clear to us, and we shall think our rulers very weak and very culpable if they neglect it—the “Eastern question” must be settled now on terms which will afford at least a reasonable guarantee against its recurrence. It will not do to have it constantly hanging over us, ready to burst at any moment when our coffers are empty and our hands are full. Russia, we may be quite certain, will never abandon her designs, or cease from her intrigues for the overthrow of Turkey and the possession of Constantinople, till arrangements have been made which show her the utter and permanent hopelessness of such designs. Nor will it do for us to be constantly called in to prevent and repel her aggressions, whether diplomatic and stealthy, or armed and violent. Nor will it do for the successful discomfiture of her aggressions to depend upon the chance of friendly relations and a good understanding between France and England. Turkey—or its substitute and successor, whatever power may hold Constantinople, Roumelia, and Asia Minor, the Ottoman empire, in short—must be made self-supporting, and must be made so now and for good. If the result of the present contest shall show that the Porte can hold her own, that Turkey is stronger and Russia weaker than has hitherto been supposed, and that her reforms and developed resources will render her in future single-handed a match for her colossal foe; or if, through the active aid of her allies, peace should be concluded on the fair and favorable terms already enumerated—then our work will have been done, and we may dismiss all further anxiety from our minds. But the first is more than we can

hope for; with all our knowledge of the elements of weakness and discord in the Muscovite empire, and with all our favorable opinion as to the improvement and unextinguished energies of the Ottoman Power, we cannot flatter ourselves that the latter, as at present constituted, will not always be greatly over-matched. How, then, are the two great rivals to be equalized, or so far equalized that the greater can never hope either to conquer or absorb the other? Two plans have been proposed: the first needs only to be stated in order to be condemned; the second needs only a few facts and a few moments’ reflection in order to be dismissed as hopeless and absurd. The partition of Turkey among the European powers would be a crime, which, even if we were ripe for it, would bring its own punishment along with it in a progeny of interminable disputes and wars. The dismissal of the Mussulman race into the heart of Asia, and the establishment of a “Greek empire,” with Byzantium for its capital as of old, is the dream of a few ignorant enthusiasts. In the first place, the Mussulmans would not be so easily or speedily “dismissed.” In Europe there are (to take Dr. Michelsen’s and Mr. Urquhart’s statistics) 3,800,000 Mahometans, of whom 1,100,000 are pure Osmanlis—brave warlike, and fanatical, who might be conquered, but would never yield, in a war for empire or existence, and who would be supported to the last by their brethren in Asia; who are at least eleven or twelve millions more. But suppose all those beaten or exterminated—what are the elements for the composition of a “Greek empire” in the place of European Turkey? We have a number of races—incongruous, hostile, and unamalgamated; various in origin, in blood, in character, and in religion—utterly unfusable, and of whom the Greeks do not form above one million out of fifteen. The rest are made up of such heterogeneous elements as the following;—Wallachians and Moldavians, of mixed Dacian, Roman, and Slavonic race, and in religion of the Greek church—wild shepherds, carriers, and tillers of the soil; Bulgarians, a mixture of Slavonic and Tartar blood, peaceable agriculturists, of whom about one-fourth are Mahometans, and the rest Oriental Christians; Bosnians, savage and warlike, of Slavonic origin, half Mahometan, a quarter be-

longing to the Latin, and a quarter to the Greek Church; Albanians, semi-barbarians, of mingled Slave, Illyrian, and Greek blood, mainly Mahometans, some Roman Catholics, and some Oriental Christians; besides Armenians and Jews in considerable numbers. Here are at least five races and three religions—pure Slavonians, mixed Slavonians; pure Greeks, mixed Greeks; Slavonians who are Catholics, Slavonians who are Greek Christians, Slavonians who are fanatical Mahometans. How can a homogeneous and centralized empire be formed out of such repellent elements? and how can a Greek empire be constituted out of a wilderness of races and creeds, of whom only about one-fifteenth have any title to be called Greeks at all—and this fifteenth, though the shrewdest, by no means the most energetic, and assuredly the least commanding? "All these populations," says Urquhart, "have accepted the Turks as masters; not one of them would endure for a moment the supremacy of any of the others. If you had not the Turks you would require to invent them, unless you wish to see European Turkey a chaos of bloodshed."

It must not, however, be imagined that these several races have always acquiesced willingly and patiently in the domination of their Ottoman rulers, or that they do not each indulge their own ambitious dreams of future development and supremacy. Most of them have in turn been restive, and several have obtained a greater or less degree of virtual independence. One way remains to combine all objects, realize all hopes, and meet, as far as possibility permits, all desires. Change Turkey in Europe from a substantive empire into a federal union of states; make the Sultan the *suzerain* instead of the autocrat of the various provinces of his dominion; assimilate all the other divisions to what Servia is now, and what Wallachia would be but for Russian interference, let each state govern itself, but pay a tribute to the central powers, and, if need be, in case of war furnish a specified contingent. The Porte would then remain (what it is well qualified to be) a military and diplomatic supreme head, with Roumelia only as its special appendage; and would cease to be (what probably it cannot successfully become) an administrative power. And the change would be very small, and perhaps after a time scarcely perceptible; for three of the European provinces are already virtually in-

dependent—Bosnia and Albania are always struggling to become so; and of all the governments of Europe there is none so little bureaucratic—none of which the action is so slightly felt, and penetrates so feebly into the daily life of the people—as that of Turkey, unless we except our own. Under such an arrangement as this, the heart-burnings which at present exist among the dominant and the subject races in the Ottoman dominions would soon die away; each separate state would be at liberty to follow its own inherent tendencies, to develop its own resources, and to carry out its own special form of civilization; and the central and supreme executive would be felt only as a protection against foreign aggression, and a control upon intestine discord.

But would Turkey,—thus re-organized upon a natural, healthy, and permanent footing, be able to stand her ground and form an adequate and enduring barrier against Muscovite encroachments and intrigues. *Probably* she would; for then no one of the constituent States would be willing for an instant to listen to any proposals of exchanging its own free and hopeful future for the dreary and dismal fate of incorporation with the overgrown dominion and subjection to the crushing and paralyzing sceptre of Russia. *Possibly* she might not—were this change the only one. But assuredly she would, with an aid which we should propose to give her, and which would make the future as secure and tranquil as futures can ever be. *With Hungary independent and allied*, (and the alliance is natural, for sentiments of friendship and consanguinity have long existed, and interests are identical,) the Magyars, the Slaves, and the Ottomans would be safe, and Russian ambition would be for ever baffled and beaten back. Even with Hungary reunited to Austria under her old constitution, with the guarantee of her own ministry, her own army, and her admitted nationality; with old wounds healed, old wrongs forgiven, and old imperial intrigues surrendered because hopeless—(and this, if Austria were but wise, *might be achieved to-morrow*,) the future would be nearly if not quite as secure; for, under such a healing arrangement Austria would be again powerful enough to feel independent of Russian aid, and therefore no longer a reluctant and fettered accomplice in Russian crime. A little timely wisdom at Vienna, and a little safe and needed spirit in London and at Paris, might arrange this glorious pacification of Europe ere another month had passed. If something of this sort is not done, and done soon, the perils which we shall have to encounter at no distant date, we believe in our hearts to be at least as certain as that we shall have only our own blindness, our own languor, our own timidity to thank for them.

ABBOTT'S NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM THOMAS HALEY.

CHAPTER IV.

THE presence of a whole army of Brigands, in a position to command an access to the Mahomedan holy cities of Mecca and Medina, after a few more marches and wholesale murders, very naturally filled the Sultan of Turkey with indignation and alarm, and it was against the legitimate sovereign of the land that Napoleon and his brigaded bandits fought at Jaffa as they had fought at El Arish. Britain and her allies, in their conduct towards what Mr. Abbott ingeniously calls a "disenthralled" nation, were wholly and evidently out of the question. Napoleon, we repeat it, was at this time as mere a bandit chief as ever was hanged, guillotined, garotted, or otherwise disposed of, to to the great comfort of all honest men. "The stern necessities of war" were, in this case, no necessities at all; nothing more was required than that Napoleon and his ruffians should leave a land in which they had no more legitimate right than our hand at this present moment has in the cash-box of the conscientious Mr. Abbott. What Mr. Abbott affects to call the necessities of war were, in fact, the murderous means of a robber and murderer. Are we to allow that this mere Brigand, this wholesale robber, whose sole argument was the force, the numbers, the discipline of his banditti, and their bandit-like devotion to the chief upon whose skill they could confidently rely to provide cities for their plundering, are we to allow that this practical renegade from Christianity, is to be less sternly judged for his contravention of the military laws of all civilized nations, than a Wellington or a Blucher, commanding the armies of their respective sovereigns, and battling in defence alike of their respective countries and of the whole of the civilized world? Because he, in his, all but, insane ambition, was prepared to turn Mahometan, in order to obtain sovereign power in Africa and Asia, just as he had feigned Jacobinism to obtain in France the military rank which enabled him to consign both his enemy's troops to needless and useless slaughter for the entertainment of a woman; are we to allow that any "necessity of war" could

make his slaughter in cold blood of *two thousand unarmed prisoners of war*, anything other than a crime, so cruel as to render it certain that, whether *innately* cruel or not, it was that rather of a demon than of a man, even as French mothers then gave men to their wretched country. Necessity of war! indeed; self-defence of France, indeed! The memory of the man who ordered the butchery of the unfortunate two thousand *unarmed prisoners of war* shall not be saved from the bloody stain of a savage and unnecessary cruelty either by Sir Walter Scott's too magnanimous delicacy, or by the seeming candour and real cunning of an unscrupulous apologist of a tiger-like nature, nor shall it be left untold that his was a nature which enabled him to sit calmly on his horse and see division after division of unarmed, half-bound *prisoners of war*, shot down by his armed and disciplined banditti, and to look upon the bayonett hursts which put an end to the writhings of the unhappy wretches, whom the musketry maimed, and mangled, indeed, but did not quite kill. Tell us, oh, Abbott! oh, Republican! tell us thou sycophant of a dead tyrant, and slanderer of a great and glorious people, whether you mean to say that, admitting that the Brigand-General, Napoleon, was obliged by the "necessities of war to order the wholesale murder of these unarmed prisoners of war, or that anything but a cruel nature could possibly compel him personally to inspect the butchery; curiously to gaze, with those eyes, which mingled rage and fear never failed to inject with a horrible mixture of blood and bile, to gaze, curiously, upon the platoon firing, the fall of some of the victims on the instant, and the awful writhings of others as the bayonet sought, and not always successfully with first thrust, to find a passage to the wildly beating heart, or to the half maddened brain? Do you, living in a *religious* and intelligent Republic, no matter whether impelled more by love of lucre, or by hate of Britain, do you *dare* to add to your brief comments, your conviction that this personal attendance on that bloody *fete* was anything short of full proof of a cruelty such as the world's annals unhappily may parallel, but assuredly cannot exceed in deliberateness and implacability?

Mr. Abbott, with an effrontery which has

never been surpassed, coolly tells us that it is "undeniable that in this conflict Napoleon was contending on the side of human liberty, and the allies for the support of despotism." Not only is this *not* undeniable, but it has been already disproved by Mr. Abbott's own admissions, as well as by more reliable evidence. The case is precisely the reverse of Mr. Abbott's statement; the allies were supporting human liberty against the fiends of the French Revolution; and even setting that positive fact out of the question, the invasion of Egypt, as far as Napoleon's prospects and aspirations were concerned, had really nothing at all to do with the great question at issue between France and the allies. Mr. Abbott must not therefore, attempt to complicate the case by an artful declamation against the allies; neither can we allow him to make the Directory and the rest of the unprincipled despots of Revolutionary France actual parties to this tremendous butchery, (even although Napoleon was nominally the mere servant of the Directory,) as we have already shewn what his real views were in the invasion of Egypt.

Mr. Abbott's idle writing about what he calls "the necessities of war" is therefore irrelevant; this was no legitimate war, it was a mere brigandage, and consequently while the utmost resistance was doubly justifiable, Napoleon was doubly bound to show even an unusual lenity to his prisoners of war. It is urged, indeed, as ample apology for Napoleon, that he had previously captured these very men at El Arish, and dismissed them on their parole. Now admitting that to have been the case, Mr. Abbott speaks of the Turks as mere barbarians, how then can he assume that from such men Napoleon had any right to expect that nice observance of the military point of honor which marks the Christian and civilized soldier? In addition to their mere barbarism pleading as an excuse for their want of that chivalrous delicacy which would compel a Christian soldier to suffer death rather than to break his parole, the Turks were taught, and very rightly taught, too, that Napoleon appeared in arms against them, not as a warrior engaged in a legitimate warfare, but as a mere brigand, whose ruffianly hand would repeat in every city of the Turkish empire the bloody massacres, the rapine, the arson, and other crimes which

rendered them already accursed in the sight of man and of God. There was everything, therefore, to render the breach of parole on the part of "barbarian" Turks as excusable, nay, as justifiable, as it would have been utterly unpardonable in a more enlightened Christian soldiery. Moreover, we have no proof that Napoleon's pretended identification of the men dismissed on parole at El Arish, with the unarmed and manacled prisoners of war, is to be depended upon. To his other sublime qualities, Napoleon added that of being, when falsehood could possibly serve his turn, even temporarily, as inventive and infinitely more intrepid than Munchausen or Mendez Pinto. In the absence of such proof, we decline to take Napoleon's word for the fact; as there is nothing but his own bad character to establish his statement. But in this case there is something more than Napoleon's character to militate against his statement. When Napoleon made this assertion he was wearying out his existence in the spacious island prison which Britain substituted for DEATH. He was evidently anxious to the very last to stand well in the world's opinion, and especially in the opinion of military men; and he knew human nature well enough to be quite certain that this imputed breach of parole would go far to justify him in the eyes of the world for his conduct at Jaffa. He well knew the wretched truth that the great majority of mankind are the submissive slaves of certain mere words; and that of every thousand men who would read his imputation of a "*breach of parole*" not one per cent would consider, firstly, that parole given to a general and a promise given to a mere brigand, and while his knife is at one's throat, are two extremely different things, and that, secondly, even a commander of a legitimate army, unless a man cruel by nature or habit, or both, would feel himself bound to make great allowance in such a case for a breach of parole, especially as regarded mere private soldiers. He well knew that the great mass of mankind are but little prone to going beneath the surface, and that the imputation of a breach of parole was, consequently, one of the most effective means that he could employ for depriving those two thousand of murdered prisoners of the sympathies of the thousands who would be quite sure to read

his imputation, and equally sure *not* to make any careful or effective enquiry into its truth.

We, for our own part, utterly disbelieve that imputation; we can point out so many instances in which Napoleon stands convicted of the most bare-faced falsehood, that it is impossible, especially in a case of such importance, in which Napoleon had so deep an interest in deceiving men, for us to give credence to the mere assertion of Napoleon, unless supported by corroborative evidence. Such evidence, from really and clearly disinterested, as well as generally credible, witnesses, we challenge Mr. Abbott to produce; until he does produce it, we hold ourselves fairly entitled to state that these men should not be considered guilty of the imputed breach of parole, and that, consequently, Napoleon's excuse is invalid.

Mr. Abbott has contrived to lay himself open to another charge of both unfair and inaccurate statement. He says that Napoleon's whole chance of either success or safety depended upon his putting these men to death. We say that we defy him to show how that could possibly be the case. They were unarmed and dismounted; they were men manacled and led to the slaughter. Now, if, instead of feeding these men during two days of sham debate, he had given them two days' provision, and started them off towards Cairo, leaving them to Providence and their own energies, how could these men have increased the forces which the Sultan had despatched to put an end to the robberies, burnings, and murders of the would-be renegade Pasha? How were these dismounted, poor creatures to join any of the Turkish forces in time to be mischievous to Napoleon? Where were they to get arms? In El Arish? In Jaffa? So little real danger was there of these disarmed men having any chance of becoming mischievous to Napoleon, that a man of chivalrous feeling would have dismissed such helpless creatures in mere scorn, and a man of any sound policy would have saved his two thousand charges of musketry, and have seen, in his lenity to these unhappy wretches, a very precious argument, whether in victory or in defeat; in victory it would have powerfully aided him in obtaining an ascendancy over the people; in defeat and captivity, it would have served both generals and soldiers as a noble

precedent given to the Sultan and his counsellors.

Mr. Abbott lays great stress upon two facts,—the one that a council of war deliberated during two whole days ere its anxious deliberations terminated in a sentence of death; the second, that Napoleon signed the sentence with "extreme reluctance." As to the sitting of the council, we fully believe it, because Mr. Abbott merely repeats, as to that, what he finds in the pages of other authors; but as to Napoleon's reluctance, for which we have only Mr. Abbott's word, we know enough both of the hero and his biographer, to warrant us in refusing to credit a word that Mr. Abbott says about it.

Napoleon had not a single excuse for not sparing these men. The Turk had nothing to do with the quarrels between Britain and her allies and the murderous usurpers of France; and as to Mameluke oppression of Egypt, Napoleon had no just plea for even doing good, far less for doing harm in Egypt; there were worse than any Mamelukes at work in what he, the Corsican, so affectingly calls his "beloved" France, without his going to Africa or Asia to play the knight-errant. And even had his mission been a legitimate one; even had he not been, in heart as false to his masters, the Directory, as the whole rabble-rout of revolutionary rulers, from Danton, and Marat, and Robespierre downward, had been to their king and to the laws alike of God and of humanity, he would still have had not even the shadow of an excuse for this wanton and most barbarous massacre of *prisoners of war*; and even had erroneous notions of his own, on advice from others, misled him into the ordering of such wholesale and unjustifiable butcheries, even then, had he not been truly tiger-like in his sanguinary cruelty, he would have delegated to some inferior ruffian the terrible task of personally superintending so frightful an execution.

Mr. Abbott has vainly endeavored to clear Napoleon from one of the foulest stains that rests upon his character, and has quite as vainly endeavored to throw the odium of it directly upon the military council, and indirectly upon Britain.

We shall decline to follow Mr. Abbott through all the details which, with such an utter and open contempt for both fairness and

courtesy, he has given, from other and easily accessible authors, of Napoleon's doings in Egypt and Palestine. We therefore purpose only to notice those few great and conspicuous crises in the Life of Napoleon, which have been cunningly selected as pegs upon which to hang his unjust eulogies of one of the most entirely selfish men that have ever disgraced and scourged our common humanity.

Mr. Abbott has the unblushing assurance, to write thus:—

"The chivalric Sir Sydney Smith must at times have felt not a little abashed at contemplating the deeds of his allies. He was, however, fighting against the progress of free institutions, and the Scimitar of the Turk was a fitting instrument to be employed in such a service."

Sir Sydney Smith united the devoted gallantry of the Knights of old, with a Christian feeling, and a delicacy of which the Knights of old seem to have been entirely free, not to add, very entirely unconscious. He did not, for this, that, or the other purpose, "employ the Scimitar of the Turk," and Mr. Abbott was as well aware of that when he made his utterly shameless statement, as we are at the moment of both contradicting that statement, and denouncing it. Sir Sydney Smith durst not employ the Turks to aid him in forwarding any projects of his own, or of the British Government; unlike the Knightly and high-hearted British sailors, he detested the vile hypocrisy, the cruelty, and the insatiable ambition of the Corsican, penetrated the designs which that most selfish and unscrupulous of men idly fancied he could serenely hide within his own breast until "the pear should be ripe," and nobly resolved to do that which he very effectually did; to put an end to the Progress of the Brigand Napoleon and his Banditti, to baffle his schemes, to blast his hopes, and to send him home skulking and for ever branded with a great military failure, as well as with a great personal villainy. "Free institutions," even such precious *free institutions* as the wretched Atheists of France then groaned under, formed no part of the subject of contest between the, as yet, uncircumsised renegade Napoleon, and his superiors, the circumsised Turks, mistaken, indeed, in their worship, but at least, neither hypo-

crites nor renegades. The Turks fought for hearth, and home, and father-land, against a highly disciplined horde of nominally Christian miscreants, who assailed not merely the armed warriors of Jerusalem, but the old and infirm; who slaughtered in cold blood, who violated wives and maidens to the music of the death shrieks of the husbands and fathers; who had made every league of their journey pestilent with the stench of the carcasses of the murdered; who had filled even the obscene vultures of the desert to satiety with human flesh, and turned the very sands of the desert into unclean puddles with blood; who had put an end to all doubts as to the possibility of the historic details of the wanton atrocities of a Nero and a Caligula, by showing to the world that bloody and atheistic France, under her Corsican Nero, could, at any moment, vomit out upon the territories of an unoffending people, whole armies of wretches, to any one of whom Caligula must have confessed himself inferior in sanguinary deeds; wretches,

"Whose mercy was mere nickname for the rage
Of tameless Tigers.—hungering for blood!"

Sir Sydney Smith did *not* borrow the Scimitar of the Turk; he lent to the Turk the aid of his own good sword, which was stainless until he died it in the blood of the worst sons of degenerate and demoniac France.

We really wonder how any author can make such shameless assertions, the injustice of which must be so apparent.

Although Mr. Abbott occasionally grows tired of his serious stilted style, now and then he digresses into a serio-comic mood, which almost compels a smile even while it increases our pity of his astounding assurance as an artful concoctor of prolix paragraphs, meaning nothing to the purpose, or bearing us away from the point which chances to be really in dispute at the moment. Thus after misrepresenting Britain, her allies, Sir Sidney Smith, and even the Turk whose false religion the Corsican was so ready to embrace. Mr. Abbott suddenly bursts out into the following inimitable declamation, which is too pitiable even to allow of our laughing at it.

"Had not" says Abbott "Napoleon been crippled by the loss of his fleet at Aboukir, victory at Acre would have been attained without difficulty."

Is that, not now, something marvellous; a profound secret until thus startlingly made known by this new writer of a new Life of Napoleon? What do we dull Anglo Canadians here learn from the sublime Abbott? Just this, that Napoleon would have been victor—if he had not been vanquished! A recondite truth, for the discovery of which we trust that Mr. Abbott will be duly honored with the smallest possible statue, cast in appropriate brass. In the hands of Mr. Abbott, stolen fact and original fiction are alike perilous, he has only to put an obvious truism into his own language, and it in an instant rises up in judgment against him. Did it not strike him, when he was turning a very obvious truism into a pompous sentence, that he was in substance, passing a severe verdict of military blundering against the hero whom he is so anxious unduly to exalt, as a means of unjustly impugning the humanity, and the justice of the British? No reader will, suspect us of the low and paltry feeling which would be evidenced by a denial of the really great military genius of Napoleon. But, while we admit his great genius we cannot admit that even as a General, and judged only as such he was by any means so faultless as his fulsome flatterers, including Mr. Abbott, would fain make us believe. More than once he committed faults which the merest tyro in military science would most probably have avoided, and which so great a genius as he undoubtedly was, could only have been induced to commit by that fatal ambition, with which we have so justly charged him, and which alone could have so completely clouded and bewildered an intellect usually clear, sagacious, and comprehensive. Mr. Abbott lays much of Napoleon's ill success to the door of our gallant Nelson—and so do we.—But he does not seem to understand that if Buonaparte's favourite admiral Brueys had not gone to the Nile (Mr. Abbott does not like the "Battle of the Nile" he evidently prefers Aboukir,) he would not have been defeated there. Did Napoleon, we beg to ask our eulogist, never suspect that people have eyes, ears, and clear intellects in London as well as in Paris? Why did Napoleon, as the far seeing and unerring general he is represented to be, ignore the existence of Nelson, of British ships, and of the hearts of Oak

that named them, and with what prudence could he overlook so strong a probability, as that of the British ministry, sending against the French fleet a British fleet; against the French Brueys a British Nelson; That he did not foresee the result, or that foreseeing it, he yet persisted in perilling his fleet proves that if his insane ambition could on some occasions render him cruel as the tiger, so, on others it could render him silly as the poor bird, which, when pursued by the hunters, hides its head beneath its wings, and deems that as it sees no longer, it can be no longer seen. Much as we dislike Mr. Abbott's peculiar fashion of parading obvious truisms we yet have to thank him in the present instance, for causing us to point out the gross blunder, or something worse, of which Napoleon was guilty in this matter.

A portion of the delusive spirit of the Corsican sometimes seems to descend upon his admirer and latest Biographer. When he has exhausted the few truisms which he contrives to turn into condemnations alike of himself and of his hero, he usually treats us to a little declamation of his own, in which reckless assertion, and false reasoning are not even redeemed by the seeming of a genuine taste for grave jocularity. Unjust praise of Napoleon, and equally unjust insinuation against Britain, are in all conscience bad enough, but when to these he adds such miserable cant, as we are about to quote, the case becomes more serious, and requires the severe reprehension of every writer, who would deprecate the impious daring so apparent in the following quotation :—

"The imagination is bewildered in contemplating the results that would have ensued. Even without the aid of the fleet, but for the indomitable activity, courage and energy of Sir Sidney Smith, Acre would have fallen, and the bloody reign of the butcher would have come to an end. This destruction of Napoleon's magnificent anticipations of Oriental conquest must have been a bitter disappointment. It was the termination of the most sanguine hope of his life. And it was a lofty ambition in the heart of a young man of twenty six, to break the chains which bound the countless millions of Asia in the most degrading slavery, and to create a boundless empire, such as the earth had never before seen, which should develope

all the physical, intellectual and social energies of man. History can recall with unerring truth the *deeds* of man and his *avowed* designs. The attempt to delineate the conflicting *motives* which stimulate the heart of a frail mortal are hazardous. Even the most lowly Christian finds unworthy motives mingling with even his best actions, Napoleon was not a Christian. He had learned no lessons in the school of Christ. Did he merely wish to aggrandize himself, to create and perpetuate his own renown, by being the greatest and the best monarch earth has ever known? This is not a Christian spirit. But it is not like the spirit which demonized the heart of Nero, which stimulated the lust of Henry VIII, which fired the bosom of Alexander with his invincible phalanges, and which urged Tamerlane with his mounted hordes to the field of blood. Our Saviour was entirely regardless of self in his endeavors to bless mankind. Even Washington, who though one of the best of mortals, must be contemplated at an infinite distance from the Son of God, seemed to forget himself in his love of his country. That absence of self cannot be so distinctly seen in Napoleon. He wished to be the great benefactor of the world, elevating the condition and rousing the energies of many, not that he might obtain wealth and live in splendor, not that he might revel in voluptuous indulgencies, but apparently that his own name might be embalmed in glory. This is not a holy motive. Neither is it degrading and dishonorable. We hate the mercenary despot. We despise the voluptuary. But history cannot justly consign Napoleon either to hatred or to contempt. Had Christian motives impelled him, making all due allowance for human frailty, he might have been regarded as a saint. Now he is but a Hero."

"The ambitious conqueror who invades a peaceful land, and with fire and blood subjugates a timid and helpless people that he may bow their necks to the yoke of slavery, that he may doom them to ignorance and degradation, that he may extort from them their treasures by the energies of the dungeon, the scimitar, and the bastinado consigning the millions to mudhovels, penury and misery, that he and his haughty parasites may revel in voluptuousness and splendor, deserves the execrations of the world. Such were the

rulers of the Orient. But we cannot with equal severity condemn the ambition of him who marches not to forge chains, but to break them; not to establish despotism, but to assail despotic usurpers; not to degrade and impoverish the people, but to ennoble, and to elevate, and to enrich them; not to extort from the scanty earnings of the poor the means of living in licentiousness and all luxurious indulgences, but to endure all toil, all hardship, all deprivations cheerfully, that the lethargic nations may be roused to enterprise, to industry, and thrift. Such was the ambition of Napoleon. But far more lofty is that ambition of whom Christ is the exemplar, which can bury self in oblivion."

This historic muse is no stickler; the sacred and the profane are alike recklessly pressed into the service of eulogising the great image which "our Nebuchadnezzar" has set up.

In this long and imaginative passage there is not a truism which our apologist does not warp to the bolstering up of its antagonistic falsehood; not a censure he invokes, which does not of right accrue to his hero, not an execration which he predicates to be deserved by the common herd of tyrants, but must alight upon the despot, Mr. Abbott has selected him as a fit subject to be presented to the world as a *preux Chevalier sans tache et sans reproche*. The task of exposing this presumption is, a truly painful one, and to contemplate such an exposure, must be almost equally painful to our readers; we shall endeavor, therefore, to perform it as briefly as possible.

In some parts of his performance Mr. Abbott speaks of the Egyptian expedition as being a blow stricken in self defence by France against Britain and her allies, one by which the Directory hoped to deter Britain and her confederates from the further prosecution of their project of setting a hated and discarded king over that disenthralled France which, subsequently, with utter disregard of historical truth he, to suit his page to another phase of Napoleon's bloody and tyrannous course, represents as being so utterly enthralled and impoverished that nothing but the energy and genius of Napoleon could possibly have saved her. Now and then our author forgets himself, and confirms our conjecture, founded

upon many of Napoleon's sayings and doings, namely, that had he been successful in fairly establishing himself as a renegade ruler in Egypt or in Palestine, he would have wielded thenceforth not for France, but for Sheik or Pacha, or Padishah, a power which this Corsican by birth, Christian by baptism, but unchristian in fact, would have exerted with the most entire indifference to every worthy consideration, solely to advance what Mr. Abbott calls his glory, but which we call his shame. What Mr. Abbott calls "Napoleon's magnificent anticipations of Oriental conquest" were, in fact, at once atrocious and imbecile dreams. To overrun a wealthy and densely peopled country such as Austria, Prussia, Italy, and Holland, is an easy task compared to taking a vast army across pathless deserts, and through cities abandoned by the inhabitants to the wolf and the jackal. We do not for a moment doubt that Napoleon did contemplate the founding of a "boundless empire such as earth has never seen," blinded by his insane ambition he really did imagine that he could, in a comparatively brief space of time, subdue and occupy the Turkish empire, and then assail British India, not by way of checking or punishing the alleged British aggressions upon the at once *disen- thralled* and horribly *enthralled* France, or

with the slightest idea of making the spoils of India a fund from which to remunerate France for the sums wasted upon him, between the moment of his embarkation for Egypt, and that of his proclaiming himself the Pacha or Padishah of an independent territory in the East, but solely to gratify whatever ideas the devil or his own notions, or his own interests, might suggest. Occasionally laying aside his canting style, he for the moment shares the unprincipled fervor of his hero, and believes that the high reaching ambition of one hero may be quite cheaply purchased at the expense of cities burned, fields devastated, men and boys slain or maimed in such wise as to make their dearest friends think their prolonged life far more pitiable than death in the red battle field; women attacked with every circumstance of brutality, and the air made pestilential by the rotting and unburied victims of the great man's ambition, these are what our especially Republican friend of the Corsican murderer calls "the necessities of war." But though we thus far agree with Mr. Abbott, we by no means share his apparent confidence in the success of Napoleon, even if such heroes as Nelson and Sir Sydney Smith had been either not in existence, or peacefully employed at the very antipodes of the Nile and St. Jean d'Acra.

CHAPTER V.

NATURE is as inflexible as she is beautiful; and there are certain of her laws which cannot be successfully contravened or evaded, even where such mighty personages as Napoleon oppose those laws. Even camels, to say nothing about such perverse animals as men and horses, must now and then drink or they will die; and so absurdly strong and ineradicable is the prejudice of both men and beasts in favor of a more or less regular supply of food, however coarse, that if the supply be withheld for only a few days, both unhand-somely avenge themselves upon the most heroic of chieftains, by becoming just so many slovenly and unhandsome corpses, which not merely come between the wind and his nobility, to the annoyance of his heroic nostrils, but sometimes even bequeath him a stench so mortally potent that he, even he, the warrior in *esse* and conqueror and founder of a dynasty in *posse*, sickens, becomes loathsome with plague boils, and finally, dies in so foul a fashion that the Jackals will none of him, and even the but little fastidious Vultures flap their wings disdainfully, and take their flight far from him, as game a little too far gone to suit even their taste in carrion. We do not for an instant deny or even doubt that Napoleon thought Acre once taken and Achmet the butcher, as Mr. Abbott delights to term the resolute defender of Acre against an incomparably more merciless butcher than he, once put to death, the path of Napoleon to the throne of the Sultan and thence to the plundering and subjugation of India was easy, and his projects quite certain to be fully carried out. Of the opinions entertained by Napoleon and his living and very sycophantic eulogist tending that way, we do not doubt; but that their opinions would have been falsified by the event we entertain just as much doubt—and no more—as we doubt that the dead tyrant was creedless Godward, and heartless manward.

It is our opinion that it was most fortunate

for Napoleon personally, and, in that precise ratio, most lamentably unfortunate for civilized Europe, that Napoleon was not cursed with victory at Acre, and with a very few months of subsequent success. True it is, that we have never yet read or thought of Sir Sydney Smith's equally sagacious and gallant conduct at Acre, without an exultant and applauding thrill, we never think of that truly gallant seaman without feeling increased joy and exultation in our British birth; he is one of the few fighting heroes in whose unselfish daring we glory, and to whose praises we joyously and without one cold thought or conscience-enforced doubt, join our feeble voices. And, yet, somehow, as we think of that glorious affair at Acre, we almost regret that Sir Sydney was there at all. Achmet Djezzar though not quite as bad as Napoleon, seeing that at all events he was no renegade, used the scimitar openly, neither canted about humanity and disinterestedness, nor wrote bulletins so false as to make a Napoleon bulletin synonymous with a most flagitious and impudent falsehood. Achmet Djezzar, we say, though by no means equal in guilt or ignominy to his antagonist, the sham Mahometan, Napoleon, was, nevertheless, an extremely bad fellow, and one whom those who were luckless enough to live within reach of his scimitar, would doubtless with much resignation have consigned to the care and keeping of the worms of the grave, or the unclean birds and beasts of the desert. Still we are to remember that nine tenths of what we read of the cruelties of "Djezzar" or the Butcher have been printed and circulated for the world's edification upon the authority of the French, who, as slaves of Napoleon and compatriots of the burning, marauding, and murdering miscreant formed the horde which he called his army—that those who are said to have groaned beneath the bloody tyranny of "the Butcher" would have very sensibly improved their situation by his death and their transfer to the rule of the renegade

Napoleon, is what we cannot for an instant suppose. But, making all due allowance for French exaggeration, it is pretty clear that, due consideration being had for Eastern education and for the sanguinary promptings of its creed, it is pretty certain we say, that making all due allowance for these incidentals, Achmet Djessar was remarkable for anything rather than humanity, and was precisely one of those persons of whom our British proverb as pithily as truly says that they are *better lost than found*. And even as regards the Butcher himself the victory of Napoleon at Acre would not, in our view of the case, have been so very lamentable; for, in that event, at least one detestable person would no longer have sinned against God and humanity. A far greater good, however, might, and, in our opinion almost certainly would, have resulted from that temporary triumph of Napoleon. It appears to us not, indeed, that Mr. Abbott has the slightest show of reason for his fancy that, if successful at Acre, Napoleon might probably have realized his wild and all but boundless projects of Eastern conquest and Eastern dominion, but that temporary success would have both emboldened and enabled him to go farther, and involve himself so deeply and so inextricably, that, instead of having to chronicle the selfish doings of Napoleon, First Consul, Emperor of France the great and Elba the small, fugitive from Waterloo, and ludicrously-complaining exile in St. Helena, his unscrupulous eulogist would have had to comment upon the life and death of Napoleon, quite renegade, almost Pasha, cut short by famine, simoom, or one firman, one bowstring, and two mutes. It is the almost absolute certainty that victory at Acre would have lured Napoleon into a course which would have saved Europe from the disgrace and the curse of his usurped rule in France, that has often tempted us to regret that, in the presence of the gallant and skilful Sir Sidney Smith, Napoleon found, so early, an insuperable obstacle to even a first real advance towards the accomplishment of his vast designs. Mr. Abbott obviously takes a very different view of the case; but there is no part of his work in which he is so nearly sincere as when he spouts sentimentalisms concerning the bewilderment of his imagination, "in contemplating the results which

might have ensued," but which, unhappily, did not. What an oriental romance might not Mr. Abbott have produced had Napoleon even made himself Pasha of Egypt, King of Jerusalem! Ah! much as we love the memory of that gallant and victorious Sydney Smith, we really are not quite satisfied that he would not have done the world good service had he not troubled himself about Acre, but left the rival butchers to fight it out at their leisure.

Yes! Had Napoleon been so far triumphant as to found a petty sovereignty in the east, we should have had a romance, not, indeed, more anti-British than that which we are reviewing, but certainly more intensely ludicrous and more laughably wrong-headed than the sentimentalisms, the euphuisms, and the contradictions which he has now given us. Even as the matter really does stand, just listen how he speaks of the selfish and ruthless ambition of Napoleon:—

"And it was a lofty ambition in the heart of a young man of twenty-six, to break the chains which bound the countless millions of Asia in the most degrading slavery, and to create a boundless empire such as earth had never before seen, which should develope all the physical, intellectual, and social energies of man."

This republican, we thus see, this believer in the right of all men (red skins and negroes duly excepted) to safety of life, limb, and property, who boasts of being a member of a Christian and intelligent Republic, calls the grasping and intensely selfish schemes of Napoleon, which he could have carried into effect only after shedding almost literally a sea of human blood, and plundering and wasting to the amount of almost countless millions, he calls these awfully and intensely devilish schemes a lofty ambition! We know of no one like Mr. Abbott for giving the very finest names to the very foulest actions! Human audacity, at the least in the audacious way, can scarcely go beyond the audacity of the man who talks of the aspiration of the intensely selfish and the mercilessly cruel Napoleon, to breaking the chains of countless millions of Asia: that Napoleon, whose whole business, from the day of the Tuileries to that of his flight from Waterloo, was the forging and rivetting of manacles for the millions of

Europe! *He* break the chains of the enslaved! *He* emancipate the countless millions of Asia from the most degrading slavery! *He* waste a thought or lift a finger, save with a view to enslaving the free and enslaving the the enslaved still more deeply, more helplessly, more hopelessly than before! *He* develop all the physical, intellectual, and, above all, the social energies of man! *He*, Napoleon, he thus civilize the barbarian east! *He*, who set out with repudiating that civilizing power, to which Emperors and Padishahs are as dust in the balance, our divine, ameliorating, and elevating religion! *He*, forsooth, was to turn Turk himself, and yet refine, purify and elevate the people of the east, by just substituting his own tyranny, his own levies of taxes, his own conscriptions, and his own endless aggressive wars, for the comparatively mild and innocuous tyranny of the far milder and more endurable native despots!

When we find Mr. Abbott speaking with equal freedom, and by way of comparison, of Napoleon, Washington, and our holy Redeemer, it *may*, without any disparagement, to Mr. Abbott's ingenuity, be very fairly considered as a thing to make angels sad and fiends merry.

Considering the actual character of Napoleon, as evidenced by nearly all his words and by still more nearly all his actions, we think it would be difficult to find more abominable cant than that upon which we have just commented, were it not that Mr. Abbott has written the unspeakably awful passage on which we are about to comment. Taking the two passages together we must pay Mr. Abbott the rather unenviable compliment of confessing, that we think that he may defy the whole brotherhood of authors to equal him in irreverent sanctimoniousness and solemn mockery.

"Even," says Mr. Abbott, "the most lowly Christian finds unworthy motives mingling with his best actions. Napoleon was not a Christian. He had learned no lessons in the school of our Saviour. Did he merely wish to aggrandize himself, to create and perpetuate his own renown, by being the greatest and the best monarch earth has ever seen? This is not a Christian spirit. But it is not like the spirit which demonized the heart of Nero, which stimulated the lust of Henry the

Eighth, which fired the bosom of Alexander with his invincible phalanxes, and which urged Tamerlane with his mounted hordes to the field of blood. Our Saviour was entirely regardless of self in his endeavours to bless mankind. Even Washington, who, though one of the best of mortals, must be contemplated at an infinite distance from the Son of God, seemed to forget himself in his love of his country. That absence of self-regard cannot be so distinctly seen in Napoleon."

So distinctly seen! Why surely Mr. Abbott should remember, (absence of self-regard in Napoleon not so distinctly seen, forsooth!) that *De non existentibus et de non apparentibus eadem est ratio?* Would he by denying Napoleon's freedom from selfishness in the comparative, turn our attention from the fact that he was all selfishness in thought, in word, and in deed; an incarnation of selfishness from infancy to age—from the cradle to the grave? Is it of this personified selfishness that even he dares to chatter to us about his *unselfishness* not being, forsooth, so distinctly seen? And, then, just note the mixture of outrageous vanity and mock humility of this champion of Napoleon and the rest of the sanguinary atheists of those days of bloodshed incalculable, and of blasphemies and obscenities unmentionable. He actually confesses that even Washington is to be "spoken of at an infinite distance from our Redeemer." Yes, Mr. Abbott assures us—may we be duly thankful for the pains he takes to enlighten our darkness—that Washington was one of the best of men, and yet that even he is "to be spoken of at an infinite distance from our Redeemer." This looks very like a great and generous concession, we feel bound to admit; but, on the other hand, who, save an admirer of Napoleon or republicanism, would ever, for even a single moment, have dreamed of mingling two such names? Since "mad Swarrow," in the bad couplet of which Mr. Abbott may have heard, in which the at least half mad Russian bard coupled God and the impure empress in the same thanksgiving line, for the success of the Russians in the assault of Ismael. Since that impious couplet was written, never has man ventured to pen anything indicative of such familiar levity, mingled with such vile irreverence, as Mr. Abbott who, disgracing himself and insulting all

Christian men, by coolly, deliberately, and, as it would seem, rather complacently foisting into a paragraph (the main object of which is to assert the untrue, and to deny the true, to flatter Napoleon), brings not merely into the same paragraph, but even into direct comparison, the Son of God and the most selfish and crime-stained of the sons of men, Mr. Abbott too, is very evidently and very comfortably unconscious of this. It is no less evident that he relies, and we fear with an only too well-grounded confidence upon his impious comparison, meeting with no very serious censure. Probably inspirited by this confidence, he goes on to ask whether Napoleon wished to aggrandize himself and to win the fame of being at once the best and the greatest monarch that earth has ever seen; and he asks this question in a tone which proves that he confidently anticipates an affirmative answer on all hands. To be a great king or pasha, in the sense in which Napoleon understood the word greatness, doubtless, Napoleon did very sincerely wish; to be the absolute lord of the property, the persona, the speech and the very opinions of all around him; to have as many unreasoning and ever willing tools, or, at need, victims, as he could count subjects, would admirably have suited that saturnine despot; and we no more doubt than Mr. Abbott does, that in *that* sense of the word, though in no other, Napoleon most ardently aspired to be a great king, and was duped alike by his evil yearnings and that vanity (of which, despite all that was really great about him, Napoleon had a far larger share than usually falls to the lot of really great men), into the belief that in the east he could carve out for himself an immense sovereignty in which he could thus satisfactorily to himself, play the intelligent despot to his own honor and glory. Understanding the word greatness as Mr. Abbott evidently does, in the Corsico-Napoleonic sense, he is perfectly warranted in saying that Napoleon aspired to be a great king; yea, the very "greatest king that earth has ever seen." But in the true sense of the word, to be a great king, was the very last thing that would have suited either the temper or the wishes of Napoleon; to be a great king requires self-abnegation and a most thoughtful and apprehensive care for the rights, the interests, the well being, and

even the very wishes and feelings of the subjects to which Napoleon was as incompetent as a savage contempt of his fellow-men and a most intense selfishness could render him. Even Mr. Abbott, chary as he is of such admissions as might directly damage the character of his hero, has blundered out an indirect but none the less decisive sentence of utter incapacity for the sublime part of a great king, in the true sense of the term greatness. "It is true that in Napoleon this absence of self is not so perceptible."

We are quite contented to receive this as full a confession of the intense unfitness of Napoleon for real greatness, as it is reasonable to expect from the pen of so thorough thick and through thin an apologist. But, though from *him* we cannot reasonably expect an acknowledgement of a more frank character, we claim the right of speaking out plainly, though, perchance, less satisfactorily to his advocate, and of asserting that not only is the absence of selfishness not so discernible as in Washington, but that it was not to any extent discernible at all in Napoleon, and for this simple reason, that, from his merest childhood to his death in his far too lenient captivity, Napoleon never lost sight of self interest, whether he slaughtered or gave peace, plundered foreign capitals, or made more than princely gifts at the expense of others, but shewed himself, *not* as Mr. Abbott would so insidiously impress upon us but to be possessed of perversity and hardness of heart, utterly and incurably foul.

We have shown that though Mr. Abbott would be quite justified in stating that Napoleon desired, passionately, and yearned to be the greatest of monarchs, yet, in the one only true sense of that word, greatness was the very last thing of which the Corsican was ambitious or for which he was qualified. But, with all his share of cunning, Mr. Abbott could not leave well alone; he was not content with stating that his hero had the ambition to figure in the annals of posterity as the greatest "Monarch that earth has ever known; but, having dexterously made use of a term—"great" (a term, the ambiguity of which is remarkably well calculated to impose alike upon the indolent, and upon the reader whose imagination has been forced, or whose

moral sense has been blunted by the mischievous declamation, which treats *greatness* as being synonymous with successfully exerted power, in whatever cause exerted, he must needs hit upon a less equivocal term : and adds that Napoleon also aspired to be "the *best* monarch earth has ever seen." We are well aware that Napoleon did much good for France, and, that goodness of a kind only too shamefully and too mischievously neglected by the later Bourbon kings, previous to his usurpation. We admit all the value of the Code Napoleon, and give him his full share of credit for this valuable code; but still bear in mind the probability that to Talleyrand, Fouché, or some other of his able though utterly unprincipled advisers, he owed even the conception of that really valuable work, and that, secondly, notwithstanding all that his sycophants have said and may say about the universality of his genius, nothing can be more certain than that France owed the execution of that work *not* to the ever praised Napoleon, but to lawyers and literary men, of whom the men who so loudly laud Napoleon probably never have read; to wit, Pertalis, Trouchet, Bigot, Maleville, and that Cambageres whom Napoleon affected to think inferior to himself, even in civil affairs, but who, in that department of human ability was infinitely his superior. But even allowing Napoleon the whole merit of that undoubted improvement, the code which bears his name, and giving him all the credit which that loudest of his admirers, claim for him for the benefits conferred upon France by the changes made with a view to the improved education of the people; still we cannot understand how this admission could embolden any man to say that Napoleon was anything like a good monarch,—wholly leaving out of the question the absurdity of calling him "the best monarch that earth has ever seen."

The selfish determination to render himself the virtual autocrat of Europe by robbing the rightful possessors of their crowns and their territories, to bestow them upon his own relatives as his mere tools and viceroys, could not but involve France in great and expensive wars, in which no creature in France except Napoleon and his connections had even the shadow of an interest; and, to say nothing of the mischievous waste of treasure, the blood

thus shed, the mourning and the misery caused at millions of hearths by the slaughter of army after army, and the replacing of those armies by the truly devilish tyranny of the conscription, must necessarily and for ever fix upon the name of Napoleon the stigma of having not only not been "the best monarch the earth ever saw," but in the producing of a widely spread misery and ruin, far and away, the very worst. The Neros and the Caligulas of Rome, and the despots of the east, have undoubtedly been more terrible to their courtiers and to all upon whom their misfortune inflicted the ruinous curse of a close contact with the demoniac tyrant of the day. But the cruelty of any one of those monsters was necessarily exercised within a comparatively limited circle; while the arrogant, selfish tyranny of the Corsican was like the grim power of death; it was manifested, and its ravages were mourned, equally in the palace and in the poorest hut. Nor was the fell torture of Napoleon's rule confined to those whom the equally arrogant and hypocritical tyrant affected to call *his* French (he being Italian by birth, French only by conquest, and the avowed enemy of France at his outset), but to every country which he ruled, through the puppet sovereigns which he had set up. Even Mr. Abbott, bold and unscrupulous as he is whenever his hero is to be shielded against the just complaints and reproaches of outraged humanity, will scarcely dare to deny that the conscription was used almost exclusively for Napoleon's own selfish purposes; and just as little can even he venture to contradict us when we state that Napoleon ruled as absolutely in Italy, in Spain, and in Holland, as in his "beloved France," and that he treated the slightest neglect of *his* interests on the part of any one of his puppet kings with as insolent and contemptuous a severity as he could possibly have manifested to the most beggarly menial in his Parisian kitchen or stables. "Your first duty" was his language to those who had earned their precarious and disgraceful royalty and tinsel by acting as jackals, "your *first* is to me, your *second* to France." As for the unhappy countries over which they were set as very menials of the great tyrant, *their* interests had literally neither consideration, nor, in the Napoleonic estimation, anything more than merely no-

minal interests beyond those which they possessed as tributaries to the tyrant. It was necessary that the women of those countries should bring forth, for Napoleon the Great might need their sons, long ere they reached manhood, to fight the battles of his bloody career; it was necessary that the agriculture, commerce, and, where they had them, the manufactures of those countries should be properly attended to; for it was imperative that they should have means not only of supporting his puppet Kings in idle and unmerited splendor, but that they should have the wherewithal to pay tribute to their resolute and unsparing master.

We defy Mr. Abbott to contradict us, otherwise than by bare assertion or shabby insinuation; and yet he has the temerity to talk about the ambition of Napoleon to become the "best king earth has ever seen!" Be it remembered, too, that Mr. Abbott talks in this fashion about Napoleon as he aspired to rule in the East, and when he had declared himself ready to become a Mahometan, with Sultans for his Satraps and countless myriads of Mahometans, Hindoos, Gentoos, and what not, for his unresisting slaves. If even in Europe, with at the least something like public opinion to contend against, the Spanish knife and the Italian dagger availed not against his instinctive fraud, his acquired force and his bloody and merciless pertinacity, if even steadfast, rural and industrious Holland, whose dykes *should* have drowned his villainous legions; if even in Holland, and in Spain, and in fair Italy, this ruthless and selfish man wrought evil so widely, what would he not have done in the East, if in the infinitely wise and most unfathomable purposes of the Almighty, he had even for a brief season been permitted to succeed in his renegade and tyrannous eastern project.

It is not easy to say whether Mr. Abbott is more deserving of the indignation or contempt of all honest men when he dares to tell us that "Napoleon had his motives been truly Christian would by the acts" which he records and praises, "have been a saint!" Did mortal man ever so commingle the utmost want of honest principle with the most pitiable lack of common sense? What is this but to say that Napoleon might, perchance, have been a Saint, only that beyond

all doubt his acts were those of which the devil himself might feel proud. Mr. Abbott even while he scribbled this cant must have been thoroughly well aware that if Napoleon had been a Christian, his usurped rule, his dishonest seizures, his thrice brazen falsehoods, his sanguinary murders, would never have stained the pages of history or afforded an opportunity of showing to the whole world, and disgusting it by the sad display, that a man may be professedly a Christian and nominally a Republican, and yet wicked enough and mean enough to eulogize a bad man, and libel an incomparably good and brave nation, to the utmost extent of his power, if ill-founded national prejudice inspire him to undertake the work.

In all that Mr. Abbott says of Napoleon's Egyptian expedition, his anti-British prejudices, his shameful sympathies with all the worst aspirations, and his cordial approval of all the worst acts of the deceased tyrant are evident; but in much that we have quoted from his commentaries there is matter not merely to excite indignation, but pity. There is impiety, not to say blasphemy, mixed up with political absurdities and atrocities.

We have on more than one occasion had to remark upon Mr. Abbott's unrivalled talent for self-contradiction; in that peculiar walk of talent, however, he is scarcely so great as he is in the art of utterly damning the character of his hero in the very words in which he, to the utmost of his power, endeavors to exalt that character.

'Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.'

Even to so short-sighted a person as Mr. Abbott, it could not but be self-evident that, in order to save the character of Napoleon from all the odium inseparable from his actual ravages and projected addition to those ravages in the east, it was necessary to exert all his rhetorical powers for him, to hold up the eastern rulers to our abhorrence, as the most selfish, corrupt, and brutal of all possible tyrants, and then, with imperturbable coolness, to represent Napoleon as not merely warring against the native rulers and their vices, but also as both prepared and anxious to substitute for all the vices of their rule, the virtues of a Titus and a Trajan combined into one glorious whole, and then multiplied by twenty or by twenty thousand, according to the

extent of the reader's credulity, or the fecund warmth of his excited imagination. But if Mr. Abbott excels in planning deceptive schemes, he falls lamentably short of his designs, when he sets about carrying them into execution. Intending to exalt Napoleon in the world's estimation, and so to paint the rulers of the east as best may tend to deprive them of the world's sympathy and good wishes, Mr. Abbot actually gives us, while pretending to paint only the native rulers, a most revoltingly faithful daguerreotype of Napoleon himself, and heightens every terrible and every base feature by an accompanying sketch of what a conqueror, to be at all justifiable in his aggressive warfare, ought to be—every line predicating a quality or a virtue of which Napoleon was, by his own showing, not merely deficient, but strikingly destitute!

Having told us that, if Napoleon's motives and acts had been Christian, in other words, if Napoleon thought and acted precisely as he did not think and act, he "might have been regarded as a saint," and that "now he is but a hero," Mr. Abbott thus declaimeth:—

"The ambitious conqueror who invades a peaceful land, and with fire and blood subjugates a timid and helpless people, that he may bow their necks to the yoke of slavery, that he may doom them to ignorance and degradation, that he may extort from them their treasures by the energies of the dungeon, the scimitar, and the bastinado, consigning the millions to mud hovels, penury, and misery; that he and his haughty parasites may revel in voluptuousness and splendor, deserves the execrations of the world. Such were the rulers of the Orient."

And what, we ask, was that most unprovoked of invaders but precisely the "ambitious conqueror," whom Mr. Abbott, for once though only by accident, thus consigns to the deserved execrations of the world? Does he wish to tell us that because Napoleon dressed plainly, lived plainly, and left all the voluptuousness and splendor for which he so unscrupulously murdered and robbed, to his "haughty parasites;" will Mr. Abbott tell us that, therefore, the above description of the ambitious conqueror, whom he so truly states to deserve the execrations of the world, applies one jot the less to Napoleon the Renegade? Even as the case now stands, baffled

as he was in his endeavors to set up as a spick and span new Mahometan monarch, Napoleon was precisely that ambitious conqueror. All that he did when Consul and when emperor of France, clearly shows all that he would have done in the east. Temperament in part, but mainly a shrewd attention to the nature and force of public opinion in France, to say nothing of the vigilant jealousy of Josephine, (his love of whom is so sickeningly chattered about, and so utterly disproved by the cool style in which, when added years had diminished her attractions, while undecreased extravagance annoyed her Imperial husband), undoubtedly did much towards rendering Napoleon comparatively free from gross offences against morality; though, be it observed in passing, that if we had either space or inclination for dwelling upon that subject, we should have small difficulty in showing that Napoleon was by no means the chaste Joseph his sycophants have represented him. Had he succeeded in his eastern projects, which could never have entered his head had he not been at once the vainest, most sanguine, and most unprincipled of men, we are strongly inclined to believe that Napoleon would, even on this point, have left abundant room for censure. But, admitting that he carried only fire and sword into Egypt, without the slightest desire personally to "revel in voluptuousness and splendour," supposing that he merely plundered and murdered, that taxation and conscription there might enable him to dethrone the Sultan, enthrone himself, and then, by new and more extensive villainies, extend his eastern rule even over the British and native Indian territories, even supposing all this, how does it relieve his dark memory from the stain of his having been one of those ambitious conquerors who "deserve the execrations of the world?" What matters it whether a ruffian murders and robs for his own personal enjoyment's sake, in order that he personally may "revel in voluptuousness and in splendour," or only that he may gratify his vanity and forward his interests in another way, by decking his mistress or his wife in purple and gold, and costly gems, and spreading the luxurious banquet for the kindred ruffians who aid him in his nefarious deeds? One ruffian, no doubt, has one sort of taste to gratify, and another ruffian, free from that taste, has an-

other and a different one to gratify; but, in settling the account of moral delinquency and of sin against the behests of God, we have nothing to do with the motives which prompt the murder, or with the manner in which the plunder is disposed of. It is simply with the murdering that we charge the murderer, with the robbery, the robber; and as both robber and murderer, as exactly one of those "ambitious conquerors who deserve the execrations of the world," Napoleon stands convicted in the eyes of every man of common sense and right feeling, and will continue so to stand convicted to the end of time.

Mr. Abbott next proceeds to give us the fancy portrait of Napoleon as one of those pattern conquerors who have no touch of ambition in their whole composition; (who toil, and moil, and sweat, and shed blood, and give up cities to fire, sword—all in kindness and gentle heart—all for the good of the absurd people who show such small gratitude for such heroic doings), as one of those faultless monsters in the conquering way, who do *not* deserve the execration of the world; though he by no means makes that non-deserving of the world's execrations by any means clear to us. We were but plainly educated, and our pastors and masters were absurd enough to add to their scholastic teachings some musty exhortations to fear God, honor the king, do justice, love mercy, and constantly to act upon the golden rule of doing to others even as we would that others should do unto us. Something of this must certainly have rendered us dull of apprehension, or the following description of the Napoleonic ambition is almost as absurd anything we have yet read in Mr. Abbott's pages. We have seen that even Mr. Abbott thinks that "ambitious conquerors deserve the execration of the world." Having told that plain truth in as little of a truth-loving spirit as ever actuated party scribe, Mr. Abbott proceeds to say:

"But we cannot with equal severity condemn the ambition of him who marches not to forge chains, but to break them; not to establish despotism but to assail despotic usurpers, not degrade and impoverish the people, but to ennoble and elevate and enrich them; not to extort from the scanty earnings of the poor the means of living in licentiousness and all luxurious indulgence, but to en-

dure all toil, all hardship, all deprivation cheerfully, that the lethargic nations may be roused to enterprise, to industry, and to thrift. Such was the ambition of Napoleon. Surely it was lofty. But far more lofty is that ambition of which Christ is the great exemplar, which can bury self entirely in oblivion."

We have already with sufficient emphasis remarked upon the irreverent, not to say the positively impious levity and familiarity with which Mr. Abbott couples the names, and brings into comparison the character and the deeds of our Divine Redeemer, and one of the most sinful and prayerless of all the sinful wretches for whose salvation that Divine Redeemer died on Calvary; and we merely point to the repetition of that irreverent conjunction and comparison in the above extract, instead of commenting upon it with the severity which so deliberate a repetition of the offence very richly merits. Let our readers, then, pass over that portion of the extract, and fix their attention solely upon the really marvellous assurance of the remainder of it. What proof is there that Napoleon marched "not to forge chains but to break them?" When and where, if we must needs walk like Mr. Abbott upon the stilts of metaphor, did Napoleon ever break a chain but for the purpose, indisputably proven by the act, of substituting chains still heavier, more galling, and more difficult to be broken? Who were the "despotic usurpers" whom he assailed in Egypt or Palestine? By what right, excepting the shamefully exerted right of the strongest, did he assail despots who were at all events *not* usurpers? Did he not assail them solely that he might exceed them in despotic power—a power which he *would* have *usurped*—but which they assuredly had *not* usurped? Are the burning, the plundering, the utterly ruining of cities, and the laying waste of the fertile fields, the readiest means by which to enrich a people? Are men ennobled by being "mowed down with musketry," when they, not knowing all the devilishness of the invaders' nature, are simple enough to surrender as prisoners of war? Are women and girls ennobled by being insulted in open day by a brutal soldiery? What mattered it to the poor whether their scanty earnings were extorted from them, that Napoleon personally might have the means of "living in

licentiousness and all luxurious indulgence," or merely that he might have the means to march onward and eastward still, to butcher still other thousands in pitched battle, to burn other cities, waste other fertile fields, and give up the women and girls of other lands to the violence of wretches red with the blood of their husbands and fathers. What an opinion Mr. Abbott must needs hold of the intellectual calibre of his readers, when he ventures to talk about such conquerors as Napoleon "enduring all toil, all hardship, all deprivation, cheerfully, that the lethargic nations may be aroused to enterprise, to industry, and to thrift." What right have these public nuisances, the conquerors who are actuated by that Napoleonic ambition, which Mr. Abbott with assurance and cunning affectation of sincerity tells us, by way of apostrophe, is a lofty one, what business have these sanguinary and ruthless public nuisances and disturbers to arouse from their lethargy nations neither bordering on the conqueror's own territory, nor directly or indirectly obstructive to his legitimate commerce, or opposed to him in his wars? Does Mr. Abbott affirm that he can for one instant be so dreamy, so blind to all Napoleon's overt acts, so deaf to all the insolent and unprincipled professions and confessions of that selfish chieftain, as to believe that Napoleon cared a straw about the real welfare and real progress of any people civilized or barbarian? Will he venture to affirm that he thinks Napoleon capable of marching a mile or expending a single charge of powder to arouse lethargic nations to enterprise, to industry, and to thrift," save with a view to turning their newly awakened spirit, to the account of his conscriptions, and using their industry and their thrift for the payment of the expenses of new "rousings" of other lethargic nations, in their turn to be butchered in his battles or robbed of their last piastre to pay the like expenses of new expeditions?

Mr. Abbott knows that if any one had talked to Napoleon about rousing the lethargic nations to any other end than that of finding blood for the field and treasure for his military chest, and territory and toiling millions for his own arbitrary rule, the hero and almost saint would have laughed his sardonic laugh in the very face of such an extremely weak person!

Mr. Abbott knew this when he was writing the sophistical cant which we have just quoted; and whatever men may think or say of this part of his performance, we take it upon ourselves to assure him, that if he were to live for fifty years to come, in the strictest and most praiseworthy total abstinence from libel, the horrid hypocrisy of this passage would still suffice to render him a disgraced man during his whole life, and to leave shame and sadness among his legacies to his heirs.

And what are we to think of the man who, with so evident a contempt for the understanding of his readers, and with so shameless a desire to set an awfully bad man in an interesting and heroic light before the world, dares to talk about such heroes as Napoleon enduring "all toil, all hardship, all deprivation!" Why, how else would this innocent and simple Mr. Abbott have his disinterested heroes to proceed? Would he have them revel ere they sent the materials for the banquet? Deck themselves or their mistresses in splendors before they have stolen those splendors? Does not Mr. Abbott know that to every end there must be the appropriate means? Does he suppose that the penniless can expend millions, or that an invaded people are to be conquered by dint of Lydian airs and Sardanapalian effeminacy? Mr. Abbott supposes nothing of the kind; moreover, he right well knows that all the toils and the deprivations, and the hardships, of which with such a puerile affectation of the pathetic, he talks to us? Conquerors, like humbler and mere useful mortals, must attain ends by the due exertion of appropriate means. We are quite willing to grant to Mr. Abbott that his pattern hero and almost saint did toil, and undergo much fatigue, and even (though that has been much exaggerated) some privation; but we utterly and indignantly deny that in undertaking all that toil, fatigue, and as far as he experienced it—privation he had the slightest design or desire to benefit the nations whom he proposed to invade, or any other design or desire than the forwarding of his own selfishly ambitious purposes. As to the flippant euphuisms of Mr. Abbott about the desire of such a man as Napoleon to ennoble and to elevate the people of those Eastern territories for which he so ruthlessly planned the invasion, and which he so absurdly dreamed that he could overrun.

THE CHAPEL ON THE SHORE OF THE ADRIATIC.

On the passage from the small isle Mileto to Ragusa may be seen, on the shore, to the right, a chapel with a gilded crucifix; and, at no great distance from it, an old castle almost in ruins. The pious sailor drops his oar as he approaches this spot, and ejaculates a short prayer although he is imperfectly acquainted with its history. The following account was given by a well-informed native:

Louisa and Robert met at Carlsbad: she was the only companion of an infirm and widowed mother; he the descendant of an ancient family, but only a younger son. He was ten years older than the lady, of a good disposition, although somewhat tinctured with melancholy; she gay and lively notwithstanding her circumstances.

"Thy father was an honest man," said Louisa's mother to her daughter, "but he died poor. The Prince deeply lamented that he had lost one of his most faithful servants, whose attention and talents had saved him millions, but he gave only a pension of two hundred florins; consequently, thy fortune depends on thy own attractions, and the use which is made of them."

"Thy brother inherits the estate," said Robert's father to his son: "consequently, thou must choose thy own career. I have procured thee a Lieutenant's commission, and I will give thee, yearly, what little I can spare; but, for the rest, all must depend upon thyself."

Both admonitions took effect. Louisa adorned her charms with virtues and accomplishments; Robert improved his courage by application and honorable sentiments. Both had carefully adhered to the precepts of their parents, by guarding against romantic love; for the old lady never ceased to state, that none but a wealthy man could be her son-in-law, and the daughter perfectly coincided with the resolution: the old gentleman ever admonished his son to look on none but a rich heiress, and the young man felt no repugnance to observe his injunctions.

The meeting in Carlsbad produced, however, a sudden revolution in their respective sentiments; and the mineral waters seemed to act upon them like the river Lethe, as far as the often received warnings were concerned; but it was some time before they discovered the state of their sentiments, and it had been long conspicuous to the most superficial observer before they themselves had even given it a thought. It was mere chance that brought on the explanation, or rather there was no explanation at all: they merely sank into each others arms. Whosoever knows what love is, will find it extremely natural that they neither heard the approaching footsteps, nor saw the very conspicuous

figure of Madame Wickenfeld, who had followed them intentionally, and who announced her presence by clapping her hands, and the exclamation of "*bravo!*" Louisa startled, and could have wished to hide, for ever, her shame and confusion under the Dorothea-stone, near which the accident happened: Robert cast an earnest and doubtful glance at the gay widow.

The latter, however, did not suffer them to remain long in suspense; and she did her best to cheer them up. "Why should you be so alarmed, dear child, am not I a woman too? Why should you look so sheepish, Lieutenant? perhaps you once paid your addresses to me? never mind that: I am your friend, and will be your confidant."—This assertion was heard with joy, and the offer was accepted with gratitude. The hopes and fears of the lovers were confided to the friendly bosom of their patroness, who seemed to take great pleasure in encouraging, plaguing, and consoling them; but still more in laughing at their real or imaginary troubles. Robert had actually been one of the train of her lovers before he became acquainted with Louisa; but, fortunately, the degree of their former intimacy was only known to themselves, and both had an equal interest in keeping their own secret.

The infirm state of Louisa's mother would not allow her to introduce her daughter into the great world; but, as she, nevertheless, wished that that introduction should take place, she was highly rejoiced when she understood that a lady of rank and fortune had undertaken the task; she willingly resigned her darling to the benevolent stranger's care, who seemed, on her part, to be indefatigable. The lovers were never without their guardian angel; and, under pretext of keeping intruders at a distance, Madame Wickenfeld watched her friends so closely that they could not find an opportunity for private conversations. The widow was so afraid lest the young people should again forget themselves as at the Dorothea-stone, that she insisted upon their never being without her company and she could not be made to understand how willingly it would have been dispensed with. Their eyes, therefore, were alone permitted to express what no flow of words could have sufficiently demonstrated; but much happiness was, nevertheless, enjoyed during several weeks; and it would, probably, have lasted longer, if it had not been suddenly interrupted by a letter from Robert's father. The old gentleman told his son, that he had got him a Captain's commission in the Hanoverian army, and that he must set off immediately for England. At the same time he repeated, with great earnestness, the old chapter about fortune, and, once more exhorted the young man, not to throw himself away on a woman without property. This

appeared the more strange, as the point had not been touched upon for a considerable time, and Robert justly suspected that his father must have been informed of his passion. He recalled to his mind all the persons of his acquaintance who might be likely to have given the hint, but the friendly, officious Madame Wickenfeld never occurred to him. He was sorry for his abrupt departure; but, in the circumstance itself, he saw only the means of coming a step nearer to his own object; since it was likely to promote his advancement in the world. The widow evinced much wonder and surprise when she heard of the news; and she very kindly arranged a last meeting, during which, she was even indulgent enough to leave the room for a few minutes. On her return the grateful lovers embraced her and entreated for the favor of being allowed to write to each other under her address; this she granted with the most charming benevolence; and the Captain departed with the soothing conviction, that no man could possibly have a more amiable mistress, or a more disinterested friend than he had himself. He wrote long letters from every resting place, and specified his intention to fight and accumulate laurels and riches, which should be all laid at the feet of her whom he loved. These letters were safely delivered, and Louisa found an inexhaustible pleasure in reading them: she had no sooner got the contents of the last by heart, then she began again with that which she had first received, and her time was so pleasingly beguiled in this manner, that she had no relish for any other amusement. She fancied, moreover, that she had discovered some symptoms of jealousy in her lover; and she thought it but prudent, to avoid every appearance which might further excite it: she desired to withdraw as much as possible from society, and she would have secluded herself altogether; but this, Madame Wickenfeld most strenuously opposed. You will become the laughing-stock of every company, she said: because your intimacy with the Captain is already suspected; and if his absence were to produce any alteration in your public conduct you would give cause for the most uncharitable surmises: slander is no where more active than in bathing-places, and there is no telling where it would stop. You understand me, my dear, therefore do not trifle with the matter; and put your feelings under some little constraint, if you please.

The old lady was not less anxious to see her daughter courted by the throng; for, the idea of a rich son-in-law was ever uppermost in her mind, and Louisa had not the courage to afflict her with a confidence which would have blasted her hopes; Madame Wickenfeld remained, consequently, at full liberty to take her into whatever society she chose, and was permitted to lead her, at pleasure, to

every fashionable assembly, and to encourage every eligible suitor that offered himself.

Among those, who seemed anxious to court a nearer acquaintance, was baron Frauenthal, a man already advanced in years, but the possessor of fine estates in Hungary, Transylvania, and even in Dalmatia; his appearance was striking, and his manners distinguished; and he was at the same time well-informed, and a man of the world. Louisa's apparent languor seemed to be rather an additional recommendation with him; and as soon as he perceived the authority which Madame Wickenfeld possessed over her, he did not fail to solicit her patronage: the latter introduced him to the mother, whom the mere thought of such a connection revived more than all the mineral waters. The Baron was not long in making this discovery, and he found that, at his time of life, it would be best to come to the point at once, by obtaining the consent of the old lady, before the young one could state her objections; moreover, he did not fear any very serious ones even from that quarter; and he was merely prepared for a little maidenish prudery. The crisis seemed to be in his favor; for the letters of Robert had become very scarce, although the packet boats arrived regularly at Ouxhaven. Madame Wickenfeld took great care to point out every fresh arrived post that was mentioned in the newspapers; the latter also noticed the safe landing of the Hanoverian troops in England. Several weeks had already elapsed without Louisa's hearing from her lover, and she began to be seriously alarmed about his safety; because she took it for granted, that nothing but the absolute inability to write could prevent him from continuing his communications; her more experienced friend threw out a few hints about the general sickness of men; but she only succeeded in shaking her faith, without destroying her hopes.

In the meantime the Baron became more pressing, and required a decisive answer from the mother; the latter insisted, in her turn, with Louisa, and she represented to her that an offer so highly advantageous and honorable ought not to be trifled with. The young lady was then obliged to confess her prior engagement, and the mother was indulgent enough to forgive the tardy communication of this unwelcome news; but, when she was informed of the actual state of the affair, she did not hesitate in demonstrating the imprudence of rejecting an establishment of such importance for the sake of a flighty young man, who seemed to have already forgotten his engagements. Her reasons were so convincing that nothing could be urged against them, and a short delay was all that was requested for the present, with the solemn promise that the hand of the Baron would be accepted if a last letter to Robert

should remain unanswered beyond a reasonable time. The new lover was made acquainted with the circumstances of the case, and he appeared neither surprised nor shocked at the intelligence; he had no objection to the requested delay, although he thought it very superfluous. He was so very confident with regard to the dissolution of the alleged romantic attachment, that he only regretted his not being able to accompany the ladies to their home, and to wait there for the decision of his fate; but urgent and indispensable affairs called him to Vienna and he took the liberty of proposing that Madame De Dalling (his future mother-in-law) should in the meantime, take possession of his mansion in Prague, where she might spend her time very pleasantly, and in all the comforts of ease and affluence.

Louisa felt great repugnance against this arrangement, which gave her all the appearance of one formally betrothed; but when she considered, that her mother had shown herself willing to resign her hopes, if they could not be realized consistently with her own happiness, and that the old lady must be naturally anxious to enjoy the sweets of prosperity which were held out to her, she thought herself in duty bound to make the sacrifice of her own scruples to the welfare of her aged parent; and she found considerable relief in the consideration of the motives that induced her decision. The proposal was therefore accepted; and Madame Wickenfeld vouchsafed to continue to her friends the pleasure of her company. The Baron despatched an express to get everything ready; and, on the day of departure, he took a polite leave at the carriage-door, promising to follow on the first summons of Madame De Dalling. The travellers found refreshments and fresh horses at every stage, and no money was taken at any; whilst the people on the road seemed to rival each other in politeness. This manner of proceeding was admitted to be extremely gallant, and when also on the arrival in Prague, all their wants appeared to have been anticipated and provided for, the effect could not but be favorable to the intended bridegroom. The letters of introduction, which he had provided opened to the ladies immediate access into the first circles, and they met with the most distinguished reception; there was but one point which caused some uneasiness, namely—the great expense requisite for the support of so much splendor; for, although most things in the mansion were furnished as by enchantment, there remained still some wants to be provided for which far exceeded her limited means of Louisa's mother.

Madame Wickenfeld, who was never at a loss for expedients, thought it very foolish to be troubled by such a trifle, under existing circumstances; she was convinced that no

banker in town would scruple to advance the necessary sum, and a few thousand dollars more or less could be no object to the Baron. The fond old lady was weak enough to follow this advice, and she contracted so many debts, that her ruin was certain, in the case of any impediment to the intended match. Even Louisa herself did not always protest earnestly enough against the accumulation of jewels and trinkets, which were daily laid on her toilet, for she was a woman; and, although it is said that love will outweigh every other passion, female vanity has been but seldom entirely subdued by it for any length of time.

The time in which Robert's answer ought to have come was now gone by, and some hints were thrown out about it. Louisa made no reply; but she received more serious admonitions, and was obliged to ask for another, and again for another week. At last the long-wished and sighed for letter arrived; but it was addressed to Madame Wickenfeld alone, and contained the following words:—"Dear Friend, I regret the time and the paper which it has cost you, to remind me of a person whom I wish to have never seen; I feel as I ought, the honor which Miss De Dalling has reserved for me, but I feel myself quite unworthy of it. Let her marry, in God's name, either Baron Frauenthal, or any of her numerous admirers; I shall content myself with witnessing her happiness at a respectful distance." Poor Louisa! she trembled during the opening of the letter; but she laughed frantically whilst its contents were read; she tore the paper from the hands of the reader, and refused to trust to the evidence of her own eyes, when she recognised the hand-writing:—the night which she passed would baffle description.—How childish you are! said Madame Wickenfeld, and how little you know of men; it is the first time you are thus disappointed, but to me it has happened more than once, and there are none of my acquaintances who have not met with something of the same kind.—Louisa neither could nor would defend the faithless man; but there was still a secret wish in her soul that she might be able to do it: she found it impossible to hate him, and her wounded pride itself would not have advanced the interest of the Baron, if her mother had not pointed to the heap of unpaid bills, which must be settled before they could leave the town. This consideration prevailed over all others, and produced her reluctant consent to the marriage. Word was sent to the Baron, and he arrived himself by way of answer. In less than a week after he dragged his prey to the altar; his eyes sparkling with joy, whilst those of the bride swam in tears; the old lady felt very happy, and the officious widow put no restraint upon the joy. Louisa was now a rich lady; she could

lengthen her ears by half an inch with brilliants, relieve the snowy whiteness of her bosom with yellow lace; she could, as often as she pleased, call for a brilliant equipage, adorn her rooms and anti-rooms with flowers in the midst of winter; in short, she could enjoy all the advantages which are so apt to excite the envy of those who cannot attain them, without conferring happiness on those who possess them; and Louisa was soon made to feel that she belonged to the latter. Her husband showed himself, immediately after marriage, as jealous as a tiger, or rather as a man who knows that he is nearly thirty years older than his handsome wife.—The noble confidence which had been shown to him, by not keeping the affair with Robert a secret, became now an inexhaustible source of misery to the fair sufferer. He mocked and upbraided her daily, sometimes with bitter jokes, and at other moments with unfriendly earnestness. If ever she seemed to indulge in the slightest reverie, he remarked with a satirical sneer, that her first love was the object of her musings. If ever a strange officer happened to pass, he maintained, obstinately, that she followed him with longing glances; and if the uniform happened to be red, he seemed to be enraged to madness. In this melancholy situation, Louisa derived her only comfort from the satisfaction of her mother, from whom she carefully concealed her distress, and who seemed to have only eyes and ears for the advantageous part of the connexion. Madame Wickenfeld appeared to take no notice of either good or evil beyond her own concerns. She continued to rail at the fickleness of men, and to avenge her own sex by invectives against every individual of the other that came within her sphere of action. Towards the approach of the Carnival, the Baron conducted his ladies to Vienna; chiefly for the sake of gratifying his vanity, by exhibiting his handsome wife to the inhabitants of the metropolis. They visited all the public places, and frequented every fashionable assembly and amusement. Once at a masked ball, Louisa had retired behind some ladies, when a *Domino* came to speak to one of them, and in doing so took off his mask: the Baroness had, accidentally, cast a glance upon the stranger, and recognized Robert; she screamed out, and fell into a swoon. When she recovered, she found herself in her own room, with her mother sitting near her in tears, her friend watching at the window, and her husband walking to and fro in a rage; cursing, swearing, gnashing his teeth, and clenching his fists. He murmured something about his being dishonored, and his having become the sport of every fop, the laughing-stock of every fool.

Yet it was not so. When the event took place, the crowd of the curious became, indeed so thick, that the Baron found it difficult to

get through it; but nobody thought that there was anything extraordinary in the circumstance; and it was merely attributed to the great heat and dust; for there were none but ladies on the spot. Robert had immediately withdrawn, but not unperceived by Madame Wickenfeld; it was she who had given to the Baron the news of his being in town; and if she had added nothing to this intelligence, she also forebore to contradict the surmise that the lovers must have spoken to each other. The furious husband wanted now to know what had been said on the occasion; and required to be satisfied on this point in a harsh and authoritative tone; the accused fair one replied, faintly, and mildly, that he had no cause for suspicion; and he left the room in a frenzy, uttering imprecations and vows of revenge. Louisa neither wept nor complained; she calmly requested to be left alone, and wrote a note to her husband; in which she intreated him to send her to a convent. He laughed like a fiend when the waiting-woman brought him the billet, and bid her to tell her mistress that she should soon enjoy the most complete solitude.

The Baroness felt comforted on the receipt of this answer, and waited quietly for a visit from her mother, in order to communicate to her the resolution which she had taken; but noon and evening approached without any interruption of her privacy, and when she, at last, prepared to wait herself upon her parent the chambermaid told her, with unfeigned affliction, that they were both prisoners, and could not leave the room. Louisa folded her hands and sank upon her sofa. Towards midnight she heard the key of the anti room turn, and saw her husband come in. He affected the coolness of a judge, and seized her by the arm without saying more than "Come, Madame:" she followed him in silence and he conducted her down the back stairs to a side-opening of the yard, where a post-chaise was in waiting; the Baron opened the door, lifted her in, and wished her a happy journey whilst the driver took his seat and set off.—The night was dark, and so long as the chaise drove upon the pavement, the Baroness believed herself alone in it, but when the road became smoother, she thought she heard somebody breathe; she startled, and asked "is any body with me?" "Yes," answered a hoarse female voice, which she recognized as that of old Brigitta, a woman of very equivocal character, whom she had found among her female domestics, and whose countenance had always appeared to her particularly repulsive; indeed the other servants maintained, that she had lately sat to a painter as the witch of Endor. "What is your business with me?" asked the Baroness again. "I shall have the honor of serving your Ladyship," replied the hag. "In the place to which I am going I

shall need no chambermaid." No answer was given to this remark; and they proceeded in silence on their journey until the horses were changed: after this had been done three times, the Baroness inquired whether the convent was yet far off? "The Convent!" exclaimed her companion: "it would be a great pity, indeed, to bring so fine a lady into a convent; no, no! master knows better; great passions do not last for ever; there are moments of tenderness which are sure to have their turn, but which would be of no avail against the walls of the convent." "My God! whither then am I to be dragged?" "Dragged! O no, we drive in a fine carriage, on a good road, and in perfect safety; your ladyship needs only to have a little confidence in your humble servant, and all may yet be well." The old pimp gave then, not imperceptibly to understand, that she had no great objection to cheat her employer, provided it was made worth her trouble; she conceived herself to have been rather slighted of late, and the honorable employment of Duenna or goal-keeper did not altogether reconcile her to the Baron. The baseness of the woman produced, however, no other effect upon Louisa but that of increasing her abhorrence; she bid her hold her tongue, and resigned herself to her fate; bewailing only the abrupt separation from her mother, and feeling more anxiety on her account than about her own fate.

At last she perceived she was in Dalmatia and the sight of the Adriatic sea had a powerful effect upon her, because she had never before left the interior; and she was so forcibly struck by the grand spectacle of so vast a body of water, that she quite forgot her situation. Not far from Ragusa she reached an old castle on a steep rock, which belonged to her husband, and was then only inhabited by an old steward, and innumerable flocks of rooks and owls: this was to be her residence. She shuddered as she grove through the court-yard, which was overgrown with grass and when the old clock struck the hour, she fancied she heard the tolling of a funeral bell.

A male servant, of a most ferocious mien, had travelled on the outside, and he now gave the steward a written instruction; the latter read it in silence, and then looked for a bunch of keys; and having scraped the rust from them, applied them to the doors, which creaked upon their hinges when he opened them. Damp marble stairs led to some old fashioned, dilapidated rooms, in which the Baroness requested to be left alone, as soon as the necessary arrangements for her accommodation were made. The gloominess of the abode suited her feelings, but she refrained from yielding to them in the presence of her keepers. She wept bitterly when they had left her; but her frame was so exhausted

with anxiety and fatigue, that sleep closed, at last, her weary eye-lids; although the howling of the wind among the old towers disturbed her with frightful dreams, and awoke her before day-break. She arose with the first dawn, and looked through the window, which presented to her a view of the water. The majesty of the rising sun inspired her with renewed confidence in the Creator of the universe, and she threw herself on her knees, to implore for protection in her misfortune, and for strength to bear it. She derived much comfort from her devotion, and began to think of the manner in which she was to spend her time. There were no books on the premises, and writing materials were denied to her: but she knew how to make little baskets of rushes, and rosaries of corals, which were got in the neighborhood, she collected shells and curious stones; she fed the young swallows under her window; or she watched the gambols of the sea-gulls.

A daily walk on the shore was permitted to her, and she did not neglect to profit by this indulgence; although the witch of Endor or her equally amiable male companion, never failed to be close to her heels. Fortunately, however, they became tired of watching her so closely, when they saw that there was no occasion for it. The old woman had brought some fits of rheumatism upon herself by her frequent visits to the shore; and the dissolute footman suffered more from the confinement to a small spot than his mistress: he spent, therefore, most of his time in the taverns of Ragusa.

One day the Baroness had gone rather further than usual, and she perceived it with terror, when a loud clap of thunder made her think of her home. She made what haste she could; but, on account of the deep sand, she had often to stop and recover her breath. The storm drew nearer and nearer; but her alarm was still more increased by the figure of a man, who had his face wrapped up in his mantle, and who seemed to be very anxious to come up with her. She began to run, but was unable to continue; and when she saw that the man was likewise running; her knees trembled, and terror deprived her of the power to move; she sank down, on a rock, at the moment that her pursuer overtook her; and, immediately after, Robert lay at her feet.

She thought that the lightning must have struck her, so completely was she overcome by her terror, and she stared at the man without being able to stir. Some large drops of rain, which fell upon her face, brought her a little to her recollection. Robert lay still extended on the ground, and embraced her knees; he spoke not—he only sighed and sobbed; it was to her that female pride imparted the power of first finding words.

"What do you seek here?" she exclaimed

"are you come to feast on my misery?"—"Listen to me," he replied: "I am innocent." At the same moment, the croaking voice of Mrs. Brigitta was heard at a distance; Robert concealed himself behind a rock, and the Baroness went to meet her. She brought an umbrella, and scolded the Baroness for having extended her walk so far. Fortunately, she had to hold the umbrella straight before her, and was thereby prevented from looking about. Louisa reached her room in the most violent emotion: the words "*I am innocent*," which she was so willing to believe, rang continually in her ears. "It must be so," she said, "for what else could engage him to visit me in this desert? What would he care for my fate, if that horrible letter had been actually written by him?" She waited anxiously for the next day, and looked at the sky in every direction in the apprehension that the state of the weather might prevent her from taking the usual walk; not that she would have been afraid of braving even the most pelting storm but because it would create suspicion if she offered to go out at an unseasonable time.—Besides, she could not conceal from herself that it was giving Robert a positive meeting although nothing had been agreed on the subject. She considered a long time, whether it was proper or not for her to afford any facilities for an explanation; and, in order to reflect more quietly, she went earlier than usual to the sea-side, resolving to return if Robert should present himself before she had come to any conclusion; but he came so unexpectedly and suddenly, from behind a rock, that there was no avoiding him.

"In the name of mercy!" he began, "hear my justification: we have been both most shamefully misled. Before I had ever seen you, I had been intimate with Madame Wickenfeld. She was young, handsome, vain, and a coquette. She distinguished me from the crowd of her admirers, and I felt flattered; but this lasted only until I met you. I then freed myself from this net, and you know what was said at the Dorothea-stone. My heart misgave me at that time; but the artful woman knew so well how to conceal her real feelings, she counterfeited generosity so cunningly, and appeared so entirely divested of selfishness, that she won my confidence, and made me actually believe in the possibility of her enjoying the happiness of others.—I saw with what sisterly affection she accompanied all your steps, I heard her daily speak of you in raptures, and we owed her so many happy hours, that all my suspicions were lulled asleep. She appeared, indeed, on some occasions to doubt your attachment for me, and she pointed out to me some slight marks of levity in you which had escaped my attention; but all was said in the good natured tone of friendship, and even her remarks on

the smallness of your fortune seemed but to originate in her extreme anxiety for our welfare. It was only after our separation that her attempts at making me jealous became more direct and daring. She pretended to regret, most bitterly, that the duties of friendship imposed upon her the irksome and painful task of informing me of the real state of my prospects, by telling me how much you indulged in all the fashionable follies of the day, and how highly you relished the amusements which were offered to you. With every post she furnished me with some fresh proofs of her sincerity and your faithlessness; but it was *with the greatest reluctance* that she did it. In this manner she worked upon my passions until she had brought me to the resolution of resigning my claims. I discontinued writing to you, and remained also a considerable time without hearing any thing from you, until I received your last letter which I took for an absolute mockery; since Madame Wickenfeld wrote, at the same time that you had long lived in the most intimate terms with the Baron, and that there was every possibility of an engagement existing, and of a speedy marriage. Thence my mad declaration. A few months afterwards my elder brother was killed in a duel, and my father died of grief. I became heir of the estate and hastened home, where I found a letter of Madame Wickenfeld to my late father, which was dated from Carlsbad, and in which she informed him of our love, and advised him to remove me with the utmost expedition, representing you as the most dangerous person with whom I could possibly be connected. I should have doubted the existence of such abominable duplicity if the proof had not been so very clear; and I need not tell you what were my feelings when I thought of yours, and of the misery which my blindness had brought upon us both. As soon as I found myself at all able to connect my ideas, I resolved to see you once more,—to withdraw in silence, if I should find you happy, or to free you from bondage, if I should find you to be the victim of tyranny.

"I hastened to Prague: but you were gone. I flew to Vienna, and arrived there in the evening. I heard of a masquerade; and sent immediately for a *domino*, in the hope of being able to observe you at a distance; I saw you, and I fancied I perceived marks of sorrow in your countenance. I drew nearer and the desire of trying the effect, which my appearance would produce, became at last so powerful that it urged me to unmask.—You were soon hurried out of my sight, and I sank down upon the chair which had been occupied by you, whilst our betrayer whispered to me: "*are you mad?*" the serpent was not yet aware of my being acquainted with her wiles; but my contemptuous glance must have informed her of this, and she dis-

appeared. I mingled with the crowd, and heard you everywhere mentioned with respect and sympathy. I left nothing untried to learn your fate; but I was merely told that you had left the town; and nobody knew what had become of you. I availed myself of a moment, when I knew the Baron to be at court, to wait upon your mother; I found her in tears, and as ignorant of your abode as other people; but she told me, that Madame Wickenfeld was more likely to be informed of it; since she was the only confidential friend of your husband. Immediately my resolution was taken, and I presented myself before her, with the freedom of an old acquaintance, without having myself announced. She seemed to be a little out of countenance at my sudden appearance; but she recovered soon, and bade me welcome with her usual levity. Trembling with passion, I took out my letter to my father, and held it up to her face; she blushed; but, after a little while, she stared at me with bold impudence, and said—"well and what then? experience must always be bought at some slight expense; and you have now learned, that one ought not to make a confidante of a neglected rival: If Ovid has forgotten to mention that, in his *Art of Love*, it is no fault of mine." With these words she wished to slip into her cabinet; but I held her by the arm, and dragged her thither myself. She looked on me, as if she conceived me to be out of my senses, and began to call for assistance. I bolted the door and drew my sword; telling her that Ovid had also forgotten to mention how dangerous it was to reduce a true lover to despair: and that I should certainly kill her, if she did not immediately name the place in which you were hidden. "Will you bring yourself to the scaffold?" she exclaimed; "I know not;" but feeling already the point of my sword at her breast, she confessed, and fell in real or counterfeited convulsions on her couch. I did not think it advisable to stop any longer, and merely hurried out the words that she should not escape from my revenge, if she dared to give the slightest hint to the Baron. I then ordered horses to reach this coast; and I have been here these three days, concealed in the cottage of a fisherman or wandering among the rocks—"To make me still more miserable!" added Louisa; but the exclamation did not come from her heart, for the satisfaction of finding her lover innocent, made up at once, for all her sufferings, and her present feelings could not but be agreeable.

Some happy days were now past on the lonely sea-shore, which could be only overlooked, in that direction, from one window of the castle, and this Louisa knew to belong to an uninhabited room. Robert thought, nevertheless, that Mrs. Brigitta might take it into her head to have a peep through it, and

that it would be safer to meet in the fisherman's cottage. He had come with the intention of an immediate elopement; but this, Louisa firmly opposed, "I am the Baron's wife (she said); and even love itself cannot require the sacrifice of my honor." It appeared to her, much more becoming, to obtain a separation from her husband; and she did not think that he would have any objections. Robert was willing to be persuaded, and promised to spare no pains for the accomplishment of his measure; he would entreat or force the Baron into compliance; and with this resolution he set off. Louisa's anxious wishes accompanied him, and she begged for his happy return; but what was her terror, when she became convinced, that an unguarded moment was likely to have consequences, neither she nor her lover had taken into consideration; their confidence in the success of the negotiation had been so complete, that her apparent contentment had awoken Brigitta's suspicions. How now, if Robert should be detained? what terrible scenes and what fate awaited her? how could she hope to hide her intentions from the watchful eye of Brigitta? or how could she stoop to implore the mercy of such a creature?—She regretted bitterly not having gone to Venice, which would have been so easy: and she wrote immediately to propose doing so. Robert had furnished her with writing materials, and she told him, as plainly as terror would permit, that not a moment was to be lost, if he wished to free her from a horrible futurity; she entreated him, to throw himself into the first boat with which he could meet, to put an end to her suspense.

She entrusted her letter to the fisherman, whose dwelling had been Robert's asylum and whom the latter had so liberally rewarded, that his friendship could not be doubted, although Louisa had nothing to give to him; he promised to go himself to the post-office in Ragusa, and to erect a pole in sight of her window, if he should have any thing to communicate. The state of feeling, with which she calculated the probable time of Robert's return, may easily be imagined; she had her eyes almost incessantly fixed on the spot whence she expected the signal, until she actually perceived it. It was early in the morning, and she could have wished to set off forthwith; but she had to wait for the usual hour, and time had never hung more heavily upon her; the signal both comforted and alarmed her; because she feared that it might be perceived by the old woman as well as herself: she was unusually friendly towards her, and she even engaged her in a conversation, for the sake of occupying her attention, and preventing her from approaching the window. At last, the longed for hour struck, and she left her prison for the last time; with a beating heart she descended

the steps; and as soon as she had passed the threshold of the mansion her feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground; she reached the cottage in a few moments, and sank breathless into the arms of her lover. She was long before she could so far recover, as even to hear what he said; he urged the necessity of their immediate departure, and stated that he was in readiness; she made an effort to follow him—when suddenly the door burst open, and the Baron appeared with pistols in hand. Robert grasped his sword; but a shot fell, and Louisa sank to the ground. When she recovered it was night; but the glimmering of a dim lamp showed her where she was; the fishing utensils, on the wall, reminded her of what had preceded her fit; she looked on the ground, and Robert lay at her feet, with a fractured skull; her garments covered with his blood.

A cry of horror escaped her; but only one; she ran mechanically towards the door; but it was locked.

The fisherman had not liked her empty letter; and, knowing the haunts of the drunken footman in Ragusa, he had offered to sell his secret for a reasonable compensation; and all was betrayed to the Baron.—The letter was sealed again, and forwarded to Robert's address; whilst the Baron concealed himself in the neighborhood until his arrival; the meeting of the lovers was announced to him by the double-dealing wretch, upon whom they had relied; and the young man became the victim of his enemy. The latter had already cocked the second pistol, to destroy also the unfortunate female; when it struck him, that that punishment would be too lenient, and that a slow death answered his revengeful purpose much better. He withdrew with a grin of satisfied malice; and his expectation was not disappointed. After three hours of agony, the sufferer, expired on the body of her murdered lover whom she embraced even in death.

The Baron was attacked by a frightful malady some years afterwards, and it was only then that he thought of re-opening the fatal hut; the bodies were buried, and a chapel was erected on the spot, in which masses were celebrated for the souls of the departed. This is the chapel with the gilded cross, on the passage from Mileto to Ragusa.

No one can tell the misery of an unloved and lonely child; in after life, a degree of hardness comes with years, and the man is not susceptible of pain like the child.

We never knew a shop-boy take to betting, whose "settlements" did not lead eventually to a penal one.

And we never knew a wife who did not "for the children's sake" require change of air in August.

THE GIRL'S DREAM.

Last night, I dream't one came to me,
And said I fain would marry thee
Because I love thee truly.
Not because thou'rt passing fair,
Nor for thine eyes, or shining hair,
Although I prize them duly.

Nor yet because thy mind's a store
Of pleasant and of learned lore,
Thy converse pure and high.
Nor is it that thy voice is sweet,
Or, in the dance thy fairy feet,
All others do outvie.

But when my eye thy eyes doth seek
A soft blush mantleth to thy cheek,
And then thou lookest down.
But never have I chanc'd to trace
Upon thy gentle, speaking face,
The shadow of a frown.

And once I heard thou stood'st alone,
And boldly spoke, defending me
Censur'd by all save thee,
Then first I hoped thy hand to gain
First vow'd I ev'ry pow'r would strain
Worthier thy love to be.

LAW AND LAWYERS IN CANADA WEST.

BY F. T. S. ATTY, ESQ.

"LAWYERS have to tell so many lies," is often the severe, occasionally the apologetic sentence pronounced upon that ancient, learned, and honorable fraternity, by those unfortunate rustics who contribute with their purses, as clients; and their presence as jurors, to the maintenance of the glorious uncertainty. Yet they will persist in being clients, and sometimes they can't help being jurors; and the one perseveres in going to law, and while he stoutly denies any confidence in his abstract principle, worships the lucky and smart recipient of his retaining fee; while the other, who is sworn well and truly to try the issues, often finds it too difficult to resist the ingenious sophistry which the one pays for, but which both patronise and admire.

All professional men have their triumphs and solaces, and so it has been ever since, and for a long time before, the days of Horace, who wrote the first ode of the first book which, with many other productions of that irregular and dread poet, or some part or parcel thereof, is to this day repeatedly crammed into oratorical flourishes and the bewildered brains of aspiring students. A

lucky navigator like McClure, for instance, can glory in his geographical discovery, and a successful warrior has good right to be elated with his victory. Stratagem rather adds to, than diminishes his laurels; and if all be fair in love as well as in war, and if Cupid and Mars do not spurn the occasional invocation and assistance of Mercury, there is certainly no reason why so able a coadjutor, as well as being the classic and special friend of the gentlemen of the long robe, should not assume a little glory occasionally on his own account.

Fortunately for the much abused individuals, there is something attractive in the law. The man who has "never been to law in his life," wants something to improve his intelligence; while another who has figured in the various characters of conqueror and victim in the exciting game of chance, has generally come out of the struggle with some additional information as to the ways of the world. Men are but children of a larger growth after all, and as boys, utterly regardless of personal comforts, plunge with delight into dirty puddles, so do they afterwards in maturer years, but with more gravity, of course, enter with a subdued pleasure into the expensive amusement of litigation, and the degree of credulity in ultimate success, frequently postpones the consideration of repeated failures in the interval.

Of course much of this view of the subject only applies to localities where the circumstances of society engender so profitable an employment of those fortunate individuals, lawyers in large practice. In other localities, lawyers may be compared to doctors who are never called in except in cases of extreme emergency, and the parallel in their professions may be further continued, when the proneness to attribute an unsuccessful result to want of skill is considered. Notwithstanding all this, however, many a hapless doctor, and many a briefless barrister would only be too happy for an opportunity to test his capabilities, unfortunately for the lawyer, he sometimes waits so long for his first case, that it requires a greater moral abstinence than he either practices or gets credit for, to prevent him from victimizing his client; and the saying of "living by one's wits," as applied to lawyers, is frequently and popularly suggestive of a continued vitality without a conscience.

I can hardly say what induced me to study the law. I had very little previous knowledge of courts, and I belong to a family who, for generations, as far as I can discover, have known nothing of lawsuits except by repute; that there were

such things as chief barons, chief justices, chancellors, and woolsacks, was of course contemplated in their theory of society; but as for any interest personally in their judicial decisions, such a feeling had never been known to occur. I may, however say that I remember it was considered in some mysterious way that a suit in chancery still depending, without any immediate prospect of decision, was looked upon as a fine old British constitutional thing to be connected with, and any of our friends who were reputed to be engaged in that species of deliberate and prolonged stimulant were considered rather more interesting on that account. Still, a ward in chancery was a myth to me; and as we had none among our acquaintance, and were not interested in any good old family feud or lawsuit, or had any family solicitor, or parchment enough about us, to entice any of the rising generation to study the nature and intricacies connected with real estate, the whole system of law, as practised by its professors, was looked upon with some degree of suspicion, and except in cases of the direst necessity, most carefully to be avoided.

I suppose, however, that the active mind of Young Canada sees no incongruity in chopping down trees on one day, and on the next entering upon a severe course of classical and mathematical study, with a view to the learned professions. In fact an ox-aled one day and a curriculum the next. Nor are the best lawyers in Canada hereditary expounders; the immediate ancestors of some of them having been the pioneers of the wilderness,—cleared their farms, and lived in their log shanties, and in the days of their hot youth, when George the Third was king, have attended the log-rollings, house raisings, sheep washings, and husking bees of their neighbors. And when affluence followed, with increasing years and with the educational resources of the province continually improving, in the course of time they found young Master Hopeful schooled, cultivated, black broadclothed, with a white cravat and a diploma as barrister at law, with more briefs in his bag than Lord Eldon held in the first ten years of his practice. In fact others of our learned counsel have not taken to the study until later in years, and they bring with them into the profession all sorts of agricultural, mechanical, commercial, military, and nautical experiences. My inducement, however, arose from mere chance. I had become acquainted with one or two students at law, and with one or two others who had taken their degrees in the profession. Not that the amount of business which any of them performed, argued favorably for their pro-

perity or accumulation of wealth; but, at all events, I was induced to consider it an easy gentlemanly sort of life, with nothing to do when your profession was obtained, but exact fees from your clients, and dispose of your professional commodities without diminishing your stock in trade, or being like a shopkeeper at pecuniary expense in periodical renewals. In the mean time, to have the reputation of being a student at law seemed to me to be a step in the social scale, and the possession of the title was, of course accompanied by the prestige of being rather clever than otherwise, consuming midnight oil over abstruse cases, and living in a law calf atmosphere deeply mysterious to the public in general, and occasionally made expensively patent by parchment and quaint old black letter writing interspersed with vivid German text. So without much further consideration, on a bright morning in July, I set to work, entered into articles, paid my fee, or rather had it paid for me by an indulgent father, remained faithfully in the chambers for one week, and never during those long summer days sighed or sought for change—read in a most desultory manner, a little of everything from the local newspapers to Chitty's precedents, and at the end of that week, left the office, not a sadder, but a confused man, with a great many vague notions for ever dispelled, the chimerical delusions I had labored under in regard to the ease with which the details of legal mystery could be mastered most seriously staggered, and a growing conviction that it took five years to make an attorney, but that it did not follow that the same period would produce a lawyer at all events. However, I blundered on—in due course of time, I paid my respects to the benchers, in convocation at Osgoode Hall, without astonishing anybody with my humanities and mathematics, although I make no doubt my English essays were not remarkable for a logical adherence to the subject on which they were professed to have been written. Kept my four terms, which means as many expensive trips to Toronto from the perhaps remote locality where you may reside, and remaining in that city cherishing a most indolent disposition for a fortnight on each occasion, and finally, after the lapse of five years principally passed in reading light works of fiction and poetry, and finding as the period of my probation shortened, that incessant application to legal works became necessary before going up for my call to the bar, I at last deposited the necessary fees, still innocently under the impression of the excellence of the investment, and after undergoing the mental torture of an examination not

particularly rigid, had the satisfaction of being congratulated by my friends, the benchers, on the attainment of my gown, and afterwards seeing my name in print in the *Canada Gazette*, over that of the secretary of the Law Society of Upper Canada, and under the representation of that Society's seal, the design of which, as I take it, representing Strength and Justice supporting the pillar of the Constitution, is viewed as a very surreptitious embellishment by our good friends the public, who are not let into its mysteries, and who are far too shrewd to be cajoled by any such devices.

At last I was fairly out of my articles—the goal was reached. I was an esquire by prescription, courtesy, and every way the Law Society could fix it. I crippled my purse by ordering a new robe, and on receiving it, privately congratulated as much of my resemblance indeed with this learned mantle, as I could see in a small affair of a treacherous looking-glass in my hotel bed-room. Upon the whole, I was for some time in a high state of happiness. I question whether any professional triumph since obtained, ever puts the victor in better terms with himself than he was immediately after the termination of his suspense by being placidly required by the Messenger to visit the convocation room, and to receive the delightful intimation of his success. I rather think I had a most heterodox way of showing happiness, for my eyelids felt so moist, that benches, chairs, tables, curtains, and pictures in the convocation room, became a confused mist, and for a long time afterwards I did nothing but shake hands wildly with every one I met, successful and rejected; and here I may remark I have seen lots of good-natured fellows about Osgoode Hall, some of them perhaps rejected at the examination at which you were successful; others, again, about going through the dread ordeal as a student; but I never knew one yet so selfish as to refuse you hearty congratulation, or permit the evidence of his own troubles to obtrude upon your happiness. However, to proceed, my next step was to be sworn in and introduced to the courts. This was accomplished with all reverence and solemnity, and if the oaths which are usually taken on those occasions were firmly adhered to afterwards, barristers, as a body, would, in course of time, be remarkable for virtue and public approbation would change their ultimate destination altogether.

Yes, I left Toronto rather happy; I had abundance of friends, whom I had already, by letter, placed in possession of intelligence regarding my professional position, and I anticipated continual

pleasure in meeting them in consequence. Nor did I deem it at all unimportant that a fair friend of mine, to whom I vowed I would propose at the very next opportunity, should receive my addresses, backed by the influence of a professional degree, rather than in the equivocal position of a student who had yet to acquire his profession. At the time I considered it just the sort of thing that would give me the courage I had long waited for; but as many a man has known such courage wonderfully diminished, when it was most anxiously required, and never again became at all sustaining until there was no immediate necessity for its services.

I can't help digressing somewhat, and at this rate shall become unsufferably tedious; but the period to which I refer was productive and is still suggestive of so many pleasant emotions, that I can't help dwelling on it for a short space. I was delighted with everything; and, on leaving Toronto by steamboat, I bought up with avidity the city papers which contained the announcement of my business card as a barrister and attorney-at-law, &c. &c., at the locality where I was burning to practise, the prompt insertion of which cards having been generally requested within ten minutes of my being called to the bar, I looked upon as a personal compliment on the part of the newspaper proprietors. I also had in my portmanteau a more ponderous announcement of my professional titles, and to the same effect as the newspaper advertisement, rather calculated to fascinate and dazzle the neighborhood, where I intended to reside and practise, if possible. It was composed of sheet iron upon a wooden frame, like the convex lid of a small trunk, and was gorgeously resplendent in gilt letters on a jet black ground. I must confess that my confidence in that sign, like many other confidences of my youth, has since been a great deal shaken, and I much question now whether it be good taste for lawyers to adopt the same style of art in their business announcements as you observe in the pithy mandates on steamboats, of "No smoking abaft the shaft."

In due time I received the congratulations of my relatives and friends. The juniors of course, inquired as to the ordeal of the examination lately passed. To have stated that it was very difficult, seemed indirectly implying, that it had been difficult to *me*—so I carefully evaded particulars, and recommended applicants in all cases to become confident by abundant preparation. I think I improvised a number of very difficult questions, which the benchers in convocation might have asked had they thought of them, but the

prompt solutions supposed to have been then and there given, rather tended than otherwise to increase the mystery and awe of the examination, and induce a favorable opinion of the successful student.

My next care was to procure an office. My ideas on that subject were not very magnificent; but I must premise that in the town where I intended to locate myself, there had not as yet been many buildings of any sort erected, and still fewer where office accommodation at all respectable could be obtained. The main street of the town was tolerably well defined; but a great many of the lateral and by streets were, at that moment, enclosed and under cultivation in spite of all surveys, maps, and corner posts to the contrary. I secured a small room, however, on the ground floor of the principal street about seven feet broad by twenty-four feet deep, and which I considered with the rent I was required to pay, was as eligibly situated for business as I could obtain. My office was separated by a wooden partition from a shoemaker's shop on the right, and on the left was bounded by a general store and grocery. It was a lively and business-like neighborhood on many accounts, as much unlike chambers in the Inner Temple, or Gray's Inn, as possible; but after all, attended with a great many disadvantages. The grocer, however, seemed to have some notion that, like the English idea, a lawyers chambers should be as unobtrusive as possible, and so kept extending the daily exhibition of his fish, onions, potatoes, patent pails, and wash tubs, too much altogether in front of my premises, distracting attention from and most derogatory to my sign of jet black and gold, and which I discovered, to my intense disgust, one morning, surmounted with a fat goose as a crest, plucked, proper, and pendent with the motto, only 2s. 6d., in a manner which seemed to me the result of design and which indicated a deliberate intention of pandering to a degraded but popular association of the advocate and his victim. On the other hand the shoemaker and his assistants distinguished themselves as vocalists, and solaced the labors of the pegging awl and lap stone, by innumerable lyrics of hard-hearted fathers and guardians with rebellious daughters and wards, who either killed themselves for love, or became happily united to the man of their choice, who had won the fortune and favor of his king by his wonderful exploits either by sea or by land, or by both. This destroyed the illusion of quiet chambers completely; but use is second nature. I make no doubt a miller can enjoy contemplation without being disturbed by the

rumble of the mill; and I know that it is possible for backwoodsmen to become so accustomed to the frogs in the spring time, that the temporary cessation of their noise is perceived more than the noise itself.

As I said before, I had only one room; but as I had very little office furniture, and was not encumbered with an accumulation of papers, it seemed large enough for doing a snug business, provided the opportunity arose. I had a shelf to hold my law books, or rather my library, (not very expensive or extensive, as will be perceived; but I did not think there was so much law on the outside of my head as I have since discovered,) a deal table with a green baize over it, and an arm chair on one side of it. I had one or two other chairs of the post and rail pattern, seated with elm bark, in strips, not comfortable things to repose upon by any means. I had also recklessly ordered some pigeon holes for the arrangement of papers, an article of furniture made by my joiner, of most extravagant dimensions, and which I was so intensely anxious to receive before I had any earthly use for it, that at my earnest request it was sent home unpainted. My library consisted of an old edition of Blackstone's Commentaries four odd volumes of Exchequer Reports, a wonderful edition of Tidd's Practice, which had led a dissipated and roving life, and threatened speedy dissolution—(the covers were still good for sharpening penknives, and the inside was still good for sharpening practice, and altogether the book bore evidence of having been heretofore in the possession of a thriving attorney); one volume of Shelford on Mortmain, (a gem to an antiquary, which had been given to me because the donor had turned his attention to other branches of the law), and several copies of the Provincial Statutes, the first and last pages of which, including the titles and indices, had been invariably lost; and unless the knowledge of these enactments was most intimate, a search was generally given up in a state of confused bewilderment. My table was furnished with an inkstand, a box of steel pens, a piece of red sealing-wax, ditto of red tape. I had a drawer underneath in which was contained a very modest stock of stationery, deeds, memorials, and common office blanks. The whole concern had a new, raw, and impromptu appearance, like a temporary supper table at a public ball before the cloth is laid; but I longed for an opportunity of using it, and all I wanted was clients.

Since the days of which I write, a great many changes have taken place in our town—natural decay of buildings, one or two fires, and the im-

provement of the age have so transformed the appearance of many of the streets, that it has become difficult to assign the locality for some of the quondam tenements. My old office has gone with the rest. Where it once stood in its humble dimensions and primitive architecture, part of a large four-story brick building now stands, embellished with cut stone, and cast iron, and panes of glass larger than the superficies of my old office table. I seldom, however, pass the spot where I first commenced practice without my memory recurring with some fondness to the period. My business responsibilities were not then very great; nor did I then ever imagine that it would be more than a pleasant and profitable pastime to be a lawyer, when in my own room, and with a library by no means complete, I was prepared "to take the world by the nose." Since then I have slightly changed my mind, and I find that with a greater number of professional appliances, the profession has its perils as well as its pleasures, and if you should chance to seize that mundane feature with any degree of energy, there is an abundance of its friends who, on its part, admit of no apology, and insist upon your having an hostile meeting.

My intention, however, in these memoranda of my early days was to give some idea of the practice of the profession in Upper Canada. I cannot say that I am enabled to do so from having had an extensive one; but I think I may say I have met with almost every variety of client, which a general practitioner can do in a country practice, from the rich merchant whose periodical visits to his distant customers, strikes terror into their unprepared cash accounts, down to the litigious yeoman who, of course, deprecates law, and satisfies his propensity by suing his neighbor for half a day's use of an ox sled. It was one of the latter class who gave me my earliest employment, as a counsellor; and so, without further preface, I will endeavor to give an account of

"MY FIRST CASE."

'Tom Touchy is famous for taking the law of everybody.'
Spectator.

After I had been established in my chambers, or rather chamber, about a week, and was beginning to feel that business prospects were not very bright. I came to my office, as usual, about ten A. M. I hold a regular attendance at your office conducive to success, and I was thinking of some way by which I could emulate Mr. Bob Sawyer, in the Pickwick papers, and delude the public by a series of clever artifices, into the belief that I was enjoying an excellent practice, and that my continual engagements were very

likely to disappoint my intended clients, unless they took strenuous measures to ensure a consultation with me upon their several affairs. I have observed in sundry towns, (and not excepting the metropolis), hurried announcements on the doors of lawyers' offices, such as "Gone to Crown Office"—"On consultation"—"Back in half an hour"—and to the uninitiated they have held out inducements for them to become "dwellers on the threshold," as Bulwer Lytton hath it; but to young aspirants to the woollack they are more suggestive of a sederunt at a saloon, or a temporary absence in ascertaining the nautical position of the solar luminary. I had never yet resorted to any such devices since I had been a barrister; and on this occasion, after taking a view of the exterior of my office, and ascertaining that my friend the grocer had not entirely excluded my brilliant sign by the "delicacies of the season," I took my seat in my office chair at the critical moment when the harmonious cordwainers were announcing that the heroine of their lyric had assumed masculine attire for the sole object of being near her erratic true love. I began to smoke—yes smoke! (and not a cigar either—but a clay pipe which was beginning to approach a luxurious state of narcotic perfection)—very disagreeable, I admit, on many accounts, occasionally so to your lady friends, and at times nauseating to yourself; but, after all, many celebrated men have smoked, and still do smoke, and young barristers smoke, of course, from sympathy. Under the soothing influence of the pipe, I was studying attentively the celebrated case of *Bardell vs. Pickwick*, 2 Dicken's Reports, when my attention was withdrawn from my book by the sudden and rather unexpected entrance of a visitor, whom I hoped was a client, and therefore in my excess of hospitality, I jerked my feet from the table, where they had been resting, and discomposed the "set" of my Toronto pantaloons, in order to receive him with becoming ceremony. He wanted to be polite, and certainly was, so far as he knew how. His appearance, however, was not attractive; but I mentally resolved that, notwithstanding appearances, in the event of his requiring my services, I would consider, in the language of Lord Brougham, "my sacred duty to my client." He looked thin and wiry, rather above the middle height, with what phrenologists would call a sanguine bilious temperament which seemed, somehow or other, to impart an influence to his habiliments. His hair was light and wiry, and his head was covered with an old flattened dyed musk-rat cap, with a straight forward peak. His great coat was of a remote age, being coarse,

well worn, and of a yellowish drab color, and matched with his hair. It was very long, and reached nearly to his ankles, and the lapels extended up the back to two faded mother of pearl buttons, close together, and within a foot of the old fashioned six-inch rolling collar. His boots were stogys, and his trowsers of the home-made butternut variety; and before he spoke he seemed exactly the sort of man who "never wanted any more than what's right;" but, at the same time would prefer having a lawsuit in its acquisition.

"Squire," says he, "how goes the times? I've been thinking to call on you before; but aint had no chance till now. Hows'ever, time enough I guess. I've got a kind of a little case that bothers me some, and I was thinking if it didn't cost too much, I'd just get you to work it out for me, and pettifog a spell."

I was half inclined to be angry when I heard our noble profession slandered, albeit ignorantly; but when I came to think about board, lodging, tailors' bills, and office rent, I pocketed the affront, in expectation of a fee, and assured him my charge should correspond with the importance of the case.

"Well," he continued, "it aint no great account, after all; but it's the principle's the thing,—when a man calc'lates to be ugly, he ort to be stopped,—that's it,—I don't calc'lute to gouge anybody, and I don't mean to be gouged;" and using this lucid exordium, fortunately for all parties in an allegorical sense, he sat down on a chair, indicated the absence of a pocket handkerchief, nursed one of his feet upon the other knee, and proceeded, as I anticipated, to a more particular and deliberate explanation.

"You see, the business of the story's this,—me and the man I'm going to tell you about's neighbors, and more'n a year ago he got put out with me, cause I dogged his hogs outen my per-tater patch, and one on 'em went home chewed up considerable. Well, he gin out around that my dog was wicked, and used to kill sheep, and byemby, after a spell, my dog come limping like as though h'd bin caught in a trap, and I allies suspicioned who done it. Well, that aint what I'm going to tell you about, and I dunno as it has anything to do with what I am going to tell you; but I thought I'd let you see what kind of a man he was anyway. Hows'ever, things went along, and byemby, about a week ago, I was coming along home, and middlin' close up to his fence, ('twas a little after sundown, and getting a kinder dusklike,) I found a log chain. Well—seeing it right there in the road, I picked it up and shoul-

dered it home—hadn't no more thought of its being hissen more'n a child, and so I commenced right to using it, as a body might nat'rally, and one day a long spell afterwards, when my boy was snaking up some drags o' firewood, along he comes, and claims the chain. Well, I warn't to home jest then. I was off tending court in a suit I had about some flour, and so my boy wouldn't let him have the chain. Well, first and foremost, he goes to work and abuses *me* to kill; told how me and my family was a thieving breed, and not satisfied with that, down he puts hot foot to the squire, and swars my boy *stole* the chain! and byemby a constable comes along and takes him up for the robbery. Well, I kind of mistrusted how it was going to be, and I told the squire I was bound to defend the case anyhow, and so he put off the case for a spell, and the hearings is going to be tried right here in town to-day,—I guess you can onsuit him, if you're smart, *and* I want you to flail him *if you kin*. I *don't* like law any way, and don't want no more than my rights; but the business of the matters' this, that when a man goes to cutting up his rustys in that way—why, then, I jest want to teach him, he's got to look out."

As I was totally inexperienced in receiving retainers, I did not demand payment of a fee as a necessary preliminary, and after hearing numberless details of the outrage under consideration, and many aggravating instances of prior impositions, I inquired the place and time of attending the sessions of the justice, and, dismissing my client with repeated injunctions to be prepared with his witnesses, with all the enthusiasm and energy of a strong sympathy for the cause of my much injured friend (and with far from mercenary feelings so far,) I proceeded to look up the case with all the research my library afforded, and in the interval charged my mind with a confused mass of information respecting crime and its punishment in the abstract, as well as of every species of larceny and felony known to the courts of Oyer and Terminer, and General Gaol Delivery.

In due time I attended at the magistrate's room, and found the case about ready to proceed. My client appeared triumphant as I entered with him, and encouraged his son, the prisoner, by informing him that he was "bound to see him through." Being late in the autumn, there was a fire in the stove in the room where the justice, a worthy yeoman of the neighborhood, was sitting. He was seated at a table with some stationery, &c., on which also lay the information and papers already taken in the case. All parties were sitting down, and for some time the

conversation turned calmly upon general matters not at all bearing upon the case in hand, and the constable, totally unmindful of the presence of the magistrate, had his chair tilted against the wall, at an angle of fifty-five, chewing tobacco sedately, and digesting, with all deliberation, the contents of the local newspaper. I don't think the prosecutor cordially approved of my presence; but I was profoundly polite to him, which rather tended to our mutual embarrassment. The prosecutor was a short clumsy man, at present of rather morose aspect and unclearly appearance. He was attended by his wife, a lady evidently of a strong minded turn, one of the description who could figuratively "hold her own" in every sense but her tongue;—his daughter, who appeared to dislike her present position, and two of his young boys, whom, it was easy to see, stood in more fear of their parents' displeasure than of a little obligatory perjury. The "logging chain scrape," as it was termed, attracted an increasing audience, whose presence the heat of the stove and limited dimensions of the room rendered unpleasant and inconvenient, almost enough to defeat the ends of justice; but his worship proceeded to try the case with the additional discomfort of an utter absence of elbow room, with several gaping bores intently gazing over his shoulder upon the evidence he was taking down; but of which they were unable to read a word. Add to this, there was a density of confined and heated air enough to mystify the clearest brain, and to make the position of administrative authority anything but a sinecure.

The information was, however, read, stating, of course, among other things, that the prisoner feloniously stole the article in question; that it had been found in his possession, seemed apparent; and the prosecutor seemed to consider this as a sufficient substantiation of his complaint. With frequent promptings from his wife (who informed the court in a loud voice, sufficiently energetic and exacting conviction, that she knew all about the chain—where she bought it—who cut it off—the blacksmith who put the hooks to it, &c. &c.,) the prosecutor identified the chain to be his—that the chain was on his premises just before he missed it ("I see it close by the bob-aled *myself*," the wife interrupted.) The rest of the evidence was very vague as to whether it was on the prosecutor's premises the night it was missed, or whether it had been left near the bob-aled, or in the road or out of the road. As to proof of the felonious abstraction there was default of evidence on oath. The strong minded woman offered to swear that she believed the

prisoner was mean enough to do it, or at all events, if he, the prisoner, wasn't, his father was;" but this did not seem to satisfy the worthy magistrate as to the felony. It must not be supposed that the prosecutor and his party had been allowed to give their evidence without interruption from their opponents, as during its progression all sorts of variations of the lie direct and the lie collusive, had been actively exchanged. The magistrate threatened several times to commit the parties, unless more order was observed; but it had very little effect; and the introduction by the hostile parties of irrelevant matters tending to mutual criminations, generally succeeded a temporary lull. "I should like to know who stole that side of pork?" was answered by "I should like to know how you came by that buffalo robe?" My good opinion of my client was by no means increased. I began to see that both parties were in a state of feud, and were gratified by any frivolous opportunity of annoying each other, and I really could not feel much triumph when the justice dismissed the case, and recommended the prosecutor to seek his remedy in *trever*. "Trover" to the prosecutor seemed unintelligible, and in its nature, as a civil action, not sufficiently annoying; therefore, the decision was unsatisfactory. My client, too, appeared dissatisfied, and wanted to know from the justice "whether he was goin' to get any costs for being dragged up here with his witnesses, and losing so much time just for nothing." But he received a severe lecture from the magistrate, in an upright, homespun way, recommending him to be less litigious, and foment fewer quarrels among neighbors. The prisoner was released from custody, very much to his satisfaction, and the court broke up without being terminated by a committal to the county jail, which, as the amiable partner of the prosecutor hoped would have taken place. She told the ungainly lad who had been in custody, in her valedictory address to him, that she "hoped to see some of 'em yet where the dogs wouldn't bark at 'em, and if every body had their own, 'some folks' would be in the 'jug' at this present moment."

My client seemed disposed to avoid me; perhaps he had discovered the absence of any sympathy with his fortunes since the dismissal of the case; but more probably he did not wish to have any allusion made to the retaining fee which he knew I expected. I allowed myself to overcome my native modesty, and with sundry misgivings, but with a placid countenance, I adverted to my recompense. The artful litigant said, "Oh, I'd like to forget all about it. How much do you

charge?" I replied, that my services, if worth anything at all, were worth five dollars. "Five dollars!" said he. "Well, you do earn your money easy—why, that's an awful sight to earn so quick. You warn't more'n two hours there altogether—and it's a considerable spell to night yet. I've got a dollar about me which you *kin* have, if you say so; but I won't have any money to go home with, if you take it. Like as not I'll have some more business some time, and I'll call and settle it up altogether." My first client and I parted. I began to wish him in the "jug" for the manner in which he had used me; and although I really wanted the ridiculously small sum of one dollar, I should have spurned it had I had an opportunity of taking it on this occasion, which I had not. This was the first disagreeable blow I had had. After all, I did not care so much for the absence of the fee, as to feel that I had been fooled by my first client. Since then I have made a resolution, in taking up cases, and that is, to receive my fee before proceeding. If a man have a fair cause of action or defence, and prepays for your attention, he has a right to demand your best services thus secured. If he endeavor to make bargains with you dependent on the result, he is the sort of character who is neither generous in success, nor just in failure.

I must, however, again introduce my first client. About a week after our first interview, he again called at my office, and strenuously endeavored to induce me to bring an action for false imprisonment against the owner of the logging chain, grounded on the prosecution I have endeavored to detail, and promising me that whatever damages were recovered, I should have a moiety for my services. I declined the action; but my client was not satisfied. He, however, retained a professional rival, who was my senior in the Law Society, but junior to me in his arrival in our town. By the good management of my learned friend, however, and by those wonderful freaks which sometimes inexplicably influence juries, at the trial of the cause for false imprisonment, at the next assizes, my quondam client obtained a verdict for fifteen pounds damages! I being for the defence; and as for the costs of such defence, as well as for my aforesaid services before the magistrate, they remain unpaid by both parties to this day, and I have long looked upon them as bad debts; but as being associated with useful warnings to avoid litigious characters of the calibre of "my first client."

DOUBTFUL.—That a man ever recovers his property by going to law.

THE WEAVER'S HOME.

It was a cold, bright December night, and the eve of a national festivity. A gibbous moon was floating in serene beauty through the sky; and myriads of stars, like the kind eyes of ministering spirits, were keeping watch upon the earth. But only the lonely, the forsaken, the sick, or the romantic, could find time or inclination to gaze into the calm, divine face of heaven that night. The multitude were all astir. Extraordinary preparations were being made to do befitting honor to that ancient anniversary of joy which the morning's sun would once more usher in. All the great thoroughfares of the metropolis were lit up as if in rivalry of the noonday splendors, and a vast hurrying tide of humanity discharged itself through the gorged streets. The city presented the imposing appearance of a mighty mart. Almost all the population seemed to be converted for the time being into vendors or buyers.

Especially was this the case throughout the entire extent of Shoreditch—that trading emporium, to which the tens of thousands of the poorer classes peopling that neighborhood are accustomed to resort for the purchase of their provisions. This spacious street exhibited the aspect of a fair. All the shops were brilliantly illuminated, and the windows most temptingly garnished with an abundance of those choice commodities, a participation in which is by every Englishman deemed indispensable to a proper observance of the festive rites of Christmas. All manner of clever artistic devices were exhibited, to attract attention and custom. Ranged on the opposite edge of the pavement was another continuous line of rival stalls, tasteful miniature bazaars, and a motley host of salesmen, saleswomen, and juvenile traders—trafficking in all sorts of wares, from lace to lucifers, and from literature to bunches of onions; some of whom were stationary, while others were in perpetual motion; some mute and spiritless, but most of them clamorously importuning the patronage of every passer; some fast verging grave-wards, by age or premature decay, and others just out of babyhood, were compelled thus early to go forth and battle fiercely for a crust of honest bread; some had invested their entire capital in a small tray of trinkets, from the anticipated proceeds of which a large family depended for their night's shelter, and for subsistence on the morrow; while besides all these, there was yet another grade of mendicant creatures, still more deeply and hopelessly sunken, who, lacking more honorable merchandise, were compelled to trade upon their miseries, and exhibit their starved looks, together with the ragged emblems of their wretchedness, for charitable coin.

Flanked on either side by this double battery of attraction and noisy solicitation, the crowd moved on, now briskly, and now sluggishly, according as the width of the pavement alternately broadened or contracted. All seemed to be swayed by one engrossing want. All this unusual out-door bustle had reference to the traditional festivities and goodly fellowships of the coming day. Though all other days in the year be dark, the poor English operative will, if possible, let in a few glimmering rays of joy and

social cheer upon his Christmas hearth. He will pinch himself for weeks together, if he may but thereby see a bright fire burning in his grate, and an abundance of hospitable fare gracing his table, on that 'merrie' holiday occasion. But alas! often, in spite of their best efforts, a large number of unfortunate families are doomed to pass this season of enjoyment in unfriended desolation and want. Let us take an example.

Look for a moment into the midst of that agitated stream of life. See that woman, pale with perturbation, with a face fair but famine-stricken, her eye unwonderingly set, and having a half-delirious air about her, as she struggles forward in the throng. Dodging here and there—now to the right, and now to the left—seeing, hearing, and knowing nothing of all that is transpiring around her—she impetuously rushes onwards. Whither is she bound? With what terrible tidings is her bosom laden? Where is she about to empty her heart of its freightage of woe? Let us follow her, and see.

Gaining the entrance to an obscure street near the railway terminus, she suddenly plunges into the gloom. Meeting here with fewer obstructions to her progress, her pace becomes accelerated. She traverses a tortuous succession of streets, courts, and alleys, striding heavily along the dry, frosted pavement, as if she trod in clogs, until at length she emerges into a small square, situated in the very heart of the weaving district. It is surrounded by lofty, dilapidated houses, that look as if they had been consigned to irredeemable ruin, or as though they had 'fallen into Chancery.' There is something awful in the solitude, silence, and obscurity reigning here, after having passed so abruptly from the confusion and intense glare of the thronged city. There are no gas-lights burning near. The moon, however, shines tranquilly upon one side of the square. On reaching the open doorway of a house, having three storeys above the basement, the jaded and excited woman disappeared. One flight of stairs are climbed—then another—and now she stands, momentarily pausing and listening, before the door of a chamber.

'Jane—is it you?' inquired a feeble voice from within.

In an instant she was in the room; and, although the last atom of strength that very moment died out of her, she sunk heavily down upon the floor.

Here we are on the threshold of a weaver's home, and in the presence of a weaver's family, just as it is passing beneath the desolating power of one of those crises of wretchedness that are unhappily of such frequent occurrence among this class of industrious operatives, and especially during the periodical stagnation to which their trade is subject. The room was cold, barren, and forlorn; its hearth desolate; no candle illumined the cheerless scene; no lingering spark of fire threw out its genial warmth from the bars of the cinderless grate; every vestige of domestic convenience seemed to have been swept away by the bitter blasts of poverty; and the shivering, hunger-bitten inmates were huddled together in semi-nakedness in various parts of the room. All the light they enjoyed was the gift of the 'sun's fair servant,' whose welcome beams streamed in

at the longitudinal lights that run almost across the sides of the building. Beneath the windows facing the moon stood two looms, both having unfinished work in them. On the opposite side of the chamber were dimly visible the ruins of a third loom, and beside it was a 'quill winding' machine, somewhat resembling a spinning-wheel, by means of which the silk is wound on to the 'quills' for the shuttle. Crouching beneath the 'porry' of one of the looms on the eastern side of the room, and in the full brightness of the beautiful moonlight, was the husband of the woman we have seen—a dark, wild, unshorn, haggard-looking man, just recovering from a terrible attack of fever, but whose convalescence had been hindered by the mental anguish and physical privations he had endured. His manly limbs had fallen away to a mere bony shadow, for famine had almost finished the cruel work that disease began. Beside him, reposing on a wretched apology for a mattress, were three young children, with no other covering than their father's scanty clothes to shield them from the wintry air. On the side of the room that was under an eclipse, seated amidst the skeleton remains of the mutilated loom, was a grey-headed old man, the father of the woman, and the grand-sire of the children of whom we have spoken; and, clinging supportingly to his pitiless arm, was a fair, intelligent-looking girl of about sixteen years of age, whom he affectionately called his 'Minnie.'

'Minnie, my child,' said he, as the poor woman swooned upon the floor, 'your mother is ill; see if you cannot help her; something uncommon bad has happened, I fear.'

The girl, though attenuated and enfeebled by insufficiency of food, needed no second exhortation, but affectionately strove to restore her parent to consciousness and composure; in which she at length succeeded.

'Well, Jane,' exclaimed her husband, who had been regarding her with intense solicitude, 'we began to grow alarmed at your long absence; it is now above eight hours since you left home, and we have been anxiously counting the moments till your return. Have you seen the master?'

'I have,' she responded, faintly; 'and not only was he heartless enough to spurn my petition, but he scrupled not to add insult to cruelty.'

'Ah, that is nothing new, Jane; like worms, we must submit to be trampled on, and never lift our souls against the heel of tyranny that crushes us to beggary. What new outrage has he committed?'

'On making known my errand to the foreman,' answered Mrs. Arle, 'he told me without any ceremony that he could advance me no money—it was against the established rule of the house: if they did it for me, they would soon be besieged with similar applications from swarms of improvident creatures like myself. I should always take care to save something, he said, tauntingly, to meet such emergencies; they couldn't break their regulations because workmen fell sick, and children took it into their heads to die; such cases would occur sometimes, and I must contrive to struggle through my difficulties in the best way I could. Saying this, he angrily struck his clenched hand upon the counter, and roughly bid me

begone. My flesh—what little there is left—quivered on my bones at such heartless treatment; I felt my blood mounting to my brow and tingling to my fingers' ends; the evil spirit came upon me; and words of reproach, all hot and hasty, were rising to my lips: but remembering that I stood there in the threefold capacity of a daughter, a wife, and a mother, I drove my indignant feelings back into my heart, and shut them in. As the lives of all that are dear to me depended on my success, I felt that it would ill become me to give up without a bold and resolute effort. With the picture of this wretched home swimming before my eyes; the pining of my babes for bread sounding in my ears; and with the knowledge that I could but be refused, I boldly asked to be permitted to see Mr. R—, the master; at which "impudent request," as he called it, the foreman was more enraged than ever, and threatened to turn me out of the warehouse. However, I stayed hours after that, determined, if possible, to see the master, and lay siege to his heart—'

'Ah, ha! I reckon it would be a tough job to make any impression there,' interposed the excited husband. 'But, Jane, go on with your story.'

'After waiting till past six, I suppose, like the unjust judge in the parable, which was running in my mind all the time, he was wearied out by what he styled my "obstinacy;" for I was then sent for into the master's room. To reach it, as you know, I had to mount a flight of stairs; in going up which, from the growing stillness of the place—for the business of the day was just over—the heavy shoes that father kindly lent me made a loud clatter on the boards. On entering the apartment, he haughtily exclaimed, "Woman, take those clogs off instantly. Where are your manners? How dare you behave so disrespectfully as to enter my presence with them on?" However, I meekly corrected the mistake, and besought his indulgence for a moment, while I stated the object of my visit. Breaking out into a violent passion, he then called me a liar, and—here her voice faltered and thickened—'coming menacingly towards me, suddenly stooped down, and lifted my apparel, in order to ascertain the correctness of his charge.' On discovering his error, instead of apologising for his rudeness and indelicacy, he ordered me instantly to quit the premises, backing it with a threat of a lodgment in the station-house. So I have returned as empty-handed as I went.' Having concluded the maddening details, she buried her face in her hands, whilst large drops of indignant sorrow trickled from between her fingers.

'Unmanly wretch!' vociferated the exasperated husband, emitting fire from his kindling eyes, and brandishing his bare lank arms about like a pair of drumsticks. 'It is well for him I was not there. Wouldn't I have made his lordliness lick the dust? Wouldn't I have been down upon him like a flash of lightning?'

And judging from his aspect at that moment, we verily believe he would have been as good as his word.

* This is a well-authenticated fact.

'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,' prayed a feeble voice, issuing from the midst of the ruined loom.

'Silence, old man!' thundered the husband, with the strength and fierceness of a maniac when the fit is on him; 'this is how you're always canting, and proflating holy Scripture, in a foolish attempt to excuse these religion-clauked villains. Do you dare to tell me, or tell God, which is much worse, that these Whiteden Sepulchres don't know what they're doing when they oppress and wrong and rob the poor, and brutally insult a helpless woman, driven by stress of misery to their feet, to ask—not for mercy; that would be far from them to grant—but for justice, for the paltry wages that she has honorably earned! You want me to believe this charitable fiction, do you? No, no; not where there are any grains of common sense left in this brain-box,' tapping, with his fingers' ends, as he spoke, his fine intellectual region. 'These are your *Christian* men, your *esquints*, your church officers, and Exeter Hall magnates, are they?' added he, with a tone of sarcasm that was designed to wither up their specious pretensions, and fling them like perished leaves to the wild winds of winter.

Whilst Mr. Arle was thus declaiming, the moon entered a thick cloud, and the room grew suddenly and ominously dark.

'Oh, dear father!' cried the frightened Minnie, 'I pray you, strive to be calm; you will bring on the fever and delirium again. Remember you are very weak; and oh! if you were to make yourself ill again, and God saw fit to take you away from us now, what would become of us? Do try and tranquillise yourself, dear father. We know these men are very wicked and cruel to us, but, perhaps, after all, there is truth in what they once told you, that they are scourges in the hand of God to punish us for our sins, and the departure of our people from him. We must each learn in patience to possess our souls.'

These gentle, soothing words, flowing from the heart of a beloved daughter—for there is love among the poor, and especially in seasons of agony and sorrow—threw a spell over his rebellious passions, beneath the influence of which he relapsed into silence.

'Oh mudder,' faintly sobbed one of the little ones, 'I am so hungry; I feel so vedy ill; I tink I shall die like my little budder—can't lo dive me, and Hetty, and Willy, just a little bit o' bread.'

How the bruised heart of the mother winced and bled under this appeal, only those who have passed through similar experiences can conceive! It is one of those bitter prerogatives of poverty with which the well-to-do cannot intermeddle.

'Oh, father, father!' exclaimed the mother, in a tone expressive of sharp spirit agony, 'my faith is failing me; the last spark of hope is dying out; I feel my heart becoming as dark and dismal as that fireless grate. Surely the Almighty has forsaken us!'

'Say not so, Jane; remember those divine sayings your mother used to be so fond of quoting, when the cloud was passing over her: "Man's extremity is God's opportunity;" "It is always darkest before dawn."'

'But where is help to come from? It is now our-and-twenty hours since food has passed any

of our lips: and where the next morsel is to be obtained, He who feedeth the young ravens when they cry only knows. We have nothing left to pawn; every utensil from the room, and every rag that can with decency be spared has been parted with, even the very clothing from the backs of the naked children has been converted into bread. There is nothing left now but the bird and its cage to dispose of; let us part with it, father, while we can, and save it from the doom that awaits us.'

'I cannot consent to that, Jane; I'm willing to share my last crumb with the sweet creature; I owe to it more than I can ever repay. It has so often softened my spirit, lured me back to the path of hope and duty, and inspired me with such happy memories of God and nature, and love to human-kind, by its melodious warblings, that I couldn't keep from despising myself if I were to part with it on mercenary terms. Besides, the children love it too. No; think again, Jane.'

'Well,' said she, in hesitating uncertainty, 'there is the Bible.'

'Never!' exclaimed the old man, with a marked emphasis. 'Pawn the word of God for bread, Jane! Never! When *that* goes, you may write up Ichabod on the bare walls, for the glory will indeed have then departed. With a Bible and a God, even this vile den becomes to me a temple.'

A pause ensued; filled up by painful musings, and the pining sobs of the half-frozen, half-famished children, as they clung closer to their sire, in a vain attempt to gather warmth.

At this moment the moonlight again peered in at the windows, brighter than ever.

'Capital thought!' exclaimed Minnie, rising with the eager and delighted air of one who has found a great treasure. 'I just recollect having a few weeks ago put some boxes of lucifers away on the top of the empty cupboard, so that they might be out of the children's reach; since which time I had quite forgotten them.' Reaching them down, she counted six. 'Well,' she continued, with a smile of mingled gladness and irony, 'if I can sell these they will bring us threepence; a penn'orth of bread, a penn'orth of 'taters, and a penn'orth of tripe; shan't we have a dainty Christmas feast, after all?'

'Don't count your chickens—you know the rest, my bonnie girl,' said the old man, casting a damper upon her new-born enthusiasm. 'There's a terrible strife abroad for bread to-night.'

'Put on my old bonnet, Minnie,' said Mrs. Arle, 'and take this handkerchief that I have on, and throw it over your shoulders; you will need it, for the wind is bitter cold outside.'

A drowning man they say will catch at straw. And here we see a fasting family, that is slowly perishing from want, and yet struggling bravely with the billows of adversity, stretching out its hands to grasp the shadowy and paltry proceeds of a few lucifer boxes, in the vain hope of appeasing, for some days to come, the ravenous hunger of seven mouths.

'Don't oeg, Minnie!' was the parting injunction of the elder man, as she was proceeding to leave the room. 'For the child of a weaver, and the grandchild of a Christian, to beg on the public streets, is a thing not to be heard of. May the

bread of beggary never pass my lips! Yet, checking him, he said, 'what do I say? Are there not hundreds, whose honorable souls once loathed the mendicant's choking gains as intensely as I do now, but whom misfortune, want, and woe have step by step degraded?'

Such are not the ordinary ethics of starvation; yet many men cherishing such principles, and bequeathing them as a sacred heritage, are to be found among the calumniated silk-weavers.

Opening the door, the timid girl went forth into the cold night, followed by the fervent prayers of those she left behind, and, unconsciously, met and attended by an unseen supernal Power.

When the door of the room closed behind her, it seemed to its inmates as if the few lingering hopes yet left to them had suddenly vanished, and, angel-like, were hovering around the retreating form of the girl, as if for the purpose of ministering succour and cheer in the loving errand on which she speeded.

For a long season after the sound of her footsteps had ceased, no voice essayed to break the suspense and silence that ensued; every heart was busy communing with its own gloomy forebodings, until at length the unquiet phantasies of their brain seemed to assume shape and substance before their eyes; and a dark, shadowy, menacing form began to frown awfully upon them, from the fireless grate, from the foodless cupboard, from the midst of the ruined loom, from the desolate walls, and from out the obscure corners of that wretched lair. Whether this terrible apparition was anything more than the projected shadow of their own black thoughts, we cannot undertake to say. Whether they could have given it any recognisable name we know not; for convenience, then, we will designate it the SPIRIT OF DESPAIR.

The evening was wearing on apace; still there was no perceptible diminution in the traffickers that choked the broad street intersecting Shore-ditch. Every tributary lane and court, for a full mile, helped to swell the eddying current as it noisily swept by. There was earnestness in every movement, and an intensity of purpose stamped on every face that night. No holiday folks, no loitering sight-seers, no sauntering pleasure-seekers were there. All seemed diligently bent on business. To buy, or to sell and get gain, was the master impulse that moved the motley multitude.

Yet, was there at least one exception to this general rule; and one, therefore, that was the more striking from its singularity. Passing along the pavement, leisurely and observingly, was a young man, attired in habiliments of mourning. He was of prepossessing appearance, with a benevolent physiognomy, a soft kind eye, and an air of deep sadness and dejection. His sensibilities appeared to be morbidly affected by the spectacle around him. His glance was ever roving, as he threaded the intricacies of the throng, in quest of objects of distress. Such was the mood of his nature at that time, that he turned away, as by a strange instinct, from the sunnier aspects of life, towards the hideous pictures of suffering and degradation that abounded at every step. He bestowed no notice on the merry-hearted and the light-footed, as they went by, all joyously to hap-

py hearts or to lovers' smiles; neither did he seem to contemplate with any complacency those who were toiling homewards burdened with cargoes of household stores; but his eye ever settled on those wasted human forms and ghastly faces that lined the outer margin of the pathway. The sight of this swarm of wretched creatures, of all ages, from infancy to fourscore years, weakly attempting to rise from their abjectness, to seize upon some floating fragment of support to keep their chin above the abysmal waves, absorbed his faculties and excited his commiseration. Ever and anon he would pause, and bestow upon one or more of these social martyrs some substantial proof of his generosity and pity. How many fervent blessings were rained upon his head that night, as his alms dropped now into the tremulous hands of decrepid old men, and now into the tiny palms of fatherless or motherless children, we cannot stay to compute. However he might be sneered at by the heartless, and wondered at by the wise in their own eyes, he was, nevertheless, following the blessed steps of Him who 'went about doing good.'

On reaching a spot near the entrance to the railway terminus, the eye of this benevolent stranger fell upon a girl of tender years and great sweetness of countenance, with sad, large, lustrous eyes, that shone out from the midst of features sharpened by want, and blanched by the wintry wind. Her attire was neat and clean, although there was scarcely sufficient of it to cover her nakedness. As to yielding her any warm shelter from the piercing cold, that was quite out of the question. She had ensconced herself in a kind of niche formed by the recessed doorway of an unoccupied shop. In her outstretched hand she held a box or two of lucifers, beseeching the passengers, as they went by, to purchase them of her.

'Buy—buy—for the love of God—buy!' she faltered, in a low soft voice, as the stranger was going past.

Thrilled by the plaintive melody of that imploring cry, a rack by the evidences of innocence and faded respectability visible in her whole demeanour, and deeming it improbable that a young creature so employed and so attired had fallen yet from her womanly rectitude, he turned towards her, and enquired into her circumstances and connections. The simplicity and transparent truthfulness of her answers only served to confirm his good opinion of her character.

'Conduct me to your father's house, will you?' said the stranger.

'Excuse me, sir; but I must first dispose of these small wares, or seven of us will have nothing to eat to-morrow. My little sisters were moaning for bread before I left.'

'How many boxes have you?' asked he.

'Three only are left unsold, sir.'

Putting his hand into his pocket, he drew out sixpence, which he presented to her, saying at the same time, 'Now, having removed that scruple, lead the way.'

The poor girl looked at the sixpence in perplexity for some seconds, and then said, 'I cannot give you the change, sir.'

'Keep it all then,' was the kind reply.

How tightly she clasped that piece of silver in her hand; how she turned aside and kissed it, as she thought upon the pains it would allay, and the hunger it would stifle; how she murmured low words of thankfulness over it again and again, as she went along, followed by her benefactor, we cannot pause to tell; and many of the well-to-do, who never felt the dire want of such a coin in all their lives, would not perhaps believe us if we did.

The delicate questioning put by the young philanthropist, as they pursued their devious way, elicited most of the facts with which the reader is already acquainted, and others that may have been only vaguely guessed.

There had been a terrible stagnation in the trade, she said; half the hands had been at 'play,' or out of work for months, and the other moiety were partially employed. Starvation, which is never far from the weaver's door, showed its gaunt grim front in many a home, and breathed witheringly on every green thing; the cholera, which was then raging at its height, greedily tracked the heels of famine, and swept away from the district whole hundreds in a week. Every house, and almost every room, contained its dead. Three in her family had been smitten by the pestilence, and one—a dear brother—had perished. When the cholera had abated somewhat of its fierceness, the fever came to glean the wasted field from whence the preceding reapers had carried off such a rich death-harvest. Her father had narrowly escaped being borne away as one of its victims. Thus, what with sickness, and sorrow, and want of work, they had been reduced to a state of absolute destitution; all the comforts and conveniences of household life, and even every article of clothing that could possibly be dispensed with, were surrendered one by one, in exchange for food. A few weeks since, her grandfather, Mr. Delafosse, had obtained a *caine*;* he worked at it night and day, hoping, by speedily completing it, thereby to extricate the family from difficulties; but when he had done rather more than half the piece, the *shoot*† was exhausted, which was then a week ago; and although he had been daily to the warehouse, and made urgent application for a fresh supply, he had not been able to obtain it yet. When they don't want the work in a hurry, the masters generally treat the poor weavers thus. He had received the amount of wages to which he was entitled on the work that was executed, most of which immediately went to defray some debts that had been unavoidably contracted. 'For we would rather die of hunger, sir, than live dishonestly,' said this heroic maiden, with an emphatic gesture. 'About the time,' she went on, 'that Mr. Delafosse's *shoot* was out, my mother obtained work, which she was compelled to take at terrible low wages; for the weavers,

being a starving, are glad to take anything that is offered; she worked so hard and incessantly at it, that she would often faint away at the loom, from having nothing to eat often for twenty hours together; whereupon grandfather would kindly take her place till she revived. The work being at length nearly finished—and we having nothing to keep us alive to-morrow—she went to-day to the shop, and solicited the advance of a trifle on the work; but they treated her very roughly and brutally, and sent her home empty-handed and broken-hearted to the starving family. You must understand, sir, that some houses advance money on the work in hand as it progresses, while others don't; the shop for which mother is working, though the principal is said to be a Christian man, who lifts his head very high, is not accustomed to give this advance to the poor operative. This hard resolution presses very cruelly on us sometimes, sir, I assure you, and drives us into awful straits; besides which, in connection with other oppressive hardships, it makes a great many of the men callous, hard-hearted, and infidel like. This is the sad effect, I am sorry to say, that such ruthless treatment has had upon my father.'

Saying this, the girl and her companion entered the gloomy, condemned-looking square, that brought them to the bourne of their journey. On the way, Minnie had slipped into a retired shop, and purchased a candle, which she had secreted under her scant handkerchief.

Arrived at the entrance, she politely requested the stranger to tarry a moment while she procured a light. Leaping into the darkness she opened a neighbor's door, that let a faint glimmer into the filthy, floorless passage, and soon reappeared, bearing a lighted taper in her hand.

'Be careful how you mount, sir,' said the fair guide; 'the stairs are very rotten, and full of holes that are dangerous to a strange foot.'

The caution was not very superfluous; they were indeed in a most crazy condition. Clinging close to the naked wall, he cautiously groped his way upward. On reaching the second landing, voices were heard in earnest converse, and a light shone through a crevice of the door in a long luminous line. At last, the top door was gained; and the stranger was ushered into the hushed chamber, where misery kept its lonely vigils.

'Grandfather,' said Minnie, 'a gentleman who has been very kind to me, has desired me to introduce him to you;—here he is.'

'Step in, sir,' said the old man, advancing towards the door, with the ready courtesy and urbanity for which the weavers are generally distinguished. 'I am really ashamed, sir, that you should visit such a desolate and desert place as this is. We have nothing we can offer you even to sit down upon. A hungry belly, like Aaron's rod, has swallowed everything.'

When the light began to burn steadily, and dissipate the dense gloom that had collected there, the stranger drew back, shudderingly, at the cold, stark nakedness of the scene, became gradually disclosed to him. This, then, thought he, is one of the places where, and these ghastly and emancipated creatures, with the hideous tatters of poverty hanging about them, are some of

* This is the technical term used by weavers to describe the prepared (or organic) silk that is given out to them from the warehouse of the employer. It is derived from the French word *chaine*, and is so called from the silk being taken off the wrapping mill in loops or links. The *caine* or *warp* varies in length from 100 to 300 yards, and generally takes several weeks to weave.

† The *shoot* is the silk used in the shuttle, and forms the wool of the fabric woven.

the skillful persons by whom, those rich and sumptuous fabrics are woven, which adorn the form of beauty, and embellish the apartments of nobility.'

'Your grand-daughter,' said the stranger, 'has, at my request, told me of your trials and privations; but I was utterly unprepared for such a spectacle as I behold. In passing through the ordeal of suffering, however, your minds are free, I trust from the stinging consciousness of its having been brought about, or aggravated, by your own faults—by drinking, by thriftlessness, by indolence, or by improvidence.'

"Thank God!" said the old man, in a solemn voice, "I and my daughter here have been total abstainers from all intoxicants for years, sir. No self imposed taxes of that sort are paid out of our scanty earnings. It is a hard battle to get bread sir. A sore lot of the weavers are *obliged* to be tee-totalers, as they haven't the money to spend on beer or gin; nor the time neither."

"I am glad to hear such sentiments from your lips," replied the visitor, alluding to the former part of his remarks.

"I hope I shan't be thought impertinent, sir," said Mr. Delafosse; "but you seem thus early in your manhood, to have made acquaintance with grief. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," as I have read somewhere."

"I have, indeed," rejoined the young stranger; "I am already a widower. I have buried the best part of my heart, and the light of my life is prematurely quenched. Last Christmas was our bridal-day. To-morrow will be its first anniversary, when my rified home will appear cheerless and doleful as a living tomb. Knowing that there must thus be one hearth desolate and sad, which last year was lighted up with the smiles of beauty, and encircled by festivity and joy, I came forth to-night to see if I could not make some family happy, that might otherwise be wretched."

"God bless your noble heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Arle, to which the wondering old man responded by a loud "Amen."

"If I felt a desire before, that the gross sum of human happiness might suffer no diminution through any selfish loss which I may have sustained, that desire has been greatly strengthened since I have listened to the harrowing tale of your privations. One of the immediate and culpable causes of your present extreme distress is, if I have understood aright, an unworthy *Christian* professor in the person of your employer.—Be it my delightful office then to vindicate that holy name from such scandal and dishonor, and restore as far as in me lies, its tarnished lustre, by placing at your disposal such means as will enable you to secure the restitution of all that you have been compelled to part with through the pressure of poverty, and to spend the day whose dawning is so near at hand in a manner befitting its joyous associations."

The old man's amazement showed itself more and more; the woman, struck by the strangeness and novelty of this beneficent proposition, fell upon her knees under the constraint of a worshipful impulse; and even Mr Arle, the scoffer, was visibly softened, and began to ponder afresh whether, after all, there might not be such a thing as *real* Christianity in the world.

"Where are your pledge-tickets?" inquired the young widower.

They were speedily produced; and, adding together the sums advanced on the several items he announced the total amount to be thirty-five shillings.

"Ah! sir, it's not one third the value of the articles," said the poor woman, with a sigh of regret; "but, when we're a-breaking up, sir, we've no alternative but to take what's offered us, though it be a dead robbery, or else see the dear children starve before our eyes."

While she was speaking, the stranger's fingers were exploring the inside of a richly lined purse.

"Are you in debt? Do you owe anything else to any one?"

"Nothing, sir, I am happy to say, except three weeks' arrears of rent," replied Mrs. Arle.—

"The landlord was here only yesterday, and said if he wasn't paid in a few days, he would drive us all out into the street; and I believe he will be as good as his word. As a general rule, sir, rent must be paid every week, however we have to pinch for it."

"How much does it amount to?"

"Seven and sixpence, sir; half-a-crown a-week we pay for this miserable hole."

"Well, there are two sovereigns and a half; that sum will free you from all present embarrassments, and leave a surplus with which to purchase a few necessary things for the morrow."—And he dropped the glittering gold into the extended palm of the bewildered woman.

"Bless your generous nature, noble gentleman," exclaimed both in the same breath, while the big tears coursed down their shrunken cheeks. "I fear, sir," continued Mr Delafosse, "it will be a long time before we shall be able to repay you this liberal and most welcome loan."

"I do not desire it," was the calm reply; "accept it as a free donation."

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor," said the exulting mother, as she directed a glance towards her offspring, that seemed to say—Your deliverance is at hand; lift up your baby-voices in thanksgiving.

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," devoutly chimed in the man in hoar hairs.

Seeing their benefactor about to depart, Mrs. Arle, in a transport of lofty gratitude, flew to her loom, and produced a secreted Bible.

"Thanks be to God!" she triumphantly cried, holding it aloft, "we have not, though sorely tempted, parted with this. Surely a blessing is in it; it has been to us what the ark of God was of old to those who sheltered it. Oh, sir, since I am sure you love the Bible, read from its sacred pages before you quit us;" depositing, as she said this, the treasured volume in the hands of the stranger.

He opened it; his eyes fell upon the 34th Psalm; he read with a rich unction and thrilling emphasis; and as he read, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles," and the numerous similar passages with which that divine ode abounds, every heart was melted, and from every eye gushed tears of irresistible joy.

As soon as the stranger could master his

emotions, he turned towards the group before him, who, with the new sensations that filled their souls, felt as though they had been suddenly translated from the depths of some terrible desert to the delicious bowers of Paradise; and telling them that he should pay them another visit on the day after Christmas, to inquire further into the deplorable condition of their trade, he bade them adieu, and departed.

If his soul drew nearer to God that night, after the divine deed that he had done; if a holy, serene, and festive peace spread itself, like a blue summer's heaven, above his spirit, where is the matter for surprise?

Strange wonder and curiosity were rife among the neighbors that night, as they lay drowsily listening on their straw pallets, to hear, hour after hour, the continuous ascent and descent of heavy footsteps on the old ruined stairs, and the clattering sounds that through half the night were going on overhead.

WHAT IS CHARITY?

To open the unsparing hand,
And scatter largess o'er the land,
At bare-faced Beggary's demand :
This is not charity.

To lead the list of wealthy fame
That, lighting Labor's honest claim,
Endows some servile act of shame :
This is not charity.

The mite ungracious of the mean ;
The gift enforced, that ne'er had been
By human eye of praise unseen,
This is not charity.

In hope of usury to give,
Reward of service to receive :
Let not the selfish thought deceive
That this is charity.

Unasked the ready aid to lend ;
The orphan life in love befriend :
With penury's dark woof to blend
Help's golden thread, is charity.

For anger's look the loving word ;
The passion-prompted speech unheard :
To quench the thought deep wrong has stirred :
This—is this Heaven's own charity !

Prosperity is a more refined and severer test of character than adversity, as one hour of summer sunshine produces greater corruption than the longest winter day.

Mistrust the mind which suspects others. Suspicion is involuntary self-betrayal—the rattle appended to the snake, warning us of its venom.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life, are caused by our standing in our light.

MAN'S OBJECT IN ADVANCING THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.*

Of the objects with which men have labored to advance the arts and sciences, viz., for the service and advantage of their fellow men, we find innumerable examples in history, both ancient and modern. Such were the ancient philosophers, Socrates among the number, whose fate may be regarded as a fair example of the consideration which such men ever meet at the hands of their fellow men. Have not the greatest benefactors of their race, from Socrates downwards, been emphatically denominated the martyrs of science—men who have labored only to develop truth for truth's sake, unmindful of the hardships and crosses it was their lot to contend with? Such men, thank God, have lived in all ages; such, it is to be earnestly hoped, are living even now, though necessarily almost unknown, but probably at some future day, when those modern celebrities, Tom Thumb and the Rochester knockers, have sunk into deserved oblivion, the world may discover that it owes something to Liebig, Leverier, and other silent workers, who are now little regarded.

But the spirit which characterizes the present day is more in accordance with what might be expected to result from pursuing, as an object, the last-mentioned aim, with which men have labored to advance the arts and sciences, viz., for personal profit and individual aggrandizement. If we are really, as some affirm, in advance of the ancients in these branches of knowledge, then it must be admitted that the love of money is a more powerful incentive to action than religion, veneration, poetry, and patriotism, those old fashioned faiths which induced the Egyptians, Grecians, and other (so called) benighted nations, to labor for the advancement of art, as they undoubtedly did. Look at the great achievements of modern science, upon which we found our claims to superiority over all other ages; our steam-railroads, and electric telegraphs; our canals, water-works, and innumerable engines, and machinery, with which this groaning earth now travails in labor as it rolls along its way! What is the main object, aim, and end of all? To what is all this wonderful application of mechanical science tending? Why, simply to the acquisition of wealth, the amelioration of our bodily condition. Whatever will make us richer is good. If it makes us better also, it is so much gained in the way of business which we did not look for;

* Extracted from a Lecture delivered by Dr. Jukes, before the St. Catherine's Mechanical Institute.

but profit we must have of a substantial kind, or we will have nothing to do with it. Individual or national aggrandizement is the primary object of all exertions, and only so far as they prove effectual for this purpose, are they ultimately carried out. Men walk by sight and not by faith; the visible, practical, tangible, whose effects can be rendered evident to our outward senses, are the highest objects of our desire. We no longer ask what ultimate good is to be derived from this or that course of action, but simply, will it or will it not *pay*, and in that one word our highest idea is embodied. We have reduced everything to a mechanical standard; pounds, shillings, and pence is the touchstone to test everything physical and spiritual. Few considerations penetrate more deeply than the bottoms of our pockets. Society has set up a golden calf for its divinity, and woe unto him who falls not down to worship it.

To convince ourselves that the love of gold, the desire of gain, is more than any other the characteristic motive to action of the present day, among the highest and lowest, we have only to look for a moment at the wonderful revolution wrought in society by the discovery of that metal in California and Australia. Were it not that we live in an age of wonders, and that from being constantly familiarized with astonishing facts, we have lost the faculty of being surprised at anything, we should surely lift up our hands in amazement, at the results which have flowed from these discoveries.

Not merely the poor, the indigent, and the unprovided for; not only the curious who lacked other occupation, the loose, unsettled, and restless portion of the community have been smitten by the epidemic, but the wealthy and highly esteemed—the independent man and the pauper, the scientific man, the professional man, the farmer, the mechanic, and the laborer—all for once acting with unity of thought and purpose rushed frantically to the diggings, as if the one sole object, aim, and end of every exertion of the faculties or powers of man was to grasp a handful of gold! All ties, the most sacred, were disregarded; all dangers, the most terrific and loathsome, were dared and despised; all difficulties, the most superhuman, were overcome; the ordinary distinctions of civilized society were abolished; the previous labours of a life time thrown away. Men, hitherto known only for their domestic virtues, became fierce and greedy adventurers; the ignorant and immoral were degraded into brutes; even the humane and cultivated became often desperate savages. The ties of home and kindred, the claims of affection and duty, were

unfelt and unacknowledged. Tastes, habits, and inclinations, fostered for years, were readily and cheerfully dispensed with, the beau became a ragged *sans culotte*, and the exquisite, a bearded, dirty, and dishevelled idler. Identity of feeling and pursuit had equalized the most opposite; the accomplished lawyer labored with his pickaxe for a nugget, as he had never labored for a reputation or a fee; the scientific scholar and mathematician, master of a dozen languages, ancient and modern, was fain to turn cook and bottlewasher for a share of the spoils, to men whose only possessions were hands hardened by daily labor, and muscles and constitutions inured to toil. I have myself known, and which of us has not, men of highest scientific attainments and the best education, men calculated by their talents and acquirements to adorn the loftiest social position; fathers of families and masters of competence, possessed by this leading idea, cast every other thought and consideration to the winds, and traverse wide and dangerous oceans, pestilential climes, and thirsty and barren deserts; nay, suppo t with Spartan fortitude and unflinching stoicism, sufferings and hardships whose very mention would appal the bravest, all for the gratification of one dominant passion—to quench the thirst for gold! I maintain, confidently, that no other inducement, however worthy, would, in this reputed age of common sense, have produced the same startling results!

Nor do we differ from the ancients more in the objects at which we aim than in the methods we use for their accomplishment. Many of us may recollect the story of a trial of skill in sword-manship, said to have taken place between Richard Ist. of England and the celebrated Sultan Saladin, at the time of the Crusades. The English monarch, with one powerful and downright blow of his weapon, struck asunder a heavy iron bar. The Sultan, with dexterous and graceful skill, divided with his keen Damascus blade a silken scarf floating in air, and a gossamer pillow. The effect of either stroke would be equally deadly in combat, but the aim of the first would be accomplished by direct physical force, of the other by scientific sleight of hand. This strikes me as the principal difference between our method of applying our knowledge and that of the ancients. Their means of accomplishment was by striking the direct blow, and they used all the force of which they were capable, certainly with astonishing results. We, on the contrary, place more reliance on the head than on the arm, and are ever endeavoring to substitute science and skill for individual physical labor.

Now all this would be perfectly right and profitable, did we apply the principle only to material things; but the mechanical spirit of the age is tending unconsciously to render all things subservient to it, and, like the lean kine of Pharaoh, to swallow up all else whatsoever. Now, there is a limit to everything in nature. The ancient Babylonians built well until exalted by the pride of power; they attempted to mount to heaven on the mechanical works of their hands—then they were utterly confounded. Mechanics have done and can yet do much for us, much also, there is of greater moment to which they can never attain. It is as a servant not as a master that we ask their aid. The axe with which the architect fashions his work is an invaluable instrument, but it requires the guidance of a skilful and accomplished genius to render it not abso- lutely destructive.

Let the application of the mechanics be confined to its just and legitimate bounds; the wedge, the lever, and the screw, propelled by the energetic arm of steam, can only be productive of unmixed good, when used for developing the hidden resources of inanimate matter, and bending and subduing the stubborn elements, of which the earth is composed, to the will and services of their master, man.

When a Leverier, by patient thought, discovers to us a new planet, mechanical means enable us to measure its distance, and the period of its revolution. When a Colon, by long years of study and application, declares to a mocking world the existence of a new continent. Mechanical appliances enable us to cross oceans and gather its untold wealth. But genius, inspiration, the creative power, the individual energy by which the masses of mankind are advanced, often sorely against their will, is of a spiritual, not a material nature; and he who would climb the misty mountain tops of truth, and reach to where man hath not hitherto attained, must soar on other than mechanical wings.

Truth is rarely a chance production which discovers itself unsought. It is the rich and satisfying fruit yielded only to that true and faithful husbandman, who sows for it in hopeful but unremitting toil! But this slow and tedious process—this toilsome steep ascent, is little in accordance with the spirit of hot haste which characterises this mechanical period; like lurid meteors darting athwart the midnight sky, we rush upon the vapory wings of steam from east to west, from pole to pole, earth, conquered and subdued, lies bound with many an iron girdle beneath our flying feet—the very elements, her armory of

strength, are wrested from her grasp, and turned by cunning man, in obedience to nature's unvarying laws, against her own maternal bosom. The impalpable air bears up our dense bodies, we walk unscathed beneath the ocean's foam, the lightning glances to the far ends of the earth to tell that we are coming, and we, stepping confidently upon our fire harnessed car, follow like rolling thunder in its train.

Old things are passed away, and all things are become new. It is after novelty, irrespective of its intrinsic truthfulness and worth, that mankind are now hastening; it is the blazing comet, the mysterious meteor which attracts our attention and claims our homage, while the placid and pale-faced moon traversing nightly the blue vault of heaven, to shed upon us her gentle and benignant rays, is little, if at all regarded. A king Hudson, rising on the gilded wings of successful speculation, is worshipped, fawned upon and flattered, to the utmost verge of earthly adulation, while a noble minded and accomplished Haydon, driven to insanity by starvation and cold neglect, yields himself to despair, and commits suicide in his forgotten studio, the scene of his unappreciated and unrequited toil.

These are painful facts, and rather tell against the intellectual advancement of which we boast; I might mention many others, and some nearer home, but I forbear! Why should we close our eyes to the truth? The age we live in is a self-sufficient age. We claim superiority upon purely mechanical grounds. In mechanism, and its application to external objects, we excel all other ages; and were man a purely material being, we were the greatest people since the creation of the world; but this is not the case. There is in man's dualism a spiritual part, possessed of a higher nature—a loftier aspiration, and in whatever respects *this* portion of his being, in pure morality, religion, veneration, and true dignity of soul and character, we are inferior to many less highly civilized ages which have preceded us.

In literature and the fine arts, our observations hold equally good: it is the dashing, bold, and superficial style—the rapid, though coarse delineation which pleases; for deep and earnest considerations, requiring any mental effort, we have no time. The world, on its high-pressure engine, is madly shrieking along its course—all is noise, hurry, and confusion, and we feel as if we must join them or be left behind. Nature and experience have taught us throughout all time, that by such means nothing truly worthy can be attained; it is by silent meditation that a Newton discovers

the system of a universe; by long years of strenuous application to the teachings of the past, aided by patient individual endeavor, that a Columbus discerns and confidently predicts, ere he has yet seen it—the discovery of a new world! Truth is ever calm and noiseless, dignified in the consciousness of strength as the deepest and most profound waters, need no roaring and flashing breakers to disclose their might; it is the shallowest streamlets which ever run with the greatest turmoil; deep and majestic rivers are ever silent as the grave. Not from such loud external vaultings may we rightly judge of power, either spiritual or physical; “the meek silent light can mould, create and purify all nature, but the wide wasting whirlwind, the sign and product of disunion, of weakness, passes on and is forgotten.”

GOTTFRIED MIND, THE CAT RAFAELE.

CHAPTER I.

It was regular Christmas weather. Driven by the wind, along the deserted streets of Berne, now dark with the closing evening, the snow fell in firm flakes, as if it were determined to teach those few persons who ran through the town very closely wrapped in their mantles, and to teach them very thoroughly, too, that there is nothing better to be done on a Christmas night than to sit at home in one's own circle.

Herr Siegmund Wagner, the rich merchant and counsellor, seemed hours ago to have acknowledged the truth of the principle the weather was so stormily laying down, and sitting in his comfortable arm-chair at a table covered with engravings, pencils, and drawing materials, was sketching with a rapid hand some hasty outline by the light of the lamp, adding now and then some apology for shading, and finally laying down his pencil to glance at his work with that peculiar comfort inspired by a sensation of warmth in the midst of what he knew to be the most dreadful weather. The quiet hum of conversation, too, now and then stole across his ear from the adjoining room, and heightened his pleasure.

In that apartment it was that Herr Siegmund Wagner kept his costly and curious collection of engravings, statuettes, vases, and other works of art, and his great delight was in the increasing of his store. Why should I describe the apartment? It is enough to say that everything was in most beautiful order, and that from Flemish pictures and Italian landscapes, to Etruscan vases and Indian fans, there was one continued chain of beauty and rarity, wanting in not a single link. Besides, if I were to describe all the

loveliness his cabinet contained, I should spoil the trade of the loquacious guide, whose calling it is to expatiate upon it (for five francs a day) to the tourist whose curiosity leads him to Berne.

At the time of this history, there sat at the round table in the midst of the room a happy couple, deeply engaged over one of those costly and elegant volumes forming a part of the works of Redinger. Whether they might have lost themselves in the contemplation of these wonderful drawings which cause us to dream of a time long gone by, I know not; it is sufficient for me to say that they were not, and thus, far removed from drawing parallels between past ages and now, they were only enjoying fully the truth reigning in the drawings.

One of them was a girl of scarce eight years, in whose tender gentle countenance there lay a rich promise for womanhood; the other was a little man of almost repulsive exterior, who seemed to have run the major part of his life. It was singular to mark the contrast between the rich costume of the merchant's daughter and the poor, and almost countrified dress of her companion. Still more strange it was to look upon the slender waist, the tender limbs, the bright locks, and the brighter face of the child, and then turn to the strong rough hair, and the clumsy countenance of the man to whom his square forehead, his prominent cheek-bones, his large mouth, and his brownish-reddened complexion gave a fierce aspect. A mild and almost melting eye was the only feature which redeemed the face from utter ugliness, and it reminds one always of the fairy story, where the prince is hidden under the most frightful form; but the enchanter's power extends not to the eye, which gleams mildly and gently forth, the only trace of a higher nature.

“Shall we go on, Friedli?” said the little one.

“Do, Aenelli,” replied the other with a gruff voice. “What is yon under the picture? These Italian letters I don't understand.”

The child read “The Bear-fight.” “The bear is a fierce animal when excited——”

“Nonsense,” growled Friedli; “those be no bears. Has the bears such a long thin snout, like a greyhound! Rubbish! And the action isn't right. There ought to be a joint here. Badly drawn altogether. This isn't good, this isn't!”

Herr Wagner had silently come behind them.

“Hallo! Friedli, what's that you say? Redinger is known far and wide as an animal painter, and his bears are thought models by artists!”

“It's not true, sir,” returned the other flatly. “Go into the bear garden here, and look at the beasts yourself. See how they tumble and climb, and stand and eat apples

and bread! Look at 'em closely, sir. Redinger hasn't seen the animals; he has painted them according to the story. The dogs, the stags, and the lions, they are good; but the bear I could do better."

"Well, well, don't get excited," replied the counsellor softly, "and for to night let us leave the engravings. On New Year's night we will look at them again. For this time, come. Tea is ready."

Growling like one of his own favorites, Friedli clapped the folio to, replaced it in its well-known shelf, and accepting his host's invitation, departed into the next room.

The golden yellow tea was steaming in the delicate porcelain cups. The table bore an elegant dish of biscuits, carefully piled into a pyramid. Friedli did not omit to pay due attention to the cake and tea.

"You have not yet told me how all goes on at home?" asked the merchant.

"Busi will have kittens to-morrow, I think," was Friedli's answer.

"Pooh, I don't ask after the cat, but after the mistress."

"Well, she grumbles," Gottfried said laconically.

"One of Busi's kittens you'll give me, won't you; a very pretty one?" the child said. "Do promise it me."

The promise seems to be a very hard one with Friedli, but (notwithstanding that a branch of the house of Busi was a great and precious branch indeed) the thoughts of his patron's kindness, and the love he bore the child, induced him to nod a tolerably unwilling "yes!"

The conversation soon flagged. Wagner, who did not seem to rely much on his guest's social qualities, soon returned to his drawing, and Aenneli rolled some dry chestnuts on the table before the silent and good-tempered Friedli. Knowing well the desire of the child, Gottfried drew his knife from his pocket, cut open the shells, and commenced carving all sorts of figures in the soft fruit with wonderful exactness and beauty. These figures, reader, are not all destroyed even now, for they may be seen at Berne to this very day. A wonderful stillness came over the chamber. Aenneli sat close by the artist and watched his wondrous skill thoughtfully—a skill the more astonishing when the rudeness of the fingers which produced the delicate forms is considered; suddenly a sharp pull at the bell rang through the vaulted hall, and very soon after this a little, old, natty man, with great rimmed spectacles, toddled into the room, threw himself stormily on the neck of the merchant, and wiped all the powder from his hair in the ecstasy of his embrace with his sleeve. Coughing, the other wound himself from this fiery salute, and was about to inquire the joyful reason of this stormy call,

when the enthusiast interrupted him, and began to lighten his heart in words.

"Wagner, just think of my good fortune. Guess what has happened—no, no, it is impossible, you cannot conceive my happiness: an hour ago the most glorious wish of my existence was accomplished—what do I say?—accomplished!—surpassed!—surpassed a million degrees! Dear Aenneli, a glass of sugar and water; I burn with the heart-filling delight of my prize!"

He drained the glass at once, sank down on the chair exhausted with his joy, then dashed up again just as quickly, ran back again to the counsellor, and taking him by the shoulders, shook him as if he would try to shake him into an appreciation of his luck.

"Only think, counsellor," he exclaimed, "this evening I have got him complete—quite complete. Not a single plate is wanting."

"Who? what?"

"Who? what a question! Wenzeslaus Hollar, to be sure; the whole series from 1625, from the 'Virgin and Child,' and the 'Ecce Homo,' the 'Arundel Gallery,' the African engraving, &c., &c., down to his last engravings of February, 1677, and you know he died on the 28th of March."

"Indeed, this is certainly curious."

"Oh but, Wagner, don't be so deuced cold. I really think you are jealous of my good fortune. Of course it is curious. In all the world there are not three persons—not one who can compete with me! The whole of Wenzel Hollar. I wanted four pieces to it; and where did I find them? Where? (Only think; here, sir, here! Here, in the Baker's Inn, at Berne. Here, sir, they were, only an hour ago, in a dark corridor—yellow, smoky, miserably framed. Eh, man, you did not dream of that. You did not think Berne contained such treasures. But listen. I was sitting in my room with a heavy heart, and looking over the catalogue of the Pestalozzi collection, which is to be sold the day after to-morrow—and where, by the way, you mustn't bid against me; and I was weighing the probability of the Rembrandt Uitenbogerd being verifiable. 'No,' I cried, 'it is not true, but a copy. There are but ten real Goldwagers, and one of these I possess.' In my rage I snuffed the candle out, felt my way to the door, got down to the lantern in the passage, lighted my candle again, lost my way, and got into a passage of the old house where I had never been before, and there they were all four of them together—cracked glasses and broken frames; it was a pitiful sight indeed. An avalanche was nothing to the rush I felt at my heart. I crept back quietly, put some powder in a glass, and drank in order to overcome the beating at my heart. I rang for the landlord. In a century of fifteen minutes he came. 'My bill, Her Sprungli.' 'What, M. Orell, so soon! I thought you intended to

stay til Saturday.' 'Letters from home—pressing business—very sorry.' The host produces his black slate from his vest-pocket, and covers it with hieroglyphics of francs and sous. 'So and so much.' 'Oh, by the bye, Herr Sprungli, I began very cavalierly, 'what are those old daubs in the old passage down stairs?' 'Heaven knows; they have been hanging there from my grandfather's time; he bought them somewhere or other.' 'Oh, indeed; it's a curious thing, friend Sprungli, one of the eastern kings looks just like my uncle, who is an officer in the papal guard. Just such another crooked nose—just such a long stately beard.' 'Ah, nature plays curious tricks now and then; yes, indeed.' 'Well, Sprungli, what won't we do for one's relation's sake? For the sake of my uncle, the officer, I'll take away the rubbish, and hang it up at home. You will thank me, I have no doubt, for taking the rotten old rubbish away.' 'Oh, no, I'm sure they may hang where they are, for my grandfa-her's sake.' 'And I'll give you a colored print from London in return for the lot.' 'Oh, dear, Herr Orell, would you have me drive a bargain on a Christmas Eve? I was in a great heat at this, for I thought another might outbid me. So I said, 'Very true, Sprungli. Now, don't mind me—it was only an idea; so to-morrow morning, at five, I'll like my coffee—' and then I began to unroll the English engraving. 'Look here, Sprungli, you've been there, haven't you?' 'Oh, certainly sir; I served my time as waiter at Martigny, and my wife comes from those parts. Why, dear Herr Orell, that is a beautiful thing, and the coat of arms underneath with the English to it—Dedicated to the Earl of Derby.' 'Yes, yes; oh, the picture is good; might be hung up in any room.' And with that I rolled it and laid it aside. 'Well, but, M. Orell, it's certainly very wrong to make bargain on a day like this, but—well, to-morrow you'll be away, and my wife will be delighted with the Christmas present. Pray take the Old Uncle and the other nonsense. And joy be with you.' 'They were mine.'

"A very singular thing, Herr Orell; very singular and pleasant."

"And this masterpiece," the enthusiast went on, "this divine peasant-girl, with her nose in the jug. And the cat, the wonderful cat, with his arched back rubbing against the footstool—an ideal cat, a gem!"

Friedli had scarcely looked up during all this time. But at the word "cat" he flamed up, came to the table and looked at the engraving. Presently he shouted out "Bad cat!" over Orell's shoulder.

Doubtly astonished by the disagreeable tone of this stranger and by the disagreeable criticism of his favourite plate, Orell turned round and stared at the speaker. "What! what! Bad cat! Wenzel Hollar could not—oh! But who in the devil's name are you,

who pretend——? Why, good heavens, since the ark of Noah there has not been so beautiful a cat."

"That's false!" returned Gottfried, "I know better!"

Orell turned from the peasant to Herr Wagner, as if he expected some explanation of the matter from him. The merchant, however, seemed to be enjoying the surprise of his friend, and not at all inclined to unravel the mystery. At last he took from his daughter's hand one of the little bears and put it in the hand of Orell.

A half-expressed oh! fell from the mouth of the astonished dilettante. Again he cast a look at the gigantic fist which had brought to maturity such a masterpiece. But Friedli took his hat, and after an awkward bow, went to the door.

"Where are you going? Surely you will not go so early?" the father and daughter cried.

"It's late, and Busi is alone," growled Friedli; "God bless you, Herr Wagner, and you, my little Aenneli!"

And he stumbled away down the stairs.

Orell looked after him with a frightened stare. "For God's sake," he began, after some time, "who is that? How long is it since such wizards were suffered to walk frank and free about Berne, and frighten honest people to death with their wehrwolf faces?"

Wagner burst into a hearty laugh at the consternation of his friend. "What! is it possible that you don't know Friedli?"

Orell shook his head silently.

"The Bernese Friedli, Gottfried Mind, the cat Rafaele?"

When Orell had made himself comfortable for the night, the spectre of Friedli rose before him. Could he secure Friedli for his own city? Could he assist in bringing out his talent, and could he himself become famous through patronizing him?

At last Herr Orell hit upon a plan. He knew that Friedli's tyrant, the widow Freudenberger, was very pious and went to early mass every day. That was the time to see Friedli, Orell was convinced, and thus calmed he fell comfortably asleep.

The next morning Aenneli Wagner and Orell went hand in hand through the lanes and alleys to the house where Friedli Mind and his cats lived. It was a narrow building, with windows very close together, full of leaden frames and minute pieces of glasses in between. The doorway was low and arched, and the various stories of the house projected one over the other, like the Elizabethan houses of London.

Aenneli went forward and opened the door gently, "Good morning, Friedli."

"Good morning," was the gruff reply from the window-seat.

"I have brought Herr Orell, the amateur of Zurich; he is very anxious to buy some of your pictures."

"He must wait till the widow comes; the pictures are hers."

"Oh! but Friedli, don't be so gruff. This is a nice dear gentleman, who has great pleasure in these things, and has done you the honour to come expressly hither on your account. See, I've brought you some apples and buns, and papa sends you a new waist coat for Christmas. Now come, be good at once, and let us see what you have been doing."

"Thanks, Aenneli, many thanks," replied Gottfried, "put the things down. But I cannot show the pictures now; the animals are at rest and must not be disturbed."

It was a curious thing to see the Osiris-like statue that Friedli had made of himself. On his shoulder there sat a striped grey and black Tom, leaning his head against the brown face of his master, and purring like a little steam-engine. Three half-grown kittens dreamt, all in a heap on his knees, and among the drawing materials lay the mamma cat in a compact bundle, with her feet tightly drawn under her. There they sat, purred, and snapped, the whole group in that mediæval looking room, and Orell stared at them.

The dream of last night came back to Orell, and the motionless figure of the sprite-like Gottfried became more horrible in his eyes every minute, the iron silence more oppressive.

"For heaven's sake, Aenneli!" he whispered, "do something to put an end to this. I cannot bear it if it goes on much longer."

"Well, it can't be otherwise," replied the child, "until the cats have finished their sleep, he will never move. But I will try."

The little girl went behind the painter's chair and held out a piece of fresh-baked bun to the Tom on his shoulder. The animal immediately opened his eyes, sprang to the floor and jumped about the child's dress to get the bun. The three kittens became lively at the same time, following the example of their venerable sire, rushed to the milk-saucer, and after a long drink, began to wash their faces, to play, to skip, and to roll. Friedli became free and able to move.

"Busi has got three kittens," growled he, "will you see them, Aenneli; will you choose one?"

"Yes, yes, dear Friedli, come. But first the pictures for Herr Orell."

Gottfried pulled out the portfolio from the corner, threw it on to the table, and turned away to pay a visit to his favourite.

While the man and the child went into the grandfather's corner—as the place behind the oven is called in Switzerland—Friedli took up the little blind animals

with almost parental tenderness, kissed them, and gave them back to the mother, the amateur untied with trembling hasty hands the string of the portfolio, and began after carefully wiping his spectacles, to gaze upon these unequalled series of drawings.

There were cats, bears, groups of children, the only beings which Friedli loved, which he repeated continually in all attitudes and forms, with true geniality of composition, and wonderful technicality of execution. No painter had yet succeeded so completely in observing the peculiarities of those animals, in expressing the games of children so spiritedly, so naturally as they might be found in his sketches. Little girls cradling their purring kittens in their laps; the winter sports of the village, when half-a-dozen boys were tumbling about round a snow man, some putting in coals for his eyes, others breathing into their hands to get warm; such were the things that Friedli's pencil rejoiced in, and on which Orell now gazed with the utmost enjoyment. He turned over the sketches with an accompaniment of "Delicious! superb! unequalled!" and the only consideration which deterred him from falling into the general habit of amateurs and artists, *i. e.* of slipping some of the sketches into his pocket, was the idea that soon the painter would be all his own, and his productions also.

The choice of the kitten had been settled. Gottfried came to the table, unfolded the waistcoat, and broke into a fit of laughter at the colour which seemed to please him. But the laugh broke off short, like a bit of sealing-wax, and he sat down at the half finished drawing on the table as if nothing had happened.

After some coughings, and preparatory ceremonies, the amateur began in a bland but very legal voice, as if ordinary conversation would not serve his turn.

"For a long term of years, mon cher Friedli, you have resided on the premises of Madame Frendenberger."

"Twenty years and more, I dare say!" was the reply.

"Hem! ah! eh! twenty years? Dear me! Scarcely to be considered a short period. No doubt, certain services are remunerated, and probably after just consideration of application it has been found that a fixed stipend—"

Mind did not seem to understand the question, but stared at the speaker with great eyes, and then returned to his drawing.

"I would remark," continued Orell, rubbing his hands uneasily, "that is to say, I would hope the honorarium is in a just ratio to the trouble; that the livre—that the widow Frendenberger remunerates your not altogether unpraiseworthy productions in a proper manner; that—isn't that clear enough?"

Well, then! What the deuce does Madame Frendenberger pay you for each drawing?

"Shilling a week!" replied Friedli in a grumbling way.

"Dear! dear! dear! a shilling! Well, not so very bad a remuneration considering the badness of the times! Hem! however, notwithstanding—it might be, you might wish to alter your circumstances somewhat for the better in a pecuniary light. For instance, it would only be necessary to make up your mind to come to Zurich to our house, and receive double, nay treble that amount from Fuessli and Orell. Eh?"

"Don't want to go!" growled Friedli.

"A very ill advised conclusion," said Orell, "You might bring as many of your cats with you as you liked. Your bears might come also—your stuffed bears, that is to say. Say the word and I'll wrap you in silks and satins—anything you like."

"Shan't go!" repeated Friedli. The conversation might have continued much longer had not Madame Frendenberger at that moment opened the door.

In one instant she guessed the object of Orell's visit, and he was soon obliged to retreat before the storm, which burst upon him, upon Friedli, and upon Aenneli.—Orell and Aenneli at once departed, leaving the stormy patroness of art at Friedli's ear.

After a long thunder storm, in the course of which Friedli's gratitude, love, and industry were violently impugned, a rain storm followed. Then Friedli looked up wonderingly from his drawing.

"What's all this bother, Madame Frendenberger? I'm not going, you know!"

A person more acquainted with life and men than was Friedli would have been able very easily to turn off all the abuse that had been levelled at him. But the inexperienced Mind had not the most remote idea of the profitable trade Mistress Frendenberger was carrying on with his work. It was quite unknown to him that his pencil won riches for the miserly, hard-hearted shrewish woman who grudged him the bread he ate and the water he drank, and who embittered his sleeping as well as his working hours, by assigning to him a bedstead too small even for his crippled limbs. But his room and his arm-chair, which he had scarcely forsaken for twenty years, were his world; the angry red-nosed mistress was in his eyes a guiding and not to be propitiated Nemesis; he knew of no other Heaven than Herr Wagner's house; he loved no one but his friend's little laughter, and his own animals.

CHAPTER II.

Day after day passed away from Friedli with rusty foggy uniformity. No event stirred the course of his stagnant existence—no change did he feel but that of the seasons. He might

thus have passed eight years since that Christmas time we spoke of.

It was a sunny April day, and one of the last days of the month. The window frame and the round leads of the panes shadowed themselves upon the sandstrewn floor of the cottage in the sun of the spring time, and through the open upper flap a warm and kind spring breeze came into the room. The mistress grumbled in the kitchen. Friedli went to the window, and put a clean piece of drawing paper against the glass, in order to take the dimensions of a new drawing by one already completed. But soon he let pencil and paper sink, in order to watch the numerous passengers without, who were going hither and thither on their different errands.

In the nooks of the grape-vines on the houses, the sparrows twittered. Curious maidens peeped from behind odorous geraniums and blooming wallflowers, into the street. On the sunny side of the pavement nurses chattered, with their sleeping children in their arms, and at their feet slumbered dogs, who now growled in their sleep, and snapped at imaginary flies. An early golden butterfly went fluttering along the street, and a mob of cap-throwing urchins were after it, with shouts and laughter.

All this was warming the inward heart of Friedli, when he heard the slipper clattering behind him.

"What's this? What are you staring about? She commenced at Godfrey. "Art maundering at the window again, wasting your time in this way. Sit down and work!"

"Aenneli's coming!" replied Friedli, creeping back to his place.

The widow swallowed her annoyance at the unwelcome interruption, and composed her features into an acid smile, hitting one of the kittens with her hand at the same time. Aenneli brought an invitation for the evening.

Aenneli's loveliness had grown with her years, and she had sprang up into one of those quiet beauties, that remind you of the angels in Rafael's pictures. Her heart had not grown older, and she was as innocent, confiding, and joyous as when we saw her when eight years old! Her fondness for Friedli had continued throughout all these years, and the true companion of her childhood had only approached nearer to her heart, since she had learnt to understand his helpless position, since she had found that herself was the only person or thing which made his dreadful life supportable.

Often and often had Aenneli's father mildly warned her, that while a child may laugh at many a restraint, the young maiden must submit to it in silence, and he pointed out how hard and loveless were the world's opinions of anything that was at all out of the usual run of things.

"And must I too desert him, poor fellow?"

was the maiden's plaintive question. "No one cares about him if I do not."

Wagner could not refuse the request of his child, who was the mirror of that wife whom he had lost at her birth.

The sun was inclined to its resting-place amongst the mountains. The parade, which was planted with ancient trees, and over which towers the ancient minster began to be thronged with passengers, who plucked the wild flowers in the hedges.

On one of the benches not far distant from the cliff, which overhangs the Aar, sat Friedli and his young friend, wrapt in the contemplation of the lovely afternoon. Amidst the fresh green leaves of the chestnut-trees, perched a nightingale, and mixed its song with the rushing stream thundering over the precipice; the spray was gilt by the evening sun. On the opposite side of the water was a flower ocean, where the wind was creating a thousand waves. The glow of the sun gradually retreated to the tops of the mountains, and at their blue foggy bases came glimmering the shepherd fires.

Friedli was in excellent case, for the softness of the evening had touched his heart, and opened the flood-gates of his eloquence. The animation of his discourse attracted the attention of the passengers, although they mostly passed away with a sneer.

For some time the picture-dealer Orell, whose business had brought him once more to Berne, had been slinking round the pair, inwardly doubting whether to make a new attempt to win the painter for himself; ever and again he shot a poisonous glance at the object of his solicitude through his spectacles, when he thought of his probable reply, and then, reckoning up his enormous winnings, he dipped his finger into his gold snuff-box. Sabre clanging, a young man in hussar uniform passed along in front of Friedli and Aenneli. A great rough-haired blood-hound followed at his heels, with his head and tail drooping to the ground. He glanced carelessly at the old coat and down-bent bearing of the Bernese Friedli, and bowed very respectfully to the maiden, laying his hand on his cap. Blushing confusedly, Aenneli returned the greeting.

"Do you know that man, with the black beard and silver embroidery on his coat, and the great dog?" asked Godfrey. "Who is he?"

"I only know his name; Ulrich von Bubenbergh, the nephew of the schoolmaster. He rides three times a week by my window at least; otherwise he is quite a stranger."

"Whoever finds pleasure in such a wide-mouthed, barking, tearing, snapping, wild animal as a bloodhound," growled Friedli, "must himself have a wide-mouthed, barking tearing disposition. I detest such big-worded, spur-clattering, quarrelsome lads.

Don't listen to him, Aenneli! Let him alone, and see how the snow flames rosy-red, under the sun's rays, as if those peaks rejoiced at heart to behold the glory of God. Ah, it is indeed beautiful up yonder!"

With this exclamation, he rose up from the bench, stretched his arms towards the mountains, and gazed earnestly at the snow-clad peaks. But suddenly he fell backward; his arms fell down by his sides, and with the words, "Aenneli, I can see nothing, every thing is dark!" he swooned on the poor girl's shoulder.

Her cries soon brought assistance to her. Orell and Herr von Bubenbergh were only too glad of the opportunity, the one to get another chance of the painter, and the other to make the acquaintance of the lady. But her half-expressed request that they would take the sick person home, seemed to come unwelcomely to both of them, and a second glance at the soldier, and a second request to Orell, were necessary to prevail upon them to carry him to the neighbouring house of Herr Wagner.

This unwilling labour of mercy had opened the doors of Wagner's house to Von Bubenbergh. The hasty greetings which he had formerly offered to Aenneli, now assumed a more exclusive character, and at last appeared to change into passionate love. He was the first person for whom Aenneli had felt the sensation of love. The personal beauty—the active, lively disposition of her adorer—his chivalrous bearing, and perhaps, the singularity of his introduction—combined to awake what the maiden felt to be love in her bosom. With secret joy she heard the declaration of love which he made to her; and too evidently did her modest reply show that the feeling was reciprocated. And as far as the father was concerned, the historical family to which Bubenbergh belonged was an additional inducement for his sanctioning the connection, had not the good character of the young man been quite sufficient for him. Thus matters went on until the engagement of Fraulein Annette Wagner to Herr von Bubenbergh even penetrated the uniform dreary circle in which Mind lived.

It was apparent that the strange relation which existed between the old, poverty-stricken artist and the young bride, endowed with every blessing of fortune and mind, would now come to an end—that from this time matters would change, and their paths of life diverge. A new life, quite strange to the house since the death of Aenneli's mother, began to stir at Wagner's, for this union of two patrician families was a thing to be rejoiced at. Yet Aenneli often thought, in the midst of the revelling, of poor Friedli's joyless, desolate home, and she felt for his hard fate, although she could never find opportunity to go and comfort him. Many new ties

were arising every day, and all her wishes were obliged to be submitted to a new touchstone. Even Wagner, fond as he was of Friedli, looked with pleasure at the change which was taking place in Aenneli's about him.

In Frau Freudenberg's house everything was gloomier and wretcheder than ever. Since that evening, every symptom of lingering disease had manifested itself—disease fatal, and the consequence of the severe labor to which his taskmistress had subjected him. Unable to do anything, he sat wearily and broodingly in his chair; lost to the outward world entirely, the kindly caresses of his animals, and the scolding of the widow, were alike incapable of arousing him. When he heard of Aenneli's bridal, he flamed up for a moment, only to sink far deeper into misery. It was a very bitter pain that seized him upon these tidings. Not the sorrow to think that she would ever more belong to another, but the grief to miss her loving neighborhood; to know that, with her parting, the last, indeed the only star, that had shone upon his life was set. Thus passed away the spring-time, and the summer dragged on wearily also.

The storms of autumn were already sweeping through the leafless crowns of the trees, when Aenneli walked towards the neighborhood of Frau Freudenberg's dwelling.

"Let us enter," the maiden entreated. "How often have I not blamed myself bitterly for being so unthankful to kind old Friedli, to whom I owe so many happy hours of my youth, and whom I have forgotten now I am so happy. They say he is ill, poor fellow. Come to him, we are but a few steps from his house."

"Wherefore, my Aenneli? I will not disguise from you that it is a very painful thought to me that I ever saw you at the side of the hateful dwarf, to have witnessed how you turned your lovely angel face towards his ugly mask, and how carefully you listened to the growling of the cat and bear painter. And now, when the enchantment which seems to have been round you is broken, you wish to enter it again, and bring sorrow back?"

"How can you speak such hard words, my Uly, and be so unjust to dear Friedli? His only joy was to please me all my life, and you despise and revile him because he is poor, and ill, and ugly. Oh, my Uly, be kind. It is so easy to make people happy—so joyful to dry the falling tear—so cruel to be stingy with a word of comfort."

With secret unwillingness Ulrich consented to go in. Friedli they found sitting in his arm-chair, stroking gently one of his little favorites, so often depicted in his drawings. On his cheeks was a greyish paleness, where a

dark red had been before, and his weary eye lay deep in the socket.

"So, here you are again, Aenneli," whispered he; "that is good, that is kind of you; I thought you had forgotten me quite."

Deeply touched at the aspect of the sufferer, "My poor Friedli!" said she. "I did not think you were so ill—and you have not touched the oranges I sent you! See, Friedli, I am so happy—and there stands my husband that will be. Poor fellow, what can I do for you?"

"God bless you, Junker," replied Mind. "And you are happy, Aenneli? You have deserved it, my pet; you have deserved it. Oh, I am very well—it will soon be over—very soon!"

At this moment the door burst open, and the great bloodhound of the young officer came bounding in. With tremendous leaps the cats and kittens rushed away from the hereditary foe of their race, but not before the dog had seized Busi, and left her dying on the floor. She turned over, gazed upon her old master, Friedli, and died.

Sobbingly did Friedli take the dying animal upon his knees; it was too late, for she was indeed dead.

A pause ensued; nothing was to be heard but the ticking of the clock and the miserable sobsof Friedli.

Bubenbergr placed a gold piece on the table. "I am very sorry, Mind, that it is thus——" said he; "it is really annoying. Perhaps you will accept of this as some compensation."

A lurid red anger came over Friedli, and he threw the gold at the giver's feet. "Keep your blood-money, rascal, I'll have none of it," he cried, with a hoarse voice.

The young man laid his hand on his sword, but immediately let it drop. "Miserable deformity," he murmured contemptuously, and then, in a louder voice, "Come, Aenneli, let us go. Aenneli, do you hear? I am going."

Aenneli was silent. She knelt by Friedli's chair, and sobbed at his side. The deep insight she acquired into Ulrich's character was enough to convince her that the hand she had chosen would never lead to happiness—that the connection proposed must never be carried out.

Once more Herr Ulrich cried maliciously, "Miss Aenneli, I desire you to come. Will you accompany me?" No answer.

"Miss Wagner, you have your choice between me and yon beggar. Take it—at once—for ever——"

Without a word and without a look she made a sign in the negative, and raging with passion, he left the room.

Four days afterwards a common yellow coffin stood in the widow's house. A wreath of autumn flowers lay on the top, and within was Friedli's corpse. This last misery had

ended his life upon the 17th of November, 1814. A simple stone, erected at the cost of Aennell, marks the spot where Godfrey Mind rests after his joyless, weary pilgrimage.

ANNIE ELNIDGE:

A TALE FOR PARENTS.

SOME years ago, I was in the habit of occasionally leaving the large city where I lived, for the purpose of visiting a relation, who possessed and cultivated an extensive farm in one of the midland counties. Mr. Elnidge was a man of Middle age, rich and well educated. He had been for some years married to a pious and amiable young woman, to whom he was tenderly attached; the only drawback to their happiness being the want of a family. They were as I said, rich, and they were also liberal and hospitable; but the style of their housekeeping was more homely and old fashioned than one is in the habit of meeting in these railroad days. They inhabited a spacious tall-chimneyed wooden-gabled manor-house, in whose ample kitchen master and mistress used to sit down to their evening meal at the head of a long table, filled with their laborers and servants. They did not often, I believe, eat in company with their dependents, but they keep up the old custom of being present at the kitchen supper in order to see that every one was properly served, and behaved with due decorum. I remember particularly one visit that I paid to the Falls, for so Mr. Elnidge's farm was called; he was in the fields when I arrived, and his wife received me in a pretty parlour, well furnished with music and books. In the evening Mrs. Elnidge with a pleasant smile said to me:—

"My business as a farmer's wife now begins. Here are newspapers and magazines. I hope you will be able to amuse yourself for a while."

As she spoke, I heard the sound of wheels creaking and horses trampling, mingled with the loud voices of the laborers, and the shrill ones of the shepherd boys—all returning from their days labor.

"What!" I said to Mrs. Elnidge, "are you going amongst all those people?"

"Oh yes," she replied, "I always see that they are properly attended to."

I proposed to accompany her, and we went into the kitchen, now filled with workpeople.—All arose from their seats and saluted Mrs. Elnidge with respectful cordiality; but I remarked that her presence did not seem to cast any restraining gloom on the laughter and cheerful conversation going on. Suddenly however, every voice was silent, every head uncovered, and a freezing stillness fell on the merry party. Mr. Elnidge entered, and while he remained, not a word was spoken by his people save in a very subdued tone.

Supper being ended, I returned into the parlor with my host and hostess: and as my intimacy with them was such as to warrant perfect freedom of speech, I remarked to Mr. Elnidge the striking difference between his wife's reception and his own. He smiled.

"You think then that these people do not like me, because they fear me?"

"I think," said I "that they love your wife much better."

"And they are right to love her, for she is all kindness and gentleness, and full of indulgence for their faults; but believe me, they are more attached to me than they think. I know I am severe, I never forgive a first fault, but I try to be flexibly just. Indulgence is a weakness in him who exercises it, and an injury to him who receives it."

Mrs. Elnidge smiled.

"Yes" said her husband "what I say is true. How many good servants are spoiled by having their first offence overlooked. How many children are ruined and rendered intolerable plagues because their parents, forsooth, have not sufficient moral courage to punish them."

"What" said his wife, "If it should please Providence to grant us the blessings of children, would you treat them with the same rigour that you use towards your servants?"

"Most certainly I should."

When he said this, he believed it, for he had never known the softening power of paternal love. Mrs. Elnidge looked sad; and I hastened to change the topic of conversation.

Next day I took leave of my friends; and soon afterwards setting out on a distant voyage, I did not repeat my visit to the Falls till after the lapse of several years. During my absence I learned that Mr. Elnidge at length became the father of a little girl. I wrote to congratulate him, and the impression which our last conversation had left was so strong on my mind, that I ventured to claim some indulgence for the little tender creature, whom I feared he would treat with injudicious harshness. I regretted to perceive in the letters which I had from him, that his principles of severity were by no means relaxed.

At length I found myself once more within the pleasant groves and meadows of the Falls. It was evening and supper-time when I entered the well-remembered kitchen there was the same long table surrounded by workpeople, and the master and mistress in their accustomed places. They received me with the most cordial joy, and I soon perceived that something was changed.—The master's presence no longer imposed silence and restraint; a lovely little girl of seven years old flitted about incessantly, now playing with the servants, now climbing on the knees of her smiling father. In the course of the evening I said to Mrs. Elnidge, in a low voice:—

"Well, I think your sweet little daughter seems to have softened her father's severity."

"Don't say so to him," she replied, "It is a fact, but he is quite unconscious of it; he fancies himself as inflexible as ever, but his love for his child is all-powerful." A few evenings afterwards as the workmen were returning, I heard the calm severe voice of Mr. Elnidge say:—

"I will hear no more about it; he is an ill-conducted boy."

"Please sir to consider for a moment," said the steward: "his old mother has no one but him to support her. He will replace the two sheep that he allowed to stray away. We will all help him: and for pity's sake, sir, don't turn

him off, for then no one in the neighborhood will hire him."

"That is not the question," replied Mr Elnidge "I care very little for the loss of two sheep, but I will not retain in my service a good-for-nothing boy, who goes to sleep instead of minding his flock; or perhaps does worse, and spends his time in stealing his neighbors' fruit."

Mrs. Elnidge and I approached, and saw a little shepherd-boy named Andrew, standing before his master, trembling, and weeping bitterly.

"Dear husband, don't you think."

Mr. Elnidge interrupted her immediately: "Don't give me the pain of refusing you, my dear. It is useless to ask me to forgive the boy—I have dismissed him."

"Oh! pardon, sir," stammered the child,—
"indeed it was not for myself, it was for—"

"Take him away, and let there be an end to this," said his master, in a tone that admitted of no reply.

The boy went away, sobbing as if his heart would break, and all the others sat down to supper. The meal was a sad one. Little Annie did not as usual play and dance around the table; she sat on a footstool at her mother's feet, and I remember that from time to time she took furtively some hazel-nuts out of the little pocket of her apron, and threw them into the fire.

At length her father bent over her and said, "You're not merry to-night, my darling—What ails you?"

"Nothing, papa," replied Annie, turning very red.

"What were you doing just now?"

"Nothing papa."

"How is that? I thought you were throwing something—nuts, I think—into the fire."

"No papa," replied the little girl trembling, "I have not any nuts."

"What! why here they are in your pocket!"

Annie pouted her pretty little lips, and her eyes filled with tears.

"How is this?" said her father—"you are telling me an untruth!"

The child's whole frame trembled, she burst into a passionate fit of crying, and exclaimed "Oh, papa, don't send me away! don't send me away!"

Her father folded her in his arms, embraced and caressed, and promised to forgive her. At length she sobbed out—

"It was that I—that I—wanted very much—to eat some nuts, and I told Andrew to get me some,—and while he was looking for them in the wood—his sheep went astray."

"So," said the mother in a severe tone, "you were the cause of the poor boy's disgrace!"

"Come, come," said Mr. Elnidge—don't scold her, she won't do so any more."

"But papa,—Andrew—I shall be so sorry if you send him away."

"Well, well, darling, call him back to supper, and tell him that he may remain."

"Thank you, good pappy," cried the child, kissing him, and then jumping off his knee, "I'll go tell him."

This little scene certainly surprised me, for I did not then know so well as I do now, the utter and

almost absurd inconsistency of human nature. Another lesson which I learned that evening was, the extreme difficulty, not to say impossibility, of speaking to parents about their children's defects.

I ventured after little Annie had gone to bed, to observe to her father how very lightly he had passed over the grievous sin of which she had been guilty. I said that although by no means an advocate for treating children with severity, I thought the crime of lying should not be passed over without punishment and grave displeasure. I also said that I feared they would find it a bad plan to allow little Annie to despatch the servants on secret errands of her own. I suppose I was injudicious in making these remarks, for they were by no means well received by either of my friends.

In a day or two I returned to my residence in the next town, and months passed on, when late one evening a servant galloped up to my door and handed me a note. It was from Mr. Elnidge, and contained only these words:—

"My child is dying—come, and bring a physician." Ordering my horse to be saddled instantly, I ran for my own physician, and causing him to mount the horse of the servant who had brought the message, in a few minutes we were galloping at full speed towards the Falls. On arriving, we were shown to the bedchamber, and there a piteous sight awaited us. Annie lay in her mother's arms, her face livid, and her eyes starting from her head: she was writhing in convulsive agony, and uttering now and then piercing cries. Her mother, weeping bitterly, asked her some questions which the child did not answer; and her father kneeling before her, was almost as pale as she, while his dark eyes were fixed in motionless agony.

The doctor entered, and without speaking, took Annie in his arms, laid her on the bed, and examined her closely. There was an awful pause, broken at length by his saying:—

"This child has been poisoned!"

A cry of horror burst from the lips of every one present—for the servants had collected in the room,—but Mr. Elnidge thinking only of his daughter, said,—
"What is to be done?"

The doctor ordered an emetic, and while he was preparing and administering it, I went into the kitchen to question the domestics, who had been ordered to return thither. Just then a labourer entered and said—

"'Tis all over, he is dead!"

"Who is dead?" I exclaimed.

"Little Andrew the shepherd-boy."

"Was he poisoned?"

All were silent; until the labourer in reply to my eager questions, confessed that the boy, before he died, had told him that at Miss Annie's earnest request, he had collected wild mushrooms in the woods, that one of the servants had cooked them, and that they had both eaten heartily of them in secret. I sent for this servant, but she had disappeared, and I returned to the unhappy child's room. I told the doctor what I had learned, and he showed me a quantity of small portions of mushrooms which Annie had thrown up. At that moment she was calm, and lay motionless on the bed; but never shall I forget the agonized faces

of the father and mother as they stood gazing on the dying form of their only child.

The doctor beckoned me to the other side of the room, and said in a whisper:—

"The child has but a quarter of an hour to live: try to remove her parents, for the last convulsions will probably be frightful."

Low as was the voice in which these words were spoken, Mr. and Mrs. Elnidge heard them distinctly, for in some states of excited feeling, the sense of hearing becomes strangely acute: the father spoke not, but fixed his despairing glance more firmly on his child; the mother threw herself on her, and kissing the cold convulsed lips, with passionate fervor exclaimed:—
"My child! my child! they shall not take me from you!"

And so the last fearful moment approached, ushered in, as the doctor had predicted, by dreadful agonies. I spare my readers the description of the parents' woe, aggravated as it was by the bitter, bitter consciousness, that the catastrophe was mainly owing to their own culpable and cruel indulgence, in glossing over the first manifestation of evil in their loved and lovely child.

Mrs. Elnidge did not long survive the shock, but died, trusting to the atoning mercy of Him who forgave the sin of Absalom's father. Mr. Elnidge lived for many years, a sad and blighted man, but greatly changed in character. All his sternness, as directed against accidental and slight transgressions of his orders had vanished; while any approach to theft or falsehood in these under his rule, was always visited with his severest displeasure.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN AFTER READING "THE HOME."
BY MISS FREDERICA BREMER.

1.

"My noble boy, my summer child,
I thought to see upon thy fair young brow
The laurel, with its shining emerald leaves;
But the sad cypress must bedeck thee now.

2.

I thought to press thy child unto my heart,
And hear it call thee "Father," climb thy knee
Greeting thee ever with those wiles of love
Thou usedst to practice in thy infancy."

3.

God bless thee father, Heinrich whispered low,
Where could I meet with love to equal thine,
Who ne'er didst utter one reproachful word,
From childhood's hour till now, my summer prime.

4.

But He will comfort thee when I depart,
And other dear ones claim thy watchful love,
Thou yet wilt bless thy happy home on earth,
And thy far happier, brighter home above.

5.

And now, my mother, sing to me;
Thy voice doth ever banish pain,
Methinks, e'en dying, those sweet tones
Would woo me unto life again.

6.

Yes, dearest mother, sing to me once more,
Mine eyes are closing for their last long sleep.
Dear father, thou art come to bid Farewell,
Comfort that lov'd one, do not let her weep.

7.

The mother press'd her lips upon his brow,
And tried to still her beating heart;
And then, with all a mother's love,
Forced her pale, quivering lips to part.

8.

At length she sung, until his brow became
Peaceful and brighter as in days of yore,
And never did her voice, though always sweet,
Rise in such strains of melody before.

9.

When roused at last unto the fearful truth,
Again she pressed her lips upon his brow,
And weeping, said, I've sung him unto death;
O Lord, 'tis hard beneath thy rod to bow.

10.

Why didst thou die, my summer child,
My pride, my hope, my stay?
The tall trees waving round thy tomb,
Call me from earth away.

Yet still she lingered, as a spirit pale,
She mov'd amid her children, blessing them
With loving smiles and household words of
Love and gentleness. The first to soothe
Their griefs, first sharer in their joys.
Past grief had lent its shadow to her brow;
The rose ne'er visitied that pale cheek now,
For aye she missed his laugh, so clear and gay,
Chasing all sorrow from her heart away,
And still she prayed her weary head to rest
Beside her Heinrich, 'neath earth's quiet breast.

"Let not sleep," says Pythagoras, "fall upon thine eyes till thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day. Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone that I ought to have done? Begin thus from the first act, and proceed; and in conclusion, at the ill which thou hast done be troubled, and rejoice for the good."

When you endeavour to make others happy, take care that it is with you, not at you.
A polite man, like a poet, is born, not made.
Money lost is deplored with genuine tears.

THE LONGEST NIGHT IN A LIFE.

It was one of those old fashioned winters in the days of the Georges, when the snow lay on the ground for weeks, when railways were unknown, and the electric telegraph had not been dreamed of save by the speculative Countess of Loudon. The mails had been irregular for a month past, and the letter-bags which did reach the post-office had been brought thither with difficulty. The newspapers were devoid of all foreign intelligence, the metropolis knew nothing of the doings of the provinces, and the provinces knew little more of the affairs of the metropolis; but the columns of both were crowded with accidents from the inclemency of the weather, with heart-rending accounts of starvation and destitution, with wonderful escapes of adventurous travellers, and of still more adventurous mailcoachmen and guards. Business was almost at a stand still, or was only carried on by fits and starts; families were made uneasy by the frequent long silence of their absent members, and the poor were suffering great misery from cold and famine.

The south road had been blocked up for nearly a month, when a partial thaw almost caused a public rejoicing; coaches began to run, letters to be dispatched and delivered, and weather-bound travellers to have some hope of reaching their destination.

Among the first ladies who undertook the journey from the west of Scotland to London at this time, was a certain Miss Stirling, who had, for weeks past, desired to reach the metropolis. Her friends assured her that it was a foolhardy attempt, and told her of travellers who had been twice, nay, three times snowed up on their way to town; but their advice and warnings were of no avail; Miss Stirling's business was urgent, it concerned others more than herself, and she was not one to be deterred by personal discomfort or by physical difficulties from doing what she thought was right.

So she kept to her purpose, and early in February took her seat in the mail for London, being the only passenger who was booked for the whole journey.

The thaw had continued for some days; the roads, though heavy, were open; and with the aid of extra horses, here and there, the first half of the journey was performed pretty easily, though tediously.

The second day was more trying than the first; the wind blew keenly, and penetrated every crevice of the coach; the partial thaw had but slightly affected the wild moorland they had to cross: thick heavy clouds were gathering round the red rayless sun; and when, on reaching a little roadside inn, the snow began to fall fast, both the guard and coachman urged their solitary passenger to remain there for the night, instead of tempting the discomforts and perhaps the perils of the next stage. Miss Stirling hesitated for a moment, but the little inn looked by no means a pleasant place to be snowed up in, so she resisted their entreaties, and, gathering her furs more closely around her, she nestled herself into a corner of the coach. Thus for a time she lost all consciousness of outward things in sleep.

A sudden lurch awoke her; and she soon

learned that they had stuck fast in a snow drift, and that no efforts of the tired horses could extricate the coach from its unpleasant predicament. The guard, mounting one of the leaders, set off in search of assistance, while the coachman comforted Miss Stirling by telling her that as nearly as they could calculate they were only a mile or two from "the squire's," and that if the guard could find his way to the squire's, the squire was certain to come to their rescue with his sledge. It was not the first time that the squire had got the mail bags out of a snow wreath by that means.

The coachman's expectations were fulfilled. Within an hour, the distant tinkling of the sledge bells was heard, and lights were seen gleaming afar; they rapidly advanced nearer and nearer; and soon a hearty voice was heard hailing them. A party of men with lanterns and shovels came to their assistance; a strong arm lifted Miss Stirling from the coach, and supported her trembling steps to a sledge close at hand; and almost before she knew where she was, she found herself in a large hall brilliantly lighted by a blazing wood fire. Numbers of rosy glowing childish faces were gathered round her, numbers of bright eager eyes were gazing curiously upon her, kindly hands were busied in removing her wraps, and pleasant voices welcomed her and congratulated her on her escape.

"Ay, ay, Mary," said her host, addressing his wife. "I told you that the sleigh would have plenty of work this winter, and you see I was right."

"As you always are, uncle," a merry voice exclaimed. "We all say at Hawtree that Uncle Atherton never can be wrong."

"Atherton! Hawtree!" repeated Miss Stirling in some amazement, "and uttered in that familiar voice! Ellen, Ellen Middleton, is it possible that you are here?"

A joyful exclamation and a rush into her arms were the young girl's ready reply to this question as she cried, "Uncle Atherton, Aunt Mary, don't you know your old friend, Miss Stirling?"

Mrs. Atherton fixed her soft blue eyes on the stranger, in whom she could at first scarcely recognize the bright-haired girl whom she had not seen for eighteen or twenty years; but by and by, she satisfied herself that, though changed, she was Ellen Stirling still, with the same sunny smile and the same laughing eyes that had made every one love her in their school days. Heartfelt indeed were the greetings which followed, and cordial the welcome Mrs. Atherton gave her old friend as she congratulated herself on having dear Ellen under her own roof; more especially as she owed this good fortune to Mr. Atherton's exertions in rescuing her.

"It is the merest chance, too, that he is at home at present," she said; "he ought to have been in Scotland, but the state of the roads in this bleak country has kept him prisoner here for weeks."

"And others as well," Ellen Middleton added; "but both children and grown people are only too thankful to have so good an excuse for staying longer at Bellfield." And then, laughing, she asked Aunt Mary how she meant to dispose of Miss Stirling for the night, for the house was as full already as it could hold.

heavily on; ever and anon a rustle of the bed-clothes, or a slight clank of the manacled hands, sent a renewed chill to her heart.

The clock struck five.

Still all without was silent. Suddenly a man's whistle was heard in the court, and the driver of the mail-coach, lantern in hand, crossed the yard towards the pavilion. Would to God she could call to him, or in any way attract his attention! but she dared not make the slightest sound. He looked up at the window, against which he almost brushed in passing; and the light he held, flashed on Miss Stirling's crouching figure. He paused, looked again, and seemed about to speak, when she hastily made signs that he should be silent, but seek assistance at the house. He gave her a glance of intelligence, and hastened away.

How long his absence seemed! Could he have understood her? The occupant of the bed was growing every instant more and more restless; he was rising from the bed—he was groping round the room. They would come too late, too late!

But no! steps in the courtyard—the key turning in the lock—the door opens—then with a yell that rang in Ellen Stirling's ear until her dying day, the creature rushed to her hiding-place, dashed the slight window-frame to pieces, and finding himself balked of his purposed escape by the strength of the iron bars outside, turned, like a wild beast, on his pursuers. She was the first on whom his glance fell. He clasped her throat; his face was close to hers; his glittering eyes were glaring at her in frenzy; when a blow from behind felled him.

She awoke from a long swoon to find herself safe in Mrs. Atherton's dressing room, and to hear that no one was hurt but the poor maniac, and that he was again in the charge of his keepers, from whom he had escaped a few hours before.

"A few hours! A lifetime, Mary! But Heaven be thanked, it is past like a wild dream!"

It was not all past. One enduring effect remained ever after to imprint on Ellen Stirling's memory, and on the memories of all who knew her, the event of that long night. Such had been her suffering, anxiety, and terror, that in those few hours her hair had turned as white as snow.

MY DREAM.

I HAVE a story to tell which my readers may believe if they like, or bring a battery of scientific explanation to bear upon, if they like. I can offer no impartial opinion on the subject, being the party interested.

I only undertake to tell the story as it happened to me.

I was born in one of the midland counties in England, miles away from the sea, in a large, old-fashioned house of black and white, the upper story of which overhung the lower, and the door of which stood back in a deep porch. The joists and floors were of fine oak and all the tables, benches, presses—indeed all the furniture was of oak: some of it rude and clumsy, but the greater part beautifully carved.

My first notions of Bible History were taken

from my mother's bedstead, which was entirely of oak, and carved all over with figures of angels, Adam and Eve, the serpent, and the Virgin and Child.

The house was called the Old Hall, although it had become little better than a farm-house. It stood at some distance from the road; a gate on the road side led up a paved way with a row of sheds filled with carts, ploughs, and farming implements, on the one hand, and a large cattle pond on the other, into a spacious farm-yard built round with stables, barns, and outbuildings, all wearing an old Saxon stamp that I have never seen elsewhere. A wicket gate on the side of the yard opened into a large garden which fronted the house. This garden had several broad gravel walks, and two allies covered with turf, and hedged with yew trees cut in all manner of quaint devices. Beyond the garden was an orchard containing amongst other trees, some old mulberry trees, which my sister and myself were taught to regard with great reverence.

Beyond this orchard lay ploughed fields and meadows all belonging to my father. No other dwelling was in sight, except a few cottages belonging to the farm servants.

My father and mother were cousins, and both were descended from the same old Saxon family, who had possessed their land long before the Conquest. In the course of years the property had dwindled down to the farm on which I was born. We had no relations. There certainly was an uncle, a merchant in Liverpool, of whom I sometimes heard; but he was an offshoot of a distant branch, and, being in trade, was considered to have forfeited all claim to be considered one of the family.

I was the only son. I had one sister two years younger than myself—a gentle, pretty child, with long golden locks. She was called Edith. All the education I received, was two years at the grammar school—a curious old endowment, held by a "clerk in orders," to teach Latin and scholarship to all the boys in the parish of Ledgeley Laver. There were about a dozen besides myself; and unless the master had been endowed with the common sense to teach us writing and arithmetic, and a few common branches of education, I don't think we should have had no more learning than Totn Thumb carried in money from King Arthur's treasury which, as everybody knows, was a silver threepence. My companions were sons of small farmers, and came at intervals when they were not wanted at home.

My sister Edith never went to school at all; she stayed at home with my mother and was taught to be notable. As we continually heard that we were all that remained of the oldest family in the country, we learned to attach a mysterious importance to ourselves.

So we grew up, and did not find our lives dull, although my sister never left the house, except sometimes to go to church. When I myself was sixteen, I had never been as far as Drayton Ledgeley, though it was only twelve miles from Ledgeley Laver, which was our market town. In those days people did not go travelling and rambling about as they do now.

I might be about fifteen, when one day my father brought home from market a book of voy-

ages and travels, as a present for me. I had done some farm work in a way that pleased him. It was the first new book out of a shop I had ever possessed; and I read it aloud at night, whilst my father smoked in the chimney corner and my mother and sister were busy knitting and spinning.

That book made a great impression upon me, and set my mind thinking of foreign parts, and might have something to do with what I am about to relate; mind, I do not assert that it had! I am cautious how I assert anything but what I know to be a fact.

The night on which I finished reading that book, was the thirty-first of January; the date is remembered by others as well as myself.

That night I went to bed as usual, and dreamed a long constructive dream, such as I never dreamed before or since. I dreamed that my uncle at Liverpool sent for me to go on a long voyage, on some business of his; and then I found myself standing on a quay, where there seemed hundreds of ships, and all their thin upright masts standing like a forest of poplar trees in winter. I knew they were ships, though I had never seen one. I heard somebody say "this is Liverpool." I do not recollect anything about my uncle, nor the business I was going about. I had to go across several vessels, into one that lay outside the dock; sailors were going about in all directions, and there was a great deal of confusion. A large gilded figure-head of a woman was at one end of the vessel, and "Phoebe Sutcliffe" was written under it; I thought it was the likeness of Phoebe Sutcliffe. I had never seen the sea nor a ship before, but I did not feel at all surprised at anything. I looked out on the green waves that were rippling against the side of the vessel; and as far out as I could see, there was nothing but water. I thought it all looked quite right and natural, and the sun was shining quite bright upon some little boats with white sails. As the ship began to move, a voice called, loud and clear, for us to stop, and a young man with a portmanteau of a curious shape came scrambling up the side of our vessel out of a little boat; he came up close to where I was standing. He was a very handsome young man with a moustache, and he wore a foreign cap.

We began to talk, but I could never in the least recollect what we said. Suddenly, a great storm arose, and everything was dark as pitch. I heard the wind howl fearfully; but did not feel any tossing of the waves, as might have been expected. At last, there came a dreadful crash; another vessel had struck against us, and we were borne under the keel of it. I found myself in the water. The young man was close beside me; he pushed a hen-coop to me; and we floated, quite pleasantly and easily, towards some rocks, which lay around a beautiful green island, where the sun was shining. The rocks, when we came among them, were like the ruins of a hundred old castles.

"These are the Rocks of Searlet, in the Isle of Man," said my companion; "I live here, and yonder is my father's house."

When we had clambered up the rocks, and had reached the greensward, I thought I was unable to move a step further. A white house, with green outside shutters and surrounded by a low

wall, stood close at hand: but I could not stir, and lay down on the ground fainting, though I knew all that was going on. My companion shouted, and some men came up; he sent them to the white house. In another minute, I saw a beautiful young woman clothed in white, with long black curls, standing beside us. With her was an old man.

"How did you come here?" said the old man. "We were struck by another vessel, and swam to shore: but this youth is dying. Give him a cordial." The young lady stooped over me, raised my head, and was extending her hand for a drinking horn, when the cliff we were upon, began to quake, and fell with a dreadful crash into the sea beneath.

The crash awoke me. I sprang up in bed, without in the least knowing where I was. The noise I had heard in my dream still continued. My father burst into my room, saying, "Come away, boy! Save yourself! The house is falling!" I was completely bewildered. I did not know where I was, nor whether it was a continuation of my dream; but my father dragged me out of bed, and we all took refuge in the kitchen.

A terrible storm was raging; every blast seemed as if it would blow the house down. A stack of chimneys fell with a terrific crash, and the kitchen window was at the same moment blown in. My mother and the maid servants knelt down to prayers in a corner, while my father and myself strove to fasten up a strong oak shutter. At length, towards morning, the violence of the gale abated, and we were able to go out, to see what damage had been done. "God help all the poor souls who have been at sea this night!" said my mother, pitifully.

I started. I was one of those for whom my mother was praying. Had I not been to sea? And had I not been wrecked? And was it not all as real as the scene now before me? I was frightened, for I did not know but that I might be under witchcraft, of which I had been told much, and which in that part of the country we all believed in. However, I said nothing, but followed my father out of doors.

A scene of great damage and desolation there presented itself; the roof had been blown from the barn; the ground was covered with bricks, and tiles, and branches of trees; all the lead-work from the roof had been torn off, and hung down, twisted like icicles. The garden was laid waste; and, in the orchard, two of our beloved mulberry trees were uprooted, as well as a fine old elm and several fruit trees.

The wind was still too high to make it safe for us to be abroad; tiles and stones, and branches of trees, were still, from time to time, falling about. The damage done by that storm was fearful, and was recollected through the county for many a year afterwards.

For weeks we were all too busy repairing the effects of the storm for any one to bestow much attention upon me; but at last my father began to complain that I was good for nothing, and that I went about my work as if I were dazed. My mother agreed that I had never been the same lad since that awful night, and questioned me whether anything had hurt my head.

The fact was, that the whole tenor of my life

was broken, and I could not take it up again; I could not forget my strange dream. I was separated from that lovely young lady and her mother, who were more real to me than the people I saw and spoke to every day, and I felt lonely and miserable. The White House on the cliff, and the Scarlet Rocks, what had become of them? Had the house really been swallowed in the sea? I was consumed by a constant sense of disgust and misery. The only hope I had was, that some night I might dream again and hear what had become of them all. But I never dreamed again, and at last I began to lose my rest.

Every day the dream haunted me more vividly, and when I thought I should never see those two beings more, I felt mad and suffocated with baffled desire.

At length the change in me grew so alarming, that a doctor was called in. He shook his head when he saw me, and said that I must be sent away from home, have plenty of change, and be kept amused, or I should go mad.

Whilst my father and mother were shocked and perplexed by what the doctor had said, and wondering whether going to market with my father, and a visit for a day to the town of Ledgeley-Drayton, would not be the sort of thing to be recommended, a letter came. Now a letter was a very great event in our house; I do not think my father had ever received more than three in his life. He would not have received this letter in question, for the next fortnight, if one of the farm servants had not been sent to the town for some horse medicine, and the post office chanced to be next door.

The letter, written in a clear stiff hand, proved to be from my uncle at Liverpool; it stated that he was getting old, and having no children, wished to see me; that he and my father had seen less of each other than relations ought. He wanted some one to go and look after his estate in Antigua, and if my father would spare me to him for a short time, he would make it worth my while. A bank note for a hundred pounds, was enclosed, to pay the expenses of my journey and to buy some present for my mother and sister.

There were difficulties raised, and objections made; but I heard the magic word "Liverpool," which was the first stage in my dream, and I insisted, resolutely and passionately, on going. Of course I prevailed. I had never been from home before, but I felt sure I should find my way. I was impatient till I set off; my father saw me to the mail, and I reached Liverpool without accident, and with the vague idea that I had seen all I now saw of it before me.

My uncle was a little, dry, square old man, dressed in a snuff-coloured suit, with grey silk stockings and silver buckles. He received me very kindly, and took me about to see the lions as he called them. But the Docks were the only sights I cared for.

My uncle had a notion—rather a curious one—that having been brought up on my father's land all my life, I must of necessity understand how an estate ought to be managed, and this is the way he informed me one day, that he intended to send me on the voyage to Antigua.

I obtained my father's consent, and my uncle

gave me instructions as to what I was to do when I got there. I had been accustomed to look after our men at home, and I knew how my father managed them, so that what my uncle wanted did not come strange to me.

One morning after breakfast, my uncle read a letter which seemed to please him; he rubbed his hands and said,

"Well lad, after breakfast we must go down and take your berth. I did think of sending you in the Lively Anne, but it seems the Phœbe Sutcliffe will sail first."

I put my hand to my forehead; I did not know which was the dream, or which was the reality.

That day week saw me on board the Phœbe Sutcliffe, and clearing out of the harbour. On just such a day, and amid just such a scene, as I had beheld in my dream.

But one thing befel me which I had not taken into account, and which I had not dreamed—I became dreadfully sea-sick; a startling novelty which for the time effectually banished everything but a sense of present misery.

When I recovered a little, I went on deck. My attention was, that instant, drawn to a port-manteau which I well remembered. A handsome young man in a foraging cap was leaning against the side of the vessel, watching a flock of sea-gulls; I knew him again directly. We were standing near each other, and he addressed me, as I expected he would. I was curious to know what our conversation would be, as I did not, and never could, recollect what we had said when we met in our former state of existence—I mean in my dream. It was ordinary young men's conversation; we began with shooting sea-gulls, and went off upon shooting and field sports in general. He told me he was in the Army, and had been a great deal abroad—in Ceylon, Canada, Gibraltar—and was on his way to join his regiment in Antigua. I was delighted to hear it, and waited with placid curiosity to see how much more of my dream would come true.

Towards afternoon, a thick fog came on: increasing in density until we could not see across the ship. He proposed that we should go below. "No," said I, "don't go below! You forget how soon the vessel will come upon us that is to bear us down." A pang of mortal fear came into my heart as I realized the terrible moment that lay before us.

"What are you talking of?" said he, in a tone of great surprise. "Perhaps the vessel may not come, said I, but we had better remain on deck."

The words were scarcely spoken, when our vessel struck. I recollect hearing a horrible grating, grinding sound, as if all the planks were being crushed in, like pasteboard; it lasted for a second only. I did not regain my senses until a sharp sense of pain aroused me. I had been dashed upon a low sharp-pointed ledge of rocks; beyond those rocks I saw meadows and houses, lying in a bright clear moonlight. It was a momentary consciousness only that I had. I remember no more until I found myself in a bed hung round with white curtains. I tried to raise my arm, and fainted with pain. I lay, I know not how long after this, in a troubled stupor, vaguely sensible of people moving about, but unable to move or even open my eyes.

At last, I once more recovered my consciousness, and did not again lose it. I was told by an old woman who was sitting at my bedside, that I had been flung by the sea upon the rocks of Scarlet, in the Isle of Man. That I had been taken up for dead, and brought into her cottage, and that the doctor had said I was not to be allowed to speak on any account. She gave me a few spoonfuls of something, whether of food or medicine I could not tell, and I fell asleep.

When I awoke, my eyes rested on my companion on board ship. Beside him stood the beautiful lady of my dream!

"Am I alive, or am I dreaming again, as I did once before?" I asked.

"You are alive, and will live I hope for a long time; you are not dreaming; this is my sister, Agatha, who has had her hands full with nursing both of us, though I escaped better than you did. When you are able to stir, we will remove you to my father's house, but in the meanwhile you must keep quiet."

"But tell me, I implore you. Was not the white house where your father lives, swallowed up in the sea when the cliff fell?"

"Not at all! It stands where it always did; and, new not another word."

I was shortly afterwards removed to my friend's house, which was on a hill about a quarter of a mile from the rocks, and was the same house I had seen in my dream.

My friend's father was Colonel Pantom; he was on half-pay, and lived there with his daughter. His son and myself were the only survivors from the terrible catastrophe of the *Phoebe Sutcliffe*.

I, of course, lost no time communicating with my friends; but I remained at the White House until my health was established.

I confided my dream to Agatha, with whom it is needless to say I had fulfilled my destiny and fallen in love. She loved me in return, and her father gave his consent that we should be married "when we came to years of discretion."

When I went home, her brother accompanied me, and he fell in love with my little sister Edith: to which, neither she nor any one else made the slightest objection. Frederic and Edith have been long married, and are very happy. I went to Antigua at last, and was detained there much longer than I liked; but on my return at the end of two years I was married to Agatha, who has been the best wife to me man ever had.

My uncle died last year, and left me the bulk of his property; I only hope I may be enabled to use it well and wisely.

Although my life has been of so unlooked-for prosperity; I would counsel no one to desire to have their futureshadowed to them in a dream.—Dreams without end have no meaning in them, and never come to anything; yet still this dream of mine fell out exactly as I have told it.

BRITANNIA'S SCENTED HANDKERCHIEF.

The wealth of England is aptly illustrated by shewing what Britain spends, and the duty she pays to her Exchequer for the mere pleasure of perfuming her handkerchief. As flowers, for the sake of their perfumes, are on the continent prin-

cipally cultivated for trade purposes, the odours derived from them, when imported into this country in the form of essential oils, are taxed with a small duty of 1s. per pound, which is found to yield a revenue of just £42,000 per annum. The duty upon Eau de Cologne imported in the year 1852, was in round numbers £10,000, being 1s. per bottle upon 800,000 flacons imported. The duty upon the spirits in the manufacture of perfumery at home is at least £20,000, making a total of £42,000 per annum to the revenue, independent of the tax upon snuff, which some of the ancient Britons indulge their noses with. If £42,000 represents the small tax upon perfuming substances for one year, ten times that amount is the very lowest estimate which can be put upon the articles as their average retail cost. By these calculations—and they are quite within the mark—we discover that Britannia spends £420,000 a year in perfumery.—*S. Piesse, in the Annals of Chemistry.*

SWEDISH NAMES.

Few of the Swedish peasants have surnames, and in consequence their children simply take their father's Christian name in addition to their own: for example, if the father's name be Seven Lassorön, his sons', in consequence, would be Jan or Nils Sevens-son: and his daughters', Maria or Eliza Sevens-daughters. The confusion that this system creates would be endless, were it not that in all matters of business the residence of the party is usually attached to his.—*Lloyd's Scandinavian Adventures.*

TURKISH NATIONAL HYMN.—Since Poetry—especially the lyrical form of it—has become a power in the State, it may be interesting to our readers to hear that a Turkish poet, Halis Effendi, has written a national hymn, in the style of the *Marseillaise*, which his countrymen are described as repeating with extraordinary zest and energy. Philosophers may affect to despise poetry, and Plato banished the poets from his model republic; but in moments of crises like that which now shakes the Orient, it is always found that men will brave and dare, and aspire more greatly under the sway of lyrical passion than without the exultation of nerve and brain produced by this subtle and mysterious power. The Spartans needed a Tyrtæus. Roger de Lisle nerved the arms which beat down one after another the kings of Europe. Korner roused all Germany to action. Becker's lyric saved the Rhine provinces, and won for the author two royal pensions. The revolution of '48 was effected to the chorus of *Mourir pour la Patrie*; and the splendid Hungarian campaign of '49 was made to the *Kossuth March*. Our own Commonwealth was introduced by a psalm tune; and James II. was frightened out of the three kingdoms by a chorus. Dibdin and Campbell did nearly as much for the British navy as Nelson and Collingwood,—either song-writer certainly did more than Selden, Pepys, and all other antiquarian prosers about the sovereignty of the seas put together. It is of no small moment, then, that a native poet should have drawn from the rock those living waters of song which at once satisfy the common craving and fortify the national zeal.—*London Athenæum.*



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SIEDERUNT XIII.

[*Doctor, Laird, and Major.*]

LAIRD.—Sae ye hae been haudin St. Patrick's day in Toronto, I notice.

DOCTOR.—Yes, and the festival passed off in a very harmonious manner. Such national celebrations are wholesome in the highest degree, and I should be sorry to see them fall into dissuetude. They tend to keep alive that *amor patriae*, lacking which, a man becomes a most repulsive and unwinning biped!

LAIRD.—Never did ye say a truer word, than that, Sangrado. Here's wussing you a vera guid health for the same.

MAJOR.—Does it not strike you, mess-mates, that as Canadians, we are much to blame for according no periodical honour to the tutelar saint of this noble Province?

LAIRD.—I didna' ken, before, that we had a Saunt!

MAJOR.—Why man, is not our leading river named after him?

LAIRD.—'Deed that's a fact, but I never thoct that there had been sic a worthy.

MAJOR.—I can assure you, that St. Lawrence occupies fully as conspicuous a position in the calendar, as his confreres of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales.

DOCTOR.—By the way what period of the year is devoted to the commemoration of our patron?

MAJOR.—The 10th of August.

LAIRD.—Just twa cays antecedent to the

beginning o' grouse-shooting! Brawly do I mind the wark that I used to hae aboot that season. There was nae end to the cleaning o' guns, and stitching o' leather leggins.

MAJOR.—In my humble opinion a general observance of the anniversary of St. Lawrence would have a most salutary effect. Canadians could then assemble as one concentrated people, devoid, on that occasion at least, of sectional or traditional jealousies, and thus our consolidation as a nation would be greatly carried forward and enhanced.

DOCTOR.—Most thoroughly do I endorse and homologate what you have just propounded. It will be owing to no penuriousness of zeal on my part if a St. Lawrence Society be not in full blast, so far at least as Toronto is concerned, by the 10th of the ensuing August!

LAIRD.—You can book me as one of the stewards, and I hereby bind and oblige myself to supply my fellow office bearers wi' maple leaves, to prin on their white waiscoats. I hae a braw grove o' maples at Bonny Braes!

MAJOR.—If the fourth estate only take up the idea with a will, its realization is certain.

LAIRD.—I am vera sure that they could na' occupy their columns wi' mair nutritious matter. It would be a million times mair creditable to themselves, and agreeable to the public at large than never devauling, snarling, and worrying at ane another's heels!

DOCTOR.—Talking of *worrying*, permit me to read you an epistle, which our friend, Mr.

Maclear, recently received from a brother bibliophile of Edinburgh. It is somewhat of a curiosity in its way, and may be fairly cited as an illustration of modest assurance:—

SIR,—By perusing the *Ecclesiastical Missionary Record* for October, (printed at Toronto) I perceive you are selling a pamphlet which I lately published, entitled "The Coming Struggle among the Nations of the Earth." As I have not yet appointed an agent in, or sent the work to Canada, I must conclude that you have published an edition of it, and not only so, but that periodical sales, you are getting an *extensive* sale for it.

Owing to its extensive circulation here, I have not had time to get it introduced into the British Colonial possessions, but fully intended so to do; you will therefore be good enough to inform me whether you will take that trouble off my hands by accounting for your sale, and entering into terms as regards profits, because, you know, the author's interests must be protected.

I shall wait for your answer till the 1st of December, I say the first day of December, 1853, ere I take any further steps in the matter, by which time I trust you will have to hand an explanation sufficient to render such steps unnecessary.

I am, yours, &c.,
THOMAS GRANT, Publisher,
21, George Street,
Edinburgh.

LAIRD.—I ken that I am no' sae gleg at the uptak' as some folk, and consequently ye must e'en bear wi' me, when I profess my inability to discover the assurance o' Tummus Grant, as manifested in his bit letter. If oor worthy gossip, Maclear, made free wi' the honest man's book, he certainly had a right to demand a share o' the bawbees realized by the Canadian edition. Of course, I speak according to my dim lights, and under correction.

DOCTOR.—The cream of the joke lies here, that the Edinburgh Thomas has been guilty of the very delict which he lays at the door of his Toronto namesake! His "Coming Struggle" was purloined, neck and crop, from a book entitled *Elpis Israel*, written by a *savant* answering to the name of Dr. John Thomas.

LAIRD.—A third Tummus! Och, its a queer concatenation o' designational coincidences.

DOCTOR.—In point of fact there is a quartette of Thomas's, seeing that the son of Faust who imprinted the Toronto edition of the *libellus* answereth to that name.

MAJOR.—Verily the Tonson of Auld Reekie must be a paragon of modesty, and no mis-

take. The whole affair is pestilently suggestive of the ancient suit, "Kettle *versus* Pot."

LAIRD.—I say, Doctor, what braw looking book is that on which your elbow is resting? It would catch the ee o' Girzy, as women aye hae a hankering after red coats! They are peculiarly obnoxious to the *scarlet fever*.

DOCTOR.—The subject of your enquiry is one of the most readable volumes of travels I have fallen in with for a twelve month, and is entitled "*The Cruise of the Steam Yacht North Star*."

LAIRD.—I have got fairly surfeited wi' *Cruises*! Every month a new one maks its appearance, and it is still the same, wearifu' auld story! A shark or twa is catthed—some land lubbers are shaved wi' tar and rusty iron-hoops when crossing the line—and the rest o' the story is made up o' palmtrees, fleein' fish, and a group o' natives, whose wardrobe is limited to pocket napkin about them, instead o' breeks.

DOCTOR.—As a general rule, your estimate of the log books of modern voyagers is correct, but every rule has its exception.

MAJOR.—Who is the author of the *brochure* under consideration?

DOCTOR.—The Rev. John Coverton Choules, D. D., a gentleman who has acted as chaplain to the expedition to which he is the chronicler.

MAJOR.—And what was the nature of that expedition?

DOCTOR.—The writer himself, shall inform you.

"Early in the spring of the present year; the attention of the country was directed to an item in the daily papers of New York, containing information that Mr. Vanderbilt was constructing a steam-ship of large dimensions, which he intended as a yacht for the accommodation of his family and some invited friends, in a voyage to the principal sea-ports in Europe. The announcement of this project excited a deep interest in the public mind, and the excursion became a prominent subject of conversation.

Mr. Vanderbilt was known to his countrymen as a thoroughly practical man, whose energy and perseverance, combined with strong intellect, and high commercial integrity, had given him immense wealth; all his undertakings had been crowned with signal success, and his great enterprise in opening a communication with the Pacific by the Nicaragua route had made him a reputation in Europe; and a general expectation existed that he would carry out his plan in a manner that would redound to the honor of the country. Various opinions were entertained as to his ultimate designs. Many imagined that Mr.

Vanderbilt proposed to effect some great mercantile operation, he was to sell his ship to this monarch, or that government—or, he was to take contracts for the supply of war steamers; all sorts of speculations were entertained by that generally misinformed character,—the public. In February I was sitting with Mr. Vanderbilt in his library, when he gave me the first information I had received of his intentions, and he kindly invited me and my wife to accompany him to Europe in the month of May. The ship was then on the stocks, but he named the very day on which he would sail, and gave me the details of his proposed route, and from which few deviations were afterwards made. Mr. V. expressly informed me that his sole object was to gratify his family, and afford himself an opportunity to see the coast of Europe, which he could do in no other way; and he observed, that after more than thirty years' devotion to business, in all which period he had known no rest from labor, he had a right to a complete holiday."

LAIIRD.—I hae heard tell o' "merchant princes,"—and truly there was something princely in the idea o' this Yankee huxter. What kind o' ship did he build?

DOCTOR.—The following are her dimensions:

The "North Star" is of two thousand five hundred tons burthen, and the strongest fastened vessel of her tonnage afloat.

Length of keel is 206 feet.

Spar Deck, 270 "

Breadth of Beam 88 "

Depth of Hold 28 " 6 inches.

LAIIRD.—And hoo was the vessel fitted up?

DOCTOR.—In a most magnificent style, if we may credit the description which I shall now read.

"The main saloon is splendidly fitted up with all that can tend to gratify the eye and minister to luxurious ease. The state-rooms, which lead from it on either side, are fitted up in the first style of the upholsterer's art. The furniture throughout blends in one harmonious whole; there are none of those glaring contrasts which are too often met with, and offend the eye and taste by their incongruities. This saloon is of beautiful satinwood, with just sufficient rosewood to relieve it, the work of which was executed by Mr. Charles Limonson. The furniture of the main saloon is of rosewood, carved in the splendid style of Louis XV, covered with a new and elegant material of figured velvet plush, with a green ground filled with bouquets of flowers. It consists of two sofas, four couches, six arm-chairs. Connected with this saloon are ten state-rooms, superbly fitted up, each with a French *amour le gles*, beautifully enamelled in white, with a large glass door—size of plate, forty by sixty-four inches. The berths were furnished with elegant silk lambricans and lace curtains. Each room is fitted up with a different color, namely, green and gold, crimson and gold, orange, &c. The toilet furniture matches with the hangings and fittings,

by being of the same colors, and presents a picture of completeness not often met with. * * *

A fine entrance saloon, leading from the deck, conducts, by an elegantly adorned staircase, to the main saloon. This reception saloon has a circular sofa capable of seating some twenty persons, and is covered with crimson plush. Over the stairway is a good painting of Mr. Vanderbilt's summer villa at Staten Island, which was placed there, without his knowledge, by the polite attention of his artist friend."

MAJOR.—It is not easy to conceive of an excursion containing more materials for pleasure, than the one planned by Mr. Vanderbilt. Was the party large?

DOCTOR.—It consisted of MR. AND MRS. VANDERBILT, Mrs. James Cross, Miss Kate Vanderbilt, Master G. W. Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. George Osgood, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Thorn, Miss Louisa Thorn, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Torrence, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Labau, Dr. and Mrs. Linsly, all children and grandchildren of Mr. Vanderbilt.—Also the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Choules, chaplain, and Mrs. Asa Eldridge, wife of the captain of the vessel.

LAIIRD.—Hoo did the recreative pilgrims occupy themselves?

DOCTOR.—This little family party spent about four months on an excursion to England, Russia, Denmark, France, Spain, Italy, Malta, Turkey, Madeira, &c. The total number of miles steamed on their voyage is estimated at 15,024.

Mr. Choules adds,

"We were actually engaged in sailing fifty-eight days, making our average of speed to rate at two hundred and fifty-nine miles per diem, or within a fraction. On the entire voyage, our consumption of coal amounted to two thousand two hundred tons, averaging twenty-eight tons daily. It has rarely happened to any but those of our own party that it could be said, 'we have been in the four quarters of the world in twenty-eight days;' yet this was the case with our yacht."

LAIIRD.—Does Maister Jowles—or what ever ye ca' him—tell his story in an appetizing manner?

DOCTOR.—Very much so indeed. He has the felicitous knack of describing things as he saw them, so as to bring the pictures vividly before the mind's eye of his reader. The only fault which can be found with the work is that too much prominence is given to the complimentary blow-outs bestowed upon the voyaging clan, and that some preposterous

farfaronades are devoted to these blood thirsty incremeters of old women, the "Pilgrim Fathers."

MAJOR.—You might as well snub a Highland man for not possessing breeches, as blame Mr. Choules for that latter failing, To laud the aforesaid "Pilgrims" is as instinctively natural in a New England Yankee, as it is for a duck to swim, or a pettifogger to rob you according to law.

LAIRD.—Did any o' ye notice some verses which appeared the other week in a Toronto newspaper, written by the Rev. W. Stewart Darling? They have na' come under the scope o' my observation, but oor dominie, wha has a fine taste for poetry, tells me that they contain some sappy and fructifying ideas.

MAJOR.—Your educational friend has demonstrated himself to be a correct critic. The lines to which you refer are far above the common run of lyrics, and for your solacement I shall read them to you :

"LONGINGS FOR SPRING.

Oh how I yearn amidst this storm and snow
To welcome thee, Oh Spring!
Oh when shall winter his wild reign forego,
No more a king?
Oh, gentle Spring,
Thy beauteous image rises on my soul,
And it doth fling
A hidden gush of joy upon the whole
Of the dull thoughts that wearily do roll
Over the mind in hours of suffering,
Yea, gladness cometh e'en with the thought of thee,
As the bright bubble riseth joyously
With the pure water from the gushing spring.

I yearn to see
Thy warm smile bent, so still and lovingly
Upon the sleeping earth, until there breaketh
O'er its cold face a laugh of verdant joy,
As I have seen a child when it awaketh
In the full light of its fond mother's eye,
Break into answering smiles of love, that maketh
Spring in the wintriest heart of agony.

Oh, gladsome Spring!
When wilt thou come, and with thy gentle force
Drive winter hence, and for his ravings hoarse
Make thy low laugh to ring
Like a sweet strain of music, murmuring
In soothing melody upon the ear

That hath been torn with discord. Plume thy wing,
And hither bend thy flight,
And with thine own bright glance of laughing light

Wean us from out each close and stifling room,
And shed around the delicate perfume
Of thy sweet breath.

I long more to feel its soft caress
Circling my brow as tho' in tenderness

Giving—ah, foe to death—
Health, for disease, and strength for feebleness.

And yet, oh maiden of the tender eye,
Thy spirits high
Do make thee somewhat hoydenish withal.
I've smiled to see thee, many a time and oft,
As surly winter fled in fear away,
Steal after him with footsteps swift and soft—
Seize on his streaming robe, and with a ray
Of sunshine trip him up; and at his fall
Thou didst hold thy sides and laugh a laugh
so gay

That thy bright eyes would grow suffused with mirth,

Which, for the time, would take the form of weeping;

But as those tear-drops fell, the grateful earth
Took them, as precious things into her keeping,
And marked the treasure-spots where they did lie

With those first flowers of many a varied dye
To which she giveth birth.

DOCTOR.—Read that last stanza again, Major, it is long since I have heard anything that could more truly be called poetry. (*Major repeats.*)

LAIRD.—The ideas are really maist beautiful, and are as refreshing to me as the soft showers he is describing are to the earth, however, go on.

In very deed
I yearn, oh fairy-footed Spring, for thee;
Tender, yet arch and full of roguery
O hither speed,
And in thy brightness I will strive to read
A symbol of a higher mystery.
For outward things are but the sacraments
Of the unseen and spiritual world beyond,
And doubtless it was meant that they should be
A holy bond,

Binding things hidden to the things of sense.

Would that I thus may see
That earth is but the winter of the soul;
And while all grateful for each cheering gleam
That with its blessed radiance breaks between
The dull grey clouds and storms that round us roll,

May I be ever taught,
When with life's tempests worn and over-wrought,
To yearn with reverend longing to behold
That season whose deep joys may never be
By heart conceived, nor human language told,
The unfading spring-time of eternity."

LAIRD.—My benison upon you, Crabtree, for the treat which you have afforded me! Darling has got the real root o' the matter—the true poetical fang. Blythe am I that Canada can boast o' at least one legitimate son o' the Muses! We can reckon up a host o' rhymsters, but unfortunately the great majority o' them are on the wrang side o' the blanket!

MAJOR.—I have just finished the perusal of one of the most idiotically mendacious productions which I have met with for many a long day.

LAIRD.—Pity upon the delinquent who engendered it. I can predict by the wicked twinkle o' your ee that you are about to lay on the tawse without mercy. Wha is the delinquent, and what is the name o' his literary backsliding?

MAJOR.—The former is Lucian B. Chase, now, or lately, a member of Congress; and his bantling is entitled "*English Serfdom and American Slavery; or ourselves as others see us.*"

DOCTOR.—I marvel, major, that you had the patience to wade through such a conglomeration of filth. The story is as wishy washy as the love tales of a magazine of fashion, and its exaggerations are destitute of point as the top of a darning needle.

MAJOR.—Quite true; but the book possesses a species of importance, from the political position of the author. He is one of Jonathan's "statesmen," and stands high on the bead roll of that Brummagem brotherhood.

LAIRD.—But ye have na indoctrinated us touching Lucien's misdemeanors.

MAJOR.—Essaying the somewhat difficult task of manufacturing *one white* out of *two blacks*, this flatulent congressman seeks to show that the "peculiar institution" is a species of heaven-upon-earth, *because* some social abuses exist in Great Britain! Insolvent debtors are sometimes incarcerated in England, *ergo*, quoth this *second Daniel*, there is no harm in translating an ebony "*man and brother*" into a chattel!

DOCTOR.—The old story over again. Verily nothing so conclusively demonstrates the essential rottenness of slavery as the flimsy nature of the ablest attempts to defend or palliate the same.

MAJOR.—Nothing could be more wickedly *ideal* than the sketches which Mr. Chase cooks up of Anglican abuses. Take as a sample the following precious passage. Christie Kane, the hero of the romance, having become insolvent, is immured in a cell of the county jail.

It was scarcely three steps in length, and only wide enough for a foul berth, with room to stand.

It was one of the tier of cells under ground—far under ground—being the third tier from the surface of the earth. The merciful law-makers thinking all persons who cannot pay their debts, no better than fossil remains, whom to put out of sight were as much a duty as to bury the dead.

It was not enough, in this charitable and wise estimation, to restrain the debtor of his liberty; to withdraw him, as something that might contaminate society, from its presence; to put him aside as a man would old furniture; to conceal him from public observation, as the hypocritical do their vices. All this would not suffice. He must be *punished* for his misfortunes; for, what right had he to be poor? If tightness in the money market resulted in failure, the victim should have known what was to happen. If the wheat crop failed, he should have sown rye; if oats were blighted, he ought to have sown more potatoes. Not being as wise as Omnipotence, he must be well punished. As thoroughly at least, as the most depraved villain in the land, because thieves and black-legs occupied adjoining cells. But there is one excuse for the creditor; he will obtain his money so much sooner by keeping the debtor in prison! He can raise such quantities of grain from the productive soil of the stone floor: his commercial pursuits will prove so profitable, beneath the earth, because his ships can tack or run before the wind upon the moisture of the walls; and, laden with the wealth of the Indies, can sail through the channel of darkness which fills the aperture of the door. If the prisoner is a poet, the vanities of the world will not become a rival to the spirit of song with which his soul must be inspired. He will unravel whole acres of harrowing poetry of the Byronic description, (or what is the same, in its effect, whole acres of poetry, the language of which has been harrowed with a painful disregard for the rules of Lindlay Murray* and Noah Webster) which those persons who love to have their feelings wrought up to most intense pitch of agony and despair, may sigh and weep over to their heart's content.

The jailor turned the key and the ponderous door swung upon its hinges—not *rusty* hinges, as the architect of that renowned "solitary horsemann" delights in having it, but plain, unpretending, unromantic hinges, that frequent use had kept free from rust, and a piece of mouldy bread and a mug of unsavory water, which the owner of one of Ham's descendants would think food too mean for a slave, were placed upon the floor.

The jailor scowled at his prisoner as if he thought it a special exhibition of divine mercy that he was allowed to live.

"Can't pay your debts hey?" he said, in accents strongly emphasized by disgust.

Christy Kane made no reply.

"Proud, too. I should jist like to know what a *poor* man has to do with pride?"

"You estimate the worth of a human being by the amount of money he possesses?"

* Surely Mr. Chase should have corrected his own English before finding fault with the grammar of other folk.—P. D.

"Certainly; by what other rule can he be weighed?" said the jailor with a look of surprise. "I am ignorant enough to suppose that moral and intellectual qualities may be entitled to some consideration."

"You are ignorant if you can believe such folly. Why, sir, mind will soon kick the beam in the scale with money," replied the man of keys, looking complacently at those instruments of power.

Christie Kane felt the force of his remark, and it lessened the value of human nature several degrees in his estimation.

"Do you hear me?" demanded the keeper savagely.

"I do."

"Well, you will see the truth on't, afore you leave these walls. For the mind you boast of will rust, and your limbs will rot, here, *here*, unless you are liberated by money."

"At all events, as a slight compensation for the loss of liberty, you ought to bring me food more inviting than these crusts," said Christie, good humoredly.

"The crusts to-morrow shall be like rocks, and the water green, *dark green*, if I can find it," replied the earthly Peter, shaking his keys.

"You do not approve a free expression of opinion, my worthy friend?"

"Look ye, my precious cove, Herricy Hellkirk calls no man friend who can't pay his debts, and for your impertinence in calling me such, I shall shorten your allowance of food, and I'll begin by taking this away."

"You will only incur the risk of removal, Mr. Hellkirk, for I shall proclaim your villainy."

"Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! That's too good, by God! it is. Who will believe you when I pronounce it a lie, a damned wilful and malicious lie! Look-a-head!" he added fiercely; "Who will be the wiser if I do not visit you for a week, after I have knocked you down with these bunch of keys and gagged you?"

"Monster!"

"It would not be the first time I've done it, and if you dare to look at me thus, may I be eternally damned if it shall be the last," he said in a low savage tone.

Christie Kane folded his arms and gazed at the other with an overwhelming expression of contempt upon his features. The jailor sprang upon him with the fury of a demon. The attack was unexpected, and Kane was hurled to the ground by the hurculean strength of the jailor. His head came violently in contact with the stone floor, and he lay there motionless. The faint moans that escaped him did not penetrate to the outer air, and he was gagged and bound. The face of the jailor gleamed with the fierceness of a tiger as he twisted the rope which he had brought with him, between the teeth of his victim.

"Now, vagabond, let us see how long you will preserve your haughty bearing. The poor to threaten! Bah! Lord Melville will pay well for this." And kicking the unconscious body with his heavy boot, he withdrew from the cell and locked the door.

Christie Kane remained a long time upon the damp floor, and when at last awakened to a con-

sciousness of his situation, the cold sweat stood upon his forehead, for the terrible conviction flashed upon his mind that he was buried alive.

With great difficulty he arose from the floor. His head swam round, and he staggered against the wall. At last he managed to roll into his berth, where he lay overcome by the most painful reflections. The rope was drawn so tightly across his mouth that it gave him excessive pain and the cord which confined his arms behind him cut into his flesh and stopped the circulation of his blood. The designs of the jailor were apparent. He was to be thus confined until so exhausted, by hunger and suffering, that his cries could not be heard, when the cords would be removed, and his death attributed to general debility, brought on by unwholesome air, want of exercise, and the fretting of a proud spirit at confinement. There would, in the careless inquisition held upon his body, be no clue to murder most foul.

LAIRD.—I wonder the land-louper doesna fear that the earth will open and swallow him up alive, for telling sic black and blustering lies! Nae admirer am I o' the practice o' caging a man like a wild beast, because he canna settle on the nail wi' his landledly or washer-woman; but to say that ony debtor could be treated in sic a manner in the auld country, is clean running awa wi' the harrows. Od he might as weel have represented Queen Victoria as skelping Prince Albert on the lug wi' her slipper, every time that he didna run and dry nurse the royal bairns when they were greetin' for their parritch.

MAJOR.—I will give you another quotation. Robert Kane, deserter from the British Royal Navy is a passenger on board of the *Mountain Maid*, bound from Canada for Dollardom:—

It was a lovely morning; not a cloud could be seen along the vast expanse of azure: not a breath of air ruffled the glossy bosom of the beautiful lake; for a beautiful lake it is, the enchanting Memphremagog! Poets have written of Loch Lomond and of Como, but no lovelier expanse of water can be seen on the surface of this earth than the romantic and beautiful Memphremagog.

The Mountain Maid stopped a few moments at the base of the "Owls head," whose frowning summit is now often visited by the tourist. As the boat was passing an Island in the middle of the lake, Ezekiel Belknap said,

"Now, Mr. Kane, dew yeou see any particular difference between the tew ends of that are island?"

"No; except some inequalities."

"One looks as fair as t'other, don't it?"

"Precisely."

"Wall, one end is in her majesty's province and t'other is in the state of Vermont."

Kane was speechless.

"Yes, yeow are in Canada neow. Neow yeow

are in Vermont. Your hand: welcome—welcome taw the

'Land of the free and the home of the brave.'"

Robert Kane fell upon his knees, and, with uplifted eyes, returned thanks to Heaven for his escape.

The farms upon the shore of the lake presented a lovelier appearance; the rays of the sun shone more brightly; and the mountain summits were shaded with a softer and more dream-like atmosphere than he had ever seen before.

As the boat landed at the dock in Newport, he sprang upon the shore, and pressed his lips upon the soil of freedom.

DOCTOR.—It was a crowning mercy for Mr. deserter Kane that his hue was not that of Othello. Had it been he might haply have received his primary welcome to the "land of the free" from a "pack of negro dogs!"

LAIRD.—Hoot awa' wi' you, Sangrado! Deil tak' me if you are a bit better than leelin' Lucien Chase! Did ye mean to insinuate that in the present year o' grace men, ca'ing themselves Christians, hunt down their coom-complexioned fellow-creatures wi' dowgs? Na, na; I can swallow muckle, but sic a tough morsel wad choke an ostrich, or Dando the oyster-eating glutton!

DOCTOR.—To demonstrate that I have not used the language of exaggeration, I will read to you an advertisement which I cut from a southern newspaper scarcely two months old.

NEGRO DOGS.—The undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken charge of Ruff Perry's celebrated **PACK OF NEGRO DOGS** for the present year, and will give his undivided attention to the business of hunting and catching runaway negroes. Every call will be promptly attended to when I am not professionally engaged. Terms as follows:—

Hunting, per day, \$5

Catching runaways 25

INvariably CASH, OR ITS EQUIVALENTS.

Persons under the necessity of calling on me will please give me a fair showing at the trail, as it will be greatly to their interest to do so. *Marshall* (Texas,) Feb. 11, 1854. JOHN DEVRUEL.

LAIRD.—Weel, weel, after that ony thing! Od, I'll never look upon a soothern Yankee again without grewin' and scunnerin'. Confound the vagabonds, wi' their "land o' freedom," and "model republic!" I hae often joked wi' the Major, honest man, for threepin that democracy was invented in the place "I daurna name," but I'll never do sae again. I say, Major, what bulks are these before

you in the royal uniform? My certy, but they are braw in their scarlet and gold claes!

MAJOR.—Tallis's illustrated London, one of the best got-up works of the sort that has been produced. See, Laird, there are four volumes, with two hundred and fifty steel engravings, and over three hundred pages of letter-press.

DOCTOR.—A very handsome work, certainly; but of what does the letter-press consist? that is a very natural point, as most of these works are mere picture books.

MAJOR.—That is not the case in this instance. A full description of each place of note is given, with a brief sketch of the different guilds, and the whole is interspersed with very amusing anecdotes. In the chapter devoted to the Theatre especially, you will find much information.

DOCTOR (*who has been looking over the book*).—But I see no map. Surely that is a great want.

MAJOR.—A very good colored map is given to each purchrser, so that the old Londoner may amuse himself by wandering through the mazes of the great metropolis.

LAIRD.—Is the book very dear?

MAJOR.—Cheapest thing possible; six dollars and a half is all the sum required to enable you to become the happy purchaser. These are not the only books that I have received from Tallis. Here are the third Na. of their "Flowers of loveliness," "Finden's beauties of home," and "the Life of Wellington."

DOCTOR.—I hope the "Life of Wellington" will meet with a ready sale. In these days, when a false halo is attempted to be thrown round Napoleon, the careful study of Wellington's character will enable the person, who has been dazzled by the glare of that great adventurer's career, to correct any erroneous impressions that may have been formed, and will enable him to form a just estimate of what really makes a great man.

LAIRD.—Rax over the "Flowers o' loveliness." Weel, here are a braw set o' lassies. Doctor, look at this wean, who, I suppose, is meant to represent the lily; are no her little hands natural? poor bairn, sleep on. I'd give Bonnie Bracc, dear as it is to me, for that sweet innocence which is discernible in your face.

DOCTOR.—You have been down south Major: does not this face, in the rose acacia, bring to your recollection the Creole girls? It is just the style of women you will see in New Orleans, or on the paseo at Havannah.

MAJOR.—It has something of the look, certainly; but I agree with the Laird, I prefer the lily; they are all pretty, however, and we shall have a very pretty book for our Shanty when the numbers are completed. Come, Laird, let us blend the useful with the pretty things of life. Give us your facts.

LAIRD.—You are a mere son of earth, Major; who can talk o' steers and p'oughs after these bonny pictures! However, I'll e'en humour you. So here goes—

REPTON'S LANDSCAPE GARDENING AND ARCHITECTURE.

One of the latest labors of the lamented Loudon, was to collect and edit, in one volume, the works of Repton. This was one of the first of five volumes which he intended to be a complete Encyclopedia of landscape gardening; another was to embrace Italian, French, and Dutch schools, which represent the Geometric style; another was to treat of the "Modern, or Landscape style," as introduced by Kent, and illustrated in the writings of Shenstone, Whateley, and Mason; another the Picture-que school, as represented in the writings of Gilpin and Price; and the fifth the "Gardenesque," which was Loudon's own style, or so named by him. Loudon regarded Repton's school "as combining all that was excellent in former schools, and in fact as consisting of the union of an artistical knowledge of the subject with good taste and good sense." Repton labored in the same direction as did Downing, to unite and harmonize country houses with surrounding scenery. His works are filled with instruction and should be carefully studied by all who wish to acquire information or cultivate their tastes on this subject. We copy the following chapter, with its instructions, giving some account of English cottage residences three hundred years ago. Some of the most elegant cottages erected in England, within the past ten or twelve years, are in this old English style, though variously modified, according to tastes and circumstances, and to adapt it to the present state of society.

ON DATES OF BUILDINGS.

A cottage, or keeper's house, was deemed necessary at Apsley Wood, about three miles from Woburn Abbey. The Duke of Bedford (to whom I am indebted for numerous opportunities of displaying his good taste) one day observed, that out of his numerous cottages called Gothic, which everywhere presented themselves near the high roads, he had never

seen one which did not betray its modern character and recent date. At the same time, his grace expressed a desire to have a cottage of the style and date of building prior to the reign of Henry VII., of which only some imperfect fragments now remain.—Adjoining this building, an attempt has been made to assimilate a garden to the same character.

"A communication of some curious specimens of timber houses was made to the Society of Antiquaries, in 1810, which was ordered to be engraved and printed for the Archaeologists.

"To admirers of genuine Gothic forms, the following may prove acceptable, as showing the authorities for all the details of this sort of cottage.

"This cottage serves as a specimen of the timber houses which prevailed in England from about the year 1450 to 1550; that is, from the reign of Henry VI to that of Henry VIII. As few buildings of this date remain entire, and every year reduces their number, the general plan of this cottage is not copied from any individual specimen, but the parts are taken from the most perfect fragments of the kind, some of which have since been destroyed. The hint of the lower story, being of stone, is taken from a building near Eltham Palace, except that the windows are here executed in oak instead of stone. In some buildings, both of brick and of stone, it is not uncommon to see oak windows used, as at Wolterton Manor House, East Barsham, Norfolk, and at Carhow Priory, near Norwich. Stone and brick corbels, supporting beams, may be found at Lynn Regis and at Ely. The brick-noggin between the timbers is copied from a timber house in Lynn Regis, built by Walter Conys, in the reign of Henry VI or Edward IV.—The hint of the upright timbers being ornamented with small arches (over the centre building), was taken from a timber house near Kelvedon, Essex, which has since been destroyed. The gable board is copied from a house at St. Edmundsbury, and is not uncommon. The form of the pinnacles (of which few specimens now remain, being the parts most exposed to the weather,) is taken from some in brick, or stone; the only one I ever found carved in oak is at Shrewsbury. The square flag is copied from one at Hornechurch, Essex. The projecting bow is taken from a window in Norwich, but the tracery of it is not uncommon; a specimen in oak is still to be found at Knowle, in Kent. The tracery of the bower window is taken from a timber house in Coventry; but still, also, is not uncommon. The windows are all taken from an earlier date than the end of the reign of Henry VIII; that is, before they are divided by cross-bars, which did not prevail in wood till the reign of Edward VI, Elizabeth, and the early part of the seventeenth century. The

design of the porch is a hint from various specimens of open porches, and particularly the cloysters of old almshouses, or short galleries leading to dwelling-houses, as at Clapton, near Lea Bridge (since destroyed). &c. The design for door of the cottage is taken from one remaining at Sudbury, in Suffolk. The chimneys are copied from those at Wolterton Manor House, at Barsham, Norfolk, published in the fourth volume of the *Vetusta Monumenta*. The ornaments painted on the posts and rails are taken from the picture of King Henry VIII and family, now in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries.

"The hints for this garden have been suggested by various paintings and engravings of the date of King Henry VIII and Elizabeth; and even the selection of flowers has been taken from those represented in the nosegays of old portraits of the same period, preserved in the picture gallery of Woburn. This attention to strict congruity may appear trifling to such as have never considered, that good taste delights in the harmony of the minutest parts of the whole: and this cottage however small, compared with modern mansions, is a tolerably fair specimen of the style and size of private houses three hundred years ago; for, although the castles and collegiate buildings were large, some of the dwelling-houses of respectable persons did not much exceed this cottage in dimensions or comfort, when one living-room was often deemed sufficient for all the family.

"The change in customs, during three or four centuries, makes it very difficult to build such dwelling-houses as still contain all the conveniences which modern life requires and at the same time preserve the ancient forms we admire as picturesque; yet, the prevailing taste for the Grecian style must often be complied with; and, after all, there is not more absurdity in making a house look like a castle or convent, than like the portico of a Grecian temple, applied to a square mass which Mr. Price has not unaptly compared to a clump of bricks; and so great is the difference of opinion betwixt the admirers of Grecian and those of Gothic architecture, that an artist must adopt either, according to the wishes of the individual by whom he is consulted: happy if he can avoid the mixture of both in the same building; since there are few who possess sufficient taste to distinguish what is perfectly correct, and what is spurious in the two different styles; while those who have most power to indulge their tastes have generally had least leisure to study such minutiae. To this may, perhaps, be attributed the decline of good taste in a country with the increase of its wealth from commercial speculation.

"By the recent works of professed antiquaries a spirit of inquiry has been excited

respecting the dates of every specimen that remains of ancient beauty and grandeur; and the strictest attention to their dates may be highly proper, in repairs or additions to old houses; but, in erecting new buildings, it may reasonably be doubted whether modern comfort ought to be greatly sacrificed to external correctness in the detail; and whether a style may not be tolerated which gives the most commodious *interior*, and only accepts the general outline and picturesque effect of old Gothic buildings.

"Among the works professedly written on architecture, there is none more effective and useful than that by Sir William Chambers: and it were much to be wished that a similar work on the Gothic style could be referred to; but it has been deemed necessary for artists to study the remains of Greece and Rome in those countries, whence they generally bring back the greatest contempt for the style they call Gothic. The late much-lamented James Wyatt was the only architect with whom I was acquainted who had studied on the continent, yet preferred the Gothic forms to the Grecian. As the reason for this preference, he told me, about twenty years ago, that he conceived the climate of England required the weather mouldings, or labels, over doors and windows of the Gothic character, rather than the bolder projections of the Grecian cornices, which he often found it necessary to make more flat than the models from which they were taken, lest the materials should not bear the change of weather to which they were exposed in this country and this accounts for the occasional want of boldness imputed to him in his Grecian designs. In his Gothic buildings, to unite modern comfort with antiquated form, he introduced a style which is neither Grecian nor Gothic, but which is now become so prevalent that it may be considered as a distinct species, and must be called *Modern Gothic*. The details are often correctly Gothic, but the outline is Grecian, being just the reverse of the houses in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and King James, in which the details are often Grecian, while general outline is Gothic. In the buildings of that date, we observe towers rising boldly above the roof, and long bow windows breaking boldly from the surface; but in *Modern Gothic* all is flat, and the small octagon turrets, which mark the corners, are neither large enough to contain a screw staircase, nor small enough for chimnies; yet this style had its admirers, although I conceive it to be in bad taste, and have placed it betwixt the Grecian and Gothic, not knowing to which it more properly belongs. If a door, or window or even a battlement, or turret, of the true Gothic form, be partially discovered, mixed with foliage, it stamps on the scene the character of picturesqueness, and thus the smallest

fragment of genuine Gothic often reconciles to the painter its admission into the landscape; even a'though the great mass of the building may offend the eye of the antiquary, or man of correct taste, by its occasional departure from the true Gothic stile."

CARROT BUTTER.

A correspondent of the Dollar Newspaper gives a mode of coloring butter yellow, consisting substantially of the application of a liquid at churning, made by grating yellow carrots, and after soaking in half their bulk of milk or water over night, straining through a cloth. This, we are assured, will make it as yellow as October butter, and with an agreeable flavor. Customers who buy butter of the manufacturer who furnishes the communication, much prefer this to any other. Some of our readers may think this method worthy of trial; others will prefer a modification, which we have often tried with great success. This modification differs in one particular only, yet has several advantages. The point of difference is in the *time* of applying the carrots;—that is, instead of doing it at the commencement of the churning, by introducing them into the *churn*, we apply them about two or three days sooner by introducing them into the *cow*. This modification has several advantages, namely, saving the labor of grating the carrots; furnishing animal instead of vegetable butter; and nourishing the cow into the bargain.

PLASTER FOR PEAS.

At the request of some of my friends, I send you the result of an experiment I made last season in the use of plaster.

I have used plaster for fifteen years, on all sorts of grain, potatoes, &c., upon all the kinds of soil I possess. But thinking that I derived no benefit from its use on grains, for the last ten years I have only applied it to grass and peas.

I belong to an Agricultural Society, as every farmer should do, and of course intend my crops for premiums. When the committee examined them, I called their attention to the difference in the different ridges of my pea crop—the parts where plaster was sown, exhibiting a dark green and thrifty appearance, while those ridges without plaster, were pale and unthrifty. In harvesting, I cut two ridges of equal size—one plastered, the other not—and threshed them separately. The one plastered yielded one bushel and eighteen quarts, while the unplastered one produced two quarts less than a bushel.

LAIRD.—Noo, Doctor, for pity sake, take the taste o' the carrot butter out o' my mouth, I see ye hae a sang lying afore ye, suppose ye gie it to us.

MAJOR.—Not so fast, "p'ace aux dames,"

if you please; where are the gatherings; send for Mrs. Grundy.

DOCTOR.—This sudden change in the weather has compelled me to forbid her leaving the bedroom, so I will read her gatherings.

LAIRD.—The sang first.

MAJOR.—No, the account of the last concert first—then a sketch of what is before the Musical World, either present or prospective.

DOCTOR.—Well, well; know then that the last concert was a bumper, and must have been profitable.

LAIRD.—Save us, is that a ye're to tell us about it?

DOCTOR.—Really I have very little more to tell. There was some pretty fair singing on the part of all the gentlemen, a very fine trumpet obligato by Mr. Harkness to a song of Mr. Atkins, and "Adeste Fideles" was very well sung by some of the College boys, (I do not mean University College,) but the Upper Canada.

LAIRD.—Wul, but whaur was our young friend Miss Paige?

DOCTOR.—I am sorry to say she was very unwell, and an excuse was made for her non-appearance in the second part of the concert—so much for the past, now, for the present; your are aware, perhaps, that a concert is to be given on the 6th April for the benefit of the poor.

MAJOR.—You mean to supply them with fuel.

DOCTOR.—Exactly so—Some of the most distinguished amateurs of the city have consented to lend their services, and a lady amateur, who has never yet sang in public will make her debut on that occasion, I expect that the room will be crowded. And now for the song, which is from Mozart.

LAIRD.—Bide a wee—can you no tell us some o the sangs that are to be given.

DOCTOR.—Scarcely with any certainty, "Eva's" parting is spoken of for one lady, who will also take a prominent part in Dr. McCaul's anthem—Novello's *ora pro nobis* and the *Laudate pueri* are mentioned for another lady. Mr. Hecht will be asked to repeat the Hymn which he gave with such effect on a late occasion. There is something good for each performer, and the band and Philharmonic have their full share allotted to them—now for the song.

BENEDICTUS.

from Mozart.



He is bless-ed that com-eth, that com-eth— He is bless-ed that



com-eth, that com-eth— He is blessed, He is blessed that com-eth

in the name of the Lord! that com-eth in the name of the Lord!

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The score consists of five systems of music. The first system includes the lyrics 'in the name of the Lord! that com-eth in the name of the Lord!'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the vocal melody with a series of eighth notes and a final half note. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. The third system shows the vocal line with a melodic flourish and a key change to D major (two sharps). The piano accompaniment follows with a similar melodic pattern. The fourth system continues the vocal melody with a series of eighth notes and a final half note. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. The fifth system concludes the piece with a final chord and a key change back to G major.

OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

In the absence of any change of style in out door costume, the following description of some walking dresses recently worn may be useful as affording hints for variety.

One consists of a dress of dark blue silk trimmed with five flounces, each flounce being edged with narrow ruffles, ornamented by a spotted pattern in blue and black. A pardsus of black velvet trimmed with bands of blue plush. Bonnet of blue velvet and black lace.

Another dress was of black watered silk, without trimmings on the skirt. The corsage high, and with a basque trimming with guipure of a gothic pattern. The sleeve slashed from top to bottom, and the openings connected by *traverses* or horizontal rows of ribbon and frills of guipure. Cloak of black velvet of the round form, with a trimming consisting of two falls or flowers of splendid guipure. Bonnet composed of Bias rows of pink therry and black velvet. A full ruche of black blond is placed at the edge of the bonnet. Inside trimming, roses of the natural color with black velvet leaves.

An out door visiting costume prepared for a newly married lady consists of pearl grey Gros-de-Tours with flounces, edged with plush woven in silk. The corsage, the basque and the ends of the pagoda sleeves are edged with plush. This dress may be made available for a dinner party *petite-soiree* by substituting for the silk corsage a vest of black velvet and Chantilly lace. The bonnet destined to be worn with it in out-door costume is of white silk, and is trimmed with two white ostrich feathers mounted in the weeping willow style. The feathers are fixed by a bow of white moire ribbon. The inside trimming consists of a wreath of camellias.—A cashmere sawl completes the costume.

The corsages of ball and evening dresses are frequently ornamented with a *berthe* of colored satin, covered with Chantilly, guipure, or some other kind of lace. A *berthe* in this style has been added to a dress recently made up. The dress consisting of a black moire antique, sprigged with bouquets of flowers in various tints of lilac. The corsage of this dress is low, and has a *berthe* of satin covered with Chantilly lace. The sleeves are trimmed with lilac satin covered with frills of lace.

Among the new dresses remarkable for novelty and elegance one is composed of grey Gros-de-Tours. The skirt is trimmed with five flounces, ornamented with a black guipure pattern, woven in silk. The flounces are edged with large scallops, and the scallops bordered with nine rows of narrow ribbon, in shades of grey and black, placed one above the other.

A dress of groseille-colored silk, trimmed with black lace flounces, has just been com-

pleted. The corsage, which is draped, is also trimmed with black lace. The bright color of the silk is very much modified by the black trimming, and the dress, which is in perfect taste, is thus rendered less showy than might be supposed. The coiffure to be worn with it accords with the rest of the dress, and consists of black lace, sparingly intermingled with gold beads and jet. Groseille is, at present a fashionable color for evening dresses.

Silk continues to be more universally worn than any other material, whether for full evening dress, demi-toilette, promenade, or in-door costume.

One of the prettiest of the new bonnets we have seen is of lilac velvet. The whole of the front, and part of the crown is formed of bias rows of velvet, separated by quillings of narrow white blonde. The back of the crown, which consists of tulle, is not covered by rows of velvet, and over it descends a fall of blonde, shaped in the fancheon or half-handkerchief form. This fall of blonde partially conceals the bavolet. On each side of the bonnet are two lilac marabout feathers spotted with white. The inside trimming consists of small white flowers.

In most of the new bonnets the trimming is placed chiefly on the front, and frequently the edge is ornamented by a ruche either of blonde or ribbon, or by a rouleau of feather trimming.

The novelties in wreaths and bouquets introduced for ball costume include some composed of foliage in crape, the foliage consisting of the leaves of various aquatic plants. These leaves are perfect imitations of nature. In general, the coiffure, whether consisting of flowers, feathers or ribbons is placed towards the back of the head.

At one or two of the recent balls it was remarked that some of the ladies appeared with the front hair dressed in long ringlets. These were in too decided a minority to indicate the slightest probability that ringlets will supersede the present style of dressing the hair in bands, either wholly or partially rolled each.

One of the prettiest coiffures we have seen consists of a demi-wreath of red flowers intermingled with leaves formed of gold blonde. Harbs of gold blonde are added; they droop over the shoulders towards the back, and are fastened by long aiguillettes of gold. Another head-dress is composed of a small bouquet of roses placed on one side of the head. On the opposite side is placed a bow of black ribbon, lamé with gold, and at the back of the head a bow of the same.

For dinner costume the prettiest caps and coiffures, are formed of a combination of flowers and velvet. Roses and black velvet may always be admitted with the best effect where an admixture of different materials is required.

CHESS.

(To Correspondents.)

AMY.—The Key move to Enigma No. 19, is 1. R to K sq.

C. S.—Unless the rule of "touch and move" be strictly adhered to, you might almost as well not play Chess at all. In the case you mention, your adversary having touched the Rook was bound to play it, though mate followed instantaneously.

AN AMATEUR.—If you have already made some progress in the game, get Mr. Staunton's "Chess Players Handbook," published by Bohn.—The price is only 7s. 6d.

Solutions to Problem 4, by Gael and X. Y. Z., of Hamilton, J. H. R., G. P., Esq., Pawn, and Undergraduate are correct; all others are wrong.

Solutions to Enigmas up to No. 19, by Sigma, G. P., J. H. R., Philo Chess, L. L. D., Amy, Esq., Pawn and Done Brown are correct.

Solutions to the Enigmas in our last by J. H. R., Esq., and Pawn are correct.

*. * ERRATUM.—In our last, page 334, Mr. Palmer won three games, and Mr. Helliwell one; the reverse was stated.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. IV.

WHITE.

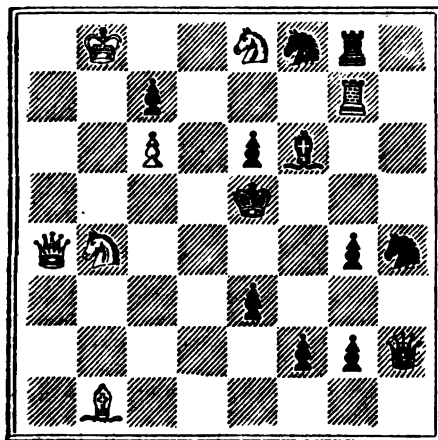
BLACK.

- 1 Q takes P (ch) K to R sq (best.)
- 2 Kt to K B 7th (ch) K moves.
- 3 Kt to K R 6th (dble ch) K to R sq.
- 4 Q to K Kt 8th (ch) R takes Q.
- 5 Kt mates.

PROBLEM No. V.

By the Editor.*

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in five moves.

*Published originally in Staunton's "CHESS PLAYERS CHRONICLE," March No., 1853.

ENIGMAS.

No. 21. Occurring in actual play in one of the Tournament games between Messrs. W. Cayley and Beaumont.

WHITE (MR. C.)—K at K Kt 2nd; Q at Q Kt 7th; R at Q 5th; Kt at K B 5th; Ps at K R 2nd, K Kt 3rd, K B 2nd, Q Kt 2nd and Q R 2nd.

BLACK (DR. B.)—K at K B sq; Q at K B 2nd; R at K 8th; B at Q Kt 5th; Ps at K R 2nd, K Kt 2nd, K B 3rd, Q B 5th, Q Kt 4th and Q R 3rd.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 22. From a Correspondent in Kingston.

WHITE.—K at K Kt 5th; R at Q B sq; B at Q B 8th; Kts at Q Kt 3rd and 4th; Ps at K R 6th and K 2nd.

BLACK.—K at his 5th; R at Q R 5th; B at K 3rd; Kts at K B sq and Q R 4th; Ps at K R 2nd, K 4th and 6th, and Q 3rd.

White to play and mate in three moves.

HAMILTON CHESS CLUB.

In our last number we had occasion to notice the formation of a Chess Club in St. Catharines; we have now the pleasure of informing our readers that our sister city of Hamilton has organized a club which meets weekly in a room of the Mechanic's Institute. The evening appointed is that of every Monday at 7 o'clock. His honor, Miles O'Reilly, Judge of the County Court has been elected President, and C. H. Gates, Esq. Secretary and Treasurer for the ensuing year. We hope that as Chess Clubs spring up in Canada, they will correspond with each other, and our pages will always be open to the recording of games, the announcement of matches, &c., that may take place between these clubs.

THE CHESS TOURNAMENT.

We give below a further selection from the games played in this interesting little Tourney, and regret our inability to give an account of its conclusion in the present number, the game in the third and final division not having been completed at the time we write.

The four victors in the first division having been paired as mentioned in our last, the play in the second division resulted in a victory to Dr. Beaumont over Mr. W. Cayley, the score giving three games to the former and one to the latter; and to Mr. Palmer over Mr. Ransom, Mr. P. winning three games, losing one, and one being drawn. The concluding match therefore, which it had been

settled should be the best of seven games, remains to be contested by Dr. Beaumont and Mr. Palmer, the two survivors of the Tournament.

We learn with much pleasure that there is every probability of this Tournament being immediately followed up by another, to the formation of which we shall look forward with great interest, as we understand that it is expected to comprise the strongest players in Toronto, including several of those who have distinguished themselves in the present contest.

It is gratifying to observe that chess playing is already greatly on the increase both in Toronto and in several of the towns of Canada, and we hope to see our amateurs persevere in their efforts at improvement, so that should we ever have the honor of a visit from a Staunton, a Lowenthal, a Horwitz, a Harwitz, or a St. Amant, they might find some gentlemen whom they would not consider altogether unworthy of their prowess.

Third Game between Messrs. Palmer and Ransom.

(Irregular Opening.)

BLACK (MR. R.)	WHITE (MR. P.)
1 P to Q 4th.	P to K 3rd.
2 K Kt to B 3rd.	K Kt to B 3rd.
3 Q Kt to B 3rd.	P to Q 4th.
4 Q B to K Kt 5th.	P to Q B 4th.
5 P to K 4th.	P takes Q P.
6 K Kt takes P.	B to K 2nd.
7 P takes P.	Kt takes P.
8 B takes K B.	Kt takes B.
9 K B to Q Kt 5th (ch) B to Q 2nd.	
10 Castles.	Castles.
11 P to K B 4th.	P to Q R 3rd. (a)
12 B to Q 3rd.	Q to her Kt 3rd.
13 K to R sq.	Q takes Q Kt P. (b)
14 R to K B 3rd.	P to K Kt 3rd. (c)
15 B to K 1th.	Kt to Q 4th.
16 Kt takes Kt.	P takes Kt.
17 R to Q Kt 3rd.	B to K Kt 5th. (d)
18 B to K B 3rd.	B takes B.
19 P takes B (e), and White resigned.	

Notes.

(a) This is merely forcing Black the way that he would go—White had better have taken off the B.

(b) He would evidently have lost his Q by taking the Kt.

(c) P to K 4th would have been an embarrassing move for Black.

(d) He might have gained a Rook and Bishop for his Queen if he had chosen.

(e) Taking with the Kt would have allowed the Q to escape.

Fourth Game between the same players.

(The Kt.'s Game of Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (MR. P.)	BLACK (MR. R.)
1 P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.
2 K Kt to B 3rd.	Q Kt to B 3rd.
3 K B to Q Kt 5th.	Q to K B 3rd.
4 Q Kt to B 3rd.	K Kt to K 2nd.
5 B takes Q Kt. (a)	Q P takes B.
6 P to Q 4th.	K Kt to his 3rd.
7 P takes P.	Kt takes P.
8 Kt takes Kt.	Q takes Kt.
9 Castles.	K B to Q Kt 5th.
10 Q B to Q 2nd.	Q B to K 3rd.
11 Q to K 2nd.	Castles on Q side.
12 P to Q R 3rd.	B takes Kt.
13 B takes B.	Q to Q B 4th.
14 Q R to Q sq.	K to Q Kt sq. (b)
15 R takes R (ch)	R takes R.
16 R to Q sq.	R to K sq.
17 B takes K Kt P.	R to K Kt sq. (c)
18 B to Q B 3rd.	B to K Kt 5th.
19 Q takes B. (d)	Q to K B sq.
20 Q to her 7th.	P to Q R 3rd.
21 B to K B 6th.	Q to K R 3rd (e)
22 Q takes K B P.	R to Q B sq. (f)
23 P to K Kt 3rd.	K to R 2nd.
24 Q to her 7th.	K to Kt sq.
25 Q takes R (ch) (g)	K to R 2nd.
26 B to Q 4th (ch)	

And Black surrendered.

Notes.

(a) Q Kt to K 2nd, would have been, perhaps, stronger play.

(b) Black would have gained nothing by playing his B to Q B 5th.

(c) If he had played the Q to K Kt 4th instead, White would have interposed the K B P on Black's moving B to K Kt 5th.

(d) Obviously mating next move if Black takes the Q.

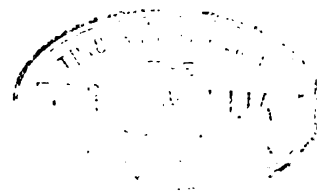
(e) If Q to Q B 4th, he would have lost "the exchange," &c, &c.

21	Q to Q B 4th.
22 Q to Q 8th (ch)	R takes Q.
23 R takes R (ch)	K to R 2nd.
24 B to Q 4th, &c.	

(f) If he had attempted to win the B by R to K B sq, White would have forced the exchange of Queens and Rooks by taking the R with his Q and then checking with the R at Q 8th.

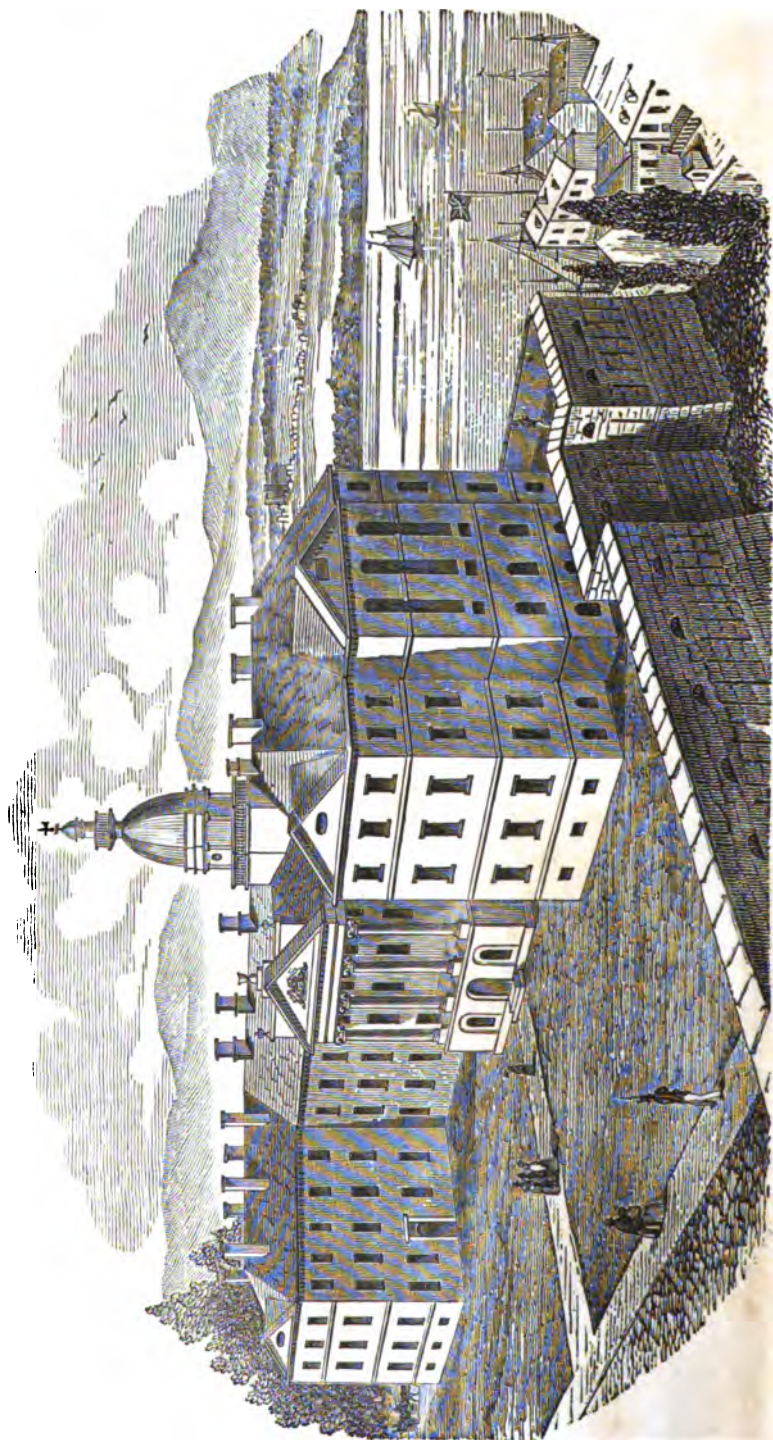
(g) Again threatening mate on the move, if Black takes the Q.

Mr. Staunton has offered to play Mr. Harwitz a match, and proposes to stake £300 against £200 on the result, leaving all other conditions to be settled by Messrs. Lewis, Buckle and Wyrill.



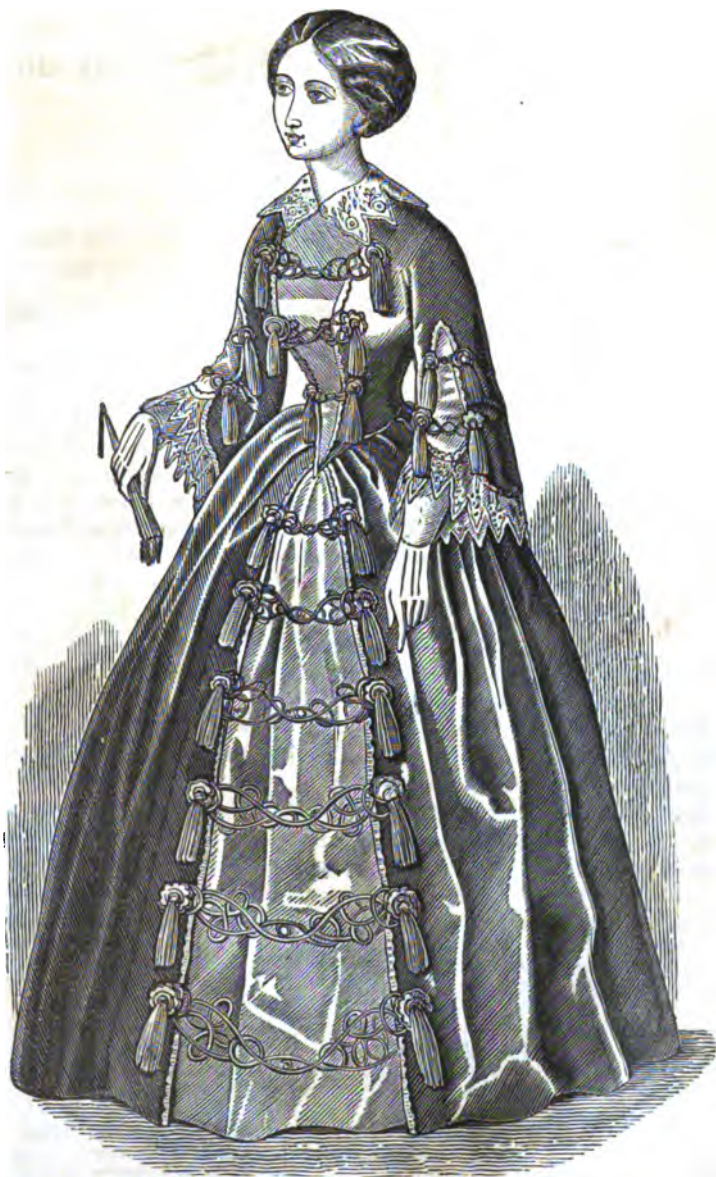
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THE



THE LATE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, AT QUEBEC.

Paris Fashions for May.



THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.—TORONTO: MAY, 1854.—No. 5.

HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER XVII.

GENERAL McClure's letter to the American Secretary at War will be found in our notes.*

On the same morning on which the surprise of Fort Niagara was effected, General Ryall crossed over to Lewiston with about five hundred rank and file, and, almost without opposition, entered and fired it. The small villages of Youngstown, Manchester, and Tuscarora, as soon as the inhabitants had deserted them, shared the same fate as had been awarded to Newark.

The conflagration thus lighted up along the shores of the Niagara spread such terror that General McClure, not daring, or caring, to expose himself to the dangers which he had provoked, resigned the command of the regulars and militia, now assembling from all

parts, to Major General Hall, and on the morning of the 29th, that General occupied Buffalo with some two thousand troops.

On the morning of the 28th, the indefatigable Drummond was at Chippewa, and on the next day within two miles of Fort Erie, when he set about reconnoitering the enemy's position at Black Rock, with a view, to pursue, still further, his work of retaliation and annoyance. Accordingly, on the night of the 30th, Gen. Ryall, with five hundred and forty regulars, fifty volunteer militia, and one hundred and twenty Indians, crossed the Niagara, and landed without opposition about two miles from Black Rock. The events which then took place will be found in full detail in Gen. Ryall's letter:—

From Major General Ryall to Lieutenant General Drummond.

Niagara frontier, near Fort Erie,

January 1st, 1814.

SIR,—I have the honor to report to you, that, agreeably to the instructions contained in your letter of the 29th ult., and your general order of that day, to pass the river

* " *From brigadier-general McClure to the American secretary of war.*

Head-quarters, Buffalo,

Dec. 22d, 1813.

SIR,—I regret to be under the necessity of announcing to you the mortifying intelligence of the loss of Fort-Niagara. On the morning of the 19th instant, about four o'clock, the enemy crossed the river at the Five mile Meadows in great force, consisting of regulars and Indians, who made their way undiscovered to the garrison, which from the most correct information I can collect, was completely surprised. Our men were nearly all asleep in their tents; the enemy rush-

ed in, and commenced a most horrible slaughter. Such as escaped the fury of the first contest, retired to the old mess-house, where they kept up a destructive fire upon the enemy until a want of ammunition compelled them to surrender. Although our force was very inferior, and comparatively small indeed, I am induced to think that the disaster is not attributable to any want of troops, but to gross neglect in the commanding officer of the fort, captain Leonard, in not preparing, being ready, and looking out for the expected attack.

I have not been able to ascertain correctly the number of killed and wounded. About 20 regu-

Niagara, for the purpose of attacking the enemy's force, collected at Black Rock and Buffalo; and carrying into execution the other objects, therein mentioned, I crossed the river in the following night, with four companies of the King's Regiment, and the light company of the 89th, under Lieutenant Colonel Ogilvie; two hundred and fifty men of the 41st regiment, and the grenadiers of the 100th, under Major Friend; together with about fifty militia volunteers and a body of Indian warriors. The troops completed their landing about twelve o'clock, nearly two miles below Black Rock; the light infantry of the 89th being in advance, surprised and captured the greater part of a piquet of the enemy, and secured the bridge over the Conguichly Creek, the boards of which had been loosened, and were ready to be carried off had there been time given for it. I immediately established the 41st and 100th grenadiers in position beyond the bridge, for the purpose of perfectly securing its passage: the enemy made some attempts during the night upon this advanced position, but were repulsed with loss.

At daybreak I moved forward, the King's Regiment and light company of the 89th leading, the 41st and grenadiers of the 100th being in reserve. The enemy had by this time opened a very heavy fire of cannon and

musketry on the Royal Scotts, under Lieut. Colonel Gordon, who were destined to land above Black Rock, for the purpose of turning his position, while he should be attacked in front by the troops who landed below; several of the boats having grounded, I am sorry to say this regiment suffered some loss, and was not able to effect its landing in sufficient time to fully accomplish the object intended, though covered by the whole of our field guns, under Captain Bridge, which were placed on the opposite bank of the river.

The King's and 89th, having in the meantime gained the town, commenced a very spirited attack upon the enemy, who were in great force, and very strongly posted. The reserve having arrived on the ground, the whole were shortly engaged. The enemy maintained his position with very considerable obstinacy for some time; but such was the spirited and determined advance of our troops, that he was at length compelled to give way, was driven through his batteries, in which were a twenty-four-pounder, three twelve-pounders, and one nine-pounder, and pursued to the town of Buffalo, about two miles distant; he here shewed a large body of infantry and cavalry, and attempted to oppose our advance by the fire of a field piece, posted on the height, which commanded the road; but

lars have escaped out of the fort, some badly wounded. Lieutenant Beck, 34th regiment is killed, and it is said three others.

You will perceive sir, by the enclosed general orders, that I apprehended an attack, and made the necessary arrangements to meet it; but have reason to believe, from information received by those who have made their escape, that the commandant did not in any respect comply with those orders.

On the same morning a detachment of militia, under major general Bennett, stationed at Lewistown Heights, was attacked by a party of savages; but the major and his little corps, by making a desperate charge, effected their retreat, after being surrounded by several hundreds, with the loss of six or eight, who doubtless were killed; among whom were two sons of captain Jones, Indian interpreter. The villages of Youngstown, Lewistown, Manchester, and the Indian Tuscarora village, were reduced to ashes, and the inoffensive inhabitants who could not escape, were, without regard to age or sex, inhumanly butchered, by savages headed by British officers painted. A British officer who was taken prisoner, avows that many small children were murdered by the Indians.

Major Mallory, who was stationed at Schlosser,

with about 40 Canadian volunteers, advanced to Lewistown Heights, and compelled the advanced guard of the enemy to fall back to the foot of the mountain. The major is a meritorious officer; he fought the enemy two days, and contested every inch of ground to the Tanawanty Creek. In these actions Lieutenant Lowe, 23d regiment of the United States army, and eight of the Canadian volunteers, were killed. I had myself, three days previous to the attack on the Niagara, left with a view of providing for the defence of this place, Black Rock, and the other villages on this frontier.

I came here with the troops, and have called out the militia of Genesee, Niagara, and Chautauque counties, in haste.

This place was then thought to be in imminent danger, as well as the shipping, but I have no doubt is perfectly secure. Volunteers are coming in great numbers; they are, however, a species of troops that cannot be expected to continue in the service for a long time. In a few days 1000 detached militia, lately drafted, will be on.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

G. M^{rs} Caine,

Brig.-gen. com.

Hon. J. Armstrong, &c. at war."

finding this ineffectual, he fled in all directions, and betaking himself to the woods, further pursuit was useless. He left behind him one six-pounder brass field piece, and one iron eighteen and one iron six-pounder, which fell into our hands. I then proceeded to execute the ulterior object of the expedition, and detached Captain Robinson, of the King's, with two companies, to destroy two schooners and a sloop, (part of the enemy's late squadron,) that were on shore a little below the town, with the stores they had on board, which he effectually completed. The town itself, (the inhabitants having previously left it,) and the whole of the public stores, containing considerable quantities of cloathing, spirits, and flour, which I had not the means of conveying away, were then set on fire, and totally consumed; as was also the village of Black Rock, on the evening it was evacuated. In obedience to your further instructions, I have directed Lieutenant Colonel Gordon to move down the river to Fort Niagara, with a party of the 19th light dragoons, under Major Lisle, a detachment of the Royal Scots, and the 89th light company, and destroy the remaining cover of the enemy upon his frontier, which he has reported to have been effectually done. From every account I have been able to collect, the enemy's force opposed to us was not less than from two thousand to two thousand five hundred men; their loss in killed and wounded, I should imagine from three to four hundred; but from the nature of the country, being mostly covered with wood, it is difficult to ascertain it precisely; the same reason will account for our not having been able to make a greater number of prisoners than one hundred and thirty.

I have great satisfaction in stating to you the good conduct of the whole of the regular troops and volunteer militia; but I must particularly mention the steadiness and bravery of the King's Regiment, and 89th light infantry. They were most gallantly led to the attack by Lieutenant Colonel Ogilvie, of the King's, who, I am sorry to say, received a severe wound, which will for a time deprive the service of a very brave and intelligent officer. After Lieutenant Colonel Ogilvie was wounded, the command of the regiment devolved on Captain Robinson, who, by a very judicious movement to his right, with the three bat-

talion companies, made a considerable impression on the left of the enemy's position. I have every reason to be satisfied with Lieutenant Colonel Gordon, in the command of the Royal Scots, and have much to regret, that the accidental grounding of his boats deprived me of the full benefit of his services; and I have also to mention my approbation of the conduct of Major Friend, commanding the 41st, as well as that of Captain Fawcett, of the 100th grenadiers, who was unfortunately wounded. Captain Barden, of the 89th, and Captain Brunter, of the king's light infantry companies, conducted themselves in the most exemplary manner. Lieutenant Colonel Eliott, in this, as well as on other occasions, is entitled to my highest commendations, for his zeal and activity as superintendent of the Indian department; and I am happy to add, that, through his exertions, and that of his officers, no act of cruelty, as far as I could learn, was committed by the Indians towards any of their prisoners. I cannot close this report without mentioning, in terms of the warmest praise, the good conduct of my aide-de-camp, Captain Holland, from whom I received the most able assistance throughout the whole of these operations. Nor can I omit mentioning my obligations to you for acceding to the request of your aide-de-camp, Captain Jervoise, to accompany me. He was extremely active and zealous, and rendered me very essential service. I enclose a return of the killed, wounded, and missing, and of the ordnance captured at Black Rock and Buffalo.

P. RYALL,

Major General.

Lieutenant General Drummond, commanding the forces, Upper Canada.

The return enclosed by General Ryall

showed a loss of thirty-
 Return of killed and wounded in attack on Fort Niagara. one killed, seventy-two wounded, besides nine

missing. The American loss it is impossible to arrive at, as all the information afforded by General Hall's letter is "many valuable lives were lost." General Hall's letter is short, but, short as it is, it serves as an additional proof how determined the writers of bulletins were, that American troops should never be supposed to succumb, except to superior forces.

We will give first General Hall's letter, and, as a commentary on it, Remarks on General Hall's letter. Gen. Armstrong's remarks will fully answer our purpose.

"I have only time to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 25th inst., and to add, that this frontier is wholly desolate. The British crossed over, supported by a strong party of Indians, a little before day this morning, near Black Rock; *they were met by the militia under my command with spirit; but were overpowered* by the numbers and discipline of the enemy, the militia gave way, and fled on every side; every attempt to rally them proved ineffectual.

The enemy's purpose was obtained, and the flourishing village of Buffalo was laid in ruins. The Niagara frontier now lies open and naked to our enemies. Your judgment will direct you what is most proper in this emergency. I am exhausted with fatigue, and must defer particulars till to-morrow. Many valuable lives are lost."

Such is General Hall's letter, now for Armstrong. After describing the fall of Fort Niagara, but here we must pause for a moment to examine into the truth of Armstrong's assertions respecting the fall of Fort Niagara.

The General observes, "Murray's movement, in a view strictly military, was well conducted and merits applause, but the use subsequently made by that officer of his adversary's crime, or of his own good fortune, cannot fail to degrade him both as a man and a soldier; since, "what has been gained in either character, and has been gained without loss or resistance, should be held without bloodshed." Yet of the sleeping, unarmed, and unresisting garrison of Fort Niagara, sixty-five men were killed and fourteen, wounded. More than two-thirds of whom were hospital patients.

Here is a direct charge which is substantiated by no other American writer, Ingersol excepted. No allusion to such a circumstance will be found in McClure's despatch, except the passage "the enemy rushed in and commenced a most horrible slaughter." Let us examine the circumstances. McClure was anxious to make the best excuse he could for himself, and has shown that he was very

ready to place all the blame on Captain Leonard for not being ready and prepared for the attack; still, he says not one word as to the massacre of hospital patients implied by General Armstrong. Is it probable that he would have let slip so favourable an opportunity of arresting enquiry into the fall of the fort, had so outrageous an act been committed. It would have been the best mode possible of exciting rational indignation, and, under cover of the clamour, the question as to capability in the defence of the post would have been forgotten.

What do other American writers say on the subject? Dr. Smith, to whom we have, on more than one occasion, referred, and with whose animus the reader must by this time be pretty well acquainted, merely states that, in the month of January Fort Niagara was surprised and captured. Mr. Thomson is more particular, and after the usual introduction of "Indian warriors" states amongst the enumeration of horrors, that "*the women of the garrison were stripped of their clothing, and many of them killed.*" This statement is bad, and false enough to prove most conclusively that the writer was anxious to make a case out against the British. Is it likely then, we ask, that the slaughter of unarmed hospital patients, had such really occurred, would have been passed over in silence by this malevolent and inventive writer.

This assertion of General Armstrong's may fairly be classed, for meanness and falsehoods with that of General McClure, respecting "British officers painted like Indians." Where General McClure obtained this information we are at a loss. It is not to be found in any American writer, with the exception of Mr. O'Connor, and bears so distinctly the stamp of having been fabricated by a man, who was frightened out of his wits, that it is scarcely necessary to enter further into the matter.

We have said enough on the subject to show that General Armstrong has here, without due deliberation or attention, stated what a very short enquiry would have convinced him to be untrue. We will, then, return to Hall's letter. Armstrong says, "the success of this part of the enterprise (the capture of Fort Niagara) being ascertained, Ryall proceeded to execute what remained of the plan; and it must be admitted with little more of

opposition from any quarter than, if the justice of the proceeding, both as to character and extent, had been unquestionable. Beginning with the villages and intermediate houses on the bank of the river, all were sacked and burned from Youngstown to Buffalo, both included; and so universal was the panic produced by the invasion, that had it not been stayed by *the voluntary retreat of the enemy*, a large portion of the frontier would in a few days more have been left without a single inhabitant; so true it is, that **FEAR BETRAYS, LIKE TREASON.**

The italics in the above quotation are ours, the last portion in capitals, is Armstrong's own; and the whole extract is a pretty convincing proof that in his estimation, fear of the enemy had rather more to do with the retreat of the Americans, than the overwhelming numbers of the British invaders.

With a few extracts from Ingersol, we will close, the sketch of operations on the Niagara frontier.

"Both sides of the Niagara, says Ingersol" had been from April to December distracted by the disgraceful hostilities of border warfare, in which the Americans were the aggressors, and doomed to be the greatest sufferers. Western New York was, before the year ended, desolated by British reaction, transcending American aggression, which we cannot deny provoked, however severe, that retaliation."

This admission, coming from a writer who so readily endorses the unfounded assertion of Armstrong, may be taken as very fair testimony as to which party was the first to violate the recognized rules of warfare.

Ingersol is very severe on the conduct of the American militia, along the Niagara frontier. "Our loss of character was greater than that of life and property. General Cass ascertained that the troops reported to have done the devastation, were but six hundred and fifty men, regulars, militia, and Indians—the latter helpless for taking a fort except by surprise, the militia not much more to be feared; so that our nearly four hundred regulars in the fort had been easily conquered by an equal, perhaps less number; to oppose whom, we had between twenty-five hundred and three thousand militia, all, except very few of them, behaving, said General Cass, in the most cowardly manner.

With such a condemnation, from one of their own writers, on their conduct, we find it hard to understand how, at the present day, the productions of such writers as Thomson, Smith and O'Connor, are tolerated by enquiring or impartial readers, who desire to ascertain the real amount of glory due to America.

No one regretted more deeply than Sir George Prevost, the **savage mode of warfare** which the Americans, by their departure from the customary usages of warfare, had compelled him to sanction, and so soon as something like a just punishment had been inflicted on them, he issued the following proclamation, in which will be found, commented on with considerable precision and ability, the progress of the war on the part of the enemy:—

"By his Excellency Lieut. General Sir George Prevost, Baronet, commander of his Majesty's forces in North America, &c., &c., &c. "To the inhabitants of his Majesty's provinces in North America.

"A PROCLAMATION.

"The complete success which has attended his Majesty's arms on the Niagara Frontier, having placed in our possession the whole of the enemy's posts on that line, it became a matter of imperious duty to retaliate on America, the miseries which the unfortunate inhabitants of Newark had been made to suffer from the evacuation of Fort George.

The villages of Lewiston, Black Rock, and Buffalo have accordingly been burned.

"At the same time the commander of the forces sincerely deprecates this mode of warfare, he trusts that it will be sufficient to call the attention of every candid and impartial person amongst ourselves and the enemy, to the circumstances from which it has arisen, to satisfy them that this departure from the established usages of war, has originated with America herself, and that to her alone, are justly chargeable, all the awful and unhappy consequences which have hitherto flowed, and are likely to result, from it.

"It is not necessary to advert to the conduct of the troops employed on the American coast, in conjunction with his Majesty's squadron, under Admiral Sir John B. Warren, since, as they were neither within the command, nor subject to the control of his excel-

lency, their acts cannot be ascribed to him, even if they wanted that justification which the circumstances that occasioned them so amply afford.

"It will be sufficient for the present purpose, and in order to mark the character of the war, as carried on upon the frontiers of these provinces, to trace the line of conduct observed by his excellency, and the troops under his command, since the commencement of hostilities, and to contrast it with that of the enemy.

"The first invasion of Upper Canada took place in July, 1812, when the American forces under brigadier general Hull, crossed over and took possession of Sandwich, where they began to manifest a disposition so different from that of a magnanimous enemy, and which they have since invariably displayed, in marking out, as objects of their peculiar resentment, the loyal subjects of his Majesty, and in deeming their property to plunder and conflagration.

"Various instances of this kind occurred, both at Sandwich and in its neighborhood, at the very period when his Majesty's standard was waving upon the fort of Michilimackinac, and affording protection to the persons and property of those who had submitted to it:—Within a few weeks afterwards, the British flag was also hoisted on the fortress of Detroit, which, together with the whole of the Michigan territory, had surrendered to his Majesty's arms.

"Had not his excellency been actuated by sentiments far different from those which had influenced the American government, and the persons employed by it, in the wanton acts of destruction of private property, committed during their short occupation of a part of Upper Canada, his excellency could not but have availed himself of the opportunity which the undisturbed possession of the whole of the Michigan territory, afforded him of amply retaliating for the devastating system which had been pursued at Sandwich and on the Thames.

"But strictly in conformity to the views and disposition of his own government, and to that liberal and magnanimous policy which it had dictated, he chose rather to forbear an imitation of the enemy's example, in the hope, that such forbearance would be duly appreciated by the government of the United States,

and would produce a return to more civilised usages of war.

"The persons and property, therefore, of the inhabitants of the Michigan territory, were respected, and remained unmolested.

"In the winter of the following year, when the success which attended the gallant enterprise against Ogdensburg had placed that populous and flourishing village in our possession, the generosity of this British character was again conspicuous, in the scrupulous preservation of every article which could be considered as private property, such public buildings only being destroyed as were used for the accommodation of troops and for public stores.

"The destruction of the defences of Ogdensburg, and the dispersion of the enemy's force in that neighbourhood, laid open the whole of their frontier on the St. Lawrence, to the incursions of his Majesty's troops, and Hamilton, as well as the numerous settlements on the banks of the river, might, at any hour, had such been the disposition of his Majesty's government, or of those acting under it, been plundered and laid waste.

"During the course of the following summer, by the fortunate result of the enterprise against Plattsburgh, that town was for several hours in the complete possession of our troops, there not being any force in the neighborhood which could attempt a resistance.—Yet even there, under circumstances of strong temptation, and when the recent example of the enemy in the wanton destruction at York, of private property, and buildings not used for military purposes, must have been fresh in the recollection of the forces employed on that occasion, and would have justified a retaliation on their part, their forbearance was strongly manifested, and the directions his excellency had given to the commander of that expedition, so scrupulously obeyed, that scarcely can another instance be shewn in which, during a state of war, and under similar circumstances, an enemy, so completely under the power and at the mercy of their adversaries, had so little cause of complaint.

"During the course of the same summer, forts Schlosser and Black Rock, were surprised and taken by a part of the forces under the command of Major General De Rottenburg,

on the Niagara frontier, at both of which places personal property was respected, and the public buildings were alone destroyed.

"It was certainly matter of just and reasonable expectation, that the humane and liberal course of conduct pursued by his Excellency on these different occasions, would have had its due weight with the American government, and would have led it to have abstained, in the further prosecution of the war, from any acts of wantonness or violence, which could only tend unnecessarily to add to its ordinary calamities, and to bring down upon their own unoffending citizens a retaliation, which, though distant, they must have known would await and certainly follow such conduct.

"Undeterred, however, by his Excellency's example of moderation, or by any of the consequences to be apprehended from the adoption of such barbarous measures, the American forces at Fort George, acting, there is every reason to believe, under the orders, or with the approbation of their government, for some time previous to their evacuation of that fortress, under various pretences, burned and destroyed the farm houses and buildings of many of the respectable and peaceable inhabitants of that neighborhood. But the full measure of this species of barbarity remained to be completed at a season when all its horrors might be more fully and keenly felt, by those who were to become the wretched victims of it.

"It will hardly be credited by those who shall hereafter read it in the page of history, that in the enlightened era of the nineteenth century, and in the inclemency of a Canadian winter, the troops of a nation calling itself civilized and christian, had wantonly, and without the shadow of a pretext, forced four hundred helpless women and children to quit their dwellings, and be the mournful spectators of the conflagration and total destruction of all that belonged to them.

"Yet such was the fate of Newark on the 10th of December, a day which the inhabitants of Upper Canada can never forget, and the recollection of which cannot but nerve their arms when again opposed to their vindictive foe. On the night of that day, the American troops under Brigadier General McClure, being about to evacuate Fort George, which they could no longer retain, by an act

of inhumanity disgraceful to themselves and to the nation to which they belong, set fire to upwards of 150 houses, composing the beautiful village of Newark, and burned them to the ground, leaving without covering or shelter, those 'innocent, unfortunate, distressed inhabitants,' whom that officer, by his proclamation, had previously engaged to protect.

"His Excellency would have ill consulted the honor of his country, and the justice due to His Majesty's injured and insulted subjects, had he permitted an act of such needless cruelty to pass unpunished, or had he failed to visit, whenever the opportunity arrived, upon the inhabitants of the neighboring American frontier, the calamities thus inflicted upon those of our own.

"The opportunity has occurred, and a full measure of retaliation has taken place, such as it is hoped will teach the enemy to respect, in future, the laws of war, and recal him to a sense of what is due to himself as well as to us.

"In the further prosecution of the contest to which so extraordinary a character has been given, his Excellency must be guided by the course of conduct which the enemy shall hereafter pursue. Lamenting as his Excellency does, the necessity imposed upon him of retaliating upon the subjects of America the miseries inflicted on the inhabitants of Newark, it is not his intention to pursue further a system of warfare so revolting to his own feelings, and so little congenial to the British character, unless the future measures of the enemy should compel him again to resort to it.

"To those possessions of the enemy along the whole line of frontier which have hitherto remained undisturbed, and which are now within his Excellency's reach, and at the mercy of the troops under his command, his Excellency has determined to extend the same forbearance and the same freedom from rapine and plunder, which they have hitherto experienced; and from this determination the future conduct of the American government shall alone induce his Excellency to depart.

"The inhabitants of these provinces will, in the mean time, be prepared to resist, with firmness and with courage, whatever attempts

the resentment of the enemy, arising from their disgrace and their merited sufferings, may lead them to make, well assured that they will be powerfully assisted at all points by the troops under his Excellency's command, and that prompt and signal vengeance will be taken for every fresh departure by the enemy, from that system of warfare, which ought alone to subsist between enlightened and civilized nations. ♦

"Given under my hand and seal at arms at Quebec, this 12th day of January, 1814.

"GEORGE PREVOST.

"By His Excellency's command,

E. B. BRENTON."

We must now change the scene and transport the reader from the shores of the mighty St. Lawrence and Niagara to the Chesapeake. Along these shores thirty years of uninterrupted peace had effected wonders, and towns had rapidly sprung up, raised into prosperity by the facilities for commerce afforded by this magnificent estuary and its tributary streams. These towns and villages were then, as now* wholly unprepared to offer any resistance to an armed force, the arrival of the British fleet, therefore, under Admiral Warren, towards the latter end of March, 1808, in their comparatively defenceless waters, spread an undefined but half fearful impression.

American writers have not scrupled to characterize the proceedings of Admiral Warren, or rather of his second in command, Sir George Cockburn, as a series of marauding attacks, comparable only to those of the Buccaneers two centuries before; a little consideration will, however, show that the writers preferring these charges, have lost sight of Hull and Smyth's proclamations, on their invasion of Canada. These manifestoes, or rather denunciations, the reader doubtless remembers the import of, and it is therefore needless to refer again to them, or to quote a second time their vapourings or threats. That these threats were not carried into execution was owing

not to the conciliatory spirit of the invaders, but simply to the fact that, ere the ink was dry on the proclamations, the invaders were either prisoners, or had retreated ingloriously to their own territories; we have besides, abundant proof from the behaviour of the American soldiery, when in occupation of the Niagara district, what would have been their line of conduct to the inhabitants of these sections of country, had they encountered any opposition, and if the inhabitants along the shores of the Chesapeake Bay, suffered from some of the inevitable evils of warfare, the cause must be sought for from two sources.

As we have, on more than one occasion, shown, from Washington and Baltimore issued the most mendacious and inflated accounts of the exploits of both American naval and land expeditions. The Government organs on no occasion suffered the truth to transpire in case of defeat, and when victory had been achieved, the conquest was magnified to such a degree as to inspire a feeling of invincibility. It is scarcely to be wondered at, then, that every farmer or blacksmith imagined, that in case of attack, there was but the necessity to offer a show of resistance, and that the Britishers would run away. To this cause then which led them to tempt, and even provoke, attacks was in the first place attributable some of the severities enforced in this quarter.

A second reason is, perhaps, to be found in the fact that sailors, whatever their discipline on board, are very apt to indulge in a little more license than their red-coated brethren. The expeditions along the shores of the Chesapeake necessarily comprehended many blue-jackets, and many of the complaints made by the inhabitants must, we fear, be ascribed to Jack Tar's thoughtlessness. It must, at the same time, be observed that every trifle has been magnified and distorted by American writers. If a sailor or soldier, straggling from his party, and relieved from the watchful and supervising eye of his commander, robbed a hen roost, or made free with a sucking pig, it was immediately magnified into wholesale wanton destruction of property, and the tale, in all probability, received so rich a colouring that the unfortunate offender would be at a loss to know again his own exploit.

In our account of the proceedings in this quarter, we will simply confine ourselves to

*NOTE—We say *as now*, for to any one conversant with the subject, it must be evident that the defences near Point Comfort, called Riprapton or Rip Raps, are wholly inadequate to the purpose, and would prove but an insufficient means for the protection of the Chesapeake.

laying before the reader the official documents bearing upon the several expeditions, making on each any comments necessary, and giving, if possible, at the same time the American version of each. We shall also endeavour to show that the attacks made by the British, and represented as marauding expeditions, were actually attacks on positions which the Americans had hastily fortified with the intention of annoyance.

The first exploit effected was the cutting out of four armed schooners, lying at the mouth of the Rappahanock river, by an expedition of five boats under the command of Captain Polkinghorne, of the *St. Domingo*. This exploit was very gallantly executed, and James in his *Naval occurrences*, (page 367,) gives a full account of it,—we will, however, pass on to more important enterprises. The first of these was an expedition, undertaken a few days after, to destroy a dépôt of military stores, the foundries, and public works at a place called French Town, a considerable distance up the river Elk.* Admiral Coekburn's letter to Admiral Warren will, however, give this occurrence in detail:—

His Majesty's sloop *Fantome* in the Elk River,
20th April, 1813.

SIR,—I have the honor to acquaint you, that, having yesterday gained information of the dépôt of flour (alluded to in your note to me of the 28th inst.) being with some military and other stores, situated at a place called French-Town, a considerable distance up the river Elk, I caused his Majesty's brigs, *Fantome*, and *Mohawk*, and the *Dolphin*, *Racer*, and *Highflyer* tenders, to be moored, yesterday evening, as far within the entrance of this river as could be prudently effected after dark; and at eleven o'clock last night, the detachment of marines now in the advanced squadron, consisting of about 150 men, under captains Wybourn and Carter, of that corps, with five artillery men, under first-lieutenant Robertson of the artillery, (who eagerly volunteered his valuable assistance on this occasion,) proceeded in the boats of the squadron, the whole being under the immediate direction of lieutenant G. A. Westphall, first of the *Marlborough*, to take and destroy the afore-

said stores: the *Highflyer* tender, under the command of lieutenant T. Lewis, being directed to follow, for the support and protection of the boats, as far and as closely as he might find it practicable.

Being ignorant of the way, the boats were unfortunately led up the Bohemia River, instead of keeping in the Elk; and, it being daylight before this error was rectified, they did not reach the destined place till between 8 and 9 o'clock this morning, which occasioned the enemy to have full warning of their approach, and gave him time to collect his force, and make his arrangements for the defence of his stores and town; for the security of which, a 6 gun battery had lately been erected, and from whence a heavy fire was opened upon our boats the moment they approached within its reach; but the launches, with their carronades, under the orders of lieutenant Nicholas Alexander, first of the *Dragon*, pulling resolutely up to the work, keeping up at the same time a constant and well-directed fire on it; and the marines being in the act of disembarking on the right, the Americans judged it prudent to quit their battery, and to retreat precipitately into the country, abandoning to their fate French-Town and its dépôts of stores; the whole of the latter, therefore, consisting of much flour, a large quantity of army-clothing, of saddles, bridles, and other equipments for cavalry, &c. &c., together with various articles of merchandize, were immediately set fire to, and entirely consumed, as were five vessels lying near the place; and the guns of the battery being too heavy to bring away, were disabled as effectually as possible by Lieutenant Robertson and his artillery-men; after which, my orders being completely fulfilled, the boats returned down the river without molestation; and I am happy to add, that one seaman, of the *Maidstone*, wounded in the arm by a grape-shot, is the only casualty we have sustained.

To lieutenant G. A. Westphall, who has so gallantly conducted, and so ably executed, this service, my highest encomiums and best acknowledgements are due; and I trust, sir, you will deem him to have also thereby merited your favourable consideration and notice. It is likewise my pleasing duty to acquaint you, that he speaks in the highest terms of

In our next we promise a Map of this locality, so that our reader may trace the proceedings.

every officer and man employed with him on this occasion; but particularly of the very great assistance he derived from lieutenant Robertson, of the artillery; lieutenant Alexander, of the Dragons; lieutenant Lewis, of the Highflier; and Captains Wybourn and Carter of the royal marines.

I have now anchored the above mentioned brigs and tenders near a farm, on the right bank of this river, where there appears to be a considerable quantity of cattle, which I intend embarking for the use of the fleet under your command; and if I meet with no resistance or impediment in so doing, I shall give the owner bills on the victualling-office for the fair value of whatsoever is so taken; but should resistance be made, I shall consider them as a prize of war, which I trust will meet your approbation; and I purpose taking on board a further supply for the fleet to-morrow, on similar terms, from Specucie Island, which lies a little below Havre-de-Grace, and which I have been informed is also well stocked.

I have the honor to be, &c.

G. COOKBURN, Rear-admiral.

To the right hon. admiral Sir J. B. Warren, bart. K. B., &c.

Although the strictest orders were issued by the Rear Admiral, to land without molestation to the unopposing inhabitants, and although these orders were enforced with the greatest severity, still we find our old friends, the writers of the *History of the War* and *Sketches of the War*, ready as ever to malign and misstate. The author of the *History of the United States*, however, outdoes them both, and shines conspicuous in his task of distortive misrepresentation. So totally careless of truth is he as to represent public stores as belonging to merchants of Baltimore and Philadelphia, and this in direct opposition to Gen. Wilkinson's statement, who distinctly says:—

"By the defective arrangements of the war department, he [rear Admiral Cockburn] succeeded in destroying the military equipments and munitions found there; of which, I apprehend, the public never received any correct account.*

The same system of false colouring, will be found to pervade these writers works whenever the occurrences on the Chesapeake are

in question. The National vanity received here its sorest wound, and Americans were here first taught the proper value of their militia.

The defeats along the lake shores, and the various repulses, had been all so glossed over, that the idea of militia not being equal to the most disciplined soldiery, was never entertained! when, therefore, the fact was forced on them, a bitterness of feeling was engendered, which, like an unwholesome tumour, found vent, in the discharge of the most violent matter.

A second expedition was soon forced upon the commanding officer, by the absurd temerity of the inhabitants of Havre de Grace.—The rule laid down by the British Admiral was, that all supplies should be paid for, at full market price, but that all such supplies must be forthcoming, that is without serious inconvenience to parties supplying, but that, should resistance be offered, the village or town would then be considered as a fortified place, and the male inhabitants as soldiers, the one to be destroyed, the other with their property to be captured or destroyed.

The inhabitants of French Town had experienced the benefit of this arrangement, and taking no part in the contest, remained unmolested. The inhabitants of Havre de Grace, not so prudent, received a severe lesson.—

The British Admiral, deeming it necessary, to draw his supplies from a place called Specucie Island, where cattle and provisions were abundant, was obliged to pass in sight of Havre de Grace, a village on the west side of the Susquehanna, a short distance above the confluence of that river with the Chesapeake. The inhabitants of this place, possessed, very probably, to a great extent, an idea of their valor, and qualifications for becoming soldiers, and had consequently erected a six gun battery, and, as if to attract particular attention, had mounted a large American Ensign.—Most probably, however, neither, the Ensign nor the battery would have attracted attention had the erectors thereof, remained quiet, but instead of this a fire was opened upon the British ships, although they were far beyond the range of the guns. This provocation the Admiral determined to resent, he consequently determined to make the town of Havre de

* Wilkinson's mem. Vol. I. Page 722.

Grace and the battery the objects of his next attack.

Full details of the reasons for, and objects of the attack, will be found in Admiral Cockburn's second letter which follows :

"His Majesty's ship *Maidstone*,
Tuesday night, 8d May, 1813, at anchor
off Turkey Point.

"SIR,—I have the honor to inform you, that whilst anchoring the brigs and tenders off Specucie Island, agreeably to my intentions notified to you in my official report of the 29th ultimo, No. 10, I observed guns fired, and American colours hoisted, at a battery lately erected at Havre de Grace, at the entrance of Susquehanna River. This, of course, immediately gave to the place an importance which I had not before attached to it, and I therefore determined on attacking it after the completion of our operations at the island; consequently, having sounded in the direction towards it, and found that the shallowness of the water would only admit of its being approached by boats, I directed their assembling under Lieutenant Westphall, (first of the *Marlborough*,) last night at 12 o'clock, alongside the *Fantome*: when our detachments of marines, consisting of about 150 men, (as before,) under Captains Wybourn and Carter, with a small party of artillerymen, under Lieutenant Robinson, of the artillery, embarked in them; and the whole, being under the immediate direction of Captain Lawrence, of the *Fantome*, (who, with much zeal and readiness, took upon himself, at my request, the conducting of this service,) proceeded toward Havre de Grace, to take up, under cover of the night, the necessary position for commencing the attack at the dawn of day. The *Dolphin* and *Highflyer* tenders, commanded by Lieutenants Hutchinson and Lewis, followed for the support of the boats, but the shoalness of the water prevented their getting within six miles of the place. Captain Lawrence, however, having got up with the boats, and having very ably and judiciously placed them during the dark, a warm fire was opened on the place at daylight from our launches and rocket-boats, which was smartly returned from the battery for a short time; but the launches constantly closing with it, and their fire rather increasing than decreasing, that from the battery soon began to slacken; and Captain Lawrence observing

this, very judiciously directed the landing of the marines on the left; which movement, added to the hot fire they were under, induced the Americans to commence withdrawing from the battery, to take shelter in the town.

"Lieut. G. A. Westphall, who had taken his station in the rocket-boat close to the battery, therefore now judging the moment to be favourable, pulled directly up under the work, and landing with his boat's crew, got immediate possession of it, turned their own guns on them, and thereby soon caused them to retreat, with their whole force, to the farthest extremity of the town, whither, (the marines having by this time landed,) they were pursued closely; and no longer feeling themselves equal to an open and manly resistance, they commenced a teasing and irritating fire from behind the houses, walls, trees, &c.: from which, I am sorry to say, my gallant first-lieutenant received a shot through his hand whilst leading the pursuing party; he, however, continued to head the advance, with which he soon succeeded in dislodging the whole of the enemy from their lurking places, and driving them for shelter to the neighboring woods; and whilst performing which service, he had the satisfaction to overtake, and with his remaining hand to make prisoner and bring in a captain of their militia. We also took an ensign and some armed individuals; but the rest of the force, which had been opposed to us, having penetrated into the woods, I did not judge it prudent to allow of their being further followed with our small numbers; therefore, after setting fire to some of the houses, to cause the proprietors, (who had deserted them, and formed part of the militia who had fled to the woods,) to understand, and feel, what they were liable to bring upon themselves, by building batteries, and acting towards us with so much useless rancour, I embarked in the boats the guns from the battery, and having also taken and destroyed about 180 stand of small arms, I detached a small division of boats up the Susquehanna, to take and destroy whatever they might meet with in it, and proceeded myself with the remaining boats under Captain Lawrence, in search of a cannon foundry, which I had gained intelligence of, whilst on shore at Havre de Grace, as being situated about three or four miles to the northward, where we

found it accordingly; and getting possession of it without difficulty, commenced instantly its destruction, and that of the guns and other materials we found there, to complete which occupied us during the remainder of the day, as there were several buildings, and much complicated heavy machinery, attached to it; it was known by the name of Cecil, or Principic foundry, and was one of the most valuable works of the kind in America; the destruction of it, therefore, at this moment, will, I trust, prove of much national importance.

In the margin* I have stated the ordnance taken and disabled by our small division this day, during the whole of which we have been on shore in the centre of the enemy's country, and on his highroad between Baltimore and Philadelphia. The boats which I sent up the Susquehanna, returned after destroying five vessels on it, and a large store of flour; when everything being completed to my utmost wishes, the whole division re-embarked and returned to the ships, where we arrived at 10 o'clock, after having been 22 hours in constant exertion, without nourishment of any kind; and I have much pleasure in being able to add, that excepting Lieutenant Westphall's wound, we have not suffered any casualty whatever.

The judicious dispositions made by Captain Lawrence, of the *Fantome* during the preceding night, and the able manner in which he conducted the attack of Havre in the morning, added to the gallantry, zeal, and attention, shewn by him during this whole day, must justly entitle him to my highest encomiums and acknowledgements, and will, I trust, ensure to him your approbation; and I have the pleasure to add, that he speaks in the most favourable manner of the good conduct of all the officers and men employed in the boats under his immediate orders, particularly of Lieutenants Alexander and Reed, of the *Dragon* and *Fantome*, who each commanded a division; of Lieutenant G. A. Westphall,

whose exemplary and gallant conduct it has been necessary for me already to notice in detailing to you the operations of the day. I shall only now add that, from a thorough knowledge of his merits, (he having served many years with me as first lieutenant,) I always, on similar occasions, expected much from him, but this day he even outstripped those expectations; and though in considerable pain from his wound, he insisted on continuing to assist me to the last moment with his able exertions. I therefore, sir, cannot but entertain a confident hope that his services of to-day, and the wound he has received, added to what he so successfully executed at Frenchtown, (as detailed in my letter to you of the 29th ultimo,) will obtain for him your favourable consideration and notice, and that of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. I should be wanting in justice did I not also mention to you, particularly, the able assistance afforded me by Lieutenant Robertson, of the artillery, who is ever a volunteer where service is to be performed, and always foremost in performing such service, being equally conspicuous for his gallantry and ability; and he also obliged me by superintending the destruction of the ordnance taken at the foundry. To Captains Wybourn and Carter, who commanded the marines, and shewed much skill in the management of them, every praise is likewise due, as are my acknowledgements to Lieutenant Lewis, of the *Highflyer*, who not being able to bring his vessel near enough to render assistance, came himself with his usual active zeal to offer his personal services. And it is my pleasing duty to have to report to you, in addition, that all the other officers and men seemed to vie with each other in the cheerful and zealous discharge of their duty, and I have, therefore, the satisfaction of recommending their general good conduct, on this occasion, to your notice accordingly.

I have the honor to be, &c.

G. COCKBURN, Rear-Adm.

To the Right Hon. Admiral Sir J. B. Warren,
Bart. and K.B., &c.

The descent of the British on Havre de Grace has more than any other event of the war afforded an opportunity for exaggeration and misrepresentation—each particular dealer in these articles has, however, happily for the truth, contrived so to tell his story as to con-

* Taken from the battery at Havre de Grace—6 guns, 12 and 6-pounders.

Disabled, in battery for protection of foundry—6 guns, 24 pounders.

Disabled, ready for sending away from foundry—28 guns, 32-pounders.

Disabled, in boring-house and foundry—8 guns and 4 carronades of different calibres.

Total—51 guns, and 130 stand of small arms.

tradict his neighbour, and we are thus enabled to refute, most convincingly, the random and malevolent statements put forth. The North American Review states, that for three weeks the inhabitants of Havre de Grace had been making preparations, and that the militia of the district had been called out. An extract from this review will show that the demonstration of the Havre de Gracians was not the unpremeditated movement of men hastily summoned together for mutual defence, but was a preconcerted arrangement.

"The militia, amounting to about two hundred and fifty, were kept to their arms all night; patrols were stationed in every place where they could possibly be of any service; and the volunteers were at their guns, with a general determination to give the enemy a warm reception." We make this quotation to show, not that these men were wrong in taking up arms for the preservation of their hearths and homes, but to prove that any severities on the part of the British, were not exercised upon unoffending or defenceless inhabitants, but actually formed part and parcel of the miseries always attendant on a state of warfare. Another object gained by the quotation is to convict the writers of the "Sketches of the War," History of the War," and "History of the United States" of wilful distortion of the truth. One of these writers states that they "attacked, plundered, and burnt the neat and flourishing *but unprotected* village of Havre de Grace; for which outrage *no provocation had* been given, nor could excuse be assigned." Admiral Cockburn's letter, and the remarks in the Review, show whether the village or town was either unprepared for, or unexpectant of, an attack. This last extract will therefore suffice as a sample of the other accounts.

But this system of mis-statement was not confined to journalists or historians, Mr. Munroe in his official communication to Sir Alexander Cochrane, in the teeth of the fact that six pieces of cannon and one hundred and thirty stand of arms had been captured, persists in describing the inhabitants as unarmed. One writer a Mr. O'Connor in his zeal to prove at once the bravery of the defenders, and the deliberate atrocity of the assailants—first descants upon the vigorous preparations made, and the resolute defence,

and then winds up by declaring that "it is not easy to assign any cause, other than the caprice of its projector, for this violent attack on an *unoffending and defenceless* village. No reason of a public nature could have induced it. No public property was deposited there, nor were any of its inhabitants engaged in *aiding* the prosecution of the war."

It would be idle and unnecessary after these quotations to add anything more on this subject, and we shall accordingly pass on to the next instance of atrocity perpetrated by the British. We will just call attention to one point more connected with this affair, which is, that but one American writer thought the loss of forty-five pieces of cannon, chiefly thirty-two's and twenty-four pounders, of sufficient consequence to give it a place in his history.

The third expedition undertaken for the purpose of capturing or destroying public property, set out on the night of the 5th May. The destination of this expedition was to the villages of Georgetown and Fredericktown, situated on the opposite banks of the river Sassafraz, and nearly facing each other. The official letter will, however, furnish the most correct details.

H. M. S. Maldstone, off the Sassafraz river,
May 6th, 1813.

SIR,—I have the honour to acquaint you, that understanding Georgetown and Fredericktown, situated up the Sassafraz river, were places of some trade and importance, and the Sassafraz being the only river or place of shelter for vessels at this upper extremity of the Chesapeake, which I had not examined and cleared, I directed, last night, the assembling the boats alongside the Mohawk, from whence with the marines, as before, under captains Wybourn and Carter, with my friend lieutenant Robertson, of the artillery, and his small party, they proceeded up this river, being placed by me for this operation, under the immediate directions of captain Byng of the Mohawk.

I intended that they should arrive before the above mentioned towns by dawn of day, but in this I was frustrated by the intricacy of the river, our total want of local knowledge in it, the darkness of the night, and the great distance the towns lay up it; it, therefore, unavoidably became late in the morning

before we approached them, when, having intercepted a small boat with two inhabitants, I directed captain Byng to halt our boats about two miles below the town, and I sent forward the two Americans in their boat to warn their countrymen against acting in the same rash manner the people of Havre-de-Grace had done; assuring them if they did, that their towns would inevitably meet with a similar fate; but, on the contrary, if they did not attempt resistance, no injury should be done to them or their towns; that vessels and public property only would be seized; that the strictest discipline would be maintained; and that, whatever provisions or other property of individuals I might require for the use of the squadron, should be instantly paid for in its fullest value. After having allowed sufficient time for this message to be digested, and their resolution taken thereon, I directed the boats to advance, and I am sorry to say, I soon found the more unwise alternative was adopted; for on our reaching within about a mile of the town, between two projecting elevated points of the river, a most heavy fire of musketry was opened on us from about 400 men, divided and entrenched on the two opposite banks, aided by one long gun. The launches and rocket-boats smartly returned this fire with good effect, and with the other boats and the marines I pushed ashore immediately above the enemy's position, thereby ensuring the capture of the towns or the bringing him to a decided action. He determined, however, not to risk the latter; for the moment he discerned we had gained the shore, and that the marines had fixed their bayonets, he fled with his whole force to the woods, and was neither seen nor heard of afterwards, though several were sent out to ascertain whether he had taken up any new position, or what had become of him. I gave him, however, the mortification of seeing, from wherever he had hid himself, that I was keeping my word with respect to the towns, which (excepting the houses of those who had continued peaceably in them, and had taken no part in the attack made on us) were forthwith destroyed, as were four vessels laying in the river, and some stores of sugar, of lumber, of leather, and of other merchandize. I then directed the re-embarkation of our small force, and we pro-

ceeded down the river again, to a town I had observed, situated in a branch of it, about half way up, and here I had the satisfaction to find, that what had passed at Havre, Georgetown, and Fredericktown, had its effect, and led these people to understand, that they had more to hope for from our generosity, than from erecting batteries, and opposing us by means within their power; the inhabitants of this place having met me at landing, to say that they had not permitted either guns or militia to be stationed there, and that whilst there I should not meet with any opposition whatever. I therefore landed with the officers and a small guard only, and having ascertained that there was no public property of any kind, or warlike stores, and having allowed of such articles as we stood in need of being embarked in the boats on payment to the owner of their full value, I again re-embarked, leaving the people of this place well pleased with the wisdom of their determination on their mode of receiving us. I also had a deputation from Charlestown, in the north-east river to assure me that that place is considered by them at your mercy, and that neither guns nor militia-men shall be suffered there; and as I am assured that all the places in the upper part of the Chesapeake have adopted similar resolutions, and that there is now neither public property, vessels, or warlike stores remaining in this neighbourhood, I propose returning to you with the light squadron to-morrow morning.

I am sorry to say the hot fire we were under this morning cost us five men wounded one only, however, severely; and I have much satisfaction in being able to bear testimony to you of the zeal, gallantry, and good conduct of the different officers and men serving in this division. To Captain Byng, of the Mohawk, who conducted the various arrangements on this occasion, with equal skill and bravery, every possible praise is most justly due, as well as to Captains Wybourn, Carter, Lieutenant Robertson, of the Artillery, and Lieutenant Lewis, of the Highflyer; Lieutenant Alexander, of the Dragon, the senior officer under Captain Byng, in command of the boats, deserves also that I should particularly notice him to you for his steadiness, correctness, and the great ability with which he always executes whatever service is entrusted

to him; and I must beg permission of seizing this opportunity of stating to you how much I have been indebted to Captain Burdett, of this ship, who was good enough to receive me on board the Maidstone, when I found it impracticable to advance higher in the Marlborough, and has invariably accompanied me on every occasion whilst directing these various operations, and rendered me always the most able, prompt, and efficacious assistance.

I have the honor to be, &c.

G. COCKBURN, Rear-Ad.

To the Right Hon. Sir J. B. Warren, Baronet,
K. B. &c.

Whatever severities were used towards the inhabitants of these villages, the chastisement was merited. The British had evinced the desire to respect private property, and had even sent on two of their own countrymen to apprise the villagers of their disposition. The Americans returned a submissive message, alleging that they were without the means of defence, whilst they were preparing a warm reception for their visitors. In short they laid a trap for the British, in which they were themselves caught, inasmuch as they lost their property, which would otherwise have been respected. This was so clearly established that even American writers have been able to make very little of it, and they have, accordingly, contented themselves with general charges of British cruelty and so forth.

One end was gained by the example made of Havro de Grace and the two villages, as deputations praying for mercy began now to be sent to the British commander from the other places in the neighbourhood of the Chesapeake. This disposition on the part of the inhabitants has been construed into "treachery" by the author of "the War," and most unjustly so. The British were in force, the militia who should have opposed them were too few in number and generally too undisciplined, if not lacking in courage, to offer any effectual resistance. What then remained for the poor people but to make the best terms possible, so as to avert the fate which had overtaken three places already mentioned. Still more unfair is it to call the British unprincipled marauders, as on no occasion was any severity observed except

when by making resistance the town or village fell under the category of "places taken by storm."

The great object of the attacks made by such journals as the "National Advocate," "Democratic Press," and others of the same stamp, was to lower the character of British troops and of Britain, in the estimation of Europe, and, at the same time, by the recital of these outrages to influence the feelings of western patriots. James, who was in a situation to ascertain the truth declares that "American citizens of the first consequence in Baltimore, Annapolis and Washington, when they have gone on board the British Chesapeake squadron, as they frequently did, with flags, to obtain passports, or ask other favours, and these inflammatory paragraphs were shown to them, never failed to declare with apparent shame, that they had been penned without the slightest regard to truth; but merely to instigate their ferocious countrymen in the Western States to rally round the American standard." Fortunately the task of disproving all these charges is easy, as the North American Review bears the following testimony to the behaviour of the invaders.

"They, (the British,)," says the Review, were always desirous of making a fair purchase, and of paying the full value of what they received; and it is no more than justice to the enemy to state that, in many instances, money was left behind, in a conspicuous place, to the full amount of what had been taken away.*

One very material difference may be observed between the proclamations we have seen issued by General Hull, on the first invasion of Canada, and Sir George Cockburn's addresses to the Americans. The first, invited the Canadians to turn traitors, threatening them, in case of non-compliance, with all the horrors of war, the English Admiral merely asked them for their own sakes not to oppose a superior force.

The next object of importance was the cutting out of the American Schooner Surveyor, by the boats of the *Nacissus*. This was a very spirited thing on both sides, and so impressed was Lieutenant Crierie with the gal-

*North American Review, vol. 5. V. P. 153.

lantly of the American Commander, Captain Travis, that he returned him his sword with the following letter:—

From Lieutenant CRERIE to Captain TRAVIS.

His Majesty's ship Narcissus, June 18th, 1813.

SIR,—Your gallant and desperate attempt to defend your vessel against more than double your number, on the night of the 13th instant, excited such admiration on the part of your opponents, as I have seldom witnessed, and induces me to return you the sword you had nobly used, in testimony of mine. Our poor fellows have severely suffered, occasioned chiefly, if not solely, by the precaution you had taken to prevent surprise; in short, I am at a loss which to admire most, the previous engagement on board the Surveyor, or the determined manner by which her deck was disputed, inch by inch.

I am, Sir, with much respect, &c.

JOHN CRERIE.

Captain S. Travis, U. S. Cutter, Surveyor.

Towards the middle of June, the Naval Attack on Junon by Commander at Norfolk, flotilla.

Com. Cassin deemed it advisable to attempt the destruction or capture of the Junon, forty-six gun frigate, then anchored in Hampton Roads, and from which boat expeditions had been dispatched to destroy the shipping in James' River.

An attack was made on the 20th by the American flotilla,* armed with some thirty

*From Commodore CASSIN to the American Secretary of the Navy.

Navy Yard, Gosport, June 21, 1813.

SIR,—On Saturday, at 11 P. M., Captain Tarbell moved with the flotilla under his command consisting of 15 gun-boats, in two divisions, Lieutenant John M. Gardner, 1st division, and Lieutenant Robert Henley, the 2nd, manned from the frigate, and 50 musketeers, ordered from Craney Island by General Taylor, and proceeded down the River; but adverse winds and squalls prevented his approaching the enemy until Sunday morning at four, when the flotilla commenced a heavy galling fire on a frigate, at about three quarters of a mile distance, lying well up the roads, two other frigates lying in sight. At half past four, a breeze sprang up from E.N.E. which enabled the two frigates to get under way—one a razee or very heavy ship, and the other a frigate—and to come nearer into action. The boats in consequence of their approach, hauled off, though keeping up a well directed fire on the razee and the other ship, which gave us several broadsides. The frigate first engaged, supposed to be the

guns, and manned with about five hundred men. The Junon was becalmed and as the flotilla did not venture within reach of her carronades, the action was confined to a distant cannonade. It, however, lasted a sufficiently long time to warrant Commodore Cassin's writing the letter which we have given in our notes. One statement of the doughty Commodore is particularly ridiculous, viz., that the Junon was almost reduced to a sinking state, the fact being that she received two shots only in her hull, and had but one man killed.

Junon, was certainly severely handled—had the calm continued one half hour, that frigate must have fallen into our hands, or been destroyed. She must have slipped her mooring so as to drop nearer the razee, who had all sail set, coming up to her with the other frigate. The action continued one hour and a half with three ships. Shortly after the action, the razee got alongside of the ship, and had her upon a deep career in a little time, with a number of boats and stages round her. I am satisfied considerable damage was done to her, for she was silenced some time, until the razee opened her fire, when she commenced. Our loss is very trifling. Mr. Allison, master's mate, on board 189, was killed early in the action, by an 18 pound ball, which passed through him and lodged in the mast. No. 154 had a shot between wind and water. No. 67 had her franklin shot away, and several of them had some of their sweeps and stanchions shot away—but two men slightly injured from the sweeps. On the flood tide several ships of the line and frigates came into the roads, and we did expect an attack last night. There are now in the roads 13 ships of the line and frigates, one brig and several tenders.

I cannot say too much for the officers and crews on this occasion; for every man appeared to go into action with much cheerfulness, apparently anxious to do his duty and resolved to conquer. I had a better opportunity of discovering their actions than any one else, being in my boat the whole of the action.

I have the honor to be, &c.

JOHN CASSIN.

Hon. W. Jones, &c.

IS KNOWLEDGE POWER?

Not always; at least the converse of the proposition does not always hold good, as the following epigram shews. It is supposed to be addressed anonymously by a school-boy to his master, an ignorant pedagogue, notorious for flogging.

"Knowledge is power," so saith Lord Bacon,
But you're a proof he was mistaken;
For though you were brought up at college,
You're destitute of wit or KNOWLEDGE,
Though by your floggings every hour
You prove you have tremendous POWER.

THOUGHTS FOR MAY.

Lo the winter is past—

The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come.—*Song of Solomon* ii. 11, 12.

THIS, the fifth month of the year, is supposed to owe its name to Romulus, by whom it was called *Maius*, as a mark of respect to the senators and elders (*Majores*) of Rome. This month was selected by our Saxon ancestors for folk-motes, or conventions of the people, to be held after seed time, for the election of the wits, or wise men of the Wittenagemote or Parliament. In order to make the place of meeting more conspicuous, a pole was erected on the common green, consecrated to *Hersha*, the goddess of peace and fertility, and it was commanded that no quarrels should be maintained during this festival. After the Norman conquest the Pagan festival of Whittentide lapsed into the Christian holiday of Whitsuntide, and the *May Pole*, from forming a portion of a Pagan ceremonial, became a mark to signify the coming of the joyous time of which the month of May is supposed to be the herald. We say joyous, for although many of the festive scenes, with which our forefathers were wont to hail this month have passed away, still evidence of the boundless benevolence of the Deity are so thickly showered upon us, as to make this, in truth, a gladsome time and worthy of all the attributes with which poets have loved to invest it.

MAY-DAY.

Weave garlands of the primrose, and the tender violet blue,

Polyanthus, and the hawthorn blossom gay;
Weave garlands of the king-cup bright, all glistening with dew,

And all to welcome in the morn, the merry morn of May.

And see already drest,
To grace the rustic feast,

The Maypole, with its rainbow streamers gay:
The tribute offering meet,
Of village maidens sweet,

To Love and Beauty dedicate, and May, dear May!

Weave garlands of each token flower, and join the festive throng,

The revelry, and sportive train assembled round her shrine;

And with many a rural rite, and in far-sounding song,

Go, celebrate her mysteries divine:

And tell of roseate bowers,

And of lightly-speeding hours;

And of Nature, in her loveliest, arrayed:

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Of carol sweet of birds,

Of rejoicing flocks and herds;

And of nymphs that love the fountain bright, or woo the woodland shade.

Weave garlands, brightest garlands, for the merry morn of May,

And go mingle where her votaries are found;
The joyous peasant group, in their holiday array,
The morrice lightly dancing blythe, the lofty column round:

And for the stricken heart,

That in pleasure has no part,

Ah, weave, yet weave a garland meet, of flowers, sweet flowers!

And whisper of the rose,

That nor blight nor ruin knows;

And the glorious sun that sparkles fair on Salem's royal towers.

During this month the plants, which, at the latter end of April, only began to pierce the soil and coyly peep out, are now shooting out into full leaf, and, towards the latter end of the month, even expands into blossom.

Then flowers, with which the earth becomes carpeted during May, afford a means of simple enjoyment, and a source of the most innocent gratification to the senses; and the full blown maturity of the latter end of the month renders apparent the purposes of the previous season, demonstrating how everything has been guided and controlled by a wise Beneficence.

The characteristic of this month is flowers, and accordingly we find that amongst the Greeks, the advent of the season was always a cause of exultation. The same feeling is also to be found amongst the Hebrews—"Let us fill ourselves," says Solomon, "with costly wine and ointments; and let no flower of the spring pass by us."

Howitt, in his book of the Seasons, when speaking of the fondness of the Hebrews for flowers, observes—"Amongst that solemn and poetical people they were commonly regarded as the favorite symbols of the beauty and fragility of life." By them man was compared to the flower of the field: "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth," are beautiful illustrations of the imagery which these beautiful creations of an all-good and wise God supplied his chosen people.

Howitt is very eloquent on the subject of flowers, and he truly remarks that, of all the poetry drawn from them, none is so beautiful, none so sublime, none so imbued with that very spirit in which they were made, as that of Christ.

"And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they

toll not neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

"The sentiment built upon this," continues Howitt, "entire dependence on the goodness of the Creator, is one of the lights of our existence, and could only have been uttered by Christ;" but we have here also the expression of the very spirit of beauty in which flowers were created; a spirit so boundless and overflowing that it delights to enliven and adorn with these radiant creations of sunshine the solitary places of the earth; to scatter them by myriads over the very desert "where no man is; in the wilderness where there is no man;" sending rain, "to satisfy the desolate and waste ground, and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth."

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. XXIII.

A NIGHT WITH THE HAGGIS CLUB.

THE day which succeeded my arrival at Ramsay Lodge I spent in exploring the curiosities of Edinburgh, under the pilotage of Mr. Duncan Dirlton.

[Here Peter Powhead occupies some two hundred closely written folio pages detailing the results of his "explications," as he expresses it. All this we are necessitated to leave out, partly for want of space, and partly because the bulk of the information which it conveys would be stale as "pipers' news" to a plethoric percentage of our patrons. The "Waverly Novels" have rendered Scotland in general, and its capital in particular, classic ground to the civilized world; and educated cosmopolites are as familiar with "Arthur's Seat" and Holyrood House" as they are with the "Parthenon," and the "Leaning Tower of Pisa."—Ed. A. A. M.]

After we had gone through the recruitment of a good dinner, my host proposed that we should wind up the day by paying a visit to an association designated the "HAGGIS CLUB," of which he was a member.

This convivial denomination—Mr. Dirlton certiorated me—had been of very ancient standing; and its records contained the names of some of the most distinguished and eccentric characters who had been connected with Edinburgh during the currency of more than a century. A few of the older members—my friend continued—were still extant, and regularly attended the meetings of the social brotherhood. These seniors when properly "tapped," were wont to yield copious

draughts of information touching the men and manners of bygone generations; and Duncan (as he assured me) standing well in their good graces, he questioned not his ability to make them open out after a fructifying fashion.

The prospect of such a symposium had as exhilarating an affect upon me, as the sight of a new fashioned gown has upon the gadding daughters of Eve; and when eight o'clock had sounded from the tower of St. Giles, I gladly accompanied Mr. Dirlton to the place of meeting. "I suppose I'll be in bed before you come back,"—observed the lady of the mansion as we took our departure—"but if you should want a mouthful to eat with your *night caps*, I'll leave out a couple of partans along with the drinkables!" For this hospitable providence Mrs. Dirlton received from her liege lord a commendatory osculation, which made Ramsay lodge vocal from the coal hole to the garrets thereof, and amidst a volley of "Hoot! fie for shames!" from the blushing assignee, we commenced our pilgrimage.

Having proceeded for some distance down the High Street, my Palinurus guided me into a dark and narrow entry, which he called the "Flesh Market Close." Dismal and gloomy was the aspect of that steep and rugged viaduct, and no stranger could have predicated that it led to anything save the dens of poverty and crime. Without hesitation, however, did the writer to the Signet descend into the profundities of this civic gully, merely giving me the caution to mind my feet and head.

Having escaped all dangers, we found ourselves at the door of a hostel, and ascending a flight of stairs were ushered by a Highland waiter into the room appropriated to the sederants of the "Haggis Club."

It was a long, low-roofed chamber furnished with chairs and tables of a peculiarly antique fashion, and the oaken walls were hung round with a series of engravings evidently executed by one artist.

To these prints Mr. Dirlton specially directed my attention, and as none of the company had yet arrived he proceeded to give me some account of them, and their author.

John Kay had been like myself, brought up to the honourable and ancient profession of hair-cutting and shaving. After duly serving his apprenticeship he was admitted a member of the worshipful Society of Barber-surgeons, a corporation which was once much more esteemed than it is in these degenerate latter days.

Kay continued to ply the scissors and razor till the year 1785, when the success of some etchings

which he published induced him to drop his old profession, and follow the fine arts for a subsistence.

From the above-mentioned period down to the year 1817, John Kay might be said to have been the caricature historian of his native city. With a keen appreciation of the ludicrous and *outré*, he combined a wonderful facility of committing his thoughts to copper, and very frequently the public were laughing at the representation of some droll occurrence which had taken place, only two or three days before.

Scarcely a person of any notoriety who figured in the Scottish capital for the space of nearly half a century—scarcely a local incident of any comic force, escaped the notice of this North British Hogarth. All are there—magistrates, professors, clergymen, beggars, lawyers, debauchees, quacks, ladies, bailies, hangmen, and idiots.

I may refer to a few of the sketches of Kay, which adorned the hall of the Haggis Club, and the history of which Mr. Diriton obligingly gave me.

One day a print was exhibited in the artist's window entitled—"Petticoat government, or the grey mare the better horse." Kay having understood that a gentleman, who was obnoxious to a similar imputation, had made himself prominently merry at the parties represented, resolved to teach him that the tenant of a glass-house should not cast stones. Accordingly the laughter was in his turn edified by the appearance of "Campbell of Sonachon laughing at the print of petticoat government!"

Mr. Hamilton Bell, a well known writer to the *Signet*, wagered that he would carry a publican's call-boy on his back from Edinburgh to Musselborough, and won his wager. This was cakes and ale to the Barber-surgeon, who in a short time produced an engraving of Bell, with the boy on his back, accompanied by a surgeon named Roe, who acted as umpire—encountering a group of Musselborough fish women, with their creels. So enraged was the lawyer at this "counterfeit presentment" of his achievement, that he lodged a complaint against Kay, who accordingly was brought up before the Sheriff for examination. Having proved that Bell actually did carry the stripling to Musselborough, the artist was immediately liberated, and all the satisfaction which the irate prosecutor got was the issue of a second engraving representing the examination of his tormentor. The Sheriff and clerk are depicted as sitting coolly at table, with Kay standing before them; and Bell and his umpire figure in the back-ground in an ecstasy of impotent rage.

One of the sketches, which mainly arrested my notice, was called "The Sleepy Congregation."—Its scene is laid in the "Tolbooth Church" as it was in the days when Dominie Sampson was intrusted to the curatorship of Miles McFinn to guide him in his search after a place of worship congenial to his peculiar theological views. Dr. Webster, a Presbyterian divine of some mark was the incumbent of the Kirk in question at the time when the print of which I am speaking appeared. His congregation was known by the appellation of the "Tolbooth Whigs" as being supposed to make the nearest approach in practice and doctrine to the followers of those pillars of the Covenant Cargill and Cameron. Kay does not attempt to caricature Dr. Webster, whose virtues protected him from such a fate, but nothing can be conceived more intensely ridiculous than the congregation! It is composed of all the denizens of Edinburgh who were signally notorious for their habitual neglect of public worship. Some are sunk in repose, others are looking up with a serio-comic expression, in which drowsiness seems struggling with astonishment and bewilderment, at finding themselves in such an unwonted and incongruous place?

Pointing out the figure of a strange looking personage, holding a stick with the similitude of a face carved upon the head thereof, Mr. Diriton certiorated me that it represented a character somewhat notorious in his day.

James Robertson of Kineraigle, or as he was generally called "the daft Highland Laird," had been implicated in the unfortunate "rising" of 1745. He was imprisoned by the victorious Hanoverian party, but was soon released from confinement, his mental imbecility being self-apparent. On his discharge he passed the remainder of his life in Edinburgh, subsisting upon a small annuity allowed him by his relatives, "which enabled him [in the words of a biographer] to maintain the character of a deranged gentleman, with some degree of respectability."

For a long season the Laird's leading aspiration was to get himself executed for his adherence to the Stuart cause. Such a consummation he hungered and thirsted after, as the most enviable fate which could fall to the lot of mortal man.—The government of that day, however, could not be moved to gratify the chivalrous, though somewhat irregular ambition of honest Robertson, and as he could not succeed in mounting a scaffold, he determined, as the next best thing to become the tenant of a jail. Having contrived to run into debt with his landlady, he so frightened her by threats of never paying her, that she was

moved to incarcerate her lodger. When the fact of the would-be traitor's imprisonment became known, his friends lost no time in liquidating the score for which he was confined, but when the turnkey intimated that he was at liberty to choose another domicile, he point blank refused to budge an inch. "It had cost him a sair fecht," he said, "to get into the *"heart o' Mid Lothian,"* and Deil tak' him if he would leave it in sic a hurry!"

In this predicament the prison authorities were forced to resort to stratagem, in order to get quit of their ludicrously obtrusive guest. One morning two soldiers of the Town Guard entered the Laird's cell, and told him that they were commissioned to convey him to the High Court of Justiciary, where the Judges were assembled in order to try him for the crime of high treason.—With all the alacrity of a bridegroom summoned to lead his fair one to the altar, the devoted Robertson sallied forth in custody of his escort.—Alas! his hopes of obtaining the crown of political martyrdom, were doomed to be bitterly quenched! No sooner had he reached the door of the jail, than he was pushed out with an emphasis which precipitated him into the centre of the causeway, and his beloved bastille was closed against him forever!

Abandoning the Utopian dream of getting himself hanged, the Laird betook himself to the so-lacement of carving in wood, for which, as it would appear, he had a natural aptitude. Being of a philanthropic disposition, he manufactured large quantities of "tee-totums," and such-like juvenile toys, which he freely dispensed to the rising generation, by a numerous train of whom he was usually followed when he made his appearance in public. Robertson's cherished occupation, however, was carving likenesses of his favourites, and caricatures of parties he deemed his enemies, which he stuck on the top of his cane, and exhibited to the public as he walked along. These effigies had generally a sufficient resemblance to the originals to enable them to be recognised without much difficulty. When any one seemed at a loss to make out the portrait of the day, the Laird used to hold it close to his eye, and exclaim, "Div ye no ken—ye doited, blin' gowk?"

It was of the Laird of Kincraigle that a story was originally told which has been often repeated, without his being named as the hero thereof.

Though as an uncompromising Jacobite, he belonged to the Scottish Episcopal Church, James occasionally found his way into a "crap-lugged conventicle," as he uniformly designated every non-prelatic place of worship. One sultry Sun-

day afternoon, he wandered into the Secession meeting-house in Nicholson street, of which the learned Adam Gib was pastor, and enthroned himself in one of the front seats of the gallery. Overcome by the heat of the weather, an unusually large per centage of the congregation made a temporary emigration into the land of Nod, and so great did the defection at length become, that the preacher deemed it necessary to take special notice thereof. Arousing the slumberers by some energetic blows upon the boards of the pulpit Bible, the irate theologian expatiated upon the backsliding of which the delinquents had been guilty. "Is it not," he said in conclusion; "Is it not a black and a blistering shame, that you have all been anoring for the last ten minutes, with the exception of that poor idiot?" Nettled at this somewhat pointed reference to himself, the Laird started up, and brandishing his cane, exclaimed with an oath, "If I hadna' been a puir idiot, I wud hae been anoring wi' the laive!"

In the same picture which contains the likeness of Mr. Robertson, Kay has introduced a brace of other personages, viz., Doctors Glen and Graham.

The latter was a notorious charlatan, who made himself conspicuous by a novel method of treating the various ills to which human flesh is heir. His system consisted in burying his patients up to the chin in earth which he called, giving them "a suck of their mother." To demonstrate his faith in the remedy which he preached, Graham was in the habit of "planting" himself in a public garden, and whilst in that position lecturing for several consecutive hours to a select audience of disciples and admirers.

Dr. Glen was an Edinburgh medico, more renowned for his avarice than professional skill. When at the age of seventy, he felt inclined to become a benedict, and paid his addresses to a young maiden who had not parted company with her "teens." The damsel, as might have been anticipated, was not over-eager to grant the suit of her antiquated swain, and only consented to make him happy on his stipulating to provide her with a carriage. The Doctor religiously kept his word, but kept it somewhat too literally to the letter. When the knot was tied he presented his better-half with a chariot, according to paction, but no solicitation could persuade him to add horses. The quadrupeds were "not in the bond," and consequently never were forthcoming.

It so happened that the Doctor being troubled with sore eyes, put himself under the care of Graham, who had the chance to effect a cure. Glen

being at a loss how to remunerate his professional brother for his services, consulted some of the junior members of the faculty as to the most genteel way of doing so. The waggish sons of Galenus advised him to invite the "earth physician" and a few of his own friends to dinner at a fashionable tavern, and then and there offer him a purse of thirty guineas. This donative, they assured him, Graham would, as a matter of course, decline to accept, and thus he would gain all the credit of doing a handsome thing at little cost. Glen followed their counsel, but to his measureless astonishment and chagrin, Graham, when tendered the purse coolly pocketed the same as a matter of course. In the engraving to which I am referring, the Laird with a sardonic chuckle takes off his bonnet and holds up a carved head of Graham as he passes Glen, who looks most pertinaciously in another direction, clenching his fist all the while.

Before leaving Laird Robertson I may mention a smart saying of his which was narrated to me by Mr. Dirlton.

The Hon. Henry Erskine one day as he was entering the Parliament House, where the Scottish Supreme Law Courts are held, chanced to fall in with Kincraigie who like "poor Peter Peebles" was a great frequenter of that litigious locality. Erskine, who was well acquainted with the original, inquired how he was. "Oo, no that ill," was the response—"but I hae a sma' favour to ask you, this braw saft morning, Just tak' in Justice wi' you, (pointing to one of the statues over the old perch of the Parliament House,) She has lang been standing on the outside, Harry, and it wad be a treat for her to see the inside, like other strangers!"

By this time a goodly number of the brethren of the Haggis Club had developed themselves, and to all of them I was introduced by my friend in due form. With comparatively few exceptions, they pertained to the old school, and consequently their reminiscences had mainly reference to men and things which had become matter of history and tradition. Many of them had been clerks to judges and lawyers who had long ceased to figure upon this mundane stage, and some of their notices of these worthies struck me as being worthy of preservation.

From Mr. Cuthbert Keelevine, in particular, I gleaned one or two sappy and appetizing items.

Mr. Keelevine had attained the age of eighty years, and yet was still as "straight as a rush," to use a common saying. Being a Tory to the back-bone (that wisly-washy non-descript called *Conservatism*, had not then been kitted!) he

scorned to give way to the degeneracies of modern costume, and sported his hair powder and tie as he had been wont to do half a century before. The rest of his outfit was of corresponding antiquity, and altogether he had hugely the flavour of a venerable family-portrait which, becoming animated, had stepped forth from its canvas, in order to see how the world did wag!

Observing that my attention was taken up by the pictorial adornments of the club room, Mr. Keelevine observed, "Ay Mr. Powhead, mony o' the personages that puir Kay drew, and like him now under the mools, were weel known to me, when this auld coat was new!"

"There—for instance—is Hugo Arnot, the Advocate, and historian of Edinburgh, just drawn to the very life! The exact man is before you! There he was as a stuffed eel, which made Erskine remark when he once met him eating a dried spelding—(Hugo was unco' fond o' speldings!) 'I am glad to see you, looking so like your meat!'"

"With all his oddities and eccentricities Arnot was the the very soul o' honour and integrity, and would nae mair think o' taking a dirty cause in hand, than he would of picking a pocket. Indeed there is but scanty difference between the twa things!"

"On one occasion a case was submitted to his consideration which was very far removed from the confines o' equity and fair dealing. When the client had told his story Hugo looked at him with a grave and sterna countenance and asked, 'Pray sir, what do you take me to be?' Why! answered the intending litigant—"I understand you to be a lawyer!" The wrathful advocate opened the door of his consulting chamber, and pointing to the stair exclaimed, 'I thought sir, you took me for a scoundrel!'"

Directing my notice to another figure in the same sketch Mr. Cuthbert continued: "You see here an excellent likeness o' Henry Home, Lord Kames one o' the greatest masters o' jurisprudence that ever adorned the Scottish Bench. Like the majority o' his judicial and forensic brethren, he possessed a strong unction o' originality, tintured wi' what the milk sops o' the present day would characterise as *coarseness*.

"Brawly do I mind the manner in which he took leave o' his fellow-judges, and professional frierds, when retiring frae the station which he had adorned sae lang. Wi' a power and pathos which brought tears into the eyes o' a' that heard him, he dwelt upon his advanced years, his declining faculties, and the momentous appearance which he was sae soon to mak before the

tribunal o' the Almighty. Ye wad hae thought that it was some grand auld Roman that was rolling out the magnificent and classic sentences. Having concluded his address, which was listened to in breathless silence; the abdicating judge retired and divested himself o' the silken robe which he was never mair to wear. Before finally leaving the Parliament House, however, he could not resist once again taking a look at the scene where he had spent sae many happy hours. Opening the door which communicated with the Bench, occupied by his quondam associates who still sat absorbed in the solemnity o' the occasion, he glanced at the mournful group and exclaimed in his broad, ringing Scotch dialect—'Fare ye a' weel ye——!' Puir Kames! he was dead and buried within ten days frae that date."

Just as Mr. Keelevine had concluded the above recital, one of the younger members took his departure, observing, by way of excuse for flitting so prematurely that he was engaged to be present at an evening party in the New Town.

This intimation was received with a shaking of heads by the Seniors, several of whom scrupled not to declare that the idea of going to a ladies gathering when it was close upon the "chap" of eleven, was preposterous in the extreme.

"It was widely different in my younger days"—observed one of the convocation who had been introduced to me as McKrieck of Skire, a Fife-shire Laird, rendered a trifle misanthropical by the gout in his senectitude—"It was different entirely when I was in the habit of mixing in fashionable society! At orra times, I grant, a wheen young birkies, who took a pride in suffering the maut to get aboon the meal, used to keep up their jinks frae sunset to cock crow, but the womenkind seldom transgressed cannie *elders hours*! Mony a tea party, for instance, have I attended when a Laddie, given by the mother of the late Sir William Forbes, the great banker. Lady Forbes, I need hardly say, had the best blood of Scotland in her veins, being a member of the ancient Monimusk family, and moved in the very first circles. She inhabited a small house in Forcester's Wynd, consisting of a single floor, and which I will be bound to say would be considered vulgar by the tailors and pawnbrokers of this up-setting generation! Her routes, as they were termed, generally assembled at five o'clock in the afternoon, and by nine, or may be half an hour later, the longest tarrying of the guests had taken their departure. Of course young, wha's-his-name, that has just left us would turn up his nose at such hours, as being pestilently ungentee, but as thing is clear beyond dubitation that

baith purse and body were the better in consequence. Nerves and consumptions were then far frae being such aristocratic ailments as they have now become, and the number of bankruptcies likewise proportionably small."

A hearty amen was epilogued to this commendation of primitive times, by the sympathetic Cuthbert Keelevine, who craved permission from the Club to read certain verses by Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, bearing upon the matter in hand. They formed part of a kind of town eclogue in which a farmer who knew Edinburgh in a past age, is supposed to commune regarding its modern changes with a city acquaintance. Thus they ran!

"Hech! what a change hae we now in this town.

A'now are braw lads, the lassies a' glancin';
Folk maun be dizzy gaun aye in this roun',
For deil a hae't's done now but feastin' and dancin'.

"Gowd's no that scanty in ilk siller poch,
When ilka bit laddie maun hae his bit staigie;
But I kent the day when there was na' a Jock,
But trotted about upon honest shank's naigie.

"Little was stoun then and less gaed to waste,
Barely a moollin for mice or for rattens;
The thrifty gude wife to the fleshmarket paced,
Her equipage a'—just a gude pair o' pattens.

"Folk were as good then, and friends were as leal
Though coaches were scant, wi' their cattle a' cantrin';
Right aire we were tell't by the housemaid or chiel,
Sir, an ye please, here's yer lass and a lantern'.

"The town may be cloutit and pieced till it meets,
A' neebors benorth and besouth without haltin'
Brigs may be biggit ower lums and ower streets,
The Nor-Loch itsel' heap'd as high as the Calton.

"But whar is true friendship and whar will you see
A' that is gude, honest', modest, and thrifty?
Tak gray hairs and wrinkles, and hirple wi' me,
And think on the seenteen-hundred and fifty!"

At the close of this lyrical homily the landlord and his napkin-bearing tall entered for the purpose of laying the table for the supper. A description of this banquet, and the communing which gave zest to the same will be forthcoming anon.

EYES.

“Oculi sunt in amore duces.”

Here's to *dark* eyes—pearls of jet,
Midst their drooping borders set—
Piercing, speaking, without breath—
Language only mute in death—
Beaming pity, kindness, rest,
Comfort to the troubled breast—
Tales and trystings, ditties, book,
Oh! what worlds in black eyes look!
Sparkling—flashing in disdain,
Spurning, crushing—ah! the pain—
Drink the *dark-eyed* maid—'tis she,
Lives and moves, *all* poetry.

Sky-born beauty! *eye* of blue,
Star-lit radiance fits in you—
Soft and mellow in thy flash
Laughing 'neath the trellis' lash,
Realms beyond contemptuous hate—
Firm, unflinching—mild, yet great,
Truth flows ever in thy beams,
Calm as grass fring'd crystal streams.

Trustful, melting *hazel* eyes,
Source of romaunt, love and sighs—
Guitars, gages, vows and verses,
Moonlights, duels, blessings, curses,
Hazel ever has been *witching*—
Coy, reluctant, wooing, winning.

Here's a health, a bubbling glassie
To the modest *grey-ey'd* lassie
Never fired by treach'rous wiles,
Thine are uncoquettish smiles.
Ah! can cottage glow more bright
Than illumed by *grey eye's* light?
Curl your ascent—home, hearth-smoke—
Through the maples, o'er the oak!

Cross-eyes—tender—eyes which roll.
Lovely all—they tell the soul.

PIERRE.

Meeting an old schoolfellow on one of ANGELINA's “cleaning” days, and rashly inviting him to take pot-luck with you.—*Note.* The tax in this case consists in a pacificatory trip to SISTER's the next morning.

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT POSITION
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

THE influence of the tone of mind of the better educated portion of the community in directing public opinion is well known to every student of history, and consequently to all enlightened governments; the foresight of statesmen has ever been directed to the protection of science and literature, it being well known that in the reciprocating support of these, they have the strongest guarantee of the stability of the government itself. This arises less from the fact that scholars as a class are necessarily shrewd politicians, or even sagacious observers, than from their acquired habits of study and analysis which give them great advantages over any other portion of the community. Hence they are less liable to be led away by sudden impulse, look more to ultimate consequences, are more free from the benumbing influence of party, and have a higher standard of political morality than those who without such training and preparation are brought into public life. In a word, while in despotic governments they form the advanced guard of the defenders of the liberties of the people, in free governments they have always a conservative tendency, arising more or less in each case from the patriotism and love of country excited by the development of young and generous minds, illuminated by the light of history.

That the want of some Colonial institution, in which the higher branches of a sound and liberal education could be obtained, would soon be felt in this prosperous country, was early perceived by those who had the chief influence in the management of the affairs of the colony, and how-much-soever individuals may differ in their estimate of the means taken to supply such a want, no lover of his country can deny the wisdom and patriotism of the effort. While our population was composed principally of emigrants, and the great natural wealth and resources of the land were as yet undeveloped, Canada might well be dependent on the mother country for legislators, divines, lawyers, physicians and teachers of public schools. But now, when the greater portion of the population is native, when comparative affluence has succeeded the struggle for existence, and when the future gives promise of a high and glorious destiny, it well behoves every Canadian to look around and see if we have not among ourselves the material to fill the highest offices of honor, trust and emolument in our native land. That we have such the bar affords a striking example, but who can doubt

that the time is at hand when native preeminence in all the learned professions will not be the exception but the rule. Of all means to attain such a desideratum, the maintenance of an institution of high standard in the faculties of arts, law and medicine, seems to be the most direct, and to be the most deserving of the guardian care of the government of the country.

Especially should the immunities and privileges of the members of such an institution be jealously guarded and made the rewards of superior attainments. Thus protected have Oxford and Cambridge in England flourished for centuries, supplying, with men of enlarged views, acute minds and cultivated intellect, the legislature, the bar, and the pulpit. Under a like liberal and enlightened policy, the elms of New Haven and Hartford in the adjoining States, at each succeeding anniversary, overshadow as well the octogenarian as the sophomore of sixteen, united by a common love and veneration for their Alma Mater.

Compared with these, what a tale is that of our Canadian University! Endowed with regal munificence, how little has it been allowed to accomplish! In its short period of active existence, what changes has it not witnessed! Each succeeding session has been marked by a new statute, by a new chapter of vicissitude. First Kings College is transformed into the University of Toronto, and then the fair proportions of a University are dwarfed into the present high-school, and to render the ruin complete, the site and grounds beautified by years of care, are ruthlessly confiscated. The allowance of a valuation for the grounds renders it no less a confiscation. No monied value can atone for the loss of stability in the institution and what guarantee is there that the same proceeding may not be repeated with regard to any site which hereafter may be decided upon? The taking the management of the funds from the University, when in such a flourishing condition, and transferring it back into the hands of the government, if not for the private ends of those in power, rather points to such a contingency. Reasons will never be wanting to give for change, when the interests or whims of an unscrupulous ministry are to be served. To be successful every institution must have a character of permanency, be rooted in the affections, and interwoven with the pleasant associations, of its members. This was well effected by the original charter, by which the masters and scholars were an integral part of the corporation, and the graduates of the degree of Master of Arts and of any degree in Law and Medicine,

had a vote in convocation, passed graces for admission to degrees, and elected their officers.— Thus wherever through the length and breadth of the Province, the alumni of the University might settle down, they still felt an interest in their Alma Mater, and cherished among themselves an *esprit de corps*.

Doubtless, they would under a proper constitution have proved, [as suggested in the *North British Review* for February last] had they been permitted to exert their proper influence, a check to the selfish views of professors, and a means of infusing vigor and freshness into the government of the institution.

Mr. Baldwin, however, in his Bill of 1849, probably considering their numbers as yet too small, and imitating the constitutions of the University of Oxford, introduced a new governing body called the Senate, which, however, was after the year 1860, to be entirely composed of the graduates of the University. This was the most unfortunate feature in his Bill, and although evidently framed with considerable care, the professorial influence was far too great, and a general levelling or equalization of the salaries was the consequence. Besides, subjects of dispute were continually arising as to the intention of the Bill, and with regard to the respective powers of the Senate and the House of Convocation. The introduction by Mr. Baldwin's successors in office of persons absolutely disqualified by the provisions of the Bill for the office of Senators, and who were generally the representatives of the different religious sects, led to the worst results. The Senate Chamber became a scene of personal attack and recrimination, and of the most sordid and grasping efforts on the part of those who had been loudest in their reprehension of the former government of the University; to share, now they had the opportunity, in the spoils of the endowment. In removing this incubus on the fair prospects of the institution, the Bill of last session is commendable. But what necessity for such a sweeping measure? the appointment of persons properly qualified was all that was required to work the desired change. Why such indecent haste in bringing in and passing the measure? No previous warning was given, no change was sought by the country, none solicited by the University itself. The sole reason seems to have been to place the endowment in the hands of the government, and to gratify the selfish views of the enemies of the professors of the faculties of Law and Medicine.

The proposed adoption of these very discarded faculties into Cambridge and Oxford showed the

necessity of keeping them here, but in this as in other respects, Canada exhibits the disheartening example of a retrograde movement in the cause of social and political progress. The preamble of the Bill sets forth that an institution like the University of London would suit the wants of the country, and then, to carry out the appositeness of the example, does away with the Medical School, the distinctive and peculiar feature of the said University, which has besides the faculties of Divinity and Law. Was the originator of the Bill not aware of the agitation of the members of this very University of London for a House of Convocation, and that they were about obtaining their just demands? If so, it was convenient to forget it, and the fact that an institution in England never had a right, was given as a reason that a similar body in Canada should be deprived of privileges secured to them by charter, and of which they had the actual use and enjoyment. The few immunities of the graduates were extinguished, the rights of the Convocation treated with silent contempt, and the only part of the corporation completely free from government control, coolly snuffed out. This, as an act of injustice and tyranny was infamous, but the abolition of the faculties of Medicine and Law stamped the act with the character of the greatest fatuity.

If, as has been, with some show of reason, alleged, private feeling and rivalry were the causes, it is gratifying to know that the results thus far have not yielded the expected advantages. The dispersed medical students have either gone to Trinity College, the Universities of Great Britain, or, worse than all, great numbers have swelled the Medical Schools of Philadelphia, New York, and Baltimore, whence they will return with anything but a feeling of patriotism or respect for our political institutions, and, with reason, when they find corporate and vested rights respected in a republic and set at naught in a dependency of England.

The Law Students had, fortunately, the lectures of Trinity College to fall back upon, and that institution now occupies the proud position of being the only true University in this Province! Although its means are now limited they will doubtless be augmented by private munificence, and the gratitude and affection of its members will in time secure it a proper position. This will be cheerfully done; while the Graduates of King's College will either swell their ranks or submit in silent indignation until a more propitious time relieves them from the wrongs and indignities heaped upon them. How the members of the

Legislature could lend themselves to such a measure as the Bill of last Session, will be a wonder for future generations. The motives of the originators were so transparent, the ill effects so manifest, the reasons given so groundless, that the slightest consideration ought to have arrested its passage. But the apathy of the country seems to have been made an excuse to their consciences, and the consequences are now before us. That this apathy of the people is not imaginary was proved by the fact, that when in 1850 scholarships were granted by the Board of Endowment, one to each County in Western Canada that would make an equal appropriation, not a single Municipal Council responded to the call. Even in the matter of public school teachers, by supplying men of a high degree of efficiency, these scholarships would have been of inestimable benefit, and instead of the four talented graduates at Hamilton, Brantford, Simcoe, and Bond Head, there might have been forty at the head of the different Grammar Schools of the Province, elevating the standard of our national education.

In all this the people have themselves to blame, and the effects will hereafter be felt when the remedy has, probably, passed from them. Did they appreciate the benefits of native learning and science they would take care that their sons should enjoy those advantages which Providence has placed within their reach. But they appear well content that their children should toil and sow, become hewers of wood and drawers of water, and suffer designing adventurers and factious demagogues to reap the fruits of their labor and industry. They remain well satisfied that the character of the most prominent men in power should be a by-word and a scoff, and that the evil thus developed at the head of the body politic, should be diffused throughout the community, until political honesty become a tradition, and successful knavery be regarded as the acme of perfection.

The present Reform Bill in England, giving representatives to the University of London and those of Scotland, and the suffrage to each graduate of every University in the United Kingdom, — a feature acceptable to all parties, shows the estimation in which attainment in learning is held there. Oxford and Cambridge, and Trinity College, Dublin, had already their representatives, without taking into account the numbers of their alumni returned at each election for the boroughs, but this was not considered a reason why a class entitled by the highest of qualifications, a liberal education, should be denied the suffrage.

Time was, when the University of King's Col-

lege at Toronto had hopes held out to it, and that by Lord Sydenham, that in course of time it should be represented in the Lower House, but the Bill of last session gave no echo to the spirit of the father of Reform in Canada, and had nothing in common with the spirit of Reform in England.

Vain were the efforts of the University to avert the proposed change! The Senate appointed by the Government, and therefore favorable to them, protested—the Professors memorialized and sent deputations—the Convocation petitioned the Governor General and both Houses of the Legislature—the fiat had gone forth and members were found ready and willing to carry out, under the name of duty to party, the corrupt designs of the originators of the Bill, heedless of the consequences to the country, or to its noblest literary institution. It is to be hoped that future legislation may remedy some of the crying evils complained of and that among the new members, arising from an increased representation, may be found independence and honesty enough to repel wrong and tyranny wherever attempted.

There are many other matters to be treated of in the consideration of this subject: far more than can be compressed within the limits of this brief paper. Perhaps these few remarks may induce others to take up the subject and place it in a proper light before the public, or haply these lines may meet the eye of some of those who have the power to apply a remedy, in whom, should they awaken a spirit of enquiry and cause serious thoughts on a subject of such paramount importance—the writer, A GRADUATE OF KING'S COLLEGE, will be amply rewarded.

THE EASTERN WAR.

HAVING in our last number presented our readers with a graphic picture from the North British Review, exhibiting in truthful colours the chief actors in the Eastern Tragedy, displaying in the foreground the real origin and bearing of the Plot, and portraying the attitude assumed by the Western Powers, we redirect our eyes to the scene now rendered still more illuminated and exciting by the publication of the secret correspondence unfolding the treacherous designs of Russia, and to our own Declaration of War, which flings down the Gauntlet from a hand pure, unstained, and strengthened by the brave and undivided heart of a Mighty Empire.

Already have our hosts gone forth in their floating Towers, their enthusiasm sweetening the prospect of conflict, and shutting out the idea of a homeward return until they inflict upon their

enemy a merited chastisement; and we may apply to them the words of Homeric Song, exulting in the feeling which animated the Greeks before Troy.

There is now before the world indubitable evidence of an attempted conspiracy by the Czar against Turkey—of the *settlement* of the dispute respecting the Holy places, and the grateful acknowledgment by Russia of our friendly offices in the matter,—of the subsequent treachery of the Menzikoff mission to Constantinople demanding the Sultan's consent within a week to a Russian Protectorate or rather sovereignty over more than two-thirds of the inhabitants of Turkey in Europe,—of the strenuous efforts made by the Western Powers to secure Peace on terms adopted by them and assented to by the Porte,—and of Muscovite mendacity, established by dates, showing the impossibility of the occupation of the Danubian Provinces as resulting from the movement of the allied fleets to Besika Bay. The effect of all these developments has been most favourable to the British ministry in gaining them an unanimity of support unequalled in our history. We find even the veteran economist Joseph Hume declaring in the house of commons that "he was prepared to support to the fullest extent the measures of the government in the impending struggle" and that "as to the estimates he was happy to find they were so moderate." While mentioning this last point, we take the occasion to give the Vote taken as follow.

Amount voted.	Increase over last Estimates.
Army £6,287,486.....	£ 262,470
Navy £7,487,948.....	£1,302,456
Ordnance £3,845,878.....	£ 792,311

The income tax has been cheerfully increased, impressment has not been resorted to. Recruits and volunteers, crowd to our standard, non-commissioned officers belonging to regiments not ordered on service even rendering themselves to be reduced to the ranks, in corps going against the enemy, and the utmost respect is to be observed towards neutral property.

Before taking leave of the primary features of the war, we shall briefly notice the ground taken by many, and we confess ourselves strongly allied to their view, that the peace of Europe would have remained undisturbed, had the Czar been notified in terse English that Great Britain would regard his occupation of the Principalities as a *casus belli*, and act accordingly. Such a course would indubitably have prevented the Russian passage of the Pruth, and we ground our opinion upon the traditional sinuities of Muscovite diplomacy, which would have yielded for the time

but sought its object by other and stealthier means. In enunciating however, this opinion, we must nevertheless do justice to the position and motives of our ministry. Viewing them, then, as the custodiers of a people avaricious of blood and treasure, penetrated with a just appreciation of the blessings of peace represented by a press which until lately, denounced in its highest places the patriotism of the Turks, as infidel audacity, seeing them daily assailed until the last moment in the House of Commons by the Cobden school of politicians, we cannot but feel that the issue would have been perilous not only to themselves, but to the harmony of the Empire, had the Czar persisted against them. Delay has disclosed his designs, enabled our merchants to withdraw capital stated to have amounted to £11,000,000 sterling, at the period in question, secured a firm ally in France and probably in other countries, changed the tone of most influential journals, and of members of Parliament, and roused the Inhabitants of the British Isles as it were to a man. The *People* in fact have declared War, and, as a last and perhaps the weightiest argument, having rushed to the strife, will not allow themselves to be withdrawn from it, until the future peace of Europe be secured. We advance shoulder to shoulder on behalf of a power, whose conduct has ennobled her in the eyes of mankind, on behalf of civilization against barbarism, of truth against the Father of Lies or in the words of Lord Palmerston against a Potentate who has "exhausted every modification of untruth, beginning in equivocation, and ending in the assurance of a positive fact," and upon whose blackened brow the stigma "*Panica Fidee*" has been branded. We go to aid the Ottoman Empire and to influence her as we have hitherto done for her best interests according to *her own* action, not to force upon her measures to be carried at the points of our bayonets. We claim not a protectorate according to the Russian vocabulary.

It will have been observed that a tripartite treaty has been concluded by the Porte, with France and England; its articles are said to be the following. 1st. England and France will support Turkey by force of arms until the independence of the subjects of the Sultan's dominions be secured. 2nd. Peace shall not be concluded by the Porte without the consent of her allies. 3rd. The Turkish territory shall be evacuated by the allies after the War. 4th. The Treaty to remain open to include other Powers. 5th. Turkey guarantees perfect equality civil and religious to all her subjects.

The Nations of Europe are stated to possess the following Forces.

ARMY.

Russian..	1,006,000	including 412,000	<i>Irregulars</i> .
Turkey ..	600,000	do.	150,000 do.
English ..	162,000		
French ..	780,000	including 228,000	<i>Reserves</i> .
Austrian..	600,000	includes Reserves, &c.	
Prussian..	614,000	do.	
Danish...	32,751		
Swedish and Norwegian,	34,060.		

NAVY.

English.....	468	vessels	500,000 tons.
French	120	do.	
Russian	45	ships of the line & 30 frigates.	
Turkish.....	81	mounting 2286 guns.	
Austrian	27	do.	540 do.
Danish	37	do.	970 do.
Swedish & Nor.	60	do.	400 do.

We do not exaggerate the state of feeling amongst ourselves when we say that the successive incidents of a quarrel thus forced upon Europe have been watched by us from the first with absorbing interest—so much so indeed that we have been as it were spectators of, and actors in them.—We regard with horror and disgust the buccaneer, Nicholas Romanoff, and resent his insulting proposal that we should abet him in strangling "a sick man" and sharing his goods. With Omer Pacha we are on the most intimate terms.—The Sultan is our amiable young friend, and the Turks most excellent fellows and better Christians than their so-called neighbors of Russia—but somewhat hasty perhaps in murmuring against their government for carrying to an extreme limit, as they conceived, the principle of "Peace on Earth" "Good will towards men."—We have inspected their positions, especially those of Varna, Schumla, Rustchouk, Widdin and Kalafat—fought beside them at Cistate and Oltanitzs—and narrowly escaped the carnage at Sinope by swimming ashore. With respect to our countrymen at home we have voted with them, Lords and Commons, in their unanimous answers to the Royal Messages announcing our hostile attitude against Russia.—We were aboard the "*Fairy*," and shared the royal emotions at witnessing the stupendous spectacle afforded by the sailing of our magnificent Baltic fleet. With stern pride we regarded the successors, both ships and men, of the fleets which have guarded our native seas since the conquests of Alfred, our first great admiral culminated in British supremacy under the immortal Nelson, and we thought we could trace in the lineaments of our gallant tars

the brave blood which coursed through those centuries of dauntless sires. The name of Napier we know must adorn the list of our Naval Penates, but at present he is our familiar friend, and we have no other title for him than Charlie, for "Charlie is our darling."

What words can describe the affecting scenes presented by the more protracted departures of our noble regiments. With dimmed eye and throbbing heart have we watched their embarkation, our very souls thrilling to the stirring but saddening strains of their martial music, now exulting in "The British Grenadiers," now discoursing of "the Girls we've left behind us," again bidding us think of "Garryowen," and reminding us at last of "Auld Langsyne." Then came those dreadful rendings of family ties and wedded hearts, severed perhaps never to beat together again, and mists obscured our vision and wet our cheeks, and we joined the struggling crowd to join in the farewell, while still do our pulses flutter from the grasp of many a brave hand. Woe betide thee, Czar Nicholas—it were better for thee to clasp those honest hands as a friend, than be prostrated by them as an enemy—why curse thine head with the young blood of those bright-eyed and joyous youths—with the gore of their comrades, sterner with service, and with the destruction of thine hapless serfs.—Go, thou despiser of the Mahomedan, and take a lesson in the vanity of earthly ambition from the illustrious Saladin, the greatest of the Saracens, the magnanimous warrior, the sagacious monarch—"Behold in this winding sheet," proclaimed the dying king, "all that remains of his possessions to the great Saladin, the conqueror of the East." Go learn a share of christian charity from that hero's last bequest, which dispensed alms to the poor and needy without regard to Christian, Jew or follower of Mahomet. Thus may thy greedy hands be stayed from spoliation, and a spark of Heavenly fire be struck from thy cold and flinty heart.

From those sad scenes and reflections, we pass to newer incidents. As these come teeming upon us we share the general feeling, whether of exultation, doubt, or impatience. Our latest intelligence speaks of disasters to our friends and success gained by the Russian.—Let it not be supposed, however, that a sudden irruption by large bodies of an enemy, succeeding against small and weakly fortified garrisons, is any sure indication of permanent success.

The late move made by the Russians across the Danube into the upper Debraska reveals, to our view, weakness rather than strength. Foiled in

their attempt upon Servia, by the resolute attitude of the Turkish left at Widdin and Kalafat, their present object would, at first sight, suggest an endeavor to disconnect and weaken Omer Pacha's centre, and thereby facilitate an advance from Bucharest upon Rustchouk, Turtukai or Silistria; but it strikes us that they are chiefly solicitous to cover their most vulnerable point, which clearly lies in their line of communication with Bessarabia and Moldavia. From the distance to be travelled, the state of the roads, and the wretched condition of their commissariat, their reinforcements and supplies must come tardily to their assistance, while Omer Pacha is not likely to subject himself to be attacked in detail with weakened forces,—he would, indeed, be well pleased to see an advance attempted from the Debraska upon Varna and Schumla, for it would enable him at the same time to defend his position on the Danube, and spare sufficient numbers of men to inflict a severe blow upon his enemies, isolated as they would find themselves, and cut off from supplies, which in 1829 were furnished by sea from Odessa. The chief difficulty in the way of the Turkish commander is to be found in the irritable impatience of his troops, who are eager for action, and never better pleased than when indulged in that humour, as at Oltenkza. Hitherto he has acted chiefly on the plan pursued by Wellington, when he withdrew behind the lines of Torres Vedras, leaving the army of Massena to become attenuated before him. The Russians have, heretofore, lost more than they have gained—wounds, dysenteries and fevers have already done their work upon systems supported by black bread, and reduced by fatigue, and the marshy malaria of the swamps near the mouths of the Danube, and not calculated to improve the condition of the present occupants, or to thin their hospitals. Recurring to the difficulties of furnishing supplies inland, we would direct the attention of those who have formed exaggerated views of the Russian Power, to the fact, that Napoleon himself, after the most gigantic efforts, was disappointed to the extent of two-thirds of his commissariat, and actually entered, Russia, after vexatious delays, with *one-third* of the supplies he had reckoned upon.

It is not, however, our design or intention to underrate either the bravery or numbers of our enemies on the line of the Danube—the latter we have seen rated at 120,000—and know that they have suffered considerable diminution from various casualties; but supposing them to have been reinforced, we may admit of their being enabled to act with 150,000 men,—of their courage we do not entertain a doubt, for it is fresh

In our memory that at Borodino the Russian serf indifferently armed and clad in his sheepskins displayed the devotion and steadiness of the veteran beside whom he fought, but this again reminds us of the difficulty of assembling a large army, even from the hordes of Muscovy, from the fact that at that very battle and after having retreated upon their best defences in front of Moscow, they could muster only 120,000 men to meet their invaders.

Thus we have the Russian force on the Danube in a doubtful, if not precarious, condition, while Omer Pacha is about to reap the reward of his patience and masterly inactivity, by the active co-operation of his Anglo-Franco allies, whose advance he will probably be enabled to greet with his main points of defence unbroken, and with troops firm in their organization and impatient to meet the enemy. And this brings in view the probable action of the French and British forces.

In the first place, then, we notice a statement of an English journal, that it is the intention of the Anglo-Franco forces to form an Army of Reserve, for the protection of Constantinople. Now, we think it must be apparent to all persons of ordinary intelligence, that our leaders in the bloody game about to be played will not commence by showing their cards or proclaiming to the enemy the details of their intended strategy; we therefore proceed to speculate upon the course likely to be taken, with the map before us and aided by such premonitory evidence as lies at our disposal. We have already viewed the position of Omer Pacha on the line of the Danube, where we suppose him to be capable of effective action with 80,000 men, in addition to reserves at Varna, Schumla and Sophia. The Turkish regulars may altogether be rated at 200,000, and their Rediff or reserve at the same number. This latter force is formed of those who have retired from service, on the completion of their term of enrolment for five years, and is subject to being periodically called out. It may, therefore, be regarded as an efficient arm, and in fact constitutes a second army; and we doubt not that it will receive the utmost assistance from the allies in perfecting its organization.

But are we really expected to believe that we are going to Turkey to play at holiday soldiering, and to duze in the rear while our friends, in the front, run the risk of being beaten and lost to us,—we cannot think so, nor do we consider it desirable or likely, that Frenchmen and Englishmen should be left idling together, lest their discussion might turn upon Waterloo, and the occupation of Paris—the relative merits of Napoleon

and Wellington—of the prisoner of St. Helena, and Sir Hudson Lowe. These, we conceive, are subjects they would be more likely to bring before their debating societies, than the glorious deeds of their respective ancestors when ranged side by side under Philip and Richard, against the Saracen, or, than their later rivalry two hundred years ago, when leaving their trenches before Dunkirk, they fought under Turenne and Reynolds, the battle of the Danes, and routed the army of Spain. Let us confront the Russian with the allied French and English, and we combine the chivalry of the two nations in cordial emulation—leave them to a state of inaction and the usual pestiferous results must follow.

We have left the Turks favoured with excellent positions, in good heart, and well supplied, and we rely upon Omer Pacha to harass, if not impede the advance of the enemy, should he have the hardihood to make the attempt. In the mean time we hasten to strengthen his right and to co-operate with him in overlapping the Russians by launching the allied armies against them from Varna, and (should the posture of affairs at all permit of it) from the mouth of the Danube.—The result is obvious—the enemy must either risk a battle under overwhelming difficulties, or he must fall back upon his line of communication with Bessarabia and Moldavia—we strike boldly upon that line, intersect it by beating down any opposing force, and by raking Kilia, Ismail, Galatz, and Fokhani, and we combine with this movement a supporting fleet, while at the same time we may distract the attention of our adversaries, by blockading Sebastopol, whose distance from the Danube cannot exceed 200 miles: and who will dispute the reasonable certainty of success?—With less than 30,000 British Troops we won at Waterloo and the memorials of St. Sebastian, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz and Acre, are before us!—who, then, will deny that we shall carry our object with such soldiers as the French and English, numbering 100,000 and aided by the brave armaments of the Ottoman Empire.

That some such movement as we have thus indicated is in contemplation we have additional grounds for believing, from the quietude of Omer Pacha, and the protracted anchorage of the fleets at Besika's Bay; and, notwithstanding the direction reported to have been taken by the latter towards Varna, we feel assured, that their seeming lethargy, which has provoked so much impatience, may be attributed to instructions to await the arrival and aid in the transport of our Troops to the theatre of War. And they should remain for them so long, at least, as the inaction

of the Russian ships in the Euxine, might permit such delay.

Having broken the Russian line of communication with Moldavia and Bessarabia, we soon enjoy the fruits of the movement. The advanced force under Omer Pacha will be secured,—the Russians remaining in Wallachia become literally entrapped,—a vast moral influence will be produced among the Molda-Wallachians who have already in many instances risen against the cruel oppressions of their invaders. By placing arms in the hands of these provincialists, we shall be enabled to convert them into useful allies, and with them and the Turks we may effectively garrison the captured fortresses. The Crimea, inhabited by a Tartar race will fall as a corollary to this our first success—and our position in Asia will be freed from anxiety.

We have thus intimated what we conceive to be the course most likely to be taken for the distraction and defeat of the Russian forces on the western and northern shores of the Euxine, and we now direct a glance towards the Baltic where our adversary will find his utmost resources necessary for the preservation of his fleets, his forts, and of St. Petersburg itself. The last we consider to be mainly vulnerable through Finland, a country stated to be fretting against domination;—nor does this seem improbable, for it must be remembered that the Russian tenure of that possession only dates from 1809, and consequently that there must be numbers of men still living who remember their subjugation, and scowl upon their conquerors. The Oesel and Aland* Islands will perhaps be the first positions to be taken, but we must look for great sacrifices before the destruction or occupation of such defences as those of Revel, Cronstadt, or Helsingfors can be effected. Of this theatre, however, we take leave with the full conviction that the conduct of our affairs could not be in safer or sterner hands than those of Napier—and in doing so we should feel more at ease, could we reckon upon his being favoured with a meeting at sea by the Russian fleet, although it is said to include in its array no less than twenty-eight sail of the line. Judging however, from the care which has been taken by the Czar to increase the dangers of the Baltic navigation, it would seem to be the design to limit himself to the defence of his positions, when his ships will be in a state of comparative safety. And here we consign ourselves to a firm faith, and the exercise of a patience which will not be abused.

*Aland has already been evacuated.

A GIGANTIC CALIFORNIAN EVERGREEN TREE — THE WELLINGTONIA GIGANTEA.

UNDER this imposing title the *Gardeners' Chronicle* notices a new tree discovered by Mr. Wm. Lobb, well known as the collector of the Meams Veitch. This is probably the most magnificent tree of the Californian forests; and the fact of its being discovered, named, and introduced into England before we have heard a word of it in this country, shows how far we are behind England in botanical and arboricultural enterprise. Long ago our government should have sent competent collectors to explore the vast forest of California and Oregon, and bring their treasures to the light of day. Had they done so, this gigantic evergreen might have been known under an American instead of an English name. As it is, however, we rejoice to hear of its introduction. We copy the following account of it from the *Gardeners' Chronicle* :—

"When the unfortunate Douglas was last in California, he wrote thus in a letter to Sir William Hooker, of a coniferous tree inhabiting that country: 'But the great beauty of Californian vegetation is a species of *Taxodium*, which gives the mountains a most peculiar, I was almost going to say awful appearance—something which plainly tells us we are not in Europe. I have repeatedly measured specimens of this tree 270 feet long and 32 feet round at three feet above the ground. Some few I saw upwards of 300 feet high, but none in which the thickness was greater than those which I have instanced.' What was that tree? No seeds or specimens ever reached Europe, although it appears that he possessed both.

"The late professor Endlicher referred Douglas' plant to *Sequoia*, calling it *gigantea*, and framing his distinctive character upon the representation of a supposed *Taxodium sempervirens*, figured in Hooker's "*Icones*," p. 379, from Douglas' last collections. But that plate, although with neither flowers nor fruit, represents beyond all question a branchlet of *Abies bracteata*. It is therefore evident that no materials exist for determining what Douglas really meant by his "*Taxodium*," which may or may not have belonged to that genus, or, as Endlicher conjectured, to *Sequoia*. But species in natural history cannot be founded upon conjecture.

"The other day we received from Mr. Veitch branches and cones of a most remarkable coniferous tree from California, seeds and a living specimen of which had just been brought him by

his excellent collector, Mr. W. Lobb, who, we are happy to say, has returned loaded with fine things. Of that tree Mr. Lobb has furnished the following account:—

“This magnificent evergreen tree, from its extraordinary height and large dimensions, may be termed the monarch of the Californian forest. It inhabits a solitary district on the elevated slopes of the Sierra Nevada, near the head waters of the Stanislan and San Antonio rivers, in lat. 38° N., long. 120° 10' W., at an elevation of 5000 feet from the level of the sea. From eighty to ninety trees exist, all within the circuit of a mile, and these varying from 250 feet to 320 feet in height and from 10 to 20 feet in diameter. Their manner of growth is much like *Sequoia* (*Taxodium*) *sempervirens*, some are solitary, some are in pairs, while some, and not unfrequently, stand three and four together. A tree recently felled measured about 300 feet in length, with a diameter, including bark, of 29 feet 2 inches, at five feet from the ground; at eighteen feet from the ground it was 14 feet 6 inches through; at one hundred feet from the ground, 14 feet; and at two hundred feet from the ground, 5 feet 5 inches. The bark is of a pale cinnamon brown, and from 12 to 15 inches in thickness. The branchlets are round, somewhat pendant, and resembling a Cypress or Juniper. The leaves are pale grass green; those of the young trees are spreading with a sharp acuminate point. The cones are about two and a half inches long, and two inches across at the thickest part. The trunk of the tree in question was perfectly solid, from the sap-wood to the centre; and judging from the number of concentric rings, its age has been estimated at 3000 years. The wood is light, soft, and of a reddish color, like Redwood or *Taxodium sempervirens*. Of this vegetable monster, twenty-one feet of the bark, from the lower part of the trunk, have been put in the natural form in San Francisco for exhibition; it there forms a spacious carpeted room, and contains a piano, with seats for forty persons. On one occasion one hundred and forty children were admitted without inconvenience. An exact representation of this tree, drawn on the spot, is now in the hands of the lithographers, and will be published in a few days.

“What a tree is this!—of what portentous aspect and almost fabulous antiquity! They say that the specimen felled at the junction of the Stanislan and San Antonio was above 3000 years old; that is to say, it must have been a little plant when Samson was slaying the Philistines, or Paris running away with Helen, or Æneas car-

rying off good *pater* Anchises upon his filial shoulders. And this may very well be true, if it does not grow above two inches in diameter in twenty years, which we believe to be the fact.

“At all events, we have obtained the plant. The seed received by Messrs. Veitch has all the appearance of vitality; and since the tree is hardy and evergreen, it is a prodigious acquisition. But what is its name to be!

“Are the plants of Lobb and Douglas identical? Possibly no doubt; for Douglas reached lat. 38 deg. 45 min. N., and therefore was within the geographical range of Lobb's discovery. But it is quite as possible that he meant some other tree, also of gigantic dimensions; and it is hardly to be imagined that so experienced a traveller would have mistaken a tree with the foliage of a Cypress and the cones of a Pine for a *Taxodium*, and still less for the species of *sempervirens*. Besides the slenderness of the specimens he saw, is greatly at variance with the colossal proportions of the plant before us. That, at all events, the latter cannot be regarded as a *Sequoia* we have explained in another column; and we think that no one will differ from us in feeling that the most appropriate name to be proposed for the most gigantic tree which has been revealed to us by modern discovery is that of the greatest of modern heroes. Wellington stands as high above his contemporaries as the Californian tree above all the surrounding foresters. Let it then bear henceforward the name of *Wellingtonia Gigantea*. Emperors and kings and princes have their plants and we must not forget to place in the highest rank among them our own great warrior.

Never allow your face to express what your pocket feels. The more the latter is pinched, the more the former should smile. The Spartan youth would not allow any one to see a wolf was gnawing his vitals. So with you, if you cannot keep the wolf out of your interior, at all events do not let the world know it.

The most expensive article you can wear is a coat out of elbows. It is extraordinary the number of odd things you never dreamt of that you will be called upon to pay in consequence of that coat!

UNPLEASANT.—Knowing Hibernians, of cucum-brian coolness, who borrow your money, drink your best wine, smoke your best cigars, lame your favourite hunter, and make fun of you to your wife.

The most economical dinner is when you invite a creditor to dine with you; but be sure you dine at Richmond, or Greenwich, or the Clarendon. Be sure the dinner is the best.

What is friendship? Too frequently the wooden handle to a bill!

JONATHAN AT THE SEA-SIDE.

Miss Smith, may I have the pleasure of taking a bath with you, or of bathing you? is an invitation which one often hears at this place from a gentleman to a lady, just as at a ball the invitation is to a quadrille or a waltz, and I have never heard the invitation refused. Very various are the scenes which on all sides present themselves in the bathing republic. Here a young, handsome couple, in elegant bathing attire, go dancing out into the wild waves, holding each other by the hand, and, full of joy and courage of life, ready to meet anything,—the great world's sea and all its billows! There again is an elderly couple in gray garments, holding each other steadily by the two hands, and popping up and down in the waves, just as people dip candles, with solemn aspects, and merely observant to keep their footing, and doing all for the benefit of health. Here is a young smiling mother bearing before her her little beautiful boy, a naked cupid, not a year old, who laughs and claps his hands for joy as the wild waves dash over him. Just by is a fat grandmother with a life preserver round her body, and half sitting on the sands, in evident fear of being drowned for all that, and when the waves come rolling onward, catching hold of some of her leaping and laughing great children and grand-children who dance around her. Here a graceful young girl, who now, for the first time, bathes in the sea, flies before the waves into the arms of father or mother in whose embrace it may dash over her; there is a group of wild young women holding each other by the hand, dancing around and screaming aloud every time a wave dashes over their heads; and there in front of them is a yet wilder swarm of young men, who dive and plunge about like fishes, much to the amazement of the porpoises (as I presume,) who, here and there, pop their huge heads out of the billows, but which again disappear as a couple of large dogs rush forward through the water towards them in hope of a good prize.

IMITATIVE POWERS OF THE CHINESE.

It is generally supposed that the Chinese will not learn anything: but no people are more ready to learn if it is likely to be attended with advantage. They have lately been taught to make glass, and turn out bronze argand lamps and globes, emblazoned with the London maker's name all complete; and actually export these lamps to Batavia. They like putting an English name on their commodities, and are as free with the word "patent" as any manufacturer in Germany. They excel in the manufacture of locks,

particularly padlocks. One of my friends gave an order to a tradesman to varnish a box, furnished with a Chubb's lock, of which he had two keys, and one of these he sent with the box, retaining the other himself. When the box came back, he found that his key would not turn the lock, though the one he had given to the tradesman acted very well. Thinking some trick had been played, he accused the man of having changed the lock; and, after some evasion, he acknowledged the fact, stating that, on examination, he had found it such an excellent one, that he took it off and kept it, making another exactly like it, with maker's name, and everything complete, except that the original key would not open it. Their mechanical contrivances generally have some defect of this kind. They have never made a watch that will keep time.

CHARACTER OF GOLDSMITH.

Who, of the millions whom he has amused, does not love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune—and after years of dire struggle and neglect, and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place, as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home—he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change; as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building air-castles for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage of necessity keeps him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style and humour! His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could ever harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon—save the harp on which he plays to you; and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the village, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of the *Picar of Wakefield*, he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however, busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

ABBOTT'S NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM THOMAS HALEY.

CHAPTER V.

THOUGH Mr. Abbott dare not venture to deny that Mahometanism was the main cause of Egyptian ignorance, without a word of censure, in a tone of something very like applause, which he would openly bestow if he only dared to do so, he tells us what is as patent and undeniable as the visible sun at noon-day, that, far from intending to abolish the imposture of Mahometanism, to substitute the truly ennobling and elevating truths of Christianity, the selfish and Godless Corsican was prepared to disavow even his merely nominal Christianity, and openly, and in all due form, to become a Mahometan. To every man of common sense and of right principle, it must be painfully evident that Mr. Abbott is prepared to make use of any sophistry, of any chance, however clumsy or however unprincipled, for the sake of setting Napoleon in the most favorable, and Britain in the most unfavorable, light before his apate and credulous readers.— Nothing short of a fixed determination to do so, could possibly induce a writer of any attainments, to talk to us about Napoleon's cheerful endurance of toil, fatigue, and privation, in the prosecution of his designs, knowing as even Mr. Abbott must know, that it is plain to the meanest capacities, that toil, fatigue, and privation, are the first and most indispensable elements of action, or in execution of unprincipled and ruthless scheming. Yet in representing Napoleon as enduring toil, fatigue, and privation, for the sake of elevating, ennobling, and enriching lethargic nations, Mr. Abbott shows us at once how utterly destitute he is of candor, and of either the love or the practice of truthfulness, and how utterly destitute he must needs deem his readers to be even of the lowest and commonest powers of intuitive discernment, to say nothing about analysis and logical deduction. But Mr. Abbott goes farther still; he impudently charges all Napoleon's practical failure and terrible losses not to his own blunders, but to Britain. Yes! this unscrupulous writer, when compelled to confess that, notwithstanding all the frightful crimes and

cruelties of which Napoleon had been guilty, he was defeated by a comparative handful of Turks, led and aided by actually a mere handful of British seamen, and their gallant and accomplished officer Sir Sydney Smith; coolly tells us that the whole is to be charged against the injustice and the cruelty of the allies. If, argues, Mr. Abbott, Napoleon had conquered at Acre, all success must needs have attended him in his onward progress; and of course the "lofty ambition" of the Corsican would have been crowned with full success; he and his brigands would have marched triumphantly from the Nile to the Ganges, ennobling their enemies by butchering them in pitched battles, or shooting them down, as prisoners of war, elevating women by insults, rousing lethargic nations to enterprise and industry by burning their towns and laying waste their fields, and teaching them thrift by leaving them not a piastre either to spend or to save. But that inopportune Nelson, and that impertinently daring and skillful Sir Sydney Smith, spoiled all these glorious prospects, and defeated all those benevolent projects. Napoleon was, in plain terms, disgracefully defeated at Acre; and Mr. Abbott thus touchingly romances there anent. "The Druses and other tribes hostile to the Porte, were in a state of great dismay when they learned that the French were retiring. They knew that they must encounter terrible vengeance at the hands of Achmet the butcher. The victory of the allies riveted upon them anew their chains, and a wall which would have caused the ear of Christendom to tingle, ascended from terrified villages, as fathers, and mothers, and children cowered beneath the storm of vengeance which fell upon them from the hand of the merciless Turk. But England was too far away for the shrieks to be heard in her pious dwellings."

It would puzzle that proverbially astute personage a Philadelphia lawyer to decide whether this passage should more powerfully excite indignation or merit contempt. What does Mr. Abbott mean by his sneers at "pious" England? the British sovereign, his ministers, and his gallant chieftains, military or naval, had not renounced Christianity, or recognised the creed of the impostor Mahomet? Was it England who sent an expedition into Egypt? Agonized and despairing shrieks,

no doubt were heard, from Acre to Jaffa; but those shrieks were caused solely by the ambition of Napoleon. Britain and her allies were utterly innocent of all the vile atrocities of which Egypt was the scene. And Mr. Abbott, though unprincipled enough to charge those atrocities upon Britain, is so utterly destitute of even a plausible argument in support of his assertions, that even he, wholly unrestrained as he proves himself to be by any moral considerations, does not venture to attempt to argue the case.

Of the various murderous actions in which Napoleon fiercely and perseveringly, but vainly, endeavored to obtain a permanent footing in Egypt, or to make a decided progress towards the Turkish conquest which his vanity had represented to him as so certain and even so facile, we have neither space nor inclination to speak in any detail. We have shown that Napoleon, though nominally the general of the Directory of France, really and deliberately entered Egypt as an adventurer seeking wealth and despotic power on his own account, and without one real care or thought about that *disenthralled* France which Britain and her allies wished to enthrall again by enthroning a discarded and hated king, and that his conduct in Egypt, like his subsequent conduct in Russia, fully showed that vanity, greed, and an ambition cruel as it was boundless, occasionally obtained so complete a predominance over his better judgment and clearer perceptions, that he was as pitifully short-sighted and overweening in self-confidence as the meanest drummer boy in his army could have shown himself.

In certain of his battles, but especially in the final and terrible one, in which, within sight of Aboukir Bay, he captured Mustapha Pacha and utterly routed that brave though unsuccessful general's army, on the 26th of July, 1799, Napoleon was undoubtedly splendidly triumphant, but his success was, as to the realization of the designs with which he had entered Egypt, as utterly worthless as that slight specimen of an engagement in which, for a lady's amusement "he had, some years previously, caused his own men and the Austrians to cut each other's throats.

The French were victorious over Mustapha Pacha, and that gallant man was their prisoner, — but though Napoleon called Egypt a French

province, and created an Egyptian Chamber of Commerce, the whole coast was so strictly blockaded that not so much as a fishing boat could sail into or out of port, and he knew that he and his army were just so many prisoners in a strange land, without means to march upon Turkey or to return to France, and with exceedingly small prospect of making their newly acquired colony a very desirable abode as regarded health or safety. Even Mr. Abbott is compelled to confess that the situation was anything rather than a pleasant one; though he is utterly silent as to any slight touch of remorse of conscience felt by the heroic Corsican, on the score of the frightful sacrifice of life through which he had purchased the rather doubtful triumph of becoming the master of a colony which he could neither occupy to advantage, nor quit eastward with hope, or westward with safety.

Scott, in his dry way, sums up the results of Napoleon's murders and marches by saying that, victor as he was over Mustapha Pacha, "the situation of Napoleon no longer permitted him those brilliant and immense prospects in which his imagination loved to luxuriate. *The march upon Constantinople was now an impossibility, that to India an empty dream.*" Abbott is less pithy than Sir Walter Scott; but he is more jaunty, more funnily prolix, and quite inimitable in the dogged drollery with which he shows that the Napoleonic dilemma was, after all, no more of a dilemma than a hero should be placed in, and obviously only a rather round-about road to despotic power further west. Having given a very glowing account of the battle of Aboukir, in which Mustapha Pacha was defeated and taken prisoner—having given this account, in terms which read very like an extract from some historical almanac, Abbott proceeds thus:—

"Egypt was now quiet;" Abbott saith, "not a foe remained to be encountered. No immediate attack from any quarter was to be feared. Nothing remained to be done but to carry on the routine of the infant colony. These duties required no especial genius, and could be very creditably performed by any respectable governor."

Even we cannot withhold our applause from the workmanlike manner in which Mr. Abbott thus attempts a vindication of his hero. The

cool and easy dexterity with which he prepares to justify Napoleon's dastardly abandonment of the army entrusted to him by the Directory, and sneaking away from Egypt with less than half a score of followers, including all his best subordinates, (with the exception of Kleber and Menou,) and leaving the remains of his force to extricate themselves as best they might, is, at the least admirable.

"It was, however, but a barren victory which Napoleon had obtained at such an enormous expenditure of suffering and of life. It was in vain for the isolated army, cut off, by the destruction of their navy, from all intercourse with Europe, to think of the invasion of India." [Very vain, indeed!] "Egypt was of no possible avail, with the Mediterranean crowded with English, Russian, and Turkish cruisers. For the same reason it was impossible for the army to leave those shores and return to France. Thus the victorious French in the midst of all their triumphs, found that they had built up for themselves prison walls, from which, though they could repel their enemies, there was no escape. The sovereignty of Egypt alone, was too petty an affair to satisfy the boundless ambition of Napoleon. Destiny, he thought, deciding against an empire in the East, was only guiding him back to an empire in the West."

Mr. Abbott has here given us food for meditation. The French had, according to him, "caught a tartar." We should rather say, that it was Napoleon, the far-sighted and infallible, who had caught that same Tartar, and this too with an enormous expenditure of suffering and of life. Truly, that was a barren victory, (although Mr. Abbott says so,) and so the sovereignty of Egypt was too petty an affair to satisfy the boundless ambition of Napoleon! Mr. Abbott has by this time discovered that Napoleon did possess boundless ambition. He forsook his troops and ingloriously fled, guided by that destiny which denied him an empire in the East, only to guide him back to an empire in the West. Mr. Abbott almost admits here that it was *not* quite in pure and unadulterated patriotism that Napoleon, well served by Josephine and his other relatives and spies in Paris, hastened away from his wretchedly ill situated army in Egypt, that army which he had placed in a position which even Abbott describes as so

unenviable, and in which it had been placed solely in consequence of overweening vanity and ambition. We should be inclined to believe that Mr. Abbott must have found himself, at this particular stage of his History, almost in as unenviable a situation as Napoleon, when, like the stiff-necked children of Israel, he was left by the destruction of his fleet, literally in a house of bondage. His difficulty, however, did not last as the following extract shows:—

"For months, now, Napoleon had received no certain intelligence respecting Europe. Sir Sydney Smith, either in the exercise of a gentlemanly courtesy, or enjoying a malicious pleasure in communicating to his victor tidings of disaster upon disaster falling upon France, sent to him a file of newspapers full of the most humiliating intelligence. The hostile fleet, leaving its whole army of eighteen thousand men buried in the sands or beneath the waves, weighed anchor and disappeared. Napoleon spent the whole night, with most intense interest examining these papers. He learned that France was in an indescribable state of confusion; that the imbecile government of the Directory, resorting to the most absurd measures, was disregarded and despised; that plots and counter-plots, conspiracies and assassinations filled the land. He learned, to his astonishment, that France was again involved in war with monarchical Europe; that the Austrians had invaded Italy anew, and driven the French over the Alps; and that the banded armies of the European kings were crowding upon the frontiers of the distracted Republic. "Ah!" he exclaimed to Bourienne, "my forebodings have not deceived me. The fools have lost Italy. All the fruit of our victories has disappeared. I must leave Egypt. We must return to France immediately and, if possible, repair these disasters, and save France from destruction."

How ingenious is this paragraph. France, the beloved France, was now the one great, the one only object of Napoleon's anxious love—when to play Pacha in the East was an evident impossibility! Mr. Abbott, however, does not carry his hero quite so handsomely out of Egypt as, from our experience of his unscrupulous devotedness as eulogist we had anticipated that he would. There is no lack of bombast, there is not merely an abundance;

but a superabundance, of unwarranted assertion, and of that sort of comment which offends the moral sense by its injustice, not unmingled with impiety, and revolts taste by its clumsy absurdity. With his practice in such performances, he really might have given us, at the least, a more plausible and less as sailable account of his hero's flight from Egypt and return to France.

That Napoleon had been for ten months without any certain intelligence as to affairs in Europe we neither do nor can believe.—Espionage, to say nothing about plotting, was too inherent in and ineradicable from the nature of Napoleon to allow us, even if we were left to mere conjecture, to believe that, during so long a space of time, he, well knowing the amiable predilection of his dear France, for one at least monthly emeute and quarterly tinkering up of the last new Constitution, would allow Josephine, and his relatives, to be thus idle. Moreover, as Mr. Abbott (who has not merely read Scott attentively but reprinted him very unceremoniously), must well know, we are not in this case left to mere conjecture; Scott, with his usual accuracy and pains-taking, having pretty strong ground, has told us, that Napoleon prior to the receipt of the papers in question, had acquired the intelligence which he pretended, that he for the first time received from the papers forwarded to him by Sir Sydney Smith. It may be, that those papers really were forwarded to him by the gallant British sailor; but we confess that, though Mr. Abbott suggests two motives of a very opposite kind which he thinks might have induced the gallant British sailor to forward those papers; we see great difficulty in believing that either the one motive or the other would have actuated the chivalric and high minded Sir Sydney to such a step, in such a conjuncture. Gentlemanly courtesy was, no doubt, part and parcel of the nature of that hero of whom Britain is so justly proud; but the officers, whether naval or military, of the British crown, are not very prone to exchanging courtesies with men who had so tarnished the name of humanity by their ruthless deeds. In fact Sir Sydney Smith, with his high and fine sense of honour, necessarily must, and evidently did, consider Napoleon as little better than a brigand.—Again, Mr. Abbott judging other men, we

presume, by *self knowledge*, suggests that, if not in gentlemanly courtesy, which he is evidently unwilling to concede, still, in malice, Sir Sydney might have sent these papers.—That Sir Sydney would have shot down or cut down Napoleon the renegade, if he had ventured his precious person in the breach at Acre, or that he would have given him short shrift and a swift run up to the yard arm, had he captured him at sea, we think most probable, but the petty, the paltry, the ineffably small spitefulness, which Napoleon would readily have practised, and which his pseudobiographer would have rapturously applauded, was altogether beneath the high spirit, altogether inconceivable by the virile and glowing mind of the British hero. We confess, then, that we altogether doubt that Sir Sydney sent the papers to Napoleon at all, whether in the courteous or in the malicious spirit which Mr. Abbott seems to think equally likely to have actuated him. That Napoleon told Bourienne that he owed the pleasant perusal of those papers to Sir Sydney Smith we do not doubt; but there are too many proofs before us of Napoleon's realness to make falsehood serve his turn when truth could not do so, to allow of our looking upon anything that he said to Bourienne upon that subject, as being any the more likely to be true because he said it. *Ne crede, presentim si jura*, is a maxim especially applicable to all the sayings of the great Idol of Mr. Abbott's, not altogether disinterested worship; for he was never either more positive, more particular, or more emphatic, in what he said had been done, or sworn should be done, than when what, he thus said or swore, was utterly false, and required only the lapse of a brief space of time to prove it so. We are fully of opinion that however, or from whomsoever Napoleon got these papers, they gave him no iota of information which he had not previously received, clandestinely, from his wife; nay more, we no less firmly believe that he knew from that source what the newspapers could not tell him, to wit, that his relations had, during the whole period of his long absence from France, been busily engaged in plotting and agitating in both Paris and the provinces to keep his name before the public as the only man who could save France, and to bring about such a state of things as would render

it easy for him to step into power whenever he should abandon his cut-throats of the Egyptian expedition and suddenly return to Paris, as they doubtless anticipated that he sooner or later would. While Bourienne fancied that Napoleon said, "Ah! my forebodings have not deceived me!" he in fact, said, in the Napoleonic, a language which honest men both before Bourienne and since, have found it difficult to translate with any great accuracy: "Ah, Josephine and the rest have been neither idle nor untrue; these papers tell me nearly all they have written to me, and report to me as done, and done with true Italian craft, too, all that they promised I vowed that they would do! That dear Josephine! as good as a whole Heaven! humph! if she had but fewer years and more economy!"

And here let us ask how even Mr. Abbott, when speaking of Sir Sydney Smith, in relation to Napoleon, can call Napoleon his victor!—his Victor! True it is that Napoleon defeated the Turks under Mustapha Pacha at Aboukir, equally true it is that Sir Sydney had given that officer the benefit of his great skill, so far as advice, as to the position of the Turkish forces went, and equally true it is that, seeing the day lost to the Turks, Sir Sydney resumed his proper place on his favourite element.—But Napoleon was not *his* victor; nay, both Napoleon and his biographer concur in proving that Sir Sydney Smith was Napoleon's victor; that had Sir Sydney Smith not baffled and beaten back the French at Acre; and "had not Napoleon been crippled by the loss of his fleet at Aboukir, victory at Acre would have been attained without difficulty;" and then—(according to Abbott) "the imagination is bewildered in contemplating the result which might have ensued."

Again, with what an unction, with what an, as it were, lip licking glee, Mr. Abbott proceeds to tell us that, when Sir Sydney had sent to Napoleon those papers "the hostile fleet leaving its whole army of eighteen thousand men buried in the sands, or beneath the waves, weighed anchor and disappeared."

Mr. Abbott, instead of calculating honestly and laying before his readers the enormous sacrifice of life in Egypt, indulges in the following rhapsody, which we think the reader will find as pertinent to the subject as most of that gentleman's digressions.

"To the pure spirits of a happier world, in the sacred companionship of celestial mansions, loving and blessing each other, it must have proved a spectacle worthy of a Pandemonium. And yet, the human heart is so wicked that it can often, forgetting the atrocity of such a scene, find a strange pleasure in the contemplation of its energy and heroism. We are indeed a fallen race."

Let no man doubt the correctness with which Mr. Abbott tells us of the "strange pleasure" and the "wickedness of the human heart."

"He best can paint them, who has felt them most," and Mr. Abbott, in addition to any occasional glance he may have bestowed upon his own heart, has had the advantage of reading all that Napoleon so unblushingly exhibits of *his* heart—the most selfish, and one of the most cruel, that ever pulsated. We did not exactly need an Abbott to tell us that 'we are a fallen race; but assuredly no one is more fully warranted in stating that fact, as from personal experience, or more fully qualified to exemplify his statement by his own peculiar style of writing, than Mr. Abbott.

But let us proceed to learn what Napoleon pretended to learn from the papers which had been sent to him by Sir Sydney Smith.

"He learned that France was in an indescribable state of confusion; that the imbecile government of the Directory, resorting to the most absurd measures, was despised and disregarded, that plots, and counter plots, conspiracies, and assassinations were rife in the land."

How long back from this passage is it that Abbott told us that France was disenthralled, and Napoleon's sanguinary doings in Egypt were especially justified by the fact, Britain and her allies wickedly endeavouring to *re-enthral* France, and to force upon her unwilling re-acceptance a discarded and hateful King. Chesterfield, himself, had no greater dislike than we have to the Sancho Panzarism of perpetual proverbial quotation; yet we really must remind you of, and refer you to, an ancient and venerable proverb which pointed out a class of people which stands in especial need of the blessing of a good memory. What! Positively as Mr. Abbott has assured us, that France at this time was en-

amoured of her new government, and wildly indignant and deeply grieved at the mere idea of having forced back upon her that non-existent personage, her "discarded and hated King," What! France, all this time, was *not disenthralled*; but, on the contrary, was plotting, counterplotting, conspiring and assassinating, in detestation of the measures of "the imbecile government of the Directory!" How are we to reconcile these conflicting statements? Simply enough, and with great facility. When Mr. Abbott said that France was *disenthralled*, it was his cue and his desire, to justify Napoleon's doings in Egypt; now, it has become equally his desire and his necessity to show some plausible cause for Napoleon quitting the army which he had so cruelly made at once the dupes and victims of his ambition, and departing from Egypt stealthily, and under shelter of the darkness of the night; and *presto!* at a moment's notice, and without one qualm of conscience, he re-enthral France in an enthrallment so utterly unendurable as to be secund exceedingly of plots, counterplots, conspiracies and assassinations, to the filling of the land!

Mr. Abbott tells us that Napoleon exclaimed to Bourienne:

"The fools have lost Italy; all the fruits of our victories have disappeared. I must leave Egypt. We must return to France immediately, and if possible, repair these disasters, and save France from destruction."

Mr. Abbott would, no doubt, in his mild and especially candid way, suggest to us that Napoleon could have no interest in deceiving Bourienne, and that, consequently, his having told the same tale to Bourienne that Mr. Abbott tells to the world, furnishes precisely, the corroborative evidence which we have called upon him to produce. We must, however, reluctantly contradict Mr. Abbott, even upon that point. Napoleon *had* an interest in deceiving even Bourienne; an interest springing out of the sorest and most intense vanity that ever disgraced a man, and this was the fear of being truly represented to the world, and we are borne out in the assertion by all Napoleon's subsequent acts. He feared lest the intelligence of his real reasons for leaving Egypt should be fathomed and displayed.

Having given his credulous readers to understand that Napoleon did not desert his army in Egypt from any apprehension of ruin should the troops of the Sultan fall upon him in full force, Mr. Abbott appropriately closes his account thereof with a string of rhodomontade sentences, a few of which we shall quote. "It was"—says he—"a signal peculiarity in the mind of Napoleon that his decisions appeared to be instinctive rather than deliberative." Has Mr. Abbott never seen the admirable instinct of self preservation unmixd with the baser matter of cool deliberation exemplified by persons far less notorious than our Hero when placed in circumstances of imminent peril. Precisely of that sort doubtless, was the "instinctive decision" of Napoleon in his sudden and stealthy departure from the land of the Pharaohs. Again—"with rapidity of the lightning's flash, his mind contemplated all the considerations upon each side of a question and instantaneously came to the result. These judgments, apparently so hasty, combined all the wisdom which others obtain by the slow and painful process of weeks of deliberation and uncertainty." We have always been taught to consider "contemplation" a mental process of a more slow and deliberative character than the passage of a streak of lightning, and must therefore demur to the force of our author's simile. In sober truth, however, it required no great effort of genius to decide even without "the painful deliberation of weeks," that being as he was between the Turk and the deep sea, it could not but be favourable to his longevity to take himself both speedily and stealthily from a vicinity so perilous. Again—"It was Napoleon's custom never to hesitate between this plan and that plan, but instantaneously and without the slightest misgivings to decide upon that very course to which the most slow and mature deliberation would have guided him." We respectfully suggest that had Mr. Abbott bestowed a little more of the mature deliberation which he seems to hold in such small estimation, he would probably have qualified his rapturous approval of Napoleon's custom of making decision without deliberation. In the present case his "lightning flash" decisions was probably the "better part of valour" inasmuch as

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain,
Will never live to fight again."

Mr. Abbott would display less than his usual amount of partizanship, were he to leave his readers to imagine that in the matter of "instinctive decisions," Napoleon merely displayed the vulgar instinct of getting speedily out of the way of danger, and accordingly he follows up the statement of the alleged fact of Napoleon's instinctive genius deciding on keeping the safety of Paris with the following most fulsome passage. "This instinctive promptness of correct decision was one great secret of his mighty power. It pertained alike to every subject with which the human mind could be conversant. The promptness of his decision was only equalled by the energy of his execution. He therefore accomplished in hours that which would have engrossed the energies of other minds for days."

Whether in the insertion of an adjective or in the bold assertion of an incorrect statement, our author shows himself to possess an unenviable facility. That Napoleon decided with promptness may be true—but on what grounds Mr. Abbott ventures to assert that his decisions were "correct" we are at a loss to determine. Does the result of this very invasion of Egypt prove the "correctness" of his "prompt decisions." What was the result—to his character—of his prompt butchery of the victims who fell among the sand hills to the north-east of Jaffa? or of the Duc D'Enghien in the Castle ditch of Vincennes? of his divorce of the "beloved" Josephine and marriage of Maria Louisa of Austria? or of his invasion of Russia? Yet Mr. Abbott coolly inserts that significant word "correct" evidently relying on the carelessness of his readers for the success of the imposture.

Mr. Abbott draws liberally, indeed, on the credulity of his readers, and seems to forget that among arguments there is one called the "argumentum ad absurdum" when he gravely assures them that "it," that is "Napoleon's instinctive promptness of correct decision pertained alike to every subject with which the human mind could be conversant." The name of these subjects is truly "legion;" but that Napoleon should be equally at home, for instance, on the most abstruse mathematical

problem,—the best method of snaring hares,—the art of making a bad book,—the best method of divorcing a beloved wife,—the art of cooking wild ducks, or any other of the ten thousand subjects which daily occupy human attention, is a fact left by able historians for Mr. Abbott to discover.

We have already shown strong reasons for believing that Napoleon did not decide "on the moment," but had made up his mind for a clear run many days, probably weeks, before Sir Sydney Smith is said to have sent him the papers, but whether decided upon from their contents or not, observe with what delicacy Mr. Abbott narrates the details of that treacherous and dastardly evasion. "One morning Napoleon announced his intention of going down the Nile to spend a few days in exploring the Delta, he took with him a small retinue, and striking across the Desert proceeded with the utmost celerity to Alexandria, where they arrived on the 22nd August. Concealed by the shades of the evening of the same day, he left the town with eight selected companions and escorted by a few of his faithful Guards, silently and rapidly they rode to a solitary part of the Bay, the party wondering what his movements could mean. Here they discerned dimly in the distance two frigates riding at anchor, and some fishing boats near the shore, waiting to receive them. Then Napoleon announced to his companions that their destination was France. The joy of the company was inconceivable." Little doubt of that! and we venture to assert that not one of them was more so than the Corsican himself, who was thus on the point of safely escaping from Egypt, and obviously indifferent whether Kleber, Menou and his followers could find means to imitate his sublime example or were doomed to lay down their heroic bones to whiten on the Desert sands. In this matter Mr. Abbott seems singularly careless as to the moral aspects of the conduct of his hero, which was marked by unblushing falsehood and heartless selfishness, but on which he does not utter even one passing remark of censure!

"The horses," proceeds Mr. Abbott, "were left on the beach to find their way to Alexandria. The victorious fugitives crowded into the boats and were rowed out in the dim and silent night to the frigates; the sails were immediately spread, and before the light of

morning dawned the low and sandy outline of the Egyptian shore had disappeared beneath the horizon of the sea." In what sense can Mr. Abbott call the shabby deserter of his army and his fellow fugitives—victorious? Not certainly over Sir Sydney Smith—he had baffled and beaten them at Acre; not over the obstacles that opposed their progress to Constantinople, for they were steering westward with anxious hearts; not over the Sultan, for they were rapidly placing a few hundred leagues of blue sea between themselves and the Turkish scimitars. Victorious fugitives, forsooth! With as much propriety might he write in honor of victorious highwaymen and triumphant forgers. The evasion of Napoleon from Egypt being thus slurred over in utter contempt of moral principle we are left by our author to imagine the voyage of the illustrious fugitive and the names of the persons whom he took with him on that occasion: we, however, having no motive to actuate us either in suppressing the truth or in stating falsehood, volunteer to supply a few of them: they were Berthier, Murat, Lannes, Marmont, Desaix, Bessiere, in a word, the whole of the best generals to whom, in after years, nine-tenths of that success was due which, by the negligence of some and the partiality of other historians, has been wholly ascribed to Napoleon. Thus taking with him the chosen few who might be most serviceable in furthering his selfish schemes in France, and so depriving the army of the men best qualified, in the absence of his own brilliant talents and readiness in devising expedients, to extricate it from the forlorn and perilous situation in which he had left it, we ask the intelligent reader if we are not warranted in expressing more than a doubt as to the motive which induced Mr. Abbott to use the general term "eight persons," instead of going into particulars calculated to lead even superficial readers to evidence so conclusive? We look in vain for any abatement of Mr. Abbott's excessive laudations of his hero, even when the circumstances of the case and the interest of truth so obviously demand it. Napoleon might have commissioned one or more of his generals or scientific men to bear to France his demands for supplies and reinforcements, which he could not doubt would be supplied—and we believe he would have adopted this course if he had

had the care of his army more, and his own selfish ends less, at heart. We have already pointed out the important difference between the generous magnanimity of such a writer as Scott and the unscrupulousness of Abbott, but we regret to state that—plagiarism apart—one British writer, William Hazlitt the elder, has the unenviable distinction of being most unscrupulous in defending the very worst acts of Napoleon—on this writer Abbott seems to have drawn very liberally.

Our author proceeds—"The expedition to Egypt was one of the most magnificent enterprises that human ambition ever conceived: the return to France combines still more, if possible, of the elements of the moral sublime." We appeal to our readers if this is not one of the most shameless and absurd assertions which Mr. Abbott has ventured to make. Apart from the obvious intention of bolstering up his client at all hazards its wild extravagance is really ludicrous. We can hardly imagine how such an outburst of the mock heroic could be penned except in irony, as a touch, at once delicate and keen, of that undeserved praise which is so truly said to be satire in disguise. But when he tells us that Napoleon's return to France "combined still more, if possible, the elements of the moral sublime" we scarcely know which is the more deserving of indignation, the recklessness of the assertion—or the insult which it is to every well regulated mind. We are again treated to some high sounding phrases about the "triumphant success" of Napoleon's plans if the disastrous destruction of the French fleet had not interfered. In this very "if" our author points at once to the condemnation of his hero, as it proves that "his instinctive promptness of correct decision" in commencing an atrocious enterprise did not prevent his entirely overlooking a contingency which his great military capacity should have clearly foreseen and amply provided against.

Mr. Abbott next proceeds to favor us with his own reasons for approving of Napoleon's return to France, which are in clear and direct opposition to all he had previously written about the propriety of the Egyptian expedition as a blow at England for her unjust attack upon *dianthrall'd* France.

Contemplate for a moment, "the moral aspects of this undertaking. A nation of thirty

millions of people, had been for ten years agitated by the most terrible convulsions. There is no atrocity which the human tongue can name, which had not desolated the doomed land. Every passion which can degrade the heart of fallen man, had swept with simoom blast over the cities and the villages of France."—"Constitution after constitution had risen like mushrooms in a night, and had perished like mushrooms in a day." "France had passed from Monarchy, not to a healthy Republicanism, but to Jacobinism, to the reign of the mob." Such had been essentially the state of France for nearly ten years. The great mass of the people were exhausted with suffering, and longed for repose. The land was filled with plots and counter-plots. But there was no man of sufficient prominence to carry with him the action. The government was despised and disregarded. France was in a state of chaotic ruin.

Will even the most lenient, after having duly compared this statement with Mr. Abbott's previous remarks about the *dismantled* state of France, and tyrannous injustice with which Britain and her allies interfered with the amiable doings of that prosperous and enviable nation, accuse us of being too harsh in our strictures upon a writer so self-contradictory? The cool justification here put forth of the flight from Egypt, is only equalled by that with which Abbott so artfully tells us that:

"Many voices, here and there, began to inquire, where is Buonaparte, the conqueror of Italy, the conqueror of Egypt? He alone can save us," and adds: This world-wide renown turned the eyes of the nation to him as their only hope."

Will any sane man believe that Abbott doubts but that the "many voices here and there" of which he speaks in such apparent innocence and freedom were the voices of his "beloved Josephine" and his Corsican relatives, male and female, as heard in the gay assemblies, which never were more crowded than at that period of the great suffering and deep degradation of infidel "France in a state of chaotic ruin? If by his expression of "here and there" he means that voices were heard repeating those words elsewhere it must have been the voices of spies and agitators employed by Josephine. To us the whole thing seems

so clear that we wonder an eulogist so zealous as Mr. Abbott did not see the propriety of leaving this part of his article unwritten, as calculated not to serve the cause of his hero, but, on the contrary, to excite a shrewd suspicion of the real origin of the "many voices" which thus spoke of Napoleon as the only man who could serve and save them. Is it not a well established fact that such intrigues had been constantly carried on by Josephine and his friends during Napoleon's bloody and dishonorable sojourn in Egypt; and that his evasion therefrom, and sudden appearance in France, his intrigues previous to and his treason and usurpation on the 18th Brumaire, had all been planned, even to the minutest particulars, probably long previous to his considering the pear ripe enough to warrant him in hazarding his whole future upon a single cast.

Mr. Abbott continues "under these circumstances Napoleon, then a young man but twenty-nine years of age and who, but three years before, had been unknown to fame or to fortune, resolved to return to France, to overthrow the miserable government by which the country was disgraced, to subdue anarchy at home and aggression from abroad, and to rescue thirty millions of people from ruin.—The enterprise was undeniably magnificent in its grandeur, and noble in its object." We wish our author were less precipitate and positive in applying that epithet *undeniably* to a variety of assumptions quite unwarranted by evidence. In what respect was this enterprise "undeniably magnificent in its grandeur and noble in its object? With what propriety can he say so, after having emphatically assured us that under that government, which it now suits him to call despised and disregarded, France was "unenthralled," and ruled as it had chosen to be ruled, and that it was flagrantly unjust on the part of Britain and her allies to make war upon it? Does he believe that honest men change their convictions as easily as libellers change their allegations?—Even admitting that he speaks truly of the Directorial government and that all his previous statements were incorrect, does he not see the dilemma which immediately presents itself, upon one or the other horn of which he must be impaled. If the usurping government was incapable of ruling with any other result than that of reducing France to a state

of chaotic ruin, the British and their allies had all the right to interfere with it which could be given by that government's vileness, by sympathy with the wrongfully exiled Bourbons, by a strong sense of duty alike towards God and towards man, and by that first law of nature, self-preservation? But, if it were so wrong for the British to interfere, by what process of reasoning can Mr. Abbott show that Napoleon was right in doing that which he condemns in them? As to subduing anarchy, we do not doubt Napoleon's disposition to do so, but to speak of the object of his enterprise being the saving of thirty millions from ruin is pure nonsense, and is in direct opposition to all Napoleon's antecedents. No degradation inflicted by the anarchical and imbecile government of the Directory was half so ruinous to the masses of these "thirty millions" as that Imperial tyranny, with its impoverishing wars and its murderous conscriptions.—Far from having aught of magnificence or of grandeur in it, this expedition was as selfish and as treasonable as the scheme of any conspirator from the "magnificent" enterprise of Cataline down to that of Thistlewood. Had the wretched conspirators against the British government of whom we have just made mention, been successful in their bloody and traitorous designs, we doubt not that their exploits would have found an eloquent chronicler in Mr. Abbott. Napoleon's command of the Egyptian army was derived from the authority and was dependent upon the pleasure of the Directory. If therefore Mr. Abbott can see 'Moral Sublimity' in his basely deserting the one with a view to support the authority of the other, we confess that we do not envy his code of morals.

Save me from my friends is a trite saying, and one very applicable to the extract we are about to give from Mr. Abbott. We should have expected that he would, in his anxiety to place his Hero in the most creditable light before the world, have attempted to paint Napoleon as at least bestowing one regretful thought on the critical position of the army he had abandoned, but no!—such common place would not serve Mr Abbott's purpose, who, instead, gives us the following:—

"Napoleon had formed a very low estimate of human nature, and consequently made great allowance for the infirmities incident to

his vanity. Bourienne reports him as saying "Friendship is but a name. I love no one; no, not even my brothers. Joseph perhaps a little. And if I do love him, it is from habit and because he is my elder. Duroc! Ah! Yes; I love him, too. But why? His character pleases me. He is cold, reserved, and resolute and I really believe that he never shed a tear. As to myself, I know well that I have not one true friend. As long as I continue what I am, I may have as many pretended friends as I please. We must leave sensibility to the women. It is their business. Men should be firm in heart and in purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war or with government. I am not amiable. No I am not amiable. I never have been. But I am just."

Any one taking up Abbott's life of Napoleon, at this particular passage, without a previous knowledge of the writer's aim, would be tempted to believe that he was actuated by the desire to exhibit his Hero to the world in a very ridiculous light. To him who had just read the account of his Egyptian expedition, it would appear still more extraordinary that, instead of ascribing to Napoleon some regretful thoughts as to the fate of the troops he was abandoning, he should allow his hero to indulge in the twaddle we have transcribed—and which so far from bearing the Napoleonic stamp, smacks more of the lack-a-daisical tone of some small imitator of Lord Byron.

Having made his hero give his sentiments on friendship, Mr. Abbott in the tone of an oracle bestowing some large treasure of new knowledge upon the world, makes Napoleon add as all sufficient proof of the non-entirety of friendship. "I love no one; no, not even my brothers." Who, looking impartially and scrutinisingly upon the whole of that bad hearted man's life, needs to be told that he loved no one? But is the whole world to be judged incapable of Friendship, because one exception to the general tenderness and fidelity of the human heart was to be found in that man who in selfishness, and in ambition, was a complete and wonderful exception to our common humanity? That he should be destitute of power to feel one of the sweetest and noblest affections of our nature is by no means marvellous; on the contrary it would have been marvellous, indeed if he could regard any one, of the human race, in any

other light than as calculated to advance or to oppose his sovereign will and pleasure.

When Mr. Abbott made Napoleon exclaim, in speaking on friendship,—

"As to myself, I well know that I have not a true friend," he proved nothing more than just that he was a heartless ingrate who did not deserve to have a true friend, though he had in the course of his bad career very many true friends, whose chief faults were their too blind, too devoted, too unscrupulous, and too inflexible attachments to a man whose instincts like those of the beasts of prey, combined unsocial sullenness and indifference to loss of life.

"No" says Napoleon, in his maudlin mood "no I am not amiable, I never was, but I am just." It is, if we err not, that keenest of modern Satirist, that Juvenal in French prose, the Duc de Laroche-foucault, who says that when men want to blind the world and at once conceal a great vice and get credit for a great virtue which they do not possess, they commonly charge themselves with some foible which *they* do not deem one, though they use the world's language in calling it one. This is precisely the aim of Napoleon in the passage which we have just quoted. Despising amiability, and well knowing that all who had ever heard of him well knew that he could no more justly lay claim to that quality than a grizzly Bear could, he disclaims amiability, that his candour on that point may mislead us into admitting that he was just. *He* whose whole life was one long tissue of injustice; more consistent than mortal man ever before or since had the opportunity to scourge the world with during so many years of impunity and inpenitence! Napoleon had no greater desire to be just than he had to be amiable; but to be thought just was not so unimportant even to him, and therefore, it is that we find him at this crisis so ostentatiously telling what every one who knew any thing about him well knew already, to wit, that he was not amiable and never had been, hoping thereby to find acceptance for his assertion, of what, assuredly, no one would otherwise have dreamed of, to wit, that he was just. When we remember Napoleon's well known vanity, we are almost, however tempted to believe that probably he was as nearly sincere as so essentially false a man

could be, when as a corollary from his own felt hardness of heart, he inferred that all the rest of the world were really as hard hearted as he, and that consequently, Friendship was merely a name. To him, it doubtless was such, and one of the few unexaggerated passages in Mr. Abbott well illustrates the intense selfishness and cold calculation that formed part and parcel of Napoleon.

"Though" there was no haughtiness in Napoleon's demeanor he habitually dwelt in a region of elevation above all his officers.— Their talk was of cards, and wine, and pretty women. Napoleon's thoughts were of Empire, of renown, of moulding the destinies of nations. They regarded him not as a companion but as a master whose wishes they loved to anticipate, for he would surely guide them to wealth, and fame and fortune. He contemplated them not as equals and confiding friends, but as efficient and valuable instruments for the accomplishment of his purposes. Murat was to Napoleon as a body often thousand horsemen, ever ready for a resistless charge; Lannes was a phalanx of Infantry, bristling with bayonets, which neither artillery nor cavalry, could batter or break down.— Augereau was an armed column of invincible troops, black, dense, massy, impetuous, resistless, moving with gigantic tread, wherever the finger of the conqueror pointed. These were but the members of Napoleon's body, the limbs obedient to the mighty soul that swayed them. They were not the companions of his thoughts, they were only the servants of his will. The number to be found with whom the soul of Napoleon could dwell in sympathetic friendship was few—very few.

Our readers, of course, remember how often and with what maudlin sentimentalism Mr. Abbott has extolled the generosity, the disinterestedness and the tenderness of Napoleon; and yet what a perfect, though unlovely, picture has he here given us of the utter selfishness which was the motive of every thought, word and deed of this gifted but bad man.— That there was no haughtiness in Napoleon's demeanor is ridiculously untrue; and Mr. Abbott himself has supplied more than one very graphic and impressive proof that he *was* haughty, or, to speak more plainly, that he was sullen in his demeanor not only towards his officers generally, but even to those

whose early companionship with him, when he and they were school-boys at Brienne, or boy subalterns in the Royal army of France would have caused any other man but himself to relax somewhat for the memory of "auld lang syne."

Had we space to spare for parallel columns of contradictions of Abbott by Abbott, we would present our readers with a sheet of matter far more amusing than most of that which fills the volumes of D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature." Our readers know how very hard he has hitherto laboured to show that Napoleon and France were all for peace and quietness, and really desirous of avoiding war, looking upon Europe, but more especially upon Britain, as being no less cruel than unjust for balking the peaceable thirty millions of French in their sincere and anxious endeavors to remain at peace with all mankind. No sooner has Mr. Abbott impressed his readers with the conviction that Napoleon really desired peace, and that his return had been prompted by a sincere wish to serve his adopted country, than, forgetful of the arguments he had just employed, he sets about preparing the reader for the change forced upon his hero by the peculiar position in which he found his beloved France placed.

Napoleon now (*i. e.* after his reconciliation with the pure, beloved, and economical Josephine) "with a stronger heart turned to the accomplishment of his designs to rescue France from anarchy. He was fully conscious of his own ability to govern the nation. He knew that it was the almost unanimous wish of the people that he should grasp the reins of power. He was confident of their cordial co-operation in any plans he might adopt. Still it was an enterprise of no small difficulty to thrust the five directors from their thrones and to get the control of the Council of Ancients and of the Five Hundred. Never was a difficult achievement more adroitly and proudly accomplished."

Of Napoleon's consciousness of his own ability to govern the nation we do not for a moment feel a doubt. To govern despotically he needed only power; nature had superabundantly gifted him with all the requisite despotism of will; and as, in his vocabulary, the nation meant a land of submissive slaves,

populous enough to supply him with armies and industrious enough to supply him with money, munitions of war and provisions, it needed very considerably less vanity than he possessed to assure him that, if he could but get the requisite dictatorial power, no matter by what pretences or under what title, he could govern the nation, very entirely to his own satisfaction, at the very least. But here ends, almost as soon as it has commenced, our agreement with Abbott. How does he make it out that Napoleon "well knew that it was the almost unanimous wish of the people that he should grasp the reins of power. To our Anglo-American dullness this seems to be anything but clear, especially as we are not informed how Napoleon knew this so well! Was the information gathered from the secret correspondence carried on between him and Josephine while he was in Egypt? from the companions of his voyage from the frigate's crew? while travelling from Frejus to Paris post haste? or during a residence in Paris of only a very few days, which days were spent in an almost complete retirement? So far from agreeing with Abbott as to the general wish on the part of the French people, we have before us the proof that when Napoleon landed in France, no one excepting himself and his own clique wished him to "grasp the reins of power," and that, if we set aside the very natural jealousy of the government, from its official knowledge of Napoleon's real character, no one, when Napoleon first landed in France from Egypt, even suspected him of the insolent and unprincipled ambition of which he shortly afterwards gave such striking and decisive proofs.

Mr. Abbott, who formerly talked so loudly and so largely about the *dissenthralled* state of France at the time when Napoleon was in Egypt, and who has since, in order to justify the conduct of Napoleon in deserting his post, represented the Directory as "a despised and disregarded government, whose absurd measures had filled the land with plots and counterplots and assassinations," now contradicts himself once more and tells us, that, confident as he felt of the almost unanimous assent of the people to his seizure of the reins of power, "as if it was an enterprise of no small difficulty to thrust the five Directors from their thrones, and to get the control of the council of the Ancients and the Five Hundred."

Why we ask was this enterprise so difficult? How does this alleged difficulty square with "the despised and disregarded," and almost universally unpopular government, and the almost unconscious leaning in favor of Napoleon on the part of the people at large? We confess ourselves unable to reconcile discrepancies so glaring as these. Let us, however, examine another contradiction or two, on the part of the Anti-British Mr. Abbott; "Moreau and Bernadotte were the two rival generals from whom Napoleon had the most to fear.—Two days after his arrival in Paris, Napoleon said to Bourienne, "I believe that I shall have Bernadotte and Moreau against me. But I do not fear Moreau. He is devoid of energy. He prefers military to political power. We shall gain him by the promise of a command. But Bernadotte has Moorish blood in his veins. He is bold and enterprising. He does not like me, and I am certain that he will oppose me. If he should become ambitious, he will venture anything. Besides, this fellow is not to be seduced. He is disinterested and clever. But after all we have just arrived." Our readers will observe that Abbott himself states that this was said to Bourienne by Napoleon *two days* after he arrived in Paris. How then was this man we again ask to have obtained his knowledge, (of which Abbott dares on his own authority elsewhere to speak) of the almost unanimous wish of the people that he should "grasp the reins of power?"

It must be borne in mind that Abbott's only attempt at even plausible justification of Napoleon's treason against the Directory was founded upon the assumption that Napoleon acted not merely upon his own ambitious designs and desires, but upon his knowledge of the almost unanimous wish of the people that he should seize upon that power for which he was so eager. We again ask where is the proof of that wish on the part of the people? Even if it existed, *how, from whom, when, and where*, was it authentically or reliably made known to Napoleon. We confess we do not understand how Abbott could allow his hero when he had been only two days in Paris? to talk not merely of seizing upon the power he desired, but of bribing one of his probable opponents with a command. We are mistaken if this be not satisfactory evidence that Napoleon's subsequent acts

were unsanctioned at the outset save by his own ambition, and the intrigues of his needy, and greedy relatives, and that it was only by mingled fraud and force, that the people were made acquainted with his ambitious designs, in the first place. And yet, after telling us that when Napoleon had been but two days in Paris, when it was both morally and physically impossible that he, living in extreme retirement could receive any reliable evidence of the alleged "almost unanimous" adhesion of the people, and that he had had the audacity to utter such unmistakably treasonable language as that which we have marked for Italics in the above extract, Abbott has the still greater assurance to add, in the very first line of the next paragraph to that extract:

"Napoleon formed no conspiracy."

The force of partizanship can surely go no farther than this, the reader in his innocence will probably say; we reply to the reader, be but patient, and he who so boldly tells you that Napoleon formed no conspiracy, shall presently show you that he was conspiring all the time, and shall give you the details of his conspiracy!

"He confided to no one his designs. And yet, in his own solitary mind, he studied the state of affairs, and he matured his plans. Siéyes was the only one whose talents and influence Napoleon feared. The Abbé also looked with apprehension upon his formidable rival. They stood aloof and eyed each other. Meeting at a dinner party, each was too proud to make advances. Yet each thought only of the other. Mutually exasperated, they separated without having spoken. 'Did you see that insolent little fellow?' said Siéyes, 'he would not even condescend to notice a member of the Government who, if they had done right, would have caused him to be shot.' 'What on earth,' said Napoleon, 'could have induced them to put that priest in the Directory? He is sold to Prussia. Unless you take care he will deliver you up to that power.'"

But half a page back we are told that Napoleon had formed no conspiracy—yet already we find Abbott talking about the non-conspiring hero "in his own solitary mind," relying entirely upon his own capacious resources, studying the state of affairs, and maturing his plans. To what does Mr. Abbott wish his readers to believe that the *plans* of

Napoleon had reference? In his delicate distinction between proofs of innate cruelty and acts of the most cold-blooded and frightfully cruel description, we have seen full proof of Mr. Abbott's skill in equivocating and refining when he desires to delude his readers, and it is pretty clear that though he uses the delicate phrase "maturing his *plans*," Mr. Abbott really means that his hero was maturing his *treasonable conspiracy*.

The Abbe Siéyes, of whom Abbott speaks in the above extract, is the same of whose "pigeon-holes full of Constitutions," adapted to all tastes and all circumstances, Edmund Burke made such admirable sport in that ornate and stately merriment of which he was so eminently and unapproachably the master. But, although Siéyes was terribly full of crotchets, and was grievously troubled with "an itching palm," and with a yearning for a political eminence for which he was qualified neither by natural ability nor by acquired powers, he was by no means the extremely absurd and weak person some writers seem to consider him; and his remark on Napoleon, which we have just quoted, clearly shows that he was a tolerably accurate judge of human nature, and that he already had taken pretty correct measure both of the designs and the proceedings of Napoleon; and had Siéyes or any one of the Directors *acted upon* the accurate view thus taken, the treasonable conspiracy might at that early period have been crushed with the most perfect ease. For what, in fact, was Napoleon at that moment? A Deserter, in the fullest sense of the word, plotting treason, and plotting with such audacity that, cunning and false as he was, his treason was obvious to Siéyes, to one of the sovereign Directors whose orders he had disobeyed by leaving Egypt, and against whose sovereign power he was treasonably plotting, or, as Mr. Abbott would call it, "planning," from the very moment of his landing at Frejus. Had any one of the Directory, Siéyes for instance, possessed only a tithe of the Corsican's eager energy and unscrupulousness, Napoleon would have received a domiciliary visit, have been hurried away, like his subsequent victim the gallant young Duc D'Enghien, and been shot and buried in a ditch, with as little of either ceremony or commiseration as would be bestowed upon any other deserter.

There is yet another very noticeable point in the above extract from Abbott, and a very valuable one, as showing, in connection with Napoleon's subsequent conduct, the utter recklessness of that bad Despot as to the political as well as moral impurity of those whom he saw that he could make useful to his own selfish purposes. How scornfully he marvels at such a man as Siéyes being a member of the Directory! With what malignant zeal he charges the Abbé with having sold himself to Prussia and with designing to deliver France over to that power! And this, too, be it remembered, in a city in which to be charged thus and to have one's severed head shown to the ruffian mob and then tossed in what that ruffian mob facetiously termed the "meat basket," were, with but few exceptions, cause and effect as inseparable as heat from fire! And yet this Abbé, this alleged Prussian tool, and traitor to France, was very shortly afterwards Napoleon's trusty and very dear tool, and Napoleon's colleague in the Consulate! This being notorious, who but an Abbott would have ventured to represent Napoleon as either an honest man, or as that sort of ruler against whom Great Britain should *not* have rallied the appalled European powers under her own fearless and proud leadership.

By way, no doubt, of proving the truth of his bold assertion, that "Napoleon formed no conspiracies," Abbott tells us that, dining at the house of one of the Directors, Napoleon was introduced to Moreau, and that "conscious of his own superiority and solicitous to gain the powerful co-operation of Moreau, he made the first advances, and, with great courtesy, expressed the earnest desire he felt to make his acquaintance." Will Mr. Abbott tell us *what it was* that Napoleon was solicitous to gain the co-operation of Moreau? If Napoleon was *not* conspiring, how was it that he acted as our historian next proceeds to say that he did act? He relates some rather pompous, but no less insignificant, talk on the part of Napoleon, and then says: "Napoleon by those fascinations of mind and manner which enabled him to win over whom he would, soon gained an ascendancy over Moreau. And when, two days after, in token of his regard, he sent him a beautiful pomegranate

with diamonds, worth two thousand dollars, the work was accomplished, and Moreau was ready to do his bidding." *What* work was accomplished? In *what* was Moreau ready to do his bidding? Although he has made so positive a statement, that "Napoleon formed no conspiracies," Mr. Abbott actually seems to take a pleasure in showing his utter contempt for the memory of his readers or for their common sense, by furnishing, in detail, elaborately, and in phraseology which defies mistake or doubt, proofs almost numberless that he did form conspiracies.

That Napoleon was obviously tampering with Moreau for some purpose of his own, Mr. Abbott tells us in so many words; will he then deny that Napoleon's purpose was the usurpation of sovereign power? If he deny this, will he point out what other purpose Napoleon had in view, or whether he felt the secret and irresistible prompting of the destiny which in denying him an empire in the East only seemed to be conducting him to one in the West?

Abbott goes on to say: "Napoleon gave a small, and very select dinner. Gohier was invited. The conversation turned upon the turbans used by the Orientals to clasp their turbans. Napoleon, rising from the table, took from a private drawer two very beautiful brooches set with those jewels. One he gave to Gohier, the other to his tried friend Dessaix. 'It is a little toy,' said he, 'which we republicans may give and receive without impropriety.' The Director, flattered by the delicacy of the compliment, and yet not repulsed by anything assuming the grossness of a bribe, yielded his heart's homage to Napoleon."

The precise value of the heart's homage which can be purchased by a delicate compliment in the shape of a turquoise brooch we need not stay to enquire; but before we quit this passage of Abbott, we must invite attention to the fact that this Napoleon, represented as being so pure in pecuniary matters, and whom Abbott here represents as giving away valuable jewels, and also a poinard set with diamonds of the value of two thousand dollars, was only a very few years previously a really penniless man, possessed of no legitimately acquired means, had set up housekeeping, had to meet the great expenses entailed upon him by a notoriously extravagant wife, and yet

could give away, or rather could expend in quasi corrupt practices, large sums, so as to make to a comparative stranger presents at so extravagant a rate. How did he obtain the means of being thus lavish in order to get a general ready to do his bidding, and to cause a director to yield him his whole heart's homage? If Mr. Abbott will strike a balance between Napoleon's legitimate income on the one hand, and his inevitable expenses on the other, we rather imagine he will be puzzled how to account for his Idol's great command of means, consistently with that pecuniary purity and disinterestedness or which the Idolator desires us to give credit to the Idol. Barras, it is true, was the very dear friend of Josephine both before and after her marriage, but though Barras was a huge speculator, he was a no less untiring spendthrift, and though he may have had excellent reasons for helping the still handsome Creole, it is incredible that even his help could have, so early, made the, so lately penniless, Corsican rich enough to give, as a mere bagatelle, a poinard, which, but five years before, his annual income, beyond his barest maintenance, would not have purchased had that increase been multiplied by two.

As though determined that nothing which, in his recklessness as a partizan, he affirms in favour of Napoleon shall be without decisive contradiction from his own pen, Abbott says:—"Do you really, said Napoleon to Gohier in his interview, 'do you really advocate a general peace? The Republic should never make but partial accommodations. *It should always contrive to have some war on hand to keep alive the military spirit.*'" And yet, elsewhere, we are told as emphatically as though he really believed it, that Napoleon sought for peace, and that France under him was forced into war by the Kings of Europe, urged by that implacably unjust Britain.

Again: Abbott goes on to say that Napoleon gave Lefebvre a beautiful Turkish scimitar, and exhorted him not to allow the Republic to perish in the hands of Lawyers. The scimitar was as effectual with the general as the Brooch had been with Gohier; it caused him to yield his whole heart's homage, and to express it after a very decided fashion, for as he received the scimitar he said—"Yea! let us throw the Lawyers into the river!" A summary style, that, of saving the Repub-

lic! And again: "Napoleon soon had an interview with Bernadotte. He confessed, said Napoleon to Bourienne, that he thought us all lost. He spoke of external enemies, and internal enemies, and at that word he looked steadily in my face. I also gave him a glance. But patience: the pear will soon be ripe." We should have liked Mr. Abbott to tell us *what* pear it was that was so soon to be ripe.

"In this interview," adds Abbott, "Napoleon inveighed against the violence and lawlessness of the Jacobin club. 'Your own brothers,' Bernadotte replied, 'were the founders of that club. And yet you reproach me with favouring its principles. It is to the instructor of some one, *I know not who*, that we are to ascribe the agitation which now prevails.'"

It really is difficult to understand how Mr. Abbott can write thus suicidally. Not an anecdote does he give that does not belie some one or other of his own sweeping assertions in favour of Napoleon. Bernadotte assuredly did not tell the whole truth when he said that he knew not whose instructions caused the agitation; he well knew that the arch-traitor and intending usurper was Napoleon Buonaparte. Pity, aye and shame no less than pity, that Bernadotte did not on the instant take counsel with Séyès, and nip the Napoleonic treason in the bud, even had they executed him as pitilessly as he murdered thousands of better and less dangerous men.

In spite of Mr. Abbott's unscrupulous assertion that "Napoleon formed no conspiracy," it is, we think impossible for any unprejudiced reader to entertain any shadow of doubt that Bernadotte was perfectly right in attributing the agitations of France at this period to the intrigues of the Corsican clique. Even while Napoleon was absent in Egypt, his brothers had been busy in plotting and agitating with a view to preparing the public not merely to sanction or to suffer, but to aid his usurpation. The "many voices here and there" that Abbott so artfully mentions as having called for the conqueror of Italy and of Egypt to save France, were simply the voices of the Corsicans and their hirelings, echoed by willing or deluded tools.

We need scarcely remind our readers that a main point at issue between Abbott and ourselves is, in fact, the state in which the Reign of Terror and its butcheries left France.

Abbott maintained that they left France "disenthralled," being under the government of its own choice, and only perilled or injured by the injustice, and the tyrannous cruelty, of Britain and her allies, who sought to force back upon France a discarded and hated king. See on referring back to the pages in which we discussed the point at length; and that our statement was fully justified. To this assumption we demurred, and our readers could not fail to perceive the justice of our opposition, when they found that Abbott, having justified Napoleon's doings in Egypt on the plea that they were both caused and justified by the ill treatment experienced by *disenthralled* France at the hands of Britain and her allies, no sooner found it necessary to justify Napoleon's abandonment of Egypt and treasonable usurpation in France, than he represented France as being enthralled so hopelessly that nothing but the genius of Napoleon could save her.

We well knew that France was not for one moment disenthralled, from the moment when Louis XVI. became a captive in the hands of the traitors who at length murdered him, to that when Louis XVIII. was replaced upon the throne by Britain and her allies to the great relief of every man in France, excepting that only too numerous party who, in the various ranks of marshals, dukes, police spies and cut throats in uniform who found themselves deprived of their virtuous occupations and virtuous gains by the restoration of the legitimate monarch and of social order. We said so, and we maintained that Britain and her allies did but their duty, Godward and manward, in endeavoring, during the worst days of the Revolution, to do that which they at length succeeded in doing when they sent the Emperor to repent his mis-spent life at St. Helena, scolding like an angry fishwoman and moralizing like Mendez Pinto or Beaumarchais' inimitable Figaro.

THE Moustache Movement.—It is rumoured that all the oysters on the English coast, following the example of other natives in like Majesty's dominions, intend, for the future, adding, the moustache to the beard they have been hitherto in the habit only of wearing.

ALWAYS IN A STATE OF FERMENT.—The most revolutionary article is bread, for, on the least rumour of an outbreak, it is invariably the first thing to rise.

MIRANDA: A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER I.

It was the evening of the 1st of March, 1789, and darkness had already veiled the face of nature; heavy clouds rolled their huge and unwieldy masses along the turbid sky, amid faint and dull flashes of far-off lightning, when a man on foot, a bundle on his shoulder, and wearing a rude costume—that of the working-classes of society—broad rimmed felt hat, blue cotton frock, dark trousers, and heavy boots—stopped before the auberge of the *Dernier Sou*.

This inn, situated on the roadside, about a dozen miles from Paris, was of mean appearance, but large in its premises, for over the door was written, in almost legible characters, with nearly correct orthography—

"Ici on loge a pied et a cheval."

The traveller, whose back was turned to Paris, paused ere he entered to listen for sounds from within, and as if satisfied with the result of his scrutiny, he prepared to pass the threshold, when another wayfarer presented himself.

This was a young man of better appearance than the other, though not a member of the upper classes. He wore, it is true, a sword, but his dress left it in doubt whether he were a simple citizen, or a student aiming at one of the learned professions. There was a careless mixture of both in his costume, but he, too, had a stick and a bundle. Like the artisan, he paused, looked up, and then followed the other into the auberge.

It was a large room which they entered, with a huge fireplace, a few tables and chairs, and a sideboard, on which were displayed bottles and glasses of varied shape, size, and contents. Near this table stood a woman, and by her side a man, apparently in active and earnest conversation—active, because both were lively—earnest, because the subject-matter was not of the slightest importance.

Of small stature, with a loose brown coat, a red cap, and huge boots, which had evidently seen service on salt water, this man, whose head was very much on one side, as if he were always in the act of listening, cast an uneasy and uncertain glance upon the pair as they entered. His eye rested an instant on the younger traveller, but nothing there seemed to him to require further notice; when, however, he caught sight of the other, he turned pale, and for a minute his whole form, and the very sinking of his knees, betrayed an abject sense of fear. Without noticing the scrutiny, or the alarm which succeeded it, the object of so much terror asked for some bread, wine, and a *sauccisse a l'ail*. He then seated himself at a table, and placed his bundle on the ground.

"And what shall I serve for you, Monsieur?" said the woman, addressing the young man.

"Have you materials for an omelette?" he replied, in a voice which made both men look up and examine his appearance, so richly musical were its tones, falling as it were with a metallic ring on the ear.

Of middle size, with long dark hair, pale and oval face, eyebrows pencilled like a woman's, a forehead high and smooth, a straight nose, and a mouth which seemed made to utter none but gentle things; there was a fire flashing from his eye, however, which belied this gentleness. He was evidently one of those who could be mild or stern as the occasion required.

"Monsieur shall have one in ten minutes," replied the hostess with a smile, for on her woman's heart his good looks were not lost, and away she hastened to perform her promise.

Meanwhile the man with the wry neck and the other traveller had been eyeing each other with some little curiosity and anxiety. At length the former, whose first terror was now passed, but who was still uneasy at the pertinaacious glances which the stranger, after once catching a glimpse, seemed to throw upon him, made an effort and spoke, though his tongue with difficulty performed its office.

"You seem to know me?" he said in a thick voice, which appeared to make itself heard by a struggling effort, and came rather from the ear which rested on his left shoulder, than from his throat.

"Oh, no!" cried the other, turning pale, and as if fascinated by the speaker's look, "not at all."

"Excuse the liberty; I thought you did; but as I was mistaken, let us drink to our better acquaintance, *sotts animale* he who swills alone," and taking up glass and bottle, he came and seated himself opposite to the stranger.

"You honor me vastly," muttered the other, who looked as if he only wanted courage to refuse; he was, in fact, though not a man easily daunted, in a state of the most intense agony of mind.

"But now I know *you*," whispered the wry neck, bending across the table, and looking full in his companion's face, upon which he lavished a most malicious wink—the other's alarm having acted on him as a cordial; "I ought too."

"Really!" faltered the little man, whose face was livid; his eyes rolled uneasily in their sockets, as if about to burst their bounds, and he trembled violently.

"You look uncomfortable," continued the man with the wry neck, still speaking confidentially; "have you the cholera?"

"No, no!" replied the other, "I am perfectly at my ease," the big drops of perspiration coursing at the same time down his cheeks

"Well, I should think it strange if you were not. You are no chicken, but are as brave as a dragon. True, a'nt it?"

"Ye—e—e—s," said the unfortunate, with a ghastly grin, his throat swelling as with a choking sensation.

"You have done too many deeds of note to be suspected," repeated his merciless tormentor.

"Deeds of note," replied the other mechanically.

"Ah! there was the affair Latour," continued the wry neck.

"Ye—es," replied the man, peering cautiously round, as if in search of something with which to defend himself against the questioner.

"Ah! ah! you are modest, you wont unbosom yourself, but secrecy is of no use. I knew you, Maitre Duchesne," said the other, half maliciously, half in disgust.

"Hush, by all the saints, but who are you?" replied Duchesne, looking, despite himself, at the other's feet.

"Oh! I am Jean Torticolis," continued the other, pointing to his wry neck by a jerk of his thumb.

"Is that your only name?" inquired Duchesne curiously, but somewhat reassured.

"I have no other," replied Torticolis, somewhat sadly, "no name no existence."

"Ah!" exclaimed Duchesne, again becoming uneasy, "and why?"

"Because I have a wry neck, and I am called Torticolis," answered the other moodily, his whole frame not only sombre, but terror-struck.

"But you have always been thus deformed, thus twisted?" continued Duchesne.

"Not always," said Jean, glaring almost savagely at the other.

"Since when then?" faltered Duchesne.

"Since the 1st day of March, 1784," replied Jean, striking his fist upon the table.

Duchesne turned pale again, moved his chair a little from his companion, and, strong man though he was, appeared ready to faint.

"You are then?" he again faltered.

"I was—Paul Ledru," replied Torticolis, fixing his eyes hard upon the other, "but he is dead, the law has said it; and I am now as I just told you, Jean Torticolis—Maitre Duchesne."

"*Mordieu!*" cried Duchesne, drinking off a draught of wine, and drawing at the same time a long breath, "this is too much. None of your *coq a l'âne* for me. You Paul Ledru! Why, I saw him dead—ah! dead, as my great-grandfather, if I ever had any."

"So you thought," said the other, half savagely, his face awfully distorted as he recollected the horrors of that day, "so you thought, *Monsieur le Bourreau de Paris*. But it was I said the first of March, 1784, and the execution of the assassins of the Count to

Bague gave you work. When it came to my turn you were drunk. You hanged me, but you did it badly. Science, not from humanity, but love of experiment, restored me, and the name of Torticolis is all that remains to remind me of your good intentions."

"Bah!" said Duchesne, with a grin, for he was now quite recovered, "this is too bad, to have one's subjects meet one in this way five years after death. Faugh! you smell of La Grève."

"You don't approve of it," grinned Jean, "but I do; there we differ."

"We do professionally," said Maitre Duchesne, "but come now, shake hands and bear no malice; and as you are the first of my *pratiques* whom I meet after, just tell me what it is like; novel sensation, eh?"

"Brigand," exclaimed Jean, furiously, "don't speak of it, breathe not the question—it kills me."

"If Monsieur be delicate on the point, I will not press him," said the *Bourreau*, deprecatingly.

"You had better not, if you wish peace," continued the other, wildly.

"Agreed," said Maitre Duchesne. "So the doctor—I sold you to him for twenty livres—took the liberty to bring you back. So much the better. I did my duty, he did his."

"You were both very attentive, I must confess," said Jean, grimly; "but let us drop the subject. On what duty are you now bound?" he continued, as if the other matter was not pleasing to him.

"Duty, *Mordieu!*" cried the other, savagely, "none. It's all up with me; no more business. The *États Généraux* are convoked."

"Ah! but I am not strong on politics," said Jean. "Excuse me, therefore, if I inquire how this will affect you?"

"I am told, one of the first intentions of this meeting is to abolish death."

"Altogether!" inquired Torticolis, with a *naïveté* which was, however, but assumed, to conceal his natural cunning.

"No *farceur*, but by hanging," replied Duchesne, with a sigh.

"I wish they had passed it six years ago," said Jean, moodily.

"Do you? You are very hard," exclaimed the *Bourreau*, with a sneer.

"Yes; I should then have a straight neck, and not be called Torticolis, because my wife was handsome and a noble saw it!"

"By the way, what is become of Madame Ledru?" said the other, affectionately.

"She is dead," replied the wry neck.

"And the young Count?"

"Lives; but there is time for revenge. My wounded honor, my legal death, because I chastised a scoundrel, and her decease, all call on me. Trust me, I bide my time. But whither are you bound?"

"For my village; I have saved a few hun-

dred *liores*, and now for Picardy, where I hope to spend my old age in peace."

"You are wrong," said the young man, who had just commenced his *omelette*.

"Why, Monsieur?" inquired Duchesne, turning round sharply.

"Because there will be more work for you than ever, though not of the same kind," replied the youth, a strange and wild fire shining in his speaking eyes.

"More work than ever," cried Duchesne, incredulously.

"Man," said the other, with considerable excitement of manner, "we are on the threshold of wondrous days; great things are about to happen; all men should be ready, for all men are interested. Who knows," he murmured to himself, "my republic may turn out other than a dream."

"You said," observed Duchesne.

"Return to Paris—it is the place for men," replied the young man, and then, as if recollecting the horrible vocation of him he spoke to, a burning blush overspread his cheeks, and he resumed the consumption of his half-forgotten meal.

"You are going to Paris," said Jean Torticolis, meekly, his little grey eyes fixed piercingly on the youth.

"I am," coldly said the other.

"You are a deputy to the States-General, perhaps," continued the man with the wry neck.

"Perhaps," replied the other with a smile, not unmingled with a little pride, for so inherent is the love of power and station, that the poorest republican, even despite himself, cannot withstand the feeling which it generates.

"At all events," insisted the other, "as you say great things are to happen, you may, perhaps, advise us when the time comes."

"If it be in my power," said the young man, quietly.

"Where shall we find Monsieur?"

"Oh! if you want me, on asking *Rue Grenelle St. Honoré, No. 20; au Troisième* for Charles Clement, you will find me."

"Good, I thank you, Monsieur," said Jean, drawing forth a greasy pocket-book, and with difficulty making note of the address and name.

"I shall face about," cried Duchesne, awaking from a reverie, and then addressing Jean in a whisper, "The youth has set me thinking. Who knows what may happen! *Tonnerre*, but Paris is, after all, the place for a man to get an honest living."

"Did I know where to perch," said Jean, in reply, "I might join you."

"Until you settle," replied Duchesne, with a grin, "I will give you a berth, and not the first neither."

"Bah! no more of that; where do you quarter?"

"If my room be not let, I have a sky par-

lor; it is rather high, on the sixth storey, but there is a good view of the tiles."

"What part?"

"Rue Grenelle."

"St. Honoré?"

"Yes."

"What number?"

"No. 20."

"Bah!"

"Why?"

"Why, that's where *he* lives," pointing with his thumb to the young man.

"You don't mean it?"

"Didn't you hear him say so just now," continued Jean Torticolis.

"No, but this is lucky, we shall know where to find him, *en cas*."

"Exactly; but I should like to know what he means by great events," mused Torticolis, addressing himself rather than his companion.

"Why, wine at two sous a bottle, bread at one sou a pound, meat the same, what else could he mean?" said Duchesne.

"Thunder, that would be great," continued Jean, pleased but not convinced, "one might live without working."

"Not exactly," said Duchesne, who for the first time in his life, perhaps began to think, "but one might work a little less like animals."

"You might punish the insolence of a few nobles," whispered Jean, as if half afraid of the enormity of his proposition, "that would suit me."

"Impossible," said Duchesne, alarmed, "they are too powerful."

"They are very few," mused Torticolis.

"My God," exclaimed Duchesne, "that never struck me before."

"And we are many," continued the wry neck, caressing his chin.

"Who, we?"

"THE PEOPLE."

"Ah, yes! the people," laughed Duchesne, "what good are they against musketeers, Swiss, chevaliers, cannon?"

"But, Duchesne," said Jean, gravely, "a million ants might kill an elephant; besides, this is not the first time I think of this."

"Just now you said you knew nothing of politics," continued Duchesne, gaily.

"I didn't know your sentiments, my dear Duchesne; but I hope to see the people something in future."

"One might come to that," replied Duchesne, "who knows; the States-General are convoked, and they talk of the *Tiers-État* having the upper hand."

And thus, as thousands of others were doing, without premeditation, ignorant of the consequences of their own thoughts, unaware of their own mighty power, these two men went on conversing—preparing themselves for the great events of the French revolution.

When from a charming hill-side, bespangled with flowers, and rich in jewelled drops, spark-

ling in the sun, the traveller beholds bubbling forth the tender rivulet, he little thinks it the cradle of a mighty river, which, afar off, sweeps everything before it, irresistible, grand, sublime, and to affront which is madness. So the movement in France. Gentle, polite, still at first, commencing in the discussion of certain trivial forms, it was to end only when monarch, church, aristocracy, all that vainly strove to stay its career, were crushed. It began in sunshine, it ended in a thunder-storm but thunder-storms proverbially cleanse and purify the atmosphere.

CHAPTER II.

THE STORM.

An hour passed, during which time Charles Clement luxuriated in the study of a well-thumbed pamphlet—one of those leaves which, scattered as by the wind, and pregnant with seed, sowed everywhere the germs of the terrible future—his eye kindling as he read, and his whole mien revealing the emotion which agitated him. Ardent, sanguine, full of the the spirit of youth, burning with shame and sorrow beneath the cumbrous tyranny which everywhere assailed the people—all who were unenobled—the discussions of the day, the writings of Voltaire, Mirabeau, Rousseau—spirits that saw the evils of the times without discovering their own errors—had infused into his mind, aided by his classics, a theory of polity, before which the feeble, enervated, and tottering monarchy of France would then have trembled, could it have believed it widely diffused. Charles Clement was an enthusiastic and ardent republican, dreaming of a state of things where the happiness of the people would be the first and only consideration of government, and dreaming, too, that democracy was to come forth in all its strength, quietly, calmly, and amid the joyous but peaceful acclamations of grateful millions.

Charles Clement, while wrapped in his ardent visions—such as are ever those of talent and virtue, forgot the fierce passions, the brutal ignorance, the unbridled thoughts, the canker-worm of corruption, the rotten fabric of the State, the seeds of poverty, misery, and death, all plentifully sown by ages of debauchery, profligacy, and misgovernment, on the part of the kings and aristocracy of France; but concealed beneath the surface, hid by the spangled splendor of courtiers and court, veiled by the silks and satins of haughty dames, smothered beneath orient pearls, jewels, and gold; its cries stifled amid the resounding of great names, the glare of rank, and the laugh, the song, and the festival—but still smouldering—in places bursting forth and preparing to flood all bounds, to visit with awful retribution the authors of so much evil—was coming that terrible thing—called public opinion.

But republicanism in France was but the splendid dream of a few noble though erring spirits, who mistook hatred of oppression, and impatience of suffering for love of liberty, and enthusiastic reception of it for fitness to enjoy it. They forgot that the despotic monarchy had not only impoverished, but corrupted the people, who were brutal, superstitious, ignorant, impulsive, incapable of reasoning, and that they must infallibly become anarchical, disbelieving, and not knowing what liberty really was, degenerate into license. A people passes not from slavery to freedom at a stroke without losing all self-control. A republic, being the perfection of human government,* requires for its maintenance—and then magnificent, indeed, would be its career—that the monarchy upon whose ruins it is erected should have given the people a foretaste of freedom—that they should have exercised, without knowing it, most of the functions of democracy—that trusting in a religion which is cherished because heart and head go hand in hand with faith, they should not blindly follow mere ceremonies and symbols they do not understand—that they be educated sufficiently to understand the full difference between liberty and license—that they knew enough to distinguish between patriots and spouting quacks. The republic must come, too, gradually, but as the culminating stroke of a long line of reforms; in a word, they must have dwelt long beneath a constitutional government, be an industrial thinking people, not a passionate and military nation—have lived in the nineteenth, not the eighteenth century—.

Who looks on France, however, before the revolution, who inquires profoundly into the natural causes of its excesses, will own that the awful tempest was necessary, for the blood of the nation had stagnated, and the heart would soon have ceased to beat. The remedy was terrible, but with all its horrors less terrible than the evil.

Meanwhile Duchesne and Torticolis, between whom a strange link had created a kind of fraternity, had spent their time in discussing over their bottle and glass the hopes which the few words of the ardent youth had awakened in their bosoms.

"Peste," said Duchesne, continuing his remarks, "if he were right, and the people were about to become something."

"It is time," replied Torticolis, gravely, for this his first political discussion seemed to weigh upon his mind.

"I rather think it is. The nobles have skinned us long enough. Their turn now. I wonder if their hides are really so much softer," said the *Bourreau*-ready-made disciple of the reign of terror.

* We do not for an instant identify ourselves with this sentiment.—ED. A. A. MAG.

"Fichtre, you go quick," said the other, more cautiously, "our masters won't give way without a struggle."

"You are right," observed Duchesne, "therefore, 'quiet' is the word, and let us wait what turns up. Be sure somebody will be *sapours*."

"Agreed, comrade, and now enough of history, it's dry talk," said Torticolis, pledging the other in a bumper.

"Enough—for the present."

And, unknown to himself, Charles Clement had secured for the revolution two blind and devoted adherents, but such as served to ruin the hopes of its wisest advocates.

"But allow me to observe, M. Duchesne, that the weather is somewhat dark; I expect we shall have a storm."

"Two and two make four," said the *Bourreau*, "and thick clouds bring rain. Madame Martin, we shall sleep here to-night,"

"Very good," said the dame, complacently, "there is a double-bedded room at your service."

"And for me?" inquired Charles Clement, raising his head from the pamphlet over which he had been musing.

"I have had a fire lit in No. 1," replied Madame Martin, with a smile and curtsy.

"See what it is to be young and have good looks," whispered Duchesne, with a meaning wink; "I shouldn't wonder if she sent him away without asking for his bill."

"*Sapristi*," replied Torticolis, laughing, it is the way of the world."

Meanwhile the weather had in reality set in with violence. The growling of thunder was heard in the distance, gradually becoming more distinct, while the wind shook the not very firm timbers of the *Dernier Sou*, making the travellers draw with additional pleasure round the fire, which Madame Martin had recently refreshed by the addition of several huge logs. Gradually, as the day quite faded, and no light illumined the room save the fitful flame of the fire, Clement closed his book, and, being in a dreamy humor, kept his eye fixed upon the blaze, while his ears drank in, with singular satisfaction, the sound of the storm without.

"It rolls on apace," he muttered, as the heavy booming of the thunder was heard overhead, and, like it, will roll the anger of the people; much noise, much tumult, to leave the air all the more fresh and pleasant."

But Clement forgot, in applying his comparison, the devastating fire, which, previous to the termination of the storm, often does terrible deeds.

"It strikes me," said Torticolis, suddenly rising, "that I hear voices without."

"The wind," replied Duchesne, who was quietly loading a pipe, his *ultima thule* of happiness.

"Did you ever hear the wind say '*Sacre*'?"

continued Torticolis, somewhat contemptuously.

"Not exactly," answered Duchesne, raising a burning stick, and applying it methodically to the bowl of his pipe.

"Then don't contradict me," observed Torticolis, "and allow me to observe, without denial, that a voice just now said '*Sacre*'!"

At the same time, the loud clashing of a postillion's whip, the rumbling of wheels, and the sound of horses' feet, were heard above the roar of the storm, which now came down in pitiless showers of rain.

"Travellers," said Madame Martin, advancing with alacrity to meet them.

Reaching the door, and throwing it wide open, the worthy landlady of the *Dernier Sou* peered forth into the darkness.

"Holy mother! a *chaise de poste*! Pierre! Pierre!" she cried in a loud and shrill tone.

"Hola! he!" replied a rough voice from the stable.

"Come round and attend to the carriage."

A vehicle, and one, too, of no small pretensions, to judge from its unwieldy though handsome form, with four horses and numerous outriders, had, in fact, halted before the little inn, while several men-servants descending from their horses, hastened, some to open the door of the carriage, while others advanced to the entrance of the auberge.

"Woman," said one of these, insolently apostrophising the worthy Madame Martin, "my master, to avoid the storm, has decided to honor your *cabaret* with his presence. Make way for the Duke de Revilliere."

The various parties occupying the interior of the inn started, while each experienced sensations peculiar to their individual characters.

Madame Martin, true to the money-bag, like all faithful innkeepers—no longer the accomplices but the principles in acts of extortion—without noticing the too common impertinence of the servant, was overwhelmed with delight at the honor which fell upon her house, though a pang went to her heart as she remembered that her only decent room was engaged by the handsome young stranger.

The two men, Torticolis and Duchesne, were equally solicitous about their apartment, which they had little doubt would be summarily taken possession of by the lacqueys.

Charles Clement smiled. He, the republican aspirant, had possession of No. 1, and the Duke de Ravilliere was no doubt about to dispute it with him. Another sentiment evidently actuated him, as a blush passed rapidly across his intelligent face.

Meanwhile Madame Martin and Pierre busied themselves in hunting up and lighting several lamps, which, with the blaze of the fire, made the old room look more cheerful and sunny. Charles retreated into a dull corner of the apartment, to be as far apart from

the new company as possible, and was nearly concealed by the curtains of the good landlady's bed, while Duchesne and Torticolis, their valiant resolutions and resolves made against the whole race of nobles vanishing for the nonce, like morning dew, rose, respectfully awaiting the entrance of the aristocrats.

Preceded by servants holding hastily-lit torches, and having on each side a young lady, the Duke walked with stately step, neither casting look to the right nor the left, and proceeded to dry his damp and spotted clothes by the now sparkling fire, in which he was imitated by his fair companions.

Tall, slim, and even gaunt, the Duke somewhat resembled, in his plumed hat, his powdered wig, his short mantle and long braided waistcoat, with loose green coat, a diamond-hilted sword, and other courtly appendages, a skeleton dressed up in mockery of death, so thin were his cheeks, so shrivelled, dry, and yellow was his skin.

Presenting a marked contrast, not only with the aged nobleman, but one with the other, the two ladies formed a bright relief to the aspect, stern, proud, and cadaverous, of the courtier.

The one slight, delicate, and frail, the other of equal height, but fuller and more womanly proportions, without being a month older; the one pale, with a complexion of dazzling fairness, the other with a rich tint of summer skies on her scarcely less white complexion; the one with light graceful hair, worn powdered, in the fashion of the day, the other with a mass of heavy dark ringlets, falling as nature gave them on her shoulders; the one with liquid blue eyes, soft, tender, and fawn like, the other with dark and speaking orbs, that spoke of passion, energy, and fire; the one with a delicate but somewhat low forehead, the other with a lofty, almost massive brow, all intellect; the one with a mouth made but to speak sweet things and give soft kisses, the other with beautifully shaped lips, but on which sat determination and power; the waist of the former was thin, that of the latter disdained all artificial restraint, and exhibited the natural graces of form which woman generally does her best to mar.

Charles Clement had caught all these shades of difference at a glance, though his eyes, after the first impulse, rested, by virtue of the spirit of antagonism inherent in our nature, on the fair girl who little resembled himself, it could be seen at once, either in appearance or character. His attention was, however, only given to their native graces, omitting all search for the details of their costume, which he noticed not, in which particular, therefore, we shall follow his example.

"Germain," said the Duke, addressing his principal servant, after a brief pause, "can one dine here?"

"No, monseigneur," replied the lacquey,

positively without waiting for the landlady's remarks.

"Monsieur le Duc, I beg pardon," exclaimed the irate cabaretière.

"Germain, tell this good woman to speak when she is spoken to. We cannot dine, I suppose—then we must fast."

"Faith I hope not," said the dark-eyed beauty, laughing, "for the air and motion has given me an appetite."

"Countess," replied the Duke gallantly, "were you a man, I should remark that your observation was vulgar."

"But, as I am a woman," gaily continued the Countess, "it is truth."

"Monsieur," said the valet, respectfully, "forgets that the lunch is yet untouched."

The Duke recollected it perfectly well, but did not choose to know anything of which his servants could more properly remind him. In those days inns were so ill-served that noble and wealthy travellers were constantly in the habit of taking all necessary articles with them.

"Then serve the lunch," replied the nobleman, solemnly.

"In the meantime, if Martin has a chamber, we will adjust our wet garment," observed the Countess, with a sweet smile.

"Madame," exclaimed the woman, in much confusion, and with a profound reverence, "I have but one room, and that——"

"Is perfectly at the service of these ladies, to whom I with pleasure cede my claim," said Charles, rising, and standing uncovered before the two ladies.

"We are much obliged," answered the Countess, surveying with some little surprise, and even confusion, the handsome youth who thus suddenly stood before them.

"For what?" exclaimed the Duke haughtily.

"For Monsieur's courtesy," said the Countess, turning, with steady mien, towards the nobleman.

"The courtesy of a *roturier*," sneered the Duke, with that characteristic disregard for the people's feelings which paved the way for so much bitter revenge.

"Monsieur," exclaimed Charles, coldly, "you forget the times are changed, and that a bourgeois is no longer a slave."

"This to me!" cried the Duke, reddening, while the painful conviction forced itself upon him that the words breathed truth.

"Yes, to you, Monsieur le Duc de Ravilliere, Marquis de Pontois," replied Charles; "I mean nothing impolite, but to remind you that we are no longer serfs."

"This comes of teaching the people; those vile pamphleteers are ruining the state," muttered the Duke; by pamphleteers the Duke meant Montesquieu, Voltaire, Helvetius, Rousseau.

Meanwhile the Countess and her fair companion, who had slightly colored on the ap-

proach of Charles, whose manly, handsome form, and enthusiastic character, were no strangers to Adele de Ravilliere, retired, followed by their maids.

"Monsieur le Duc will perhaps allow me to observe," said Charles, modestly, "that there are others who have tended that way besides the philosophers."

"Whom, pray?" replied the Duke, sarcastically, or rather with that profound impertinence which the ignorant rich sometimes assume towards the poor.

"The profligate, reckless, and ignorant men who have pretended of late to rule the state, to say nothing of the women."

"Young man," exclaimed the Peer, astounded and piqued—he remembered his own humble court to the seductive Dubarry—"this is rank treason!"

"You will hear much more," said Charles, "from the Tiers-Etat."

"Bah!" said the Duke, carelessly, "they may talk; all they will say will end in smoke. But have I not seen you before?"

"I believe my face is not strange to your family," replied Charles, bitterly. His mother had been a Ravilliere, who had married for love into a legal family, and died of a broken heart in consequence of the persecution of her relations.

"Ah! I thought so," exclaimed the Duke, vainly striving, however, to tax his memory.

"I am Charles Clement, son of Jacques Clement, counsellor, who married your sister," replied the young man, moodily, the memory of his dead mother's wrongs rising before him, and shedding withered thoughts upon his path.

"Hum!" said the Duke, dryly, "but I have not seen you since you were a child."

"You mistake, Monsieur le Duc; ten years back—I was then a lad of fifteen—I saved your daughter's life when thrown into the *Somme*," replied Charles, as dryly.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Duke, his better feelings at once prevailing, "and you never came forward to claim my thanks and gratitude."

"I knew you, Monsieur, for one of my mother's brothers, and, therefore, one of her persecutors," replied Charles Clement, coldly.

"Charles Clement," said the nobleman, taking his hand, "you wrong me. Perhaps I might have been, who knows, had the opportunity occurred. But I was away with the army, and only heard of the matter a year after my sister's death. She was my playmate, too, in early days, and I am glad to meet her child."

"My Lord Duke," replied Charles, warmly, "this is to me an unexpected delight."

"You have the face of a Ravilliere," said the Duke, musing sadly, as he thought what he would have given for such a son, "and, were you noble by your father's side, might aspire to great things."

"Monsieur le Duc," exclaimed Charles, "you are mistaken. A time is coming when the factitious advantages of rank and birth will no longer have weight, and when merit, talent, energy, will be as ready a road to preferment."

"I believe," said the nobleman, sinking his voice, led away, he knew not why, by the charm of the other's voice, and forgetting awhile his stately pride; "I believe the state of the country to be more serious than the nobles suppose; but the change you contemplate is an idle dream. A pretty state of things, truly, when a *gentilhomme* shall be no better than a *roturier*."

"And yet, my uncle," interposed Charles, quietly, "both are but men."

"Oh!" said the Duke, with an involuntary sneer, "you are one of the disciples of equality. But let us not discuss politics, lest we quarrel. You are going to Paris?"

"I am," replied Charles.

"With what object?"

"To watch events. I have a small income, derived from my late father, and hope that circumstances may arise favorable to the pursuit of my profession."

"You will find a friend in your uncle," said the Duke, sadly; "I have but one child left, with whom my name ends. Except yourself I have not a relative, save one distant one, and in these days a young head may be useful. Whenever you are at leisure you are welcome at the Hotel Ravilliere."

"Thank you, my uncle," exclaimed Charles, blushing crimson, while his heart's blood came and went with rapidity, "I shall avail myself of the privilege."

Meanwhile the busy valets, using the apartment as if it had been their master's property, had spread, on a white and snowy table-cloth, with plates of porcelain, silver forks, and other articles of luxury, a cold collation, which made the eyes of the two men glisten, and excited many admiring and envious whispers.

"I do not think we have such very great reason to complain, Duke," said the Countess, returning, accompanied by Adele; "indeed, to have escaped the pelting storm is alone a luxury."

"Put another *couvert*, Germain," cried the Duke, resuming his stately tone.

The ladies exchanged glances, and then looked with no little surprise on the aged nobleman.

"Adele," he continued, "you have, doubtless, not forgotten your fall from your pony into the *Somme*?"

"Oh no!" said she, her cheeks crimsoning, and her lovely eyes slightly moistened, "nor my brave cousin who rescued me."

"Humph!" remarked de Ravilliere, dryly, but not angrily, "so you recognise him."

"Monsieur Clement and I have met once

since," said Adele, recovering herself, "about ten days ago in the forest."

"Oh!" continued the Duke, "But allow me, at all events, to introduce to you," addressing the Countess, "my nephew, Charles Clement."

"Here, too," exclaimed the Countess, laughing, "you are too late—I was with Adele on the occasion referred to."

"Oh!" again said the old man, "but, nephew, know my noble and lovely ward, the Countess Miranda de Casal Monté."

Charles bowed, and on the invitation of the Duke, seated himself on one side of the table, with his uncle opposite, while the ladies sat to his right and left. The meal commenced. The conversation was serious, but not sad. Charles, at the request of the Duke, spoke of his early life, of his orphan state, of his arduous studies in Paris for the legal profession, of his many courageous struggles against adversity, and those difficulties which encumber—though in the end they aid—the progress of the man who has to make his way in the world by the power of industry, talent, and learning.

"M. Charles," said Miranda, after listening with attention to his eloquent but somewhat bitter relation, in which his habitual sense of wrong and injury inflicted on his class burst forth—"M le Duc has promised you his support and countenance; you will therefore scarcely want any other, but if my less weighty influence be of any use at any time, command it."

"Madame," replied Charles gravely, the kind, gentle, but protective tone, touching him to the quick, "your offers, along with those of my uncle, are generous and tempting, but I am one of those who must fail or owe all to themselves."

"Then fail you will," said the Countess half ironically, "for owe your success to some one you must, whether that some one be your friends or the public."

"I would owe my success, Madame la Comtesse," continued Charles, "to my own exertions; I would know that my pen or my voice—and if these fail me, my hands—have made me whatever I am to become, and not to feel that I am rich or powerful or great, because rich and powerful and great people have taken me by the hand."

"But, Charles," observed the Duke, gazing at him curiously, "to your own relations you cannot object owing something."

"When I am the enemy of the class to which they belong," replied the young man enthusiastically, "however much I can love and respect them, I can owe them nothing."

The Countess Miranda raised her dark eyes with astonishment on the youth; Adele curled her pretty lips with a slightly-sorrowful air; while the old Duke who apart from his courtier education had much good sense, replied

calmly—"Confound not the class with its abuses," he said, "if indeed such exist. That some disorders have taken place I grant, because certain men have looked rather to keeping their places and making money than of being upright ministers—a common failing with men in power—but I cannot descry in what the nobles are generally to blame."

"My Lord," replied Charles warmly, "the present generation of the aristocracy are not wholly to be condemned; to the vices and immorality of the last reign we owe much of present misery—so true is it the wickedness of those in high places is gall and wormwood to the people. But the nobles are to blame in preserving their antique privileges, the barbarism of feudalism; in not bearing their fair share of taxation; they are to blame, because, having no eyes, they do not see the signs of the times; they are to blame, in contending mainly, in the face of increasing enlightenment, against the truth which is heard trumpet-tongued in the garret and work-shop—infusing hope and elating the bosom—that the people are something in the nation, and should enjoy rights as well as perform duties."

"And are such the feelings," inquired the Duke, "of many besides yourself?"

"My Lord Duke," exclaimed the young man, "they are the cherished sentiments of thousands of Frenchmen, who hail the States General but as the prelude to a constitution and representation of the people, as in England."

"But in England—for I have travelled there—representation is generally but a name."

"Monsieur de Ravilliere," said Charles, "they have the shadow, and the substance will follow. We have neither shadow nor substance."

"Ma foi!" exclaimed the Duke, "if these sentiments are ripe, we may have a hard tussle for our privileges. But, young man, we have the army, we have the rich, the noble with us, and all power in our hands, and must prevail."

"And we have public opinion, justice, and the people," replied the young man, quietly.

"These are new words," mused the Duke; "but go on, nephew, I am rather glad to hear you speak; I shall learn something of which few of my class have any idea."

And Charles Clement, whose keen eye and thoughtful mind had watched the progress of events, and who had pondered deeply on the probable consequences of the popular and universal ferment; upon the effect produced by the wide diffusion of political information; who knew—he, the law student, who had lived among the people—the excitable character of the Paris mob; who was well aware that thousands of men were hoping for liberty, and would risk fortune and life to win it, sketched, with almost prophetic power, much

which was to come. His picture was dim; he dealt necessarily in generalities; his ideas of change fell far short of the reality; but his warnings were accompanied by so much that was cogent in reasoning, and were attuned with so much eloquence and animation, that his auditors were variously moved.

Vague sensations of alarm made the Duke shudder, for he saw that his old age, which he had so fondly hoped would have ended in peace, was likely to be a stormy one, and more and more he clung to the support which, in this time of popular tribulation, he might look for in a young and active relation.

Adele, though much struck by the words of the young man, was much more so by his manner, and the sparkling animation depicted in his eyes, which had become deeply imprinted on her heart.

Miranda listened coldly and critically, and not a trace of emotion of any kind was visible on her handsome, nay, beautiful countenance.

The ladies, the storm not abating in the least, retired shortly after the conclusion of the dinner to the room so gallantly ceded to them by Charles Clement, in order to repose from the fatigues of the day. The Duke, too, determined to lie down on a bed made with the cushions of the carriage, and other materials which the servants produced, in the double-bedded room intended by Madame Martin for Torticolis and Duchesne, but which now was ceded to the aged nobleman and our hero.

"Charles," said the Duke, soon after the two young women had retired, "perhaps you are not aware that I owe you 120,000 livres?"

"Monsieur le Duc," replied Charles Clement, startled, "I told you I could accept nothing."

"My friend," said the Duke, smiling sadly, "you would not surely refuse to accept a mother's gift?"

"A mother's gift!" exclaimed Charles.

"Yes, my nephew, for eighteen years my sister's portion has been accumulating in my hands; the arrears amount to 120,000 livres, while the principal is a farm near Paris, of which my *homme d'affaires* will hand you the title-deeds in due form, with the amount which he has in his hands of the twenty year's accumulation."

"But, my uncle," said Charles, hesitating.

"M. Charles," exclaimed the Duke, gravely, "through culpable negligence on my part, and the fact that, pardon me, I had forgotten your very existence, this money has not been previously paid you, but yours it is, and M. Grignon will show you the necessary documents to prove this."

"I am deeply grateful, Monsieur le Duc, and can refuse nothing which was my mother's."

"It is then settled; good night, nephew,"—and in a few moments more the nobleman was asleep, leaving the young man to ponder on the events of the day.

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

Throw more logs upon the fire!

We have need of a cheerful light,
And close round the hearth to gather,

For the wind has risen to-night.

With the mournful sound of its wailing

It has checked the children's glee,

And it calls with a louder clamour

Than the clamour of the sea.

Hark to the voice of the wind!

Let us listen to what it is saying,

Let us hearken to where it has been;

For it tells, in its terrible crying,

The fearful sights it has seen.

It clatters loud at the casements.

Round the house it hurries on,

And shrieks with redoubled fury,

When we say "The blast is gone!"

Hark to the voice of the wind!

It has been on the field of battle,

Where the dying and wounded lie;

And it brings the last groan they uttered,

And the ravenous vulture's cry.

It has been where the icebergs were meeting,

And closed with a fearful crash;

On the shore were no footstep has wandered,

It has heard the waters dash.

Hark to the voice of the wind!

It has been in the desolate ocean,

When the lightning struck the mast;

It has heard the cry of the drowning,

Who sank as it hurried past;

The words of despair and anguish,

That were heard by no living ear,

The gun that no signal answered;

It brings them all to us here.

Hark to the voice of the wind!

It has been on the lonely moorland,

Where the treacherous snow-drift lies,

Where the traveller, spent and weary,

Gasped fainter, and fainter cries;

It has heard the bay of the bloodhounds,

On the track of the hunted slave,

The lash and the curse of the master,

And the groan that the captive gave.

Hark to the voice of the wind!

It has swept through the gloomy forest,

Where the sledge was urged to its speed,

Where the howling wolves were rushing

On the track of the panting steed.

Where the pool was black and lonely,
It caught up a splash and a cry—
Only the bleak sky heard it,
And the wind as it hurried by.
Hark to the voice of the wind!

Then throw more logs on the fire,
Since the air is bleak and cold,
And the children are drawing nigher,
For the tales that the wind has told.
So closer and closer gather
Round the red and crackling light;
And rejoice (while the wind is blowing)
We are safe and warm to-night!
Hark to the voice of the wind!

THE UNKNOWN.

—“to conceal
With a proud caution, love, or hate, or aught—
Passion, or feeling, purpose, grief, or zeal—
Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought.
Is a stern task of soul!”

In one of the most beautiful and picturesque counties of the principality of Wales, and on one of that chain of mountains which nature seems to have intended as a defensive barrier between ancient Cambria and England, there is situated a romantic village, whose houses are built at intervals up the side of the eminence, and are crowned and overlooked by the remains of a fortress on its summit, that was once powerful and commanding. The time, however, is gone by which beheld its grandeur, since, from being the stronghold of feudal power and oppression, it has been successively the scene of knightly and chivalrous prowess, of lady love, and minstrel lore, down to the polish and splendour of recent times. The same illustrious family continued to be its possessors and inmates from the period of its erection until the present generation, who, at the call of fashion, removed to a more commodious and modern mansion in the plains it overlooks, and left the ancient seat of their ancestors, to become the residence of their dependents.

The beauty of the surrounding country occasions many tourists to visit this otherwise secluded village; and the ancient fortress occasionally becomes the abode of such of the lovers of nature as are not satisfied with a temporary view of the charms she exhibits. In its antique and gloomy chambers the summer day's wanderer finds a pleasing contrast to the gorgeous brightness of all external objects; he may gaze from the dim Gothic windows upon a scene of almost Italian loveliness; he may turn towards the interior of the chamber; and the grim and time-faded pictures that still remain upon the walls, the dark panels, and heavy doors, and wide fireplaces that mark its antiquity, may serve to

recall to his memory much that he may have heard of the prowess of ancient times. How much do the least romantic, and most creditable of the old chronicles impress one with an idea of the lawless state of mankind in the darker ages! What stories they relate of rapine and fraud—of ambition in the state—of force in arms—of stratagem, combined with force, in love—yet not unmingled with traits of grandeur of soul, that, like gleams of light in a stormy day, seem the more brilliant from the darkness by which they are surrounded!

It is now some years since a young traveller, who had a mind capable of feeling the full force of historic truth and philosophic reasoning, came from Cambridge to spend the summer vacation amid the stillness and the beauty of nature. Of the learning of the schools he had enough, and, perhaps, to spare, since he drank of the cup of knowledge with a thirst that seemed insatiable,—the deeper he quaffed, the greater was his desire; and he became thoughtful and abstracted beyond his years. He seemed to have that fire and motion of the soul which,

—“but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him that bears, to all that ever bore.”

His father, who was entirely of an opposite character, and who had, in his early days, suffered something from his friendship with one of his son's temperament, was anxious to overcome this restlessness in the youth; he, therefore sent him on an excursion into Wales, hoping that the natural beauties he would there behold might wean him from his too closely followed inquiries into philosophic truth.

At the period of his arrival at the ancient fortress, it happened to have for a tenant an old and sorrowful man, one whose grey hairs, and furrowed brow, and “lack-lustre eye,” gave evidence of a long and wearisome existence. He was of such a retiring deportment—so taciturn and repelling—and there was such an expression of suspicion in the quick inquiring glance which he sometimes directed from beneath his overhanging brow, that the young man felt unwilling to break in upon the seclusion of one so much older than himself, and who evidently shunned and disliked society. Yet there was something about him which excited an almost painful interest in the breast of his observer. He was old, helpless and solitary. He had either outlived all the objects of affection and friendship once dear to his bosom, or he had outlived their remembrance of him; in either case he was rather to be pitied than condemned.

It was the custom of the young student to sit in his chamber at the hour of twilight, and to watch the stars as they appeared, one by one, in the calm ether—shedding, from their golden urns, a radiance more tender and de-

lightful than that of day. At such periods he was wont to apostrophize them as the bright and changeless things that had kept, untired, their silent vigils from the first night of creation—as objects, if not as worlds, removed from our crime-tainted and care-laden atmosphere, and peopled “with beings bright as their own beams.

From such meditations he was frequently recalled by the light that shone from the chamber of the Unknown, and which, as it was situated in an opposite angle of the old fortress, he could easily overlook. Regularly, at the same hour of the night, the stranger lit his lamp; and as the student watched its flickering light, he bethought him of the olden time when that room might have been “the bower” of some courtly and lovely dame; and when such a light, beaming from its lofty window, would have been construed into a love-lighted beacon, to guide home her lover, or her lord. Sometimes he was filled with curiosity to ascertain the nocturnal employments of the Unknown, for employed he undoubtedly was, and it must be something, thought the student, remarkably interesting, that should call forth such unusual assiduity, in one who seemed to have nothing worth living for. Yet, in spite of his pertinacious observance, nothing could the student discover but that the Unknown, after lighting his lamp, drew from its depository a casket or desk, then placing himself between the window and the table, he continued, for hours, to contemplate its contents. Thus, shut out from the truth, the student resorted to fiction, and there was nothing, however wild, that his heated and speculative imagination did not present to him—he fancied him an astronomer, calculating the revolutions of the heavenly bodies; from an astronomer he converted him, by a ready process, into an astrologer, and thence into a magician. From a practitioner of magic and the black arts, the student, who was well versed in the histories of the middle ages and all their legends, transmuted the Unknown into an alchemist, busied him in the search of the *elixir vitae*—pursued him with imaginary persecutions—gifted him with boundless wealth, and then (as the strange association of ideas will sometimes lead us into absurdities) the Unknown degenerated into a maker of counterfeit coin.

Awaking, with a start, from such reveries as these, the student could scarcely forbear laughing at his own speculations; and, after indulging in them, he frequently retired to rest, and renewed in his dreams the wanderings of the mind. One day, during which he had observed that the Unknown seemed unusually retiring and melancholy, he suffered himself to be so absorbed in such meditations that his overcharged and weary spirit refused to part with the images he had presented to it, even after the body had sunk to repose.

He dreamed that he sat in the chamber of the Unknown, with the mysterious desk open before him; that he stretched out his hand to reach a roll of parchment that it contained, but, ere he could grasp it, it closed with a tremendous noise, and he suddenly awoke. There was, indeed, a loud knocking at the door of his apartment; the Unknown was ill, and desired his presence.

The student hastily threw on his clothes, and proceeded to the apartment whose secrets he had so much wished to penetrate. The curtains were closed round the bed of the Unknown; his visitor put them aside, and gazed with surprise on the altered countenance of the dying man. He was now speechless; so rapid was the progress of his disease; his teeth were clenched; his lips were severed and pale; his eyes were glazed; *death* was legibly written upon every feature. He shook his head as he distinguished the student; as a last effort he held out his hand, and the young man received from him a small key; nature could do no more; he laid his head back upon his pillow, and the student saw that he was alone with the dead.

It is an awful thing “to be alone with the dead;” with the body of one whose spirit has that moment escaped from us; and, as we gaze on the mute remains of humanity, every feeling and passion, however turbulent, is hushed, benumbed, to silence. Is it that we are unconsciously impressed with the sense of the presence of an invisible and disencumbered spirit, that yet hovers around its late tenement, watching our deportment, prying into our thoughts, estimating the sincerity of our regrets? or do we know ourselves to be standing in the court of death, before the very altar upon which an offering has been recently made to Him, where we ourselves shall one day come? or is it a sense of loss, of deprivation, a snatching away of something incalculably valuable that thus affects us? It may be one or all these feelings that subdues, for a time, in the chamber of the dead, the lamentations of the relative and the friend; that suspends the speculations of the moralist, that stills the clamours of the interested, the inquiries of the curious; it was some such feeling that obliterated from the mind of the student, as he gazed on the remains of the Unknown, his recent desire to scan into his history.

But on the morrow, when it became necessary to make arrangements for the funeral, the student unlocked the desk, of which he had received the key. It contained a sum of money, folded in a paper, on which was inscribed, “For my funeral expenses.” In a secret drawer was deposited a miniature of a female of dazzling beauty, and several closely written sheets of paper addressed to “The finder.” The student, therefore, scrupled not to examine their contents.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE UNKNOWN.

Stranger! whoever thou art into whose hands this record of my existence may chance to fall, pause ere thou openest its pages, and recal to thy mind such scenes of thine own life as may best assure thee that frailty is the companion of man; since, if no humiliating sense of thine own errors teach thee to look with compassion on mine, thou wilt do well to shut the book, and resign it into the hands of a more merciful judge. There was a time when I ranked high among my fellow men. I was esteemed for my virtues, and admired for my talents. I looked forward to a life of honor, and a death of renown. Alas, to what have I been degraded!

I do not remember my father; he died on the day of my birth; an ill omen of the fate of his posthumous son. I was the first and the only child of my mother, who was freed, by the death of her husband, from the most insupportable species of domestic tyranny; and from the earliest hour of consciousness, I remember myself to have been the sole idol of her heart. I formed no wish, however wild—I had no desire, however extravagant, that she did not seek to gratify; and my temper, naturally irritable and violent, was made worse by this ill-timed indulgence! Her fortune was limited, and, as the masters she employed to conduct my education flattered her with the belief that I possessed extraordinary talents, she resolved that I should embrace a profession by which I might at once acquire both emolument and renown.

From domestic tuition I passed to Eton, and thence I was entered as a student at the courts of law in the metropolis.

I will pass over my probationary years, a great portion of which I idled away at the retired mansion of my mother, and merely state that I was honorably called to the bar in the thirtieth year of my age; and that I began my career with a full determination to commit no action that might bring disgrace upon myself, or discredit upon my profession; but such resolutions are more easily made than adhered to. Time had somewhat subdued my youthful volatility, but I was still rash, headstrong, and impetuous; outwardly, and where my interests or my character required it, I could be calm and temperate; I was able to repress before strangers those quick and virulent resentments which burst forth in the domestic hour with a violence that made my mother shrink, and my servants tremble, but which, when once exhausted, left in my mind no seeds of malice or enmity. Even in despite of these paroxysms my attendants loved me; my mother bowed to their fury in silence, she felt that she should have curbed them in my youth; and one, who was neither relative nor servitor, wept until her tears disarmed me.

She was the companion, the ward of my mother, if so might a portionless orphan be

denominated. She was the child of an old and faithful friend, and, on the death of her last parent, my mother offered her an asylum under her roof. Emma Gordon gladly availed herself of the protection of such a woman, and became domesticated at our cottage. She was meek, unoffending, and affectionate, without energy, mediocre in intellect, insipid in her manners, and doll-like in her appearance. She was brought up in the strictest exercise of all religious and moral duties. Everything wrong, whether it was a petty departure from decorum, or an atrocious murder, came under her idea of things that were "improper," and I often ridiculed, with merciless severity, this indiscriminating mode of censure. I was the object on which such affections as she possessed were wholly lavished; but I could not be said to love her in return. The passive preference, the soulless tenderness, of such a woman, could not call forth the impetuous, deep, and glowing love that I was capable of feeling for a more energetic and intellectual female, one with whom I could fully have interchanged every thought, every feeling, every sentiment, who would have had one heart, one mind, one soul with myself, who would have been to me, and I to her, as an oracle of wisdom, of happiness, of life.

Perhaps I was wrong to indulge my mother in the belief that I loved her ward; but I knew that my parent had set her heart upon the marriage, and I had no intention of disappointing her. I had then seen no woman that answered to my own secret ideal of personal and mental charms. Emma, by long habitude, was so well acquainted with the custom of self-indulgence, of indolence, and of luxury, which I yielded to at home, that she was partly necessary to my comfort; to marry her would be to secure a skilful nurse, a careful housekeeper, a judicious manager of my domestic affairs, and a patient minister to my capricious whims. For amusement or for advice, I would seek elsewhere.

I did not, in these calculations, consider any one but myself; I never gave a thought to futurity, of the children I might have, or the qualities they might inherit. Like the admonition of the ancient sage, when I asked myself what was the object of my cares, I could only couch my answer in the thrice reiterated and odious monosyllable, self, self, self. I did not, as her sex required, even leave it to Emma to appoint the day of our marriage, but, having signified to my mother and to her the period of my return, I required them to have everything in readiness for the ceremony. I then departed to pursue my professional avocations.

At home I was a slave to myself, and a tyrant to those around me; in the world I was wholly different: at least my selfishness assumed a nobler character—was more indirectly gratified. I had applied, with a wis-

dom inconsistent with my character, to the profession I had embraced; I had a well-grounded knowledge of the law, I studied the graces of elocution, and, by an honorable and manly mode of proceeding, I procured myself the esteem of all who knew me. I had a prepossessing appearance, my figure was tall and graceful; and, in pleading the cause of my clients, I took care that my diction should be as correct and classical as my voice was full and harmonious. In justice to my own character, I must add, that many of my faults arose from my injudicious education; my errors were offered to me by indulgence; my virtues were the fruits of a vigorous mind and a clear judgment, that sometimes were powerful enough to burst through the trammels of early habit.

During my residence at Eton, I formed an intimacy with a young gentleman of good fortune and family, whose name was Lewis. Our friendship had, at first, the usual fate of school-intimacies—we were thrown into different situations in life, and saw nothing of each other for some years. In time, however, I became known as an advocate of some eminence, and I was agreeably surprised by a visit from Lewis, who came to my chambers to consult with me relative to a lawsuit, in which he was individually concerned. A lady, with whom he was on the point of marriage, found that her fortune was unjustly detained from her by her guardian, there seemed to be little doubt that the cause, if well conducted, would be determined in her favor. I undertook to plead for her, and anxiously awaited the day of trial.

Lewis had described her to me as possessed of the greatest beauty and the highest accomplishments; I was full of enthusiasm in the cause of grace, friendship, and love; I went beyond myself in eloquence, and came off triumphant.

In a few days I was introduced to Augusta Waldwin—the praises of her lover were cold in comparison to her deserts; and from that hour I burnt with an uncontrollable desire to call her mine. She was of the first order of fine forms; but her natural charms were as nothing compared to the finished elegance of her manners, the grace of her motion, the eloquence of her language, the witchery of her eye. She could not perform the smallest action of her life without charming the beholder; if she was silent, the enraptured admiration mutely gazed upon her; if she spoke, every sense, even reason herself, bowed before her power. Years have passed over me since I first beheld her, and the fire of life now burns feebly in my bosom; but, though I have drained the bitter cup of life to its very dregs, the remembrance of what Augusta then was has sweetened the most poisonous drop of that nauseous draught. But she has passed from the earth, and neither child

nor kindred perpetuates her beauty or her name.

It was not, as I now think, perfectly prudent in my friend to introduce me to such a paragon of loveliness; yet he could not suppose that I should so far transgress the rules of honor as to break through my engagements with Emma Gordon, or endeavor to prevail on Augusta to become my wife. I had not myself any determination to act so basely—I did not premeditate to rob my friend of his treasure; but I was to blame in not flying from her presence the moment I became conscious of her power. I should not have staid to listen to her voice, or to gaze upon her eyes; or have endeavored, as I constantly did, to assure myself that, in everything, her sentiments were like mine. I began to encourage a hope that she preferred me to Lewis—that she admired me for my aspirations after distinction; and her smile of approbation became the chief reward of my nightly studies and my daily toil.

She was perfectly different from all women that I had seen before; my mother, though well-bred and lady-like in her deportment, was of the old school, somewhat stately in her ideas of etiquette, cold and reserved in her politeness. Emma, educated on the same principle, and naturally placid and passionless, became positively inane; and such females as I had elsewhere conversed with, were either modifications of the same species, or ran into the opposite extreme of levity, and appeared impertinent and trifling. Neither was I singular in my opinion of Augusta's superiority—no one could withstand the magic of her charms—as little could they describe the power they bowed to. It was unseen, indefinite, indescribable; but, like the Promethean fire, it was subtle and ethereal, and it communicated intelligence to everything it glanced upon. The more I compared her with my affianced bride, the more strongly was I urged to break through my engagements; I was in a fever of contending passions—food and rest were alike hateful to me—I was incapable of reasoning with myself—I could not apply for advice to my friend; he, of all men, it behoved to keep in ignorance of my frenzy. The same motive estranged me from my mother; and I sought a refuge from reflection in the inebriating bowl.

There are states of mental abstraction, and of deep and engrossing passion, which seem so effectually to counteract the power of wine on the animal spirits, that men under their influence can scarcely become intoxicated. Such was my case; and I frequently arose from the table perfectly master of my faculties, but under strong excitement, and in a mood to do aught that opportunity might dare me to do. On one of these occasions I caught up my hat, and pursued my way to the house of Augusta. Unfortunately, for I knew it not, Lewis was

in the country, superintending the improvement of his residence previously to his nuptials, and the servant ushered me into the drawing-room. Augusta was alone, reclining on a couch placed in a window, whose balcony was filled with flowers. The sultriness of the day had left her spiritless and languid; her eyes had little of their usual vivacity, and, after the interchange of common civilities, we relapsed into silence.

Why should I thus harrow up my long-buried emotions to gratify the curiosity of one to whom I am as nothing? why should I thus tear the veil from my own frailties? why repeat the sophisms by which, on this eventful night, I won Augusta from my friend, and procured my own ruin? Let it suffice, that the following day she became my bride.

In the first paroxysm, for it deserves no other name, of my happiness, I refused to think of Emma Gordon, of my mother, or of Lewis. I had Augusta—she was *mine*, mine only; how, it mattered not; my ambition and my self-love, the prevailing sins of my nature, were equally gratified by the possession of such a woman, so surpassing in beauty, in accomplishments, in intellect. All bliss that I had known before seemed poor and tasteless compared with this, and I revelled in the fullness of delight. A letter from Lewis at length reached me; it was a partial sedative to my heated imagination; it was indignant, scornful, severe: it demanded from me the satisfaction that one gentleman owes to another. I was flushed with wine when I answered it. I replied, "that I was too happy in the society of the lady who had done me the honor to prefer me to him, to risk my life against one who had no wish to lose his own; that, if he was insupportably weary of himself, there were ways enough to terminate existence without my aid." The result of this insolent boast was, that he branded me to the world as a villain and a coward.

It had long been a maxim with me, that, in the opinion of the world, the success of an enterprise will prove a justification for him that undertakes it; and that of two men who should, with the same means, motives, and ability, enter on the same pursuit, the one proving successful, and the other not, the fortunate one would be deemed prudent in his speculations, the other the reverse. I therefore flattered myself that a little raillery from my friends upon my hasty marriage would be the only consequence of my dishonorable conduct; I was far from anticipating the universal scorn that awaited me. It seemed, when I appeared among my former intimates, that I had a kind of moral leprosy—every one shrunk from holding the least communication with me; both as a private and as a public character my reputation was gone. I was too proud to attempt to regain it; and I retired, with Augusta, to spend the remainder of my life in

a secluded residence which she possessed in the north of England, and where, in the second year of our union, I became the delighted father of a lovely boy. His appearance, by awakening in us the feelings of pleasure that had of late been dormant, effectually preserved us from matrimonial *ennui*; for since I had neither fame to seek nor fortune to win, I felt "o'ercast with sorrow and sapineness." Augusta was of too lofty a spirit to sit down quietly and be the butt of my ill-humour, as Emma Gordon had been; she had always received homage, but had never paid any; and whenever my fickle and irritable temper seemed to intrude upon the quietness and comfort of the house, she withdrew to her own room, nor appeared again until I was perfectly master of myself. After the birth of Augustus, she reasoned with me on the impropriety of indulging my ill-humor on trivial occasions; and so forcibly pointed out to me the bad effects which my example would have upon the child, that I resolved to reform. I can, indeed, safely affirm, that I scrupulously guarded myself from betraying before my son the weakness of my character; I was unwearied in my attention to his welfare, and, as he grew in years, I was his instructor, his companion, and his friend. He was a noble youth; he had much of the beauty and the unspeakable grace of his mother; he had no mean or sordid feeling in his composition; he was proud, spirited, and aspiring; he had the capacity for doing great actions—and I felt renewed in him those hopes of renown for my family that were for ever blasted in myself. He had attained his sixteenth year, and it was necessary that he should now become acquainted with society; he was of an age to be ushered into life, but most assuredly I could not be his protector. I resolved, however, before I committed him to the care of another, from whom he might learn the story of my dishonor, to communicate it to him myself; and I chose for the time of my history the hour of our evening walk.

The mansion in which I had so long resided was situated near the edge of an extensive common; and, at the time of our marriage, it was unsheltered by a single tree. To vary my employments, as well as to increase the value of my property, I had planted innumerable forest trees at the extremity of my grounds, varying them, as the plantation approached the house, with flowering shrubs of every description. I was delighted with the flourishing appearance of my growing forest, and I contemplated, with a delight unusually devoid of selfishness, the hour when my child's children might ramble beneath its shade and bless the memory of his grand sire. But of this felicity did my own evil passions also disappoint me.

I intended, with regard to my son, to communicate to him, without disguise, the whole

facts relative to my marriage with his mother; and I hoped that nature would so plead for me in his bosom, that I should sink but very little in his esteem. I also resolved that he should be the mediator between me and my mother, who was still alive, surrounded, as I heard, by the children of Lewis and Emma Gordon, whose marriage had not been delayed very long after mine. I felt jealous that the grandmother of a boy like mine should lavish her regards upon those who were not of her kindred, particularly as Augusta had no relative in the world to whose care we might commend our treasure. I hoped everything from the prepossessing manners and appearance of Augustus. I even believed that Lewis would forget his resentment against me, and become the protector of my son.

With such hopes as these I walked gaily forth, and conversed with Augustus upon indifferent topics until I had wound up my feelings to relate to him my secret. I found it a task more difficult than I had expected; I veiled my interest in it under a feigned name; I courted his comments upon my conduct—for I was anxious to discover whether the lessons of virtue and honor that I had so carefully taught him would form the rule of his own life, and of his judgment upon others; or whether he would palliate falsehood and countenance dishonor. He acted as I expected he would do: he denounced me as a wretch unworthy of the happiness that fell to my share; condemning, with the fiery ardor of unsophisticated youth, my double perfidy, my ingratitude, and my cowardice. What an inconsistent being is man! I had labored for years to make my son what he was; yet I was angry with him because he did not disappoint me; and I hated him for his vehement adherence to those principles which I had taught him to prize. How could I now submit to say to him—"I am the man whose conduct you have condemned?" How enjure the contemptuous pity, or the ill-repressed resentment of this boy, who was the judge of his father's actions? Yet this, too, I had brought upon myself; I had, at my own pleasure, unlocked the treasure-house of memory; I had taken from her stores the delicious recollections of Augusta, such as she was when I became enamoured of her beauty. I had revelled again in the happiness of the early days of my marriage; but I was not to rest here; I could not forget the subsequent detestation and contempt I had been called upon to endure; I was maddened by the stings of self-reproach, and, with a frightful vehemence of manner, I revealed to my son that I was the man whose conduct he so severely reprehended.

I know not whether he was sorry to discover that his father was not so perfect as he had imagined; or whether he was abashed to have so severely criticised the offences of

one so near to him; certain it is that he was silent and embarrassed, and answered not the reproaches I savagely poured upon him. In the rudest and most impassioned language I denounced him and all mankind. I was a very madman.

He took my hand, probably as an attempt at pacification; I struck him passionately from me; he fell; his right temple came violently in contact with a projecting branch of a fallen tree; a groan escaped him; it was the last sound he ever uttered!

Gracious Heavens! if through the countless ages of eternity I am doomed to retain, unimpaired, the recollection of that moment, how shall I endure the undying torment? It is true that I was not deliberately his executioner, but he was a victim to my violent and uncontrollable temper, and thus was the measure of my crimes completed. "Augustus, my son!" the woods re-echoed my cries of desperation and anguish; on his ear they fell unnoticed and unheard. I sat beside him on the ground, holding his cold hand in mine, and insensible of the approaching darkness; I was utterly unable to resolve with myself how I should act; how to unfold to the mother the fate of her son. She, perhaps, might acquit me of intentional murder, but would the world also? I dared not encounter its judgment on this point, and I determined to conceal the body of Augustus, and to repair, as early as possible, to the continent of Europe.

I hid my victim in the underwood, and returned home to Augusta. She immediately inquired for her son, and I told her the story I had constructed for the purpose. I said that we had met, in our walk, with some of his friends, who were setting out on an excursive tour through England (so far I spoke the truth), and that they had prevailed on me to suffer him to accompany them. She was displeased that he had departed without saying adieu, and with so little preparation for such an unusual journey; I was afraid that she would embarrass me by further inquiries, and, pleading fatigue, I retired to my dressing-room, whence I could descend, by a private staircase, into the garden. I waited, in an agony of impatience, until I believed that the servants were at rest. I then descended to the garden, and, procuring there a laborer's spade, I pursued my way to the wood. I drew the body of Augustus from its hiding-place. I took it in my arms, and, staggering beneath its weight, I passed out of the wood on to the moor, by which it was skirted. Having fixed upon a place that seemed, from the nature of the soil, to offer facilities for digging his grave, I laid him on the earth and proceeded to perform my unholy office. From the hour of sunset the air had been sultry and oppressive; and at midnight the thunder storm began. At first, the flashes of lightning were few and transient, and their attendant peals were

heard but at a distance; by degrees, they became more vivid, and frequent and forked, and their light outshone that of day. The heavens seemed to be torn asunder by them—the earth shook beneath the thunder-peal—and the rain literally poured down upon me as I stood, bareheaded, by the grave I had prepared, the cold dew wrung from me by toil and terror standing thickly upon my brow!

Amid this conflict of the elements I laid my first-born, my only son, in his last resting place; but I delayed to cover him with the turf I had taken up. I was alone, in the midst of a barren heath, resting on my spade by the side of a grave, whose murdered inmate was my own child, the last heir of two ancient and noble families. Within a few hours he had been full of life—vigorous, happy, talented, and brave. Now, he was like the clod he rested upon! What had availed to him the generous humanity of his nature? His acquirements were as nothing—his genius and his learning had not preserved him from the fate of the meanest kind. And what was I? Stupefied, yet sensible amid my stupor that I was insuperably wretched. I bowed not to the raging of the storm—it suited well with the temper of my soul. I even folded my arms upon my bosom, and awaited the flash of lightning that should show me again the features of Augustus, ghastly and livid beyond expression in that awful glare. He was dead! yet I uttered no complaint; I did not rave, nor supplicate, nor pray. The requiem over my boy was the pealing of the thunder. I was myself in the place of priest, and mourner, and herald, and mute; and his tomb—wherefore should he have one to perpetuate the ignominy of his sire?

At length I covered for ever the face of Augustus. I pressed the clod upon his breast. Yes! I even trampled upon it to prevent it being perceived that it had been removed. I noted the spot where I had laid that fair head in the dust, and returned precipitately home.

In the course of a few days I affected to receive a letter from Augustus, stating that he had accompanied his friends to Paris, and requesting us to meet him there. I persuaded Augusta that we should find pleasure in such a journey, and, having made hasty arrangements for discharging my servants and disposing of my estate, we set off for the continent.

We arrived in Paris, and Augusta demanded her son. For some time I parried her inquiries; but she became so anxious, so earnest about him, that I was compelled to impart to her the secret of his fate. She did not betray me—that I expected of her—but she shrank from me with unconcealed abhorrence. She hated me, as she herself said, less for the passion which had so unfortunately proved fatal to Augustus, than for my selfish perfidy and deceit, in concealing from her, at the time, so

melancholy an event. "Alas! my son," burst from her lips, "thy midnight burial was unconsecrated by thy mother's tears—that consolation might, at least, have been afforded to me."

She did not long survive her exile, for such, in reality, it was; and her last moments were embittered by the knowledge that the body of Augustus had been discovered and recognized, and that common report assigned her husband as his murderer. The sudden disappearance of Augustus, and my subsequent precipitate removal from the estate on which I had so long resided, gave a coloring to the suspicion. I felt that I could never again revisit his grave.

Augusta was interred among strangers, and I became a solitary wanderer on the face of the earth. Like another Cain, I seemed to bear about with me the curse of the Eternal. Whoever looked upon me hated me. Spring and summer, autumn and winter, passed over me unnoticed and unenjoyed. I became old in sorrow, yet mine was not a grief to kill.

Now, however, unless my existence be supernaturally prolonged, I cannot be far from its termination; and grateful shall I feel myself for permission to escape from a world that has been to me one scene of sorrow and remorse. Thou who hast perused this narrative, learn from it that it is easy to depart from probity and honor, and that the downward path of error, once entered upon, leads rapidly to the commission of the most atrocious crimes—no man having the power to say to his unbridled passions, "thus far, but no farther, shall ye go."

The student closed the manuscript of the Unknown; he returned to his apartment, and looked intently on the features of the dead. They betrayed, even in the composure and rigidity of death, many traces of passion and of consuming sorrow; but one might have presumed to say, from only viewing the remains of that once noble countenance, "This man was a murderer." The student laid the head of the stranger in the grave; he then returned home, and related to his family the adventure which had befallen him. His father recognized in the Unknown the false friend of his youth; the student discovered himself to be the son of Lewis and Emma Gordon, and he rejoiced that the well governed temper and right principles of his father ensured happiness to his family instead of destruction. With an education more limited, and with talents far less splendid than those which had fallen to the possession of the Unknown, Lewis had conducted himself honorably through life. He had found, in the society of the quiet and unpretending Emma, a pleasure that he might have missed with the brilliant Augusta. As a son to the mother of the Unknown, as a husband, and as a father, he fulfilled the minut-

est duties of existence; and, at the very verge of life, when he became so singularly acquainted with the fate of his once valued friend, he drew from it a lesson that served to impress upon the mind of his too imaginative son, this truth (elsewhere expressed by a man eminent for talent and virtue), "that all is vanity which is not honest; and that there is no solid wisdom but in real piety."

THE FOUNTAIN.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night.

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow.

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy by midnight,
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never weary.

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest.

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same.

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element.

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

THE WORST OF BORES.

Who has not at some time of life been more or less subjected to that bore of all bores, that nightmare, that worst of incubi, an idle man in or about the house all day? To those who know but little of the nuisance, I say, happy are ye; to those who are blissfully ignorant of it, happier

still; but the wretched woman who has by some strange infatuation united her lot to that of a man having nothing to do, and less to think about, has my most deep and sincere compassion.

My friend Mrs. Gedder is the wife of a retired naval officer. Why in the world his family selected that profession for him in his youth, I have always been at a loss to imagine; for never had any one less of the jolly tar or more of the fidget in his composition. Nothing is so trifling as to be below his notice, or of too small consequence to be worthy of a long debate or prosy discussion. If on a visit at his house, the first person you encounter on descending of a morning, is always Mr. Gedder. He is occupied in what he calls making a good fire, with which laudable end in view he sits, tongs in hand, inserting small scraps of coal into every available aperture of the bars, varying this process in a pleasing manner by every five minutes seizing the poker and stirring them all out again before they have had the slightest chance of becoming ignited.

"Good morning, Miss Smith," he exclaims, with a dig of the poker; "there's nothing so cheering as a good fire, I think; don't you think so? Servants never do make a good fire unless it happens to be a very warm morning," dig goes the poker again, and little is left in the grate save ashes and smoke. "Ah, here comes the kettle. Now, Mary, does it *boil*? You know how particular I am that it should *boil*. Here, here, set it on the fire and let me see for myself." Mary places her bright copper kettle on the smoky mass with a rueful countenance. "There now," says Mr. Gedder, "I thought it did not boil; *ta-ta-ta*, my dear (to his wife who enters,) you must speak to Mary, you really *must*; the kettle does not boil this morning."

"My dear Charles how can you expect such a thing of it? It would freeze as soon on that fire."

"It is a very good fire, Eliza, allow me to say though, had I not myself attended to it, it would have been out, depend upon it."

During the whole of breakfast you are regaled with the same subject, intermingled with remarks relative to Margaret's teeth not being properly brushed, Jane's shoulders growing daily more elevated, and little Alfred's hair never lying smooth—it having, in fact, an obstinate tendency to curl.

After breakfast Mrs. Gedder and I are severely cross-questioned as to what we intend doing all day; we cannot exactly say—should not like to commit ourselves for a whole day. After much useless talk, the matter is brought within the compass of an hour. Well, we are going to work. "Then Mr. G. will read the paper," behind which he forthwith ensconces himself.—Think not, however, he is absorbed in the news,—far from it; he has but, as it were, snugly established himself in a sort of watch-box, and is lying in wait ready at any moment to pounce upon and worry whatever topic you may choose for conversation, or sally forth and make war on that most unfortunate fire, despite his wife's entreaties to let it alone and allow it to burn up. You speak of your work; he comes to examine, find fault, or approve, as the case may be. You discuss a pattern; he must see it, and give an opinion, or suggest an improvement. You talk of

dress,—you wish one made, and ask advice of Mrs. Gedder; but receive it gratis from Mr. G. He wishes to know what is for his dinner; his wife evades the question; he persists, and on hearing, knocks off your favorite diab (macaroni and cheese) as “unwholesome; a thing the children may not eat, and therefore ought not to see;” which leads to an animated debate as to whether it is not better to inculcate self-denial by allowing children to see what they may not have. You are to initiate Mrs. Gedder into the mysteries of some peculiarly excellent cakes that require unheard-of skill in the compounding; for which purpose you retire to the store-room, tuck up sleeves, and are soon immersed in sweets. Thither also, adjourns Mr. Gedder, to see what you are doing; and the questions he asks of “why do you do this;” and “why you don’t do that;” which “he should think a much better plan,” mingled with exclamations of “now really that is an extraordinary combination;” “will it be nice?” &c., nearly drive you out of your wits; while you feel a horrid temptation to lay hands on a flower-bag you perceive hard by, and dust it well about his ears.

Having, in the teeth of his interference, put the finishing stroke to your cookery, you hint at a walk. Mr. Gedder says he was thinking of going out; whereupon you suddenly discover you have slight cold, and had better take care of yourself, perhaps, hoping for a good fire and pleasant *tête-à-tête* with your friend when her spouse is gone.

You wait and wait. He has risen, and is gazing from the window, drumming *Où Susannah* on the frame. It happens to be your name, and you heartily wish he would go to Alabama, feeling he need be under no apprehension of your shedding tears at his departure. You draw forth your watch, and remark casually that it is twelve o’clock; you did not think it had been so late (a terrible fib by-the-by, for you both hoped and believed it was at least an hour later).

“Twelve is it?—then he must go;” and he walks towards the door, but returns; for it is one of the characteristics of his class to be always the *going* man. It takes as long to get one of them fairly off the premises as to get a large vessel under weigh. He has discovered a hole in his glove, the size of a pin’s head; it must be repaired; and you cheerfully offer your services, thinking thereby to facilitate his departure. Having accomplished your task, you feel delighted to see him put on the gloves, and make once more for the door.

Do not allow your spirits to attain too high a level; he has turned the handle, but at that moment is attracted by some one passing the window; retraces his steps to make out who it is, and another five minutes is gone in conjectures whether it can be Smith out again,—to which is appended a history of Smith’s accident, and consequent long confinement to the house.

“One struggle more,” and you believe yourself free. He has left the room. Be not deceived; he has but got as far as the hat-stand and comes back, bearing his hat and great-coat, which he informs you he purposes putting on by the fire. And oh! the interminable time it requires to do so! The coat is examined; you have the

history of when, where, and of whom, it was purchased; every morsel of anything like dust is deliberately stroked off. The hat is polished again and again, until you tremble for the nap, and yourself indulging in a calculation as to how much per annum Mr. Gedder’s hats may stand him in at that rate.

At length his toilette is completed, and this time he actually reaches the front door. He is not gone, however; back he comes (you long to kick him out,) to inform his wife the lock wants oil, and there are some finger-marks on the paint. His next attempt takes him to the garden-gate. Is it possible? Yes; here he is again; there are heavy clouds he tells you; he dreads rain, and must have an umbrella; he just puts his head in to give you this information, and it is all you can do to restrain yourself from rushing at him, seizing him by the shoulders, putting him outside his own door, and turning the key upon him! You sit for ten minutes after he has disappeared, expecting a fresh return; trying to calm yourself and be resigned should such be the case. At the end of a quarter of an hour you breathe freely, and then have such a charming chat with Mrs. Gedder, you almost forget she is no longer Eliza Dibb, and that there is a miserable man called Gedder in existence.

You are not long allowed to enjoy this delusion; too soon arrives the hour for dinner, and with it punctually, Mr. Gedder. It is a problem to you how it happens that he comes so true to time when you consider what was the manner of his departure. He has been to call on Mr. Gregg; the next time you see Mr. Gregg, you solve your problem by ingeniously drawing from him, that when Mr. Gedder makes a call, he begins to go at the end of about ten minutes, which allows plenty of time for the usual number of abortive sallies.

The dinner is a series of fidgets. Margaret eats too little; she cannot be well. “My dear that child is evidently out of health; I wonder you do not perceive it; mothers ought to be the first to observe any symptom of disorder in their children.” Margaret is an unusually robust strong girl, and is teased into fancying herself an invalid, and eats little on principle, as being more interesting. Next he falls upon poor Guss, who is making up for his sister’s want of appetite by the display of a double portion. He is denounced as a “glutton—a perfect glutton,—his papa is ashamed of him.” Nor does Jane escape; she despatches her food too quickly, and uses too much salt. Mrs. Gedder makes a facetious proposal that the children shall have all their food weighed, and a certain time allotted to each mouthful.

The desert is partaken of, accompanied by an advice to the Governors on the mode of instructing her pupils,—how *he* should proceed were *he* the teacher; and you involuntarily wish he would take to that or any other employment that would allow him less time for admonishing and investigating.

He generally takes a nap in his chair after dinner, though he would repudiate the accusation with scorn; he would not, therefore, lie down, and do it comfortably for the world, but sits nodding with a pamphlet before him, every now and then amusing himself by a complicated anagram, or

an extra jerk of his head backwards, that bids fair to dislocate his neck. At such intervals he always exclaims, "—Eh—what? What is that your saying,—I did not hear,—I grow a little deaf,"—and insists on a recapitulation of your gossip.

His slumbers over, he walks about the room, creating by his rapid movements a breeze that would turn a mill, and chills you through, though he never ceases (in his figurative language) to "mend," the fire. The tea urn takes the place of the kettle at breakfast; and he harasses his wife to be sure it boils, until she suggests he "should" "put his finger in and try."

She has infinite patience, and treats all his worrying in a pleasant, joking way, that is a marvel to me. I grow so irritated by even a few days of the constant friction.

Should we be going to a place of public amusement in the evening, he deliberates, "shall he order the carriage at a quarter to eight,—or at eight precisely,—or at a quarter past eight; and discusses the *pros* and *cons* of those respective epochs of time as if the fate of nations depended on his choosing the most propitious moment.

The knotty point decided, you withdraw to dress, and you may calculate on at least half a dozen raps at your door, to know "if you are ready, for the carriage is to be here directly."

When "ready," your "wraps" are inspected. "You have too little on your head—you will take cold. There—he will draw your shawl over your head." Your feelings are damaged by the consciousness that in so doing he is crushing to death your beautiful wax camellia, and completely "making a mess," of your back hair. In the carriage a heavy railway rug is carefully adjusted over your knees in spite of all remonstrance, and the agony you endure for your elegant flounced tarlatan, during that drive, is not to be conceived.

Emerging from your "wraps," you feel intensely untidy;—wondering more than ever how your friend submits so calmly. It is some time before a suitable locality is discovered for you to cast anchor in. The first beach tried is dirty—a move is made to a second, which is discovered to be in a draft;—a third change takes you out of sight of the orchestra. At length you are marshalled to a bench without a back—a thing you hate; but nevertheless you positively decline moving again.

During the performance, he is always seeing, fancying he sees, somebody he knows, and being near-sighted himself, distracts your attention from what you are enjoying, by directing it towards the apparition of Mrs. Brown or Mr. Taylor.

When you have returned home, Mr. Gedder disappears, you fondly hope—to bed. You and Mrs. G. get your feet on the fender, and your tongues on the subject of that evening's amusement and many other such enjoyed together in former days. Just when you have become deeply interested in the history of an old school-fellow who eloped with an officer, and has since been quite lost to your view, comes Mr. Gedder to put out the gas—extinguish the fire, lock the door, and spirit away his wife. He has looked under all the beds,—examined all the fastenings, and bid you good night with the assurance that

all is quite safe. You enter your bedroom with a wearied sigh; and as you put out your light, thank your stars that your blessed husband is so thoroughly engrossed by business he hardly has time for his meals, and never sits above an hour at a time in the house except on Sundays.

THE EATING AND DRINKING CAPABILITIES OF THE METROPOLIS.

LONDON boasts of innumerable *lions* to astonish and delight a provincial: Panoramas, and Wax-works, and Jugglers, and immeasurably before these, some which are altogether unique. One such is the phenomenon an early morning presents. From the canonical eight o'clock breakfast to within an hour of mid-day, every avenue to town pours in a flood of broadcloth. For an hour or two they have been turbid with corduroy, leather aprons, and fustian, precursors of the bright stream to set in. Numberless tributaries, whose sources are miles away, drain the romantic districts of Hampstead and Highgate; the rural retreats of Clapham; the verdant dales of Kensington; the sandy roads of Bow. Along the undulatory City Road, and 'from over the water,' along the great western thoroughfare, and the Essex Channel, come a north, a south, an east, a west floodtide, commingling and making the whirlpool of business round the 'golden heart' of the City. Before ladyfolks are abroad, or business reacts towards the suburbs, every inlet is surging with well-dressed gentlemen. All, all go on towards one centre, resistless like to a magnetic pole, or hurried as the rapids, they hasten to the strife of the floods. According to the invariable wont of City employes, every one has staid at home just five minutes beyond his time, and has to scamper now, to get his name 'above the line.'

It is an extraordinary and an interesting sight, which one often stops to smile at and admire, even though he daily join the stream. The spirit of sanitary reform has driven every one out of London at night. The iron-roads in the morning pour back again a current to swell the troubled vortex. Omnibuses, also, freighted to repletion outside and in, teem along, 'setting the stones on fire,' as the French say, in their haste to disembody; a pleasant company, though ungladdened by a lady's smile. The passengers live a little out of town, for the sake of a walk, and *ride* out and in 'every day,' to save themselves the trouble.

A stranger would speculate very curiously upon the stowage of those thousands; for sure the City walls can hardly hold them? What can they find to do? And, not least, how can such a host, away from home be provisioned from day to day? The regular victualling of Babylon the Great is one of its most wonderful, yet least remarked upon features. It needs a siege such as King Frost laid round about its ramparts lately, to make the denizens of its bricks and smoke think at all of where their food comes from. When a coverlet of snow hides the vegetation of the thousand and one kitchen-gardens which form the margin of the metropolis, and ice-floes on Father Thames dam out foreign supplies of food, the

whole commissariat department for two and a half millions of people is disarranged. Famine prices set in, as many a London 'goody' knows from late experience in coals, and candles, and bread. The huge heavy-laden wains, piled up parallelipedonically (to use something emphatic) with cabbages, turnip bunches, or carrots, and whose wheels rumble in the streets before the lamps are out, leave the heavy citizen for the nonce in beatific peace to snore by the side of his spouse.

The accommodations for eating and drinking, as well as the comestibles, are as varied as the occupations of the day-denizens of London. The magnates imbibe turtle and port for luncheon, at the great taverns, and return home to a late dinner, digestive pills, and dyspepsia. With these we have nought to do. They form a minority, of which the units are in all conscience huge enough, but which collectively make only a feeble impression on the mountains of bread and montecules of beef *done* in the city every day. The mountains truly, may we aver, when the London consumption of wheat for the last year was 1,600,000 quarters. The mimic rapids of old port which speed down, but few know where, leave more palpable evidence of things that were, but are not, by ebb-tide in the cellar. A joke is afloat on this element, that the port of London is better represented than ever hitherto, inasmuch as one of the estimable representatives has quaffed more of the luscious blood than any man within the jurisdiction of my Lord Mayor.

Folks only who have got 'a plum' can do so 'extensively'; whose work consists in coming to town from habit; chatting for an hour or two with visitors and guests; imagining they have done a great deal of indispensable duty, and then exclaiming, as we heard the good old Lombard-street banker a week ago to his son, 'Well, I think I shall go home now.'—'Good-by,' said son to sire; 'you think you've done a hard day's work, no doubt.'

Hundreds who have not reached the glorious climax of 'a plum' have to work right hard, and get so engrossed in business, that the matter of sustenance dare not interfere and annoy them till City hours are past:—men waiting to realise enough to keep house upon, and not seeing the insidious trailing of grey hairs among their youthful black shocks before they begin the experiment: faint and famished they fill the 'European' and the 'Cock,' and the quiet retirements of Walbrook; if the former, they shrink back an interminable distance from the distraction of the street. Money-making men are they. Would you not exchange five, or six, or seven o'clock with them, you who are received with the glad-some eye of a young wife and the lively prattle of a little Eva, who are ensconced in your cosy, old arm-chair every day after work, but don't make money so fast, and scarcely know the comfort of noiseless *garçons*, who flit by, take an order, and evaporate?

From the great, heavy, splendid, substantial men and dining paraphernalia, we may pass through a thousand intermediate styles of feeding, down to the 'two-and-a-half-plate' of leg-o'-beef abominations. Useful in its way, but Heaven forefend an experience of the delicacy! The currents of cord and fustian flow irregularly into

these places; but the broadcloth—each unit of above suspicion of a sandwich, or even the smell of one—glide by, sniffing the breeze, with an 'Ah, it is very true, that one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives!'

Taste has not been cultivated in the patrons of A-la-mode at twopence a-plate, as with the precisely-brushed exquisite:—'It is the seasonin' as does it,' the pteman very truly says. 'It is all the same thing; when cherries is out then puppies is in.' A-la-mode and leg-of-beef, so they be peppered well, bring out a gustative smack as hearty as an alderman's after turtle. 'A working-man's dinner—soup, meat, and potatoes'—is advertised by the immortal 'Worrell,' at all his shops, for threepence; and many prefer it to the steak, pint, and pipe at the tap. At such a rate, clean knives and forks are fastidies; they cut as well dily as clean; and if the spoon or the yellow delf water-jug has a little of a predecessor's property upon it, so much the more for the lucky discoverer.

A motley company patronises the place. There is an aristocracy in every condition of life. The costermonger's relief, who cried, 'Think I'd soabate with them; them's low people!' was a gentle scion of nature's noblesse. At the 'leg-o'-beef' house, an upper seat, a private room, an 'up-stairs,' is retained for such, at half-penny a dish more for soup, and no 'half-plates' of potatoes. Go into the room:—Hungry, threadbare clerks frequent it, grown lank and poor some of them, others growing so; pretty-well-to-do labourers, who could not demean themselves to sit with common people, join the society. The workmen seem to like and thrive upon their fare, and contrast with their lathlike companions in black. This rusty suit, who looks into his basin, and shrinks as though some one would catch him, has only lately found out how to dine cheap. His shadowy visage tells us that he has known what it is to be hungry. Better days were once his; and it is clear that the road downwards from good dinners to the knowledge of dinners cheap, led through a space of no dinners at all. He will grow callous by and by, but will never reach the happy assurance of the stripling at the same table, who is going through corresponding metamorphoses upwards. Evidently the bestrapped and bepatched aspirant to dignity, who so audaciously demands 'half-alice o' plum' after his soup, has given the worthy washerwoman, his mother, a world of trouble since he doffed his charity 'breeks.' He has lately mounted on the stool, as scrub to a junior clerk of a pettifogger. If nine shillings a-week does not make him, in his mind's eye, grasp the baton of Lord Chancellor, it does at any rate, open a view more consonant with his genius—the swagger and presumption of a vulgar and ignorant quilldriver.

Savory as is the compound of steam from greens and potatoes, and exhalations from soups, puddings, and dishwater, let us valorously resist the temptation to stay. Steer clear of the waiters, half-washed like their plates, and scan the company as you traverse the shop. Irish Mike is here, and Jack the dustman, and better than all, in one box, a sweep. A round hundred are enjoining 'the good the gods provide,' and will come again to-morrow.

When we meet our young friend on 'Change of an afternoon, it usually leads to eating. The other day he clapped us on the shoulder, as an accompaniment to his refined greeting of 'Well, old fellow, how d'ye do? I'm glad to see you.'

'What, Charley, is it you?'

'My lord, the same, and your good servant ever. Have you been to the Exhibition?'

'Most indisputably, my jocular friend.'

'What, the Great Exhibition?'

'The Great Exhibition.'

'In HydePark?'

'In HydePark.'

'Of 1851?'

'Of 1851.'

'Prince Albert's Exhibition?'

'Prince Albert's Exhibition.'

Ay, ay, Charley, you are too late; we know it is the *fast* greeting of to-day.

'A wonderful place, wasn't it?'

'It was a wonderful place, Charley.'

'What a wonderful thing steam is, isn't it?'

'Yes, indeed, Charley.'

'And heterodoxy?'

'And heterodoxy.'

'And man?'

'And man.'

'And woman?'

'The most wonderful enigma of all, Charley.'

This hasn't much to do with eating and drinking, but it is on the track, as you will see; and, at any rate, it introduces you to Charley, our friend, and shows you what a strange fellow he is, though not stranger than his comrades on 'Change. His next remark is,

'I'm just going to *do* a bit of lunch. Come too?'

'With all my heart. Where go?'

'I know a *crib* where they give you a bit of chicken and a glass of sherry.'

This stage of chat leads us to one of those complete little nooks in the tortuous vicinage of 'Change Alley, or Pope's Head Court, where we can take a hasty snack. It is ended in five minutes; for there is a panic in Capel Court, and Charley must watch the market. Prices, or 'prizes,' as the 'stags,' and 'bulls,' and 'bears' (ominously of blanks) will insist upon pronouncing it, are 'going up' and 'falling' at a rate that makes a greater din and clamour than usual even at the Stock Exchange. Charley is not the only friend of the lunch mart. It would tire us to count all who put in an appearance there, for the same brief space, in the course of the busy day. Statistics we have had of chicken demolition, which ought to make the ruthless devourers chicken-hearted to read. Leadenhall disposed of 1,270,000 last year and as many geese and ducks. It would be a number with quite an array of ciphers after it, to tell how many passed over the lunch counter. Everything is done in these corners to tempt a customer twice! Glass sparkles like crystal; diaper like snow; the plate like mirrors; the knives as the patent cleaning machine only can make them. An admission of our friend Charley's would be to some a drawback—'I never ask them how much it is; but I know they always take enough.'

While on the topic of lunch, we dare not omit allusion to a new feature of late years, to subserve this desirable snack. We hint at the Alton Ale-

houses, whose canvas advertisements announce, 'Ale and Sandwich for fourpence;' and, at the same time, form the blind, and sole decoration of the window. The proprietors of the Alton Brewery are landlords of these London stores, and put their own tenants in to sell ale on commission, with leave to get what profit they may on pork pies, bread and cheese, sandwiches, sausage rolls, and other vendible delicacies. That they are a flourishing speculation, one may feel pretty assured by the continual addition to their number, as also by the thronged rooms and bar whenever one peeps in. The principle on which they are conducted is good, and naturally finds favor. All articles are cheap, and at a fixed price; and, what is most in favor of all, 'Fees to waiters are abolished!' Every rider in an omnibus or a second-class railway carriage knows that 'Mann' of Aldermanbury insists upon being the original reformer of the fee system, for he uses the matter as a claim to patronage. Dining-rooms are gradually getting to understand how little their patrons like the levy of a benevolence in these free-trade days; and, since the Alton luncheons have made the reform popular, many of them follow in the same wake.

Catering, of course, is not confined to lunches. The bulk of City employees dine in town. Many of the large houses keep a seat for those 'out of the house' at the table of those 'in the house'—every one being boarded, though only unhappy novitiates in the craft are compulsorily lodged. Who ever saw a City butcher other than rotund and sleek? Ask him, and he will confess that it is attributable in no little measure to the capabilities of these said dinner-tables. If not the best proportion, yet the deeliest prices; of 225,000 cattle and 1,820,000 sheep, London consumption last year, went to these houses. A butcher's bill on one of the regal merchants is a good maintenance; generally, indeed, too much with which to favor one, and divided among several tradesmen.

Chop-houses combine luncheon and dinner. The gallantry of the patrons have given courage to some buxom proprietresses to assume their Christian names, and let their houses revel in the pleasant appellations of 'Martha's,' or 'Louisa's,' or 'Charlotte's,' or 'Sarah's' Chop-house. Whether 'Dolly's' be an affectionate diminutive, we are not sure.

Most diners-out are acquainted with the characteristic houses. A splendid fish ordinary may be joined at Simpson's, Billingsgate, or what was Simpson's a month or two ago, and few who assume to be connoisseurs have not visited it at least once. The Post Office clerks on pay-day, after cashing their Bank of England cheques, drop in at the Cock in Threadneedle Street, where, they will maintain, the finest basin of soup is to be had in London. The flock of clerks used to be looked for to the day as confidently as the coming of migratory birds. But irregularity has shown itself. Modern postal business has filled every vacuum in the time routine of the office.

Farther along from the 'Old Lady' of Threadneedle Street, is another place, famous for the abundance heaped upon every dish. Tier upon tier of rooms, up to the roof of the house, is packed as if by contract, every day at feeding-time, with hungry visitants.

Almost adjoining this is a place emulative of Bellamy's Kitchen at the House of Commons. A steak or beef-skirt, reeking from the gridiron, charms many an epicure in the course of the day.

The 'three-course houses' come in due order of enumeration. Government officials, on the west side of Temple Bar, know them better than City people. A favorable type is the Strand Hotel, where a good dinner, consisting of soup, fish, flesh, with vegetables at discretion, and bread and cheese afterwards, is given for a shilling. Open from one o'clock mid-day till eight at night, it suits the convenience of a very numerous and lengthy line of guests.

Now we are in the West, we might look in at some of the Restaurants. Frenchmen congregate near the parks: lovers of promenade, they get the best approximation to their own Tuileries and Champs Elysées. The moustachioed gentry affect the style of their country, and, as nearly as possible, imitate the inimitable dinners of Paris. For two francs, or two and a half, you may get a first-rate dinner in France, or for a franc and a half more you may dine *à la carte*, or at the *table d'hôte* of your hotel. In London you may get a dinner cheaper, but *such* a dinner you couldn't get at any price.

We have, however, to do particularly with the City. 'His Lordship's Larder,' in Cheapside, aims at French style, and takes well, to judge from the constant succession of patrons all day long. The waiters are quite French in attention and noiselessness. Springy as a felt-shod ghost walking on india-rubber, they stand before you directly you think of a dish, and vanish to execute your order. A clerk, too, after French ideas—except that it is a man, not a woman—receives payment instead of gargon, and trusts to your honor to make out an accurate verbal bill for yourself.

Some folks have an unlimited capacity at a dinner-table. Such very sagaciously choose the substantial 'ordinary,' rather than a bill-of-fare dinner, where every dish is an extra. Ordinaries abound in London. Almost every tavern boasts of one, ranging from a shilling to half-a-crown a-head; in some cases including wine—an announcement always seeming to us equivalent to 'avoid the place.' Even the dubious praise of 'the rarest vintage,' with which the allurement is decorated, makes us no less cynical: truly of a vintage very rare—a concoction only to be met with at a cheap dinner-table.

The Commercial Boarding-houses keep an open table in many parts of the City: supplying generally, with a thoroughly good and cheap dinner, not merely the sojourners at the house, but their friends, and any wayfarers who may please to drop in. These are amongst the quietest methods of renovation with City men. A few of the most respectable of such establishments have their yearly circle of tenants, and a nearly uniform daily company. The regularity of procedure is not often broken in upon by a strange face. A social party rather than a public dinner thus taken place every day. Such tables seem to be indigenous to Basinghall Street and its vicinity. The same faces recur, and the same topics:—business, politics, the departure and arrivals from and to the house, according to season. Quiet,

orderly people these, with whom we have spent more than one sensible hour.

We have dwelt upon the methods of provisioning London by day only where they present anything characteristic or peculiar. Regular eating-houses, whose windows tempt appetite with floured legs-of-lamb, and calves' head choking with a huge lemon, require no particular notice: they are the same in every large town. Not merely are they useful, but indispensable in a busy emporium like London, where the quarter of an hour's leisure for a 'consummation' cannot be counted upon by many till it comes of itself, or is snatched in the course of the day.

Last upon our list, but first in our sympathy, are the Coffee-rooms. Constitutionally staid, we love their comparative quiet, and, more frequently than not, when we go to town, we save ourselves the vexation of thinking of a dinner-hour at home, by dropping into a snug corner long since recognised as our own. The cosy way in which we sit there would raise the envy of Addison himself, little as a modern coffee-house compares with the smoking receptacle of his day.

It is the pleasant conceit of a metropolitan, when his purse lacks a sou, and his card-rack a billet, to affect the table of the mythic magnate Duke Humphrey. Dining with the nobleman is a Barmecide banquet, where a joke usurps the place of turtle. Jedidiah Jones's explorations in town, after 'Hick's Hall,' and the 'Standard in Cornhill,' and 'St. Giles's Pound,' were never more bootless than have been ours in search of the duke's open house.

Coffee-houses have revolutionised London, and, unlike revolutions in general, have made society all the better. Single gentlemen such as we, who luxuriate in a limited suite of apartments of a suburban villa, have reason to bless old Pasqua for his invention. What can we do with a dinner at home *à la complet*? It is a week's expedition to get round a loin or a leg. A solitary chop is our last resource, to escape from which we would e'en run off to the Diggins.

Let us introduce you to our own coffee-rooms in special. Assuredly, since Pasqua the Greek opened the first in Lombard Street, there has not been one where everything is so nice, clean, quiet, and comfortable. You will say so if you go there: nor can you well mistake the place for, towards the close of the day we shall be there working up our 'notes,' and ready to greet you. It is a sober-looking place, as befits the important purpose to which it is dedicated. Its walls are not hung with glittering mirrors, nor its roof upheld with massive columns of glass, like the cafés of the Boulevards. Compared with them—whose splendor would make one imagine eating and drinking to be pleasures of life, instead of sheer duty to an inexorable old dame—ours is dingy. Consistent with the gravity of our countrymen, and the idiosyncrasies of coffee-room architects, it is divided into boxes, each separating half-dozens of apparently very precious or very ferocious animals.

Englishmen are getting a little more gregarious than they were. Facility of locomotion has brought them into contact with countries where Restraint and Stiffness feel less at home. Our church has lately shown this. A year or two

ago we couldn't peep over our pew; now we have a pleasant sight of the congregation. The same influence has been at work with our coffee-room, where, in lieu of hiding a man all but his periwig, a goodly part of his eyes, nose, and mouth are now displayed. By and by we shall get down to his shoulders, and in the end, when we begin to surmise that other folks are likely enough as good as ourselves, we shall raze the wooden walls, and associate. Why dinner in public should not be cheerfuled with the smiles of pleasant faces, though it still were heresy to speak, puzzles us as much as why a coffee-room dinner is so preternaturally glum, long-faced, solemn, and silent. It were a commendable ornaide to start, which constitutional diffidence interdicts on our part, to establish cheerfulness as a concomitant of an English dinner.

It takes a long time to make acquaintance, even at a regular ordinary; at coffee-rooms it would be the work of years. With peculiarly amiable sociability, every Englishman shrinks quite into himself and his 'Timea.' Yet we could tell, from our point of observation, a good deal that would surprise our genial friends of their private life and character:—knowledge with which they, in blissful unconsciousness, have made us acquainted.

An intelligent gentleman at our side is a familiar friend. He has been a visitor as long almost as we: yet, all the same for that, it is only for a week or two that we have been on conversational terms. The oddest event brought about what our box at the coffee-rooms never would have done. According to custom, we evacuated our position at home, when the dog-days were over, to enjoy a little laziness—the most serene of nature's bounties. By a concatenation of events, we were musing over the little square garden-grave of Marshal Ney, in Père la Chaise, and transfusing our own with the requiem of sighs which his guardian mourners, the four lofty poplars piercing the angles of his resting-place, breathe continually over him as they sway with the wind. Bringing our thoughts to earth, a glance encountered ours—surely not unknown. Instinctively our hat rose, and the suggestion dared to make itself heard, after a moment's English silence, that the rencontre was not the first. Our friend went through a similar process of thought, and acquiesced: but how? when? why? where? Could it be at our coffee-rooms, in—but you know where—where we had sat at the same table, day after day, for a year or two, without speaking? Such suggestion was a flicker of light, which at last quite flared up, and a sudden thought struck us—'we would swear eternal friendship;' in this matter breaking through the good old English custom, which made the two students who met on the top of Mont Blanc part without speaking, because, though they sat on the same form at the Oxford lecture-room hundreds of times, they had never been introduced. We talk now.

Our maid deserves a little chapter quite to herself; and indeed we can talk of other folks while speaking of her. She is a light and pretty representative of her class: a representative painted by a poet, who depicts his copies, not as they actually are, but as they ought to be. An intel-

ligence more than common, as well as a neatness and modesty of demeanour, bespeak her superior to her position; while, on the other hand, her genius—for you shall in the end acknowledge she has genius—makes her duties dovetail into so nice and compact a piece as would grieve us to see broken. Look at her now from our own corner; neither she nor her visitors know

'A chell's among them takin' notes.'

So quiet, so attentive, so polite, so smiling, you would think she knew nothing; never felt tired; and was always cheerful as a sunbeam. Yet she has a history by heart of all her regular customers, and is busy working out, Who can the stranger be that has taken a seat the last few days? His name will soon be on the list she keeps adding to, like a boy's string of 'liveries, shankies, and sinkies.' Tired? she has been at work since seven o'clock this morning, and, except the half-hour which she snatched to make up some little things for her tiny nephews and nieces she has not rested at all; nor will she rest till ten at night. As for the sunbeam, she sees one on Sunday alone to copy cheerfulness from. Just big enough is she to beguile a pleasant smile from everybody, and just little enough never to be in anybody's way. Her little frame intertwines like a graceful saurian through the company of visitors, without incommoding one. She learns to understand their wants, and sometimes saves a perambulation of the room by giving an immediate order. But, as she says, 'it is only with some she can do so; for if she did not ask beforehand, many gentlemen would send her back, though she knows very well what they will have.' Pardon us good Mary, you would have told us all about it; would you not, even though you knew we should print it? No; really the gentle interest we have taken in your welfare has been real; and we have felt sorry for your swollen face and toothache; and did mean our kind toned inquiries after your health.

Our visitors are all of a quiet caste. Half a dozen quills in a box together, just let out of the counting-house for half an hour, comprise our *fastest* visitors. Even they, to whom the maid has gone, are not boisterous, though full of fun.

Whether we systematise our company by their reading, by their manners, or by their appearance, we get the same divisions. Our incipient princes of London trade read novels, smile when they give orders, and dress as near dandyism as the 'governor' will bear. Sometimes a few *quite* fast drop in. They don't read at all, but laugh and talk immoderately about the theatres and cider cellars, and are very precisely brushed indeed. Chivalry is 'the thing' in this class, but chivalry arising out of a belief in their own irresistible graces, and the universal frailty of the fair. Their gallantry is indirect insult in a coffee-room. The position of the handmaid gives them an occasional claim to whisper a poor joke, just loud enough to make the modest girl blush. We regard it as a special duty to be kind, and polite and affable to her, were it but to mollify some of the disagreeablenesses of her office; and we suspect it brings its reward, and tells on the number of plums in our tart. Well it is that her temper keeps unrippled. One would scarcely think that the equable face she carries only hides the work-

ings of a heart as sensitive to rudeness as the collision to light.

Quiet, elderly folks compose the next class, whose reading is the 'Times.' They are City men, past the follies of adolescence, and may be seen regularly as the clock strikes putting on their glasses to peep at the funds and the markets. They have time, too, for a 'leader,' which forms the basis of their politics till the next day's reading. The originality of their ideas is very striking, to any one who by chance has read the paper beforehand. Dressed soberly, and conversational to the extent of a 'good morning, sir,' it is they who give character to the house. When evening comes, these go home to their families; the dandies go to the casino, and the first class play chess and draughts in their own box.

Our particular friends, when they fill the corner we invariably claim, form another grouping, distinct in pursuit and character. It is a casualty their coming in, except 'Magsine-day,' when we luxuriate for an afternoon over the monthlies, and have a delicious *tete-a-tete* literary gossip and criticism. Evidently we are a learned coterie, thinks the maid, though she can't make us out. She looks out for this 'periodical' mirth with our friends, as naturally as for our own individual ailments on other days.

You shall allow the maid has genius, we promised you. How else is it that she tells from the look of a customer what he wants? One just now came in; she was located in her own sanctum, and merely looked up, when the order for tea and a tea cake, with water-cresses, issued from her lips. A gentleman followed, whose physiognomy at once indicated that he wanted a 'chop.' It would test the cleverest of you to do it as cleverly.

We imagine that, though we can claim few acquaintances at our coffee-rooms, we are not altogether unknown. At any rate our seat is recognised; and seemingly, the fancy we have that dinner isn't satisfactory in any other. Frequently we have met the silent acknowledgement of our right, by one relinquishing the position on our appearance. They know not—though they now shall—how much beyond our 'thank'ee' they oblige.

Our little *ancilla* very quickly became acquainted with all our peculiarities, and humours them to a gratifying degree. 'Yes, if you please,' was our invariable answer to whatever she asked of us. She soon knew how little we liked bother, and frequently brings us dinner throughout on her own responsibility. That is just as we like it.

Vanity—was it not a Ciceronian failing?—tempts us to think that we are somewhat of a favourite: certainly we are much favoured. On our arrival we usually find the 'Times' placed ready, and the 'weeklies' piled up for us on their proper days. 'H. W.' and 'Chambers,' 'Leisure Hour,' and 'Eliza Cook,' make us a repeat attractive enough to send the 'lamb and pease' or 'raspberry tart' into temporary oblivion. Even our less ambitious 'Family Herald' we enjoy as *entremet*: and on 'Review-days' and 'Magsine-days' we have quite a Guildhall feast.

Mary is not so carefully attentive to every one. She has her little revenges upon an offender, though the victim is unconscious. One who with

an air of authority demands all the papers in turn, and gets passionate, and stalks about when they don't come, is her special aversion. Somehow people 'will keep the paper more than ten minutes,' if he bespeak it. Any one who bellows his commission from one end of the room to the other gets into her bad books at once, and is sure to find the paper he asks for—engaged.

It pleases her now and then to play with our own peculiarities, as far as she imagines she may safely venture. 'Will you take tart, sir?—' Yes, if you please,' has been given as a matter of course. In a few moments after its removal the little plague, in apparent forgetfulness, has inveigled us into another 'Yes, if you please,' for the self-same thing. On one occasion, and we believe at the instigation of a malicious friend, she actually caused us to demolish two dinners in succession.

We have already referred to the inquisitive spirit of our handmaiden. It shows itself in a variety of ways. If, as the chance has been, she has occasion to speak of a past occurrence, she mentions visitors by name. 'The day when Mr. Dyer and Mr. Thresher sat at your table, sir; but who Mr. Dyer and Mr. Thresher are, she alone knows of us two. Or she will allude to a gentleman, our casual companion, 'the printer,' she confidently adds, and is astonished when we assure her that her information about his profession doesn't help us at all. She was right, notwithstanding, as we confirmed her, when by accident we found out what our friend was. But, as we argued with her, and argue with you, if the knowledge of these little things ever become necessary to friendship, they will make themselves known in good time, and need not our prying eyes in advance.

A gilded glass announcement on the walls tells people that our coffee-rooms are closed on Sunday. It wasn't always so: and the change is one for the best. London coffee-houses generally are to be commended for Sunday-closing. We must not inquire the reason too deeply, or perhaps the inference would be, that London goes out of town. Let us give coffee-house-keepers the benefit of a doubt, and believe that better motives influence them.

Worthier people than our own host and hostess do not live. More honest and upright could not be found. The domestics have to thank them for their Sunday rest. We have learned from Mary herself, that her daily duties are ended with family prayer, over which she has more than once wickedly fallen asleep. After so many hours of business it is not to be wondered at, nevertheless we gravely reprehend her, and hope she will not transgress again.

The coffee-room library we can't tell you much about. Our experience goes only as far as the catalogue. The owner doesn't speak highly of his own property. If about to sell, he might do otherwise. Were we compelled to confess, we should say that for 'Blood' and 'Love' the stock was unequalled, and suits the class of readers; but for intelligent people to sit over a single one of them, would be to compromise their character.

The little picture of our own coffee-room gives an idea of a class exceedingly numerous in Lon-

don. We have no doubt coffee-houses tell upon the character of London population, and by their numbers tend usefully to balance the blandishments of the tavern. They deserve every encouragement: we have promoted their interest in the present paper by writing so long, that readers who have been adventurous enough to get to this point must have grown hungry, and need their aid.

LAMENT FOR THE RED HUNTER.

Pity the hunter who traversed the wild,
And call'd the wide forest his own;
'Mid nature's wild scenes her own native child,
To the teachings of science unknown.

The bounding red-deer of the deep forest shade,
He slew for his own forest fare,
And drank when he thirsted from waters that
made—

A music he loved to share.

And when in the hours held sacred to thought,
And dreams like reality grew;
In the depth of a warm adoration he sought,—
To commune with the great Manitou.

The Spirit of good in the far distant ground;
Where the shades of the warriors rest,
Where unknown to fatigue with his faithful hound,
He may join in the chase he loves best.

Pity for him for his hunting ground,
A home for the stranger is made;
And his forefathers bones in their own sacred
mound,
Are profaned by the plough and the spade.

The pride of his native forest is shorn,—
And the wild deer are driven afar;
Alas! for the hunter doomed sadly to mourn—
The twilight of destiny's star.

NOTE.—The sad fate of the Aborigines of North America driven from their hunting grounds, and from the spots held sacred by religious rites, and also as the graves of their forefathers, must excite emotions of pity in the bosom of every one who knows what they now are, and reflects on what they have been.

G. W.

THE EARLY DAYS OF MADAME DE MAINTENON.

CHAPTER I.

At the close of the year 1648, on the 20th of November, a young, sweet voice, was suddenly heard from amidst the crowd thronging the coach-office at Havre, inquiring if there was a place to Niort.

"Yes there is," replied a man from behind the office grating. "What is the fare?" was the next question, in the Creole accent. "Six crowns," said the official. "Here they are," and at the same time a little hand, whose small, white, slender fingers, peeped forth from a black silk mitten, laid upon the counter the six crowns. "What name shall I put down?" demanded the man as he took the money. After a moment's hesitation the little voice replied, "Mademoiselle Francoise." "Francoise!" repeated the man behind the grating, as he prepared to write it down.

"I said Mademoiselle," replied she who bore the name of Francoise, in so haughty a tone, that every one in the office, men, women, and children, turned to look at the speaker.

It was a little girl of about eight years old, taller than is usual at that age, and slight, like all children who grow too quickly; she was very pale, which rendered her exquisite fairness still more striking, while rich masses of chestnut hair fell in profusion on her neck. Her eyes were black, admirably set, and at times flashing haughtily when she was either addressed rudely or jostled by the crowd; but when in a state of repose, they wore an expression of timid gentleness, full of interest and charm. The appearance of the little girl was neat and elegant, like that of a child belonging to the higher classes of society; a dress of puce silk, a mantilla trimmed with lace, set off her pretty figure; whilst her whole air, perhaps a little too proud, and her ease of manner, induced the beholder to look behind her in search of the lacqueys that she was doubtless accustomed to command; and it was matter of surprise when it was found that the young creature was quite unattended and alone.

An aged woman, whose appearance betokened her the housekeeper of some noble family, gazed at her for some moments with the fixed attention of one who is endeavoring to recall some remembrance; and having apparently succeeded, she approached the little girl. "Have you no other name than Francoise?" inquired she.

The little Creole answered by a gesture of astonishment, and one of those haughty glances, a flash of which her eyes retained for some moments. "Are you going to Niort, madame," demanded she, without deigning any reply to the question of the housekeeper.

"I am going further, mademoiselle," replied the woman, constrained by the haughty deportment of the little personage to accord her the title, which certainly everything about her seemed to prove belonged to her. "But I intend to stop there for a short time: if you are travelling alone, and I can be of any use to you—"

"A poor little girl of my age has always need of protection; and you will be good enough, madame—"

"I shall be most happy, mademoiselle," replied Madame Germain—that was the name given in her passport—so much the more, as I myself have just been bringing a little girl of your age to my mother-in-law, who resides in this town; for certainly I should not be the one to leave my child to go about alone in the public roads."

"Madame," interrupted the little Francoise, warmly, her face flashing and her eyes filling

with tears. "Do not blame my father or mother; they gave me in charge to a Creole lady, who was returning to France; and is it their fault that this lady died on the passage? Oh, how my poor mamma would grieve if she knew her little Françoise was obliged to disembark all alone from the great ship, and go alone to Niort. Oh! say nothing bad of my father and mother, they are both so good and both love me so much. It was their love for me that made them consent to send me away from them. They were not rich there; besides, my education could not be finished in America, so they have sent me to France. I am going to Niort."

"To whom there?" demanded Madame Germain, quickly, who had not taken her eyes for an instant off the little Creole.

"I have my instructions, madame," replied Françoise. "The lady who died gave them to me in writing. She had more sense than I have, and knew better what ought to be done. As for me, I only know one thing, and that is, that at my age I ought to obey, and so I obey."

"You can at least tell your father's name," exclaimed at once nearly every one in the office, who, whilst the little Creole had been speaking, had gradually approached her. She gazed earnestly at each of the persons who had addressed her; but doubtless, not perceiving in any of the curious, indifferent faces around, that nameless something which invites confidence, she merely replied, "You do not know him, so it would be useless to tell you."

"But you will tell me, who am going to take you under my care till we reach Niort, will you not?" said Marguerite Germain, in a low voice, kindly pressing the hand of Françoise. "Perhaps so, madame; listen awhile when I know you better."

This extreme prudence at so tender an age astonished every one, and fixed every eye upon the child, who alone, in a public office, surrounded by strangers, behaved with as much propriety and steadiness as if in the presence of her mother; and united to the shrinking modesty of her sex that self-possession which commanded respect in her rather equivocal circumstances. At this moment the coachman mounted the box, summoned the passengers, who took their places in a wide carriage, where, thanks to the good offices of Madame Germain, Françoise was already seated.

As the coach drove off, Françoise drew a little paper from her pocket, folded square, and with the word "adieu" written upon it. She unfolded it, and read to herself,—"I feel, my dear child, the approach of death; as I can now no otherwise care for you, I write these few lines, which I could ask you always to carry about with you, to direct your conduct, now that I am no longer with you. Read and follow the advice of one who was for so short a time to fill the place of your mother."

"On your arrival at Havre go at once to the coach-office for Niort, take your place there, and pay for it; but do not give any but your christian name, nor the name of the relation to whom you are going. You could not explain to every one that might see the name written upon a public sheet, by what accident a member of a

family such as yours should have been travelling alone."

All else she had to say might have been imparted by word of mouth, or perhaps at that instant death had for ever paralyzed the hand which penned, and chilled the anxious heart that dictated the friendly counsel.

CHAPTER II.

After a journey of three days, which was considered very quick travelling at a time when railroads were as yet unknown, the carriage which had conveyed Françoise arrived at Niort, and we must do Madame Germain the justice to say, she was most assiduously kind to the little Creole. Perhaps there was a little of officiousness in this forwardness to oblige. Certain it is, that whether from natural disposition, from want of education, or from a motive which we do not as yet pretend to define, she was on this occasion most inquisitive, prying, and meddling. Françoise found the greatest difficulty in evading the attempts made to surprise her into a disclosure of her name and destination. Sometimes it was a conjecture as to the rank held by the father of the little Creole; at other times, a guess as to the house to which she was going; to all of which the young traveller observed the most complete silence. As soon as the coach stopped, Françoise, who was among the first to alight, looked about for a porter, and giving him a parcel to hold, took a letter from her bag and began to read over the address, in order to tell it to the man, who was awaiting her orders. As she was about to whisper it to him, she was anticipated by Madame Germain, who read over her shoulder—

"The Baroness de Neuillant! I know that lady right well. I will show you the way. There, take my parcel too," said she to the porter. "I am going the same road. Come." Françoise had only to make the best of a bad matter, so she followed Madame Germain. They walked together in silence for a long time, till having turned into a large street, so deserted that the grass grew in tufts through the pavement, as is so often the case in a provincial town, Margaret stopped, and said to her young companion—

"There it is at the end, the last hôtel to the right; knock long and loudly—the servant is deaf."

Then taking Françoise's parcel from the porter, and giving it to her, she went off, taking the man with her, and leaving the poor little stranger in the middle of a deserted street.

But the solitude, far from alarming Françoise, only tended to re-assure her. It was broad day—it was noon, and happy in thought that her journey was over, and that she would soon have a protector, and be no longer obliged to conceal her name and country, she walked straight to the door of the hôtel, and knocked boldly. But though she knocked again and again, the door did not open, and the total silence that reigned in the interior of the hôtel, added to all the shutters of the windows being closed, made the little traveller think that every one must be dead, and at the idea, a cold shiver ran through her frame.

"If you were to knock till to-morrow morning, and longer than that, too, they will not open a bit the more for you," said a hawker of vegetables,

who was just then passing. "The owners are in the country, and the only servant that is usually left has taken advantage of their absence to pay a visit to his native place."

How grateful was this information to the poor child, who feared that the guardian to whose care she was consigned was dead.

"Can you tell me, my good woman," said she, "where is Madame de Neullant's country-house?"

"Not very far from this, my little madam; and if your legs are but as quick as your eyes, two short hours will take you there. You must get out of this street, and take the first turning to the right, then the fourth to the left, then go on till you come to a great square, then turn again to the left, then to the right, then—but I had better show you the way, for I doubt if you could find it."

"You give me new life," said the little girl, wiping away the drops with which terror had moistened her brow.

On they went together, till, on reaching the open country, the woman said, "You can now find the way by yourself; you have only to go straight on; if you walk pretty fast and do not loiter on the way you will be there in less than two hours. When you come to an iron railing and a grove of acacias, you are at your journey's end." And she then left the little traveller to go on her way alone.

Françoise had good legs and good courage,—she went on briskly for about two hours, but her small weak limbs did not permit of her taking very long steps, so that at the end of that time she had not made much way.

The sight of the long straight road still extending so far before her, and the sun so low in the horizon, with the feeling of hunger such as it is only felt by the very young, drew a deep sigh from her; alas! it was easy to perceive that she was accustomed to careful tendence, to a loving eye upon her, and loving arms around her. The idea of stopping to procure some refreshment never occurred to her,—she thought of but one thing, and that was, to reach her journey's end.

At last she perceived in the distance the iron railing; the very sight of it revived her, and caused her to redouble her speed: she almost forgot her fatigue.

"Where is the château of the Baroness de Neullant?" said she, to the first person she met.

It was a poor little girl, about her own age, but scantily clad, and weeping.

"I am just come away from it; I can stay no longer there, the lady is too cross. I was beaten yesterday for having let some hens be stolen; to-day two turkeys have been taken, and I am running away before it is found out. I will go home, my mother never beats me,—never."

"Poor little thing!" said Françoise, slipping a piece of money into the hand of the little poultry-girl. "Pray do not go till you show me the château."

"It is not very difficult to find it; you can see it from this," replied the little peasant, consoled at the sight of the silver which was now shining in her brown sunburnt hand. "Do you see that great iron railing, by the side of which there is a little gate, with cocks and hens and turkeys in front of it?"

"The cocks and hens of which you are in charge, I suppose," said Françoise.

"The very same!" answered the girl.

"I am not surprised at their being stolen, if you leave them thus by themselves."

"Oh, at our age we must have a bit of play."

"Does that gate lead into the château?" demanded Françoise.

"It leads into the farm-yard," replied the little peasant. "From the farm-yard you go through a grove of acacias, which leads to the offices and then—"

"Oh, once there, I shall know what to do. Thank you, my child."

At that moment the little Creole perceived a pretty white hen that a dog was worrying, and had actually under his paws. She drove away the dog, and picked up the hen; and perceiving she was not hurt, but merely frightened, she caressed her, and warming her in her little hands, she advanced towards the farm-yard.

"Poor little thing!" said she, as she kissed the hen; "you are a little one, timid and weak as I am; but do not be afraid, I will protect you, as those who are older than I will protect me."

Thus speaking as she went along, the little traveller amused herself by driving home the inmates of the poultry-yard, who were only waiting for the door to be opened for them; and having then gently laid her white hen on the branch of a tree, where she saw the rest of the hens picking, she passed on through a little gate, opening on the acacia-grove; but hardly had she advanced a few steps in the direction of the château, when a well-known voice, proceeding from the other side of the trees, riveted her to the spot.

It was the voice of Madame Germain—Madame Germain, whom she had told that she was going to the Baroness de Neullant, who knew where she was, as she had come herself, and yet had not told her, or rather had led her wrong, by bringing her to the empty hotel in the deserted street. All these thoughts flashed rapidly through the little head of Françoise, and she trembled, she knew not why.

Though the overshadowing trees rendered the darkness of the evening still greater, she made an effort to see the person who was with Madame Germain. By the richness of her attire and the authoritative tone in which she addressed her companion, who remained standing whilst she was seated, Françoise guessed she must be the Baroness de Neullant. With all the impetuosity of her age and natural disposition, she would have sprung towards her, exclaiming, 'Here I am!' when some words that reached her ear suddenly checked the impulse.

CHAPTER III.

The baroness, with a moody and abstracted air, was listening to these words from Madame Germain:—"This child is born for misfortune, madame. 'Fair birth, fair life,' says the proverb; and 'Born unlucky, unlucky for the whole life,' say I; and I will go even further than that, madame—the unlucky bring ill-luck to those that harbor them. Now how was this little D'Aubigné born? In a prison at Niort, where her father was detained for debt, on the 27th of November, in the year 1686—it will be eight years in three

days more. I think I have her poor mother before me—Jeanne de Cardillac, of such a good family at Bordeaux, with hardly sufficient to cover her poor child, and though that poor child had the honor of having as sponsors the Count François de la Rochefoucault and your daughter, the Countess Jeanne de Badeau, that has not broken the spell. Her infancy was passed in prison. From the prison at Niort she went to the Chateau Trompette at Bordeaux, and from thence she set out to America. On the passage she fell ill, and every one believing her to be dead, she was about to be thrown into the sea, when her mother asked to be allowed a last embrace. In this embrace she thought she perceived a slight breath of life in her daughter—so slight, indeed, that none but a mother could have perceived it; and the little one was saved. But it appears that Monsieur Constant d'Aubigné has not conducted his affairs in the new world a bit better than in the old, by his sending you his daughter to bring up."

"And how did you recognize her, Margaret?" demanded the baroness with the air of one awaking cut of a long dream.

"I have already had the honor of telling it twice to you, madame, but you have not, I believe, done me the honor of listening. You, doubtless, recollect, madame, a visit which you paid, about four years ago, to your brother M. d'Aubigné, at the Chateau Trompette, while he was detained there. You may remember a little scene which took place between the daughter of the porter of the chateau and Mademoiselle Francoise, then about four years old. The gaoler's daughter had just been paid some money, and mademoiselle was admiring the silver pieces. 'You would like very much to have some like this, but you are too poor,' said the little girl to her. 'That is true,' said your niece; 'but I am a lady, and you are not.'

"Well, madame, it was by hearing in the office at Havre a little girl rebuke the clerk for calling her plain Francoise, and doing it with the air which belongs to your brother, and which you, too, have, madame, that I recognized the blood of the D'Aubigné family. It was on this account, merely, because she was your niece, madame, that I took care of her on the way; but once arrived at Niort, I wished to warn you, madam, lest the child might come upon you like a thunder-clap, and I took the liberty of conducting her to your hotel, where, I suppose, she is knocking still. What determination have you come to, madame?" demanded Margaret, after a few moments' silence, the baroness having relapsed into her reverie.

"And what is there to decide upon?" said the baroness, in a peevish and impatient tone. "She is my brother's daughter and my niece, so I cannot leave her in the street; but it would have been much better for him to have kept her at home than to lay such a charge upon me."

A gasping cry and a heavy fall attracted the attention of the baroness. She rose, and looking in the direction of the sound, uttered an exclamation of alarm on seeing a child stretched insensable on the ground.

"It is she, madame," said Margaret, approaching. "It is the little traveller—it is Mademoiselle d'Aubigné."

When the young creature recovered her consciousness, she found herself in the middle of a well-lighted apartment. She recognized Madame Germain in the person who was busied about her, and in the tall stiff lady who was coldly looking on, the mistress of the acacia-grove, the Baroness de Neuillant.

"My aunt!" said the poor child, endeavoring to rise, and salute the baroness.

"Since you are better now, mademoiselle," returned her aunt, coldly waving her hand, "you may go with Madame Germain, and she will give you anything you may want."

"Oh, my poor mother," exclaimed the little one, as she sorrowfully followed Madame Germain. "If you only knew the reception that awaited your child!"

CHAPTER IV.

Francoise was put to sleep in a very pretty little room. The next day, on rising, a milliner came to take her measure for some dresses; the shoemaker brought shoes; the hairdresser came to force her beautiful hair from its own natural curl. Breakfast was brought to her, but when she asked to see her aunt, the reply was that she was engaged.

"Fine dresses, nice shoes, everything but carresses," said she, as she paced the long and formal avenue. "Oh, how much better to be with mamma, where I had but little, but still I had carresses."

In her walk she approached the poultry-yard. Mechanically she opened the door, a pretty little hen flew to meet her, and saluted her with a joyful cackle. It was the little white hen which she had rescued from the dog. She recognized it by the feathers of the wings being ruffled. "Come," said she, taking it up, "you are lonely here, without a mother like me. Without any one to love you, and that is like me too. Well, I will love you, and you shall love me, and neither of us need be lonely any more. Come, my pretty white hen, you must love me deeply, I entreat of you, that is a good little hen." Such was the first introduction of the little Francoise to her aunt, who had received her as one whom it would be disgraceful to turn away, but whose arrival was otherwise a matter of perfect indifference. The poor child felt deeply her aunt's cold and utter neglect, and wept over it in secret. She had none but her poor hen to whom she could pour out her touching regrets, so touching, that had they been heard, some one must have had pity on her. But who were there to hear? No one listened to her—no one cared enough about her even to listen to her. The poor child finding in the yard the only beings who seemed to have any feeling for her—the only beings who welcomed her approach, spent the greater part of the day there; and the servants ended by abandoning to her the care of this part of the establishment.

"I began by reigning in a poultry-yard," said she, a little later, when ruling all France.

The mind of a child exposed to misfortune, is like fruit unprotected by friendly foliage from the burning heat of the sun—it ripens before its time. Sad thoughts and sorrowful reflections had, with Francoise, taken the place of the thoughtless gaiety of childhood.

"What a sullen, unsocial little thing!" was often said by those who visited the baroness. Alas! they ought rather to have said unhappy and proud, for the child already possessed all the pride that misfortune so often gives to the character.

Two years passed away in this manner, when Mons. d'Aubigné being dead, his widow returned to France, and Francoise was restored to her love and caresses; but Madame d'Aubigné, unable to support her children, was obliged to solicit from Government some situation for her son, older by some years than Francoise, and to place the latter at the Convent of the Ursulines, the necessary expense being paid by Madame de Vilette, another sister of Madame d'Aubigné's. But this extraordinary child would not consent to remain there long, having one day been told incautiously, that her mother lived by the labour of her hands. "I, too, know how to work," said she to Madame d'Aubigné. "Two will earn more than one. If you will take me with you, dearest mother, I can defy misfortune." When she thus spoke, she was about twelve. Madame d'Aubigné could not resist so touching and natural an appeal. She brought her daughter to Paris, where they both took up their abode in the very highest garret of a house in the Rue St. Honoré. M. d'Aubigné, her son, just then obtained an appointment as one of the pages of Louis XIV.

In the whole house, where the garret was, nothing was spoken of but the generous devotion of a young girl of fourteen, who, giving up all the pleasures of her age, spent her life in sewing and embroidering; and, not content with laboring all day, devoted to it, besides, a part of the night; and they knew her, they said, to be of noble family. And when towards evening, accompanied by her mother, she descended the staircase, to take home her day's work, all drew aside to let her pass. It was not her growing beauty, or her countenance so charming and so dignified, that thus won upon them, but it was the touching paleness of her features and the timid modesty with which she returned their salutations.

But one day, it was a coffin that came down that staircase. Madame d'Aubigné was dead, and for some days the door of the garret remained as closely shut as though the living orphan were also dead. The old portress was the first who ventured to knock at the door; it was quickly opened to her by Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, dressed in black, and with face so white, so pale, that it seemed as though her life too were in her mother's grave.

"Can I do anything for you, mademoiselle?" This was all the worthy woman could say, struck with the deep though calm sorrow of the lovely face.

A tear slowly trickled down the cheek of the orphan. "I have nothing to remunerate you for your services," said she, simply.

"Oh, mademoiselle need not trouble herself about that," replied the woman. "Mademoiselle is good and sensible, and will one day be rich. A little work, more or less, will not kill me—a little time given to her who gave all hers to her mother."

Francoise, burying her face in her handkerchief, wept long and silently, and the two felt

that they understood each other, and never was more assiduous service rendered than by the good old woman.

But the family pride of her aunt did that for poor Francoise which affection would not have prompted. One morning, three months after the death of her mother, a carriage drew up with great parade before the gate of the obscure alley which led to the rude staircase, which the orphan had never descended since the death of her mother. A lady, tall, richly dressed, and of a cold and haughty demeanor, alighted from it. She inquired for Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, and carefully guarding her fine silk dress from contact with the wall or stairs, and having asked to be shown the room, requested she might be allowed to enter alone.

The lady, on seeing the only door out of fifteen or sixteen that boasted the luxury of a mat, guessed it led to her niece's room, and knocking, was immediately admitted. Mademoiselle d'Aubigné never received any visits; the portress was the only person who ever broke in upon her loneliness; and she, believing the knock to be hers, opened the door without any inquiry, but on seeing a lady, started back with surprise.

"Madame de Neuillant!" exclaimed she.

"I am come to take you to my own house," replied she, in a tone as cold and indifferent as ever. "I am just come from Niort, and only yesterday learned the death of your mother, and your situation. You are my brother's daughter, you cannot live alone; my hotel is open to you; you must come with me."

Francoise gazed upon her aunt with a kind of painful gratitude. Oh! why was she not as ready to open her arms and her heart to her as her house!

Madame de Neuillant was one of those narrow-minded persons who forget that there are wants of the heart as well as of the body to be met—wounds of the heart to be healed—forget that there is a mission of mercy to the mind imposed upon us, not only by the precept, "Weep with those that weep," but commended by the example of Him, who, even when in the might of His miraculous power, He was about to turn the widow's tears of sorrow for her only son into tears of joy, yet could not, even for the instant, see that sorrow unmoved, but stopped to soothe her with the words of tender compassion, "Weep not." Francoise had already too sad opportunity of estimating her aunt's sensibility. She knew that with her she should want neither food nor raiment, but that which could minister to the affections, which could warm the heart—kind words and soft caresses. Alas! who would give her these? The young creature recoiled from the dreary prospect before her, and at length giving way, she sobbed as if her heart would break. However, there was no alternative, nor was there time to hesitate; she must not keep Madame de Neuillant waiting on a straw chair in a cold room with tiled floor, and making a strong effort to command herself, she hastily put up all that belonged to her in a little parcel, and lifting up her heart in silent prayer, as she looked for the last time around the narrow chamber, where for the last two years she had lived with her fond mother, poor but happy, fully satisfied with the dinner of herbs where love

was," she turned to her aunt, saying, with a coldness nearly approaching to her own, "I am ready for you, madame." As she passed the porter's lodge, "I have but little to offer you," said she, holding out her little parcel to her kind humble friend, "but it is all that I have. Take it, I am yet mistress of it; take it, for to-morrow, nay, even in an hour, I shall have nothing of my own, not even myself."

Then, pressing in both her pretty hands those of the worthy woman from whom she had received so much kindness, she hastened after her aunt, and was quickly seated in the carriage, which immediately took the way to Niort.

CHAPTER V.

Everything turned out just as Mademoiselle d'Aubigné had foreseen; her days passed slowly and sorrowfully away, alone in a house where a word of love never came to revive the young spirit, bent down and withered by the chill blast of misfortune. She shuddered as she thought of the many years that must thus pass before she should grow old and rejoin her mother in heaven. A circumstance, apparently most trivial, changed the entire destiny of the young girl.

Madame de Neuillant went every year to Paris, and made a point of never missing Scarron's *soirées*. He was a comic author, an old infirm bachelor, but so cheerful, so agreeable, so witty, that he drew around him the best society of Paris. Madame de Sevigné, Mademoiselle de Scuderi, the Coulanges, the d'Albrets, the Saint Livremonts—in fact, we may say all that were distinguished either in the court or the city. One day, as if for the first time waking to the perception that her niece was grown both tall and beautiful, Madame de Neuillant suddenly took it into her head that she should accompany her.

The young girl's heart thrilled as if with the presentiment of some great danger, and it was trembling she went to make her toilet. It was two years since Françoise had returned to her aunt's. At that time her wardrobe had been fully supplied, but had not since then been renewed, and Mademoiselle d'Aubigné who, from fourteen to sixteen, had grown amazingly, found, when she went to choose a dress, that the skirts and waists were much too short. What was to be done? There was no time to remedy the mishap, even if she had the means at command. Françoise consoled herself with the thought that her utter insignificance would efficiently screen her from any notice in such a circle. She dressed herself therefore without any great anxiety as to her toilet, and soon seated in her aunt's carriage, she was rolling on to the house of M. de Scarron, and certainly thinking more of what she was to see than of exhibiting her own little person, accustomed as she had hitherto been to little notice being taken of her. They enter: the lights, the movement, the splendid dresses, the brilliant yet easy tone of conversation, touching upon every subject without exhausting any—all this confused Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, nay, actually bewildered her so, that for the first few moments she scarcely knew what was passing around her. But when, these first few moments over, she ventured to raise her eyes and look around she was terrified on perceiving all eyes directed to one part of the

room, to the very spot where she stood leaning on the back of her aunt's chair. She might have believed Madame de Neuillant was the object of all this attention, but there was an expression of surprise in the gaze of curiosity, which made the young girl almost instinctively feel that it was not her aunt but she herself who thus attracted their notice. Was there anything about her particularly odd or strange? Suddenly it flashed across her mind that it must be her dress, with its short waist and narrow skirts and its two-year old fashion. Gladly would she have sunk into the ground to avoid the gaze which, even with downcast eyes, she knew was fixed upon her, and which made her cheeks burn and her heart beat, but refuge she found none; and at length her confusion became so great, her blushes so painful, that she covered her face, in a paroxysm of tears. But how she was mistaken! What had thus drawn upon her every eye was not her short dress, nor her costume, a little *passé*; it was rather her modest beauty—a beauty enhanced by her own perfect unconsciousness of it. It was rather that timid embarrassment, that shrinking bashfulness, which is such a charm in early youth. Even her tears, which stamped her as artless as she was beautiful, seemed but a grace the more.

Scarron, surprised at this emotion, inquired who the pretty young girl was who shed tears because she was looked at. He was told that it was Mademoiselle d'Aubigné; that she was poor, and not very happy with her aunt. He was delighted with the cause of the tears he had seen her shed, and he felt an irresistible desire to rescue the young creature from a life that scarcely deserved the name, to which this poor hot-house plant could never be inured. He offered his name and hand.

The short dress thus became the prelude to the elevation of Mademoiselle d'Aubigné; for as Madame Scarron, she found herself in a circle capable of appreciating her, and in which she might display all her rich stores of mind and all the charms of her conversation. She was so full of anecdote, and related so agreeably, that one day, at a great dinner given in her own house, a servant whispered to her, "A story, madam; there is a roast wanting to-day."

And no one perceived the absence of the dish. Good, gentle, and pious, Madame Scarron soothed the last hours of her husband, who died blessing her, leaving her a widow and poor at twenty-six years of age. Her poverty being no secret, Madame de Richelieu offered her apartments in her hotel; but her natural independence of character would not allow of her accepting them; she preferred having again recourse to her needle, which, as she was a clever workwoman, furnished her with at least the necessities of life.

The widow of Scarron affords another proof that true talent can never remain wholly concealed. She was sought for in her humble asylum to bring up the children of Louis XIV., who, as some little recompense for her assiduous cares, settled upon her the Château de Maintenon, and the right to assume the title of countess, by which he himself was the first to salute her.

The monarch knew how to appreciate the treasures of knowledge and the depth of tender feelings possessed by this charming woman. When he became a widower, not being able openly to

offer the title of Queen, or to share the throne of France with the widow of Scarron, he married her privately. She was then just entering her forty-third year.

Madame de Maintenon founded St. Cyr, that admirable institution for young girls, to which she retired on the death of the king, which took place the 1st of September, 1708, and where she remained happy and beloved to the close of her life. She died calmly and peacefully at the age of eighty-three, on the 17th of April, 1719.

Madame de Maintenon was one of the greatest examples of the vicissitudes of human life. Twice was she reduced to support herself by the labour of her hands; and she owed her elevation to her talents and her virtues.

MY FOLLY.

I was an only child, and lost my parents in early youth. My principal guardian was a neighboring squire—a friend of the family—a ‘good sort of man,’ who never did any harm and who was much too indolent to do any good. He thought that he would be perfectly fulfilling his duty if he turned me off his hands when I arrived at the age of twenty-one, sound in mind and limb, and with the same amount of rental to receive as I had on the day when my father died. During my pupilage, I shaped my own course pretty nearly as I liked. From the public school I went to Cambridge, and was entered as a fellow commoner; but having no need of a profession to support me, I only remained there two or three terms, and did not wait long enough to take any degree. It struck me that the modern languages and modern politics would be more serviceable in after life than a superabundant knowledge of Latin, Greek, and the differential calculus. The conversations which I often had in our Combination-room with those fellows of our college who had travelled on the continent, confirmed me in the idea.—I threw aside my tasseled cap, and my gold-laced gown, communicated the project to my guardian, who consented to it because it gave him no trouble, arranged the mode of receiving my allowance, and soon was steaming across the channel to France.

After an excursive trip of discovery, I determined to settle for a year or two in one of the northern departments, in a town which possessed a good public library, and the means of easy communication with England. The neighborhood also furnished capital fishing and shooting, besides other out-door pleasures to which I had been accustomed at home. I engaged a French master, studied with respectable assiduity, and had the satisfaction of discovering, at the end of a month or two, that I was leading a rational, independent and economical life.

From the very first week of my residing abroad, I always retained one Cambridge hab-

it; which was, to make long walks succeed the morning's book-work; nor were they always companionless. Amongst other French acquaintances, I had contracted an intimacy with a Dr. Lemaire, a young medical man, who had lately established himself in the town, and who was fast rising into good practice. He spoke no English, and could only comprehend a few words of that language; which was all the more fortunate for my improvement. He was well read, full of unhackneyed information; several years' service in Algeria had rendered him singularly free from prejudice. We got on exceedingly well together without exactly knowing why or wherefore.

One bright Monday afternoon at the end of June, he called to say that he was going to visit a patient in the marshes close by; would I like to accompany him? I gladly consented. We were soon outside the walls of the town. A discussion respecting the merits of Richard's *Mœurs Arabes* beguiled our way along the footpath through the rising cornfields and the blossoming beans; a debate on the beauties of Nodier's novels led us down from the arable upland, by a grass-grown road, flanked on each side by broad ditches, wherein floated snowy lilies and shining patches of dark green foliage. For indescribable beauty, and multitude both of animal, vegetable, and insect life, you must betake yourself in early summer to the wide spread marsh. There bloom the loveliest and the most fragile flowers—there glance the most brightly-gilded flies—there dart the resplendent reptile and the silvery fish. The song of birds amongst the reeds soon interrupted our literary gossip. Butterflies diverted our thoughts, and made us feel like a couple of child-en. The air was perfumed by the scent of mint crushed beneath our tread. We crossed two or three wooden bridges; then a single rough-hewed beam; were obliged to walk carefully, in Indian file, over black boggy ground, which trembled beneath us, and only made passable by a slight stratum of sticks and straw thrown over its surface.

“We are going,” said my companion, “to a place which is called the English Folly. It once belonged to a compatriot of yours, who seems to have made use of it as a country box for fishing and wild-duck shooting. My patient, old Father Boisson, whom I guess to be past hope, somehow obtained possession of it, and it now will fall to the inheritance of his only child André, the son. Here we are, We have only to cross this narrow plank, which serves as a drawbridge entrance. You will come too? The people will like to see you.”

“No,” I replied; “I will amuse myself till you have finished your visit, with watching the proceedings of those workmen yonder.” He disappeared behind the corner of the

cottage, which was larger and more substantially built than any of those near to it, tho' erected exactly on the same plan; namely, a wooden framework filled up with clay, standing on a low basement of bricks, the whole habitable portion being on the ground-floor, with a granary or miscellaneous store-house, in the tile-covered roof. It stood on an isolated square patch of ground, at least an acre in extent, on the side nearest to the ditch which my friend had crossed by the plank.—The other sides of the Island Folly were washed by a deep lake, or hole, of several acres, which had been entirely excavated in the process of raising turf. The surface, at its further corner, was studded with some half-dozen wooden ducks, fixed on stakes that were driven into the bottom of the pond.—Amongst these, at certain seasons, living call-ducks are fastened by the leg. Thus tethered, they quack so loud to their freer comrades, that on calm evenings the sound is audible a long way off. The wild-fowl, alighting on the lake to ascertain the cause of the hubbub, are then shot at with a mighty gun by the sportsman, who is concealed in a rude hut on the shore, partly excavated in the earth, and partly covered with branches and reeds, to represent, in the eyes of the birds an accidental heap of drift-wood and rubbish. For many winters past, the Boissons, father and son, had derived a good little income from their hut and their call-ducks, besides the weekly produce in spring, of eel-traps, pike-lines, tench-baskets, and perch-nets.

The workmen whose task I went to inspect, had seen me arrive with Dr. Lemaire; they therefore received me with civility; otherwise my presence, in all probability, would have been repulsed with bluntness. A man—it was Boisson, the son, himself—and, apparently, two stout lads and a younger boy were busily employed in making or moulding turf for fuel. Most turf is simply cut from its natural bed, and left to dry, no other preparation being necessary; but here, a large quantity is fished up in iron scoops, in a semi-liquid and puddley state, from the bottom of the holes, and thrown like a heap of mud on the opposite bank. André Boisson stood spade in hand by the side of the mud-heap at the water's edge, while his young assistants in turn held out to him, with both hands, a flat iron tray, or mould, into which he put a shovel-full of the black paste; the foremost lad, on receiving the precious gift, ran quickly towards the spot where I was standing; and, turning the mould upside down, deposited its contents on a patch of short grass, in the shape of a jet coloured cake. The next did the same; and so on, one after the other, till the plot of grass was covered with well-shaped bricks of turf to dry. They wore but slight clothing, and were all dressed alike in a shirt, and a coarse cloth coat and breeches, with

their legs and arms naked from the knees and elbows. The youngest boy came last, with his tray of dark custard, and I was vexed to see so delicate and prepossessing a youth employed in such grimy and unsightly labour. I spoke to him. He answered with propriety, and with a less broad *patois* than is prevalent in the district. Amongst other questions, I asked him which were the best holes for pike and eels, and in what bed of reeds I should be most likely to shoot a bittern or two. He readily answered that if I would come on Monday afternoon, of fete day, he would not be so busy as at present, and he would ask his uncle to let him show me the favourite haunt of the birds, and would also take me to the pond where still remained uncaught the monster eel which had towed a boat after it the last time it was hooked, till it broke away and dived into the depths of unfathomable mud. I was soon taken with the grace and spirit of my informant. Both Boisson himself and the two elder lads, as they trotted backwards and forwards with their moulds of turf, grinned in such a strange and meaning way whilst I was chatting with their junior companion, that I looked hard to discover the reason, and was surprised and displeased at being obliged to conclude beyond doubt that the couple of turf-making lads, by their shape and movements, were neither more nor less than women specially dressed for this kind of work. The labourers, in fact, were André Boisson's daughters. The boy seemed to read my thoughts in my countenance, for he blushed deeply, cast his eyes on the ground, and was silent.

All further awkwardness on my part was suddenly cut short by the voices of Lemaire and Son Boisson's wife, shouting to me from the Folly to enter the house. My friend's tone and gestures told me plainly that it would be considered as an affront if I refused to do so. Boisson junior (who could not be less than fifty years of age, with a careworn, under-fed, aquish countenance) suspended his turf-shoveling, and said that he would go with me too, and hear what the doctor thought of his father. We crossed the trampling plank, and entered the house.

A large square day-room received us. It had a substantial pavement of solid stone, instead of the usual floor of beaten clay. A fire, composed of flax-rubbish and turf, was burning brightly on the hearth, to boil the supper soup in its iron pot. From the upper part of the broad mantelpiece hung a curtain of gay chintz; and beyond the inner boundary of this a straw-bottomed arm-chair was placed for me, as the seat of honour. The greater part of one side of the room was filled with shelves, on which were ranged for show, never for use, from generation to generation, except on some most extraordinary fete, a number of coarse, gaudy-patterned plates and

dishes, with salad-bowls and coffee-basins intermixed. Besides these, ornament there was none; for the cooking utensils were neither sufficiently numerous nor brightly kept to answer their frequent purpose of decoration, nor were the dairy vessels, a tub of drinkable water, a ducking gun, and three or four nets. The prevailing character of the place was studied meanness and artificial poverty. They had money no doubt somewhere in the house; but every pains was taken to remove all suspicion of its existence. I sat a few moments, and said a few words for form's sake, when Lemaire proposed that we should visit the sick man.

His room, also on the ground floor, contained three beds, all naked and curtainless. One of these three assembled beds belonged to André and his wife; another to their two daughters; on the third, the furthest from the door, the dying old man was stretched on his back, with flushed face, glassy eyes, and other symptoms of approaching dissolution. His mind and speech remained still unaffected. He seemed pleased at my visit, until he was told that I was an Englishman, when he turned his face to the wall and muttered to himself. Soon he abruptly addressed Dr. Lemaire, and said,—

"I do not feel so ill as I did; I am a little better; but I suppose it will do no harm if I send for the curé. I think I should like to speak to the curé."

"Oh yes; let the curé come as soon as you like. We shall see how you are going on to-morrow."

"Shall I call at your house for a prescription, this evening," asked André.

"Come to-morrow morning," answered Lemaire in an undertone, "and let me know how matters proceed. But—" and a significant shrug of the shoulders was the only phrase which finished the sentence. The doctor felt his patient's pulse, bade him good bye, and promised to see him soon.

"I really think," said Lemaire to André, as we left the house, "that some of you had better tell the curé. I would call myself on our way home, but I am going round another way to see old Louis Lefebvre, who is nearly as ill as your father."

Next day, Lemaire told me that Boisson the father had died early that morning; and that through some blunder on André's part, the curé had arrived at the Folly too late to confess the sick man, having paid his visit to Lefebvre first, considering that he stood in the most urgent need of his services. On the Thursday following, in accordance with the French habit of early interment after decease, Boisson was laid in the ground in the parish cemetery; a bed was vacant in the dormitory of the Folly, and André remained its undisputed heir.

I had no reason to believe that this family

bereavement would be so keenly felt by the survivors as to oblige me to relinquish my appointment with the young marsh guide the Monday following, and I was right. Soon after descending from the upland, I perceived André himself coming to meet me along the grassy, ditch-bounded marsh road. He seemed to be smothering a secret complacency beneath a decent seriousness of behaviour; but he told me, with a smirk and a twinkle of the eye, that Catherine had informed him of my request that she should conduct me through the intricacies of the marsh.

Catherine! Who, then, was Catherine? Who, but the fair-haired boy whom I had seen turf-moulding. It seemed rather an odd adventure, but what more could I desire? So to the Folly we went, without further explanation. On the way, my companion made no allusion to his father's death, nor to his own consequent independence; but I was soon afterwards informed that he had caused masses to be said for the repose of his deceased parent's soul, though neither his wife nor himself ever went to confession, and but very rarely to mass.

At our approach, Catherine stepped forward, tripping over the foot-bridge with a blush and a smile. But what a change in her appearance! Instead of a shame-faced creature, so wretchedly disguised as even to conceal its sex, I had before me a bright-looking maiden, some seventeen years of age, walking upright in conscious neatness. As I attentively scrutinised her piquant costume, my looks, I have no doubt, undisguisedly expressed my agreeable surprise.

In a few minutes we were out of sight. My conductress led me on boldly through the intricate paths and ditches of the marsh. We entered André's flat-bottomed boat, which she had purposely cleansed with her own hands. She punted me hither and thither, from pond to creek, from thicket of reeds to bed of lilies, refusing, like a true lady of the lake, all help. I was thus taught all the "likely" spots both for rod, hook, net, and gun; and though under Catherine's guidance I never did catch the monster eel, who had been sometimes felt but never seen; I nevertheless often brought home such full fish-baskets and such heavy game bags as gained me considerable renown amongst my acquaintances.

During these repeated excursions over the water and through the meadows, it may be supposed that an intimacy sprung up between us. Each time I felt more and more attracted by the young and uninstructed being, who was not, however, deficient in a peasant-girl's quick-wittedness. She confided her story to me, as far as she knew it. André always styled her his niece, and told her that both her parents had died while she was an infant. She scarcely knew why, but she did not believe the former statement. The Boissons

never treated her harshly, but often very strangely, and not like a relation. Sometimes even she could not help thinking that André was planning some mischief against her, but his wife always seemed to interfere in her favour. In her dreams, she said, she was so often visited by unknown faces and sounds, which had no connection with her present life, that it frequently seemed impossible that those strange voices and countenances should not have some real and existing original. Sometimes she asked me to speak English to her, that she might hear the sound of my native tongue; but after listening attentively for awhile, she shook her head, observing with a sort of disappointment, that she did not understand a syllable of what I said. Then she added that there were two foreign words which often whispered themselves into her ears, especially when she first awoke at day-break; and those words were "darling" and "baby." How could she have learned them?

It may seem strange that a girl of seventeen should thus fulfil the combined office of game-keeper, boatman, fisherman, and guide; but country women in France engage in so many unusual employments, that one soon learns to be astonished at nothing in that line. I have known women to act as mowers, harvest men, grooms, stone-breakers on the roads, porters, railway gate-keepers, and post-men. Had I taken a country house, and engaged Catherine, at monthly wages, to spread manure and dig in the garden, the arrangement would only have been considered by the neighbours as an every day affair and a matter of course. I might have gone on thus for six months together, fishing and boating in Catherine's company, without their making any stronger remark than it probably was a lucky chance for the girl. But André did not allow things to go on smoothly so long as that.

One evening, when I took my leave, loaded with as much of the produce of a good day's sport as I cared to carry, André followed me; and, in his cool, half-insolent way, gave me to understand that I must make up my mind one way or the other; and that Catherine's protracted attendance on me interrupted the regular work at the Folly. Why did I not take her entirely to myself? He knew that I could well afford it. The doctor had told him several times that I was a young English landed proprietor. What was the use of Catherine's stopping here, when I could keep her with me wherever I went, as long as I liked? In short, the burden of his stammering and yet decided address was, that Catherine might be my property as a chattel and a slave, and that the further she were removed from the Folly, the better he would be satisfied.

The increasing twilight partly veiled the scarlet hue which suffused my cheeks and forehead, as he went on. I did not reply a

syllable till he had quite finished; but my blood boiled in every artery, harsh-sounding words were at the tip of my tongue, and I felt an irresistible impulse to kick him. He ended his proposition; but I still remained silent. He then looked keenly at me with one of his cunning eyes half-shut. I smothered my indignation as well as I could, and summoned all the dissimulation of which I was capable; for I felt full well that if I reproached him as his baseness deserved, he would perhaps look upon me as a hypocrite, certainly as a fool, and moreover that there would be an end at once to any transaction with me, probably to be followed by a worse with somebody else. I therefore merely answered, hardly daring to let my voice be heard beyond my lips, that I was a little taken by surprise; that he was not far from the truth in believing that I had taken a warm interest in Catherine: but that I could not give him an immediate explanation of what I would do. If he would wait until to-morrow, I would give him a decision. He expressed himself quite satisfied with this, and certain that he would see me at the Folly next morning. He then began to whistle a tune, as if a heavy weight was removed from his mind, or as if he had concluded an excellent bargain, and most politely wished me good night;—to which friendly benediction when I tried to reply, the words stuck fast in my throat. I was obliged to bow instead, and hastily turn my back.

That night cost me a sore struggle. Was I in love? Yes, helplessly, and with an obscure French girl.

After hours of restless agitation, I came to what I believed to be the right solution of the difficulty. A general plan presented itself to my mind, the details of which I had no doubt I could accomplish; and I fell fast asleep cherishing the plan; waking refreshed late the following morning. My scheme, on reconsidering it, appeared more feasible and promising than ever.

I hired a carriage to take me as far into the marshes in the direction of André's house, as the road allowed. I found André, his wife, and Catherine, at the Folly; the two daughters were out to work. André had strung up his courage with a dram—I smelt it; his wife was agitated; Catherine was pale. She had been partly told the purport of our last night's conversation. Without further preliminary, I mentioned that her uncle wished me to take charge of her future prospects; I would do so, if she consented to place herself in my care. I then paused, and said no more.

A strong and searching gaze at my countenance preceded her reply. It was short and decided. She would trust herself entirely to me. André's wife breathed deeply as though relieved, and muttered, "That is far better than sending her to Paris." He himself was about to drink to our healths, but I cut the

interview short. The woman manifested a penitential self-reproaching affection; Boisson seemed hardly to think it worth his while concealing his uppermost wish that we should be gone. I gave my hand to Catherine, which she firmly grasped; and permitted me to lead her to the carriage. On the way to the town, I explained to her my plans, to which she listened with surprise, assent, and gratitude. At my apartment were waiting some women, by my orders, who relieved her of her peasant's dress, and replaced it by a complete costume more befitting my own position in life. When permitted to see her after the metamorphosis, I was charmed with her appearance. That innate ease which belongs more or less to all French women was conspicuous in her. We hastily partook of some refreshments, and resumed our journey.

After a few hours' pleasant ride, we reached a noted sea-port town, in which there are several well-conducted ladies' schools. We drove at once to Madame Guilbert's establishment, of which I had heard satisfactory accounts, and I introduced Catherine to the mistress as a young French Protestant lady, a connection of my own, whose education had been greatly neglected, but whom it was now desirable to improve as fast as possible, as well as to instruct in English. I said I had selected her school in preference to any other, partly on account of the number of English girls there. A new pupil is ever welcome. The references I gave as to myself removed all open hesitation on the lady's part, and a half-year's payment in advance as parlour boarder settled any latent scruples that might remain. I gave Madame Guilbert money on account, for dress, and told her to write to me for more, immediately that that was expended. I then took my leave, with the understanding that I would pay a short morning visit to her pupil at least once every month. Our parting thus was hard; but we both knew it to be wise and needful. Madame had too often witnessed the separation of parents and children, of brethren and sisters to pay much attention at such a time to tears and earnest promises of affectionate remembrance.

I returned home. At first, there was a little gossip in the town, in consequence of the milliner, the bonnet-maker, and the woman who furnished the ready-made linen, mentioning the transformation which had taken place at my apartment; but my friend Lemaire, to whom I confided all my past proceedings and my future projects, called me a "brave," and soon "pooh-pooh'd" all scandal down. A few silly marsh girls, for a few short days, envied Catherine's "good fortune;" but in another few days her departure was forgotten.

I duly paid my promised visits to Catherine. Her mind became developed rapidly.—I never saw her except in the mistress's pres-

ence, but sometimes I contrived a half-day's excursion, in which Madame Guilbert and one or two of the governesses and elder pupils were invited to join, and thus prolonged the duration of our meetings.

Catherine was delighted at the pleasure with which I listened to her broken English, and worked hard and effectually in the intervals of my visits to read and write my native language. Now and then Lemaire and his wife accompanied me; they did it purposely, not from curiosity, but kindly to throw a further protection over the poor girl who seemed to be, as she actually was, alone in the world except for me.

Time passed, and I came of age. Catherine, now a beautiful, well-mannered, intelligent young woman, still remained under the charge of Madame Guilbert, to whom she had become warmly attached. My guardian was relieved from all further responsibility on my account; and a short visit to England decided me to prolong my residence abroad for a few years more. My paternal estate, not too ample, would, under competent management, greatly increase in rental and value. By still economising, I should insure a larger revenue when I might, perhaps, have greater call for it. I therefore entrusted everything at home into the hands of a lawyer of well-earned reputation, whose father had been the confidential adviser of mine.

To avoid refitting and furnishing our old, empty, tumbledown mansion, which would be a useless expense because of merely temporary convenience, and also to defer testing the temper of our country squires (about whose reputation of Catherine, on account of her humble birth, I had some apprehensions), I quietly begged Madame Guilbert to accompany Catherine across the Channel, and Lemaire and his wife to follow on an appointed day afterwards. I met them at Dover; proceeded at once to a pleasant watering-place situated at no great distance to the west; and three weeks after touching the white cliffs of Albion, Catherine Boisson, for we could give her no other surname, became lawfully as well as happily my own.

On the afternoon of our wedding-day, Lemaire and his wife, and Madame Guilbert took leave of Catherine and myself, and we were left alone. I had requested them to acquaint the Boissons with the altered position of their so-styled niece. After lingering a few days on the English coast, we returned to the continent, for the purpose of making an extensive tour. We proceeded to Brussels; and, after visiting Waterloo, went up the Rhine, to make a stay of several weeks at Munich.

In that city of the arts we worked hard together, like a couple of emulous fellow-students, at our German, at picture and statue studying, and at music. Catherine fully ap-

preciated the value of artistic accomplishments; and though she had become acquainted with them too late in life ever to be proficient, she felt what was due both to me and to herself too well not to endeavour to be able to judge and speak of them without hesitation or ignorance. Her English, too, was not forgotten. I made it a point to converse with her principally in my native tongue. We crossed the Tyrol into Italy, and I had the delight of witnessing her emotions of wonder and admiration at first beholding an Alpine mountain. We leisurely proceeded southwards and arranged to spend the winter at Rome.

Soon after our arrival, my banker there, Torlonia, invited us to one of those crowded evening parties which he occasionally gave at his magnificent palace, in the way of business to the numerous foreigners resident in Rome. For Catherine it was a sort of "coming out." I was charmed by the way in which she stood the test of an introduction to a large fashionable multitude. She was greatly admired; and by good luck some of my English neighbors were there, to whom I took good care to present my wife. Next day we received a succession of calls; and I was afterwards told that these good people were vastly surprised that instead of marrying a French beggar girl, as they had been told I had done, they found a ladylike person, whom they would have taken to be an English gentlewoman, if her foreign accent had not betrayed her. Many took her to be of Dutch extraction, especially when they discovered that she was able to reply to questions in German; and my expressed desire to enter the diplomatic service was not at all considered as an unreasonable piece of ambition, which was in the least impeded by my having such a wife. All these opportunities of social and educational improvement (for we were never idle), were of great advantage to Catherine. She felt it; and her gratitude increased, if that were possible, the strength of the affection she had hitherto borne me.

Was I not happy? Four months passed away delightfully. Spring was advancing, and I feared the heats of an Italian summer for Catherine, whose state of health now began to fill me with a combination of hopes and fears. We therefore took a fortnight's peep at Naples and its environs, and then travelled by easy stages to the north. We saw Genoa, Milan, the Simplon, and Geneva; and, by the end of June had arrived at Paris, with some intention of residing there; but Catherine preferred to be within reach of her good motherly friend Madame Guilbert and Doctor Lemaire.

Nothing was easier than to gratify her wish. There would be no compulsion to see more than we chose of the Boisson family. After an agreeable journey we were installed in my

old familiar apartment in the very town where I had met with the incidents which had so influentially shaped my course of life. Our friends received us with open arms.

For myself, I felt once more at home.—Catherine dared no longer to venture to undertake fatiguing walks, so I again resorted to the companionship of my old friend Lemaire.

"Did you ever see chloroform administered?" he asked. "Because, if not, you can see your old acquaintance, André Boisson—who came to market here a week ago, and, as usual, got three-quarters drunk—under its influence. In returning home to the Folly, he fell into a ditch and dislocated his thigh. I have tried once to reduce it, by the help of chloroform, but only succeeded imperfectly. I dared not do any more for fear of killing him; not that I should deeply regret the demise of such a worthy, but I do not wish chloroform to suffer the discredit of causing his death; I shall make a second and last attempt this afternoon. I fear he is a sad old villain, with more to answer for than we suspect."

"What makes you think so?"

"You are aware," said Lemaire—we were now crossing the fields—"that I usually make use both of ether and chloroform. I began by causing the patient to inhale the vapour of ether, and then finish with chloroform."

"Have you already treated André in this way?"

"Yes the result was very droll. The effects upon different individuals vary much, according to constitution and mental power. The ether at first produces an intoxication which excites the patient to the highest degree. He laughs; his mind is filled with all sorts of pleasant images; his bodily sensations are indescribably delightful; he unbosoms himself of his inmost secrets. However in the great majority of cases, the emotions which the patient experiences are of an agreeable character."

"A medical man, then, who etherises," I observed, "had need be a prudent and confidential person."

"He had indeed. Ether has been employed to discover secrets."

"In what way is André affected by it?" I asked.

"I have rarely seen a patient give way to such an excess of hilarity. The talkative phase lasted thrice as long with him as with most other men. In such cases as soon as the subject begins to chatter and prate, I begin to shout and bawl as loud as I can, in order to distract the attention of those who are present and hide any chance indiscretion.—What does it matter to me—as a medical man—who has committed, or dreams he has committed, murder, adultery, or theft? I am not there to hear their confessions and to give them absolution. My business is to cure

their bodily ills. But André boasted of having become rich in such a strange and dishonest way, that I could not help listening, though I believe I prevented others from hearing him. I had great difficulty in stopping his tongue and in getting him to fall off in the insensible state.' Here the doctor suddenly stopped to beckon towards us two gendarmes, who were passing; "their strong arms," he remarked, "will help me to get the thigh-bone properly into its socket."

The men, on being applied to, obligingly consented to lend their aid, if required, during the operation, and we all walked to the Folly in company. The woman Boisson started when she saw me enter with Lemaire, and turned deadly pale and trembled when the two gendarmes followed us. The doctor explained the reason of the reinforcement, and she appeared re-assured. Two powerful labouring men were already there. They accompanied Lemaire into the room where the patient was,—the same in which his father had died. In about ten minutes, Lemaire half-opened the door, and said,

"Messieurs, you may come in now. You, Madame Boisson, had better remain where you are."

He shut the door again, and whispered to me: "This time he's in a lugubrious fit. He fancies he is going to the devil headlong. It will be a long job."

We found the sick man lying on his back on a thick wool mattress, in the middle of the floor, holding a white pocket handkerchief with both his hands over his face, and weeping bitterly.

"Oh! my God," he cried, they will not send for the curé to confess me, and my soul will remain in flames for ever! They will not say masses for me, after I am dead, as I made them do for my father, when I caused him to die without absolution, by telling the curé to go to Lefebvre first. But,—it would have ruined us all if the curé had not arrived too late; because—"

"Hold your tongue!" shouted Lemaire into his ear. "Don't talk such nonsense, but go to sleep as fast as you can. Do you feel that?"

"Yes, yes; you are pricking my leg with a pin. The pain is sharp; but it is nothing,—nothing compared to the tortures I shall feel in purgatory. Oh, this Folly! It has cost me dear; it has cost me my soul."

"Have done! have done!" exclaimed Lemaire impatiently. "Do you feel anything now?"

"You prick me again. If Catherine had lived to be the Englishman's mistress I would save my soul at last by telling them to dig in the floor of my hut;—yes, even if we were all to die of starvation. I would tell them where to find the plate, the parchments, and the letters; God would pardon me, and so, perhaps, would they. But alas, alas! Poor

Catherine Reynolds, the little English baby—"

"I must put a stop to this," said Lemaire, "or we shall do nothing to the thigh."

He poured more chloroform from his bottle upon the handkerchief which covered André's face. The babble ceased; no symptom of consciousness was displayed when his leg was pricked with a pin; the handkerchief was thrown aside, and the patient lay motionless at last in a flushed but heavy slumber.

"Now, Messieurs," said Lemaire briskly, "give me your aid, if you please. We must make the best use of our time we can."

How four strong men pulled and tugged at the limbs of an apparently dead body, as if they meant to dismember it; how Lemaire guided their efforts, working till the perspiration streamed over his face, I need not tell. One thing, at least, was clear to me,—that the doctor was right in excluding the wife from such a scene. At last we heard something like the sound of a bilboquet ball when it drops into its cup.

"That's it!" shouted Lemaire in triumph. "We have done it; you may let go now."

He blew into André's nostrils and mouth. The torpid man came to his senses more rapidly than might have been expected. On being asked whether he had felt any pain, he replied that he had not, but that his dreams this time were not so pleasant as before. Lemaire told him that his thigh bone was in its socket again, and that they might now lift him into bed and keep him quiet; but that for the future he had better take good care how he got drunk and fell into ditches.

The doctor was then about to take his leave, but I stepped forward and presented myself.

"André," I said, "I will forgive you all the injuries you have done to Catherine if you will assist me in ascertaining who are Catherine's real parents, and in obtaining her rights, whatever they may be. I am now going, with these two gendarmes and Dr. Lemaire, to search the floor of your shooting-hut. Do not attempt to deceive me; I now know all.

"My shooting-hut! There is nothing there."

"There is," I said firmly.

"Spare me, Monsieur," he faintly gasped, clasping his hands and holding them out in sign of entreaty. And then, in a still feeble voice, he added, "You do right to go there."

André's wife, who had overheard this scene, tottered into the room to supplicate my forbearance. We did go, and made her go with us. A boat carried us, armed with a spade and pickaxe, to the hut on the islet in the further corner of the pond. There we soon disinterred a strong oak box, from which the lock had been forced years ago, containing plate, money, jewels, and documents relating to a family of the name of Reynolds. We made a *procès verbal* on the spot, and as soon

as I returned home to Catherine, I wrote an account of the whole transaction to my solicitor in England.

He immediately replied, inclosing in his letter an advertisement cut out of a London newspaper, inquiring after the next kin of William Henry Reynolds, who lately died in Australia. It was stated that the deceased had formerly lived in France, and left a female infant there under the charge of a family of the name of Boisson; but in what department, or whereabouts, was not known at present. That any information would be thankfully received, and liberally rewarded, if forwarded either to the advertisers, or to the office of Messrs. Galignani, in Paris.

Eventually, we proved Catherine's history to be this. She was born at the Folly, of English parents of gentle birth, who were its proprietors. Her mother was feeble in health, and André's wife became wet nurse to the child. Urgent affairs called Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds to England, for a visit, which was intended to be temporary; and they left the child, and various articles of property, under the supposed faithful guardianship of Boisson the father. But the wife sickened and died in London; and her husband, a weak character, left to himself, formed a passionate attachment for a woman, who persuaded him to go with her to Australia, deserting his helpless infant naugther.

When the Boissons found that month after month elapsed, and Catherine's parents did not return, they began to believe that both were dead, and formed the project of appropriating the Folly and its appurtenances to themselves, and of bringing up the infant as a peasant's child, in ignorance of her real birth. The house, the pond, and the little patch of land, were the sole temptation to the commission of the crime. Whether from avarice, prudence, or a remaining spark of honesty, the Boissons had not taken to their own use any of the property we found concealed in the shooting hut.

At the end of many years of difficulty in Australia, during which he often had not the means and never the courage to return to England, Catherine's father died. When he felt his last hour approaching, he tried to write a letter home; his strength failed him before he could finish more than a fraction of what he intended to say. Imperfect as it was, it reached his legal representatives, and afforded the clue of which mine had availed himself. Catherine, through the sudden death of a paternal uncle, was the undisputed heiress to an estate in Cumberland, of larger area, though less profitable in rental, than mine in the south of England was.

After a consideration of all the circumstances, we determined to let André and his wife remain in the Folly as long as they lived, taking care that it should revert to Catherine

at their death. To each of their two daughters, who were guiltless and ignorant of the injustice, and who had never behaved unkindly to my wife, we gave a portion sufficient to procure them, as soon as it was known, the choice of a husband suited to their station. The old folks did not survive our pardon long. André again indulged in drunken habits, and again dislocated his thigh. This time Lemaire could do him no good. He died from the consequences. The woman, left alone, fretted and pined, caught a fever, and soon followed him to the grave. I then requested my friend Lemaire to take possession of the Folly for me; and we now and then visit it, in thankfulness and humility, both of us remembering the happiness we owe to having perseveringly pursued a right course, when our conscience told us that we were acting rightly.

THE INFANT'S DREAM.

The following appeared in the *London Sentinel*, June, 1830, and is here republished on account of its great beauty and touching pathos:—

Oh! cradle me on thy knee, mamma,
And sing me the holy strain
That soothed me last, as you fondly prest
My glowing cheek to your soft white breast;
For I saw a scene when I slumbered last
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, mamma,
And weep as you then did weep
Then fix on me thy glistening eye,
And gaze, and gaze, till the tear be dry;
Then rock me gently, and sing and sigh,
Till you lull me fast asleep.

For I dreamed a heavenly dream, mamma,
While slumbering on thy knee,
And I lived in a land where forms divine
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine;
And the world I'd give, if the world were mine,
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roamed in a wood, mamma,
And we rested as under a bough;
Then near me a butterfly flaunted in pride
And I chased it away through the forest wide
And the night came on, and I lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, mamma,
And I wept aloud for thee;
But a white-robed maiden appeared in the air,
And she flung back the curls of her golden hair,
And she kissed me softly, ere I was aware,
Saying, "Come, pretty babe, with me!"

My tears and fears she gull'd, mamma,
And she led me far away;
We entered the door of a dark, dark tomb;
We passed through a long, long vault of gloom;
Then opened our eyes on a land of bloom,
And a sky of endless day.

And heavenly forms were there, mamma,
And lovely cherubs bright!
They smiled when they saw me, but I was amazed,
And wondering around me I gazed and gazed;
And songs I heard, and sunny beams blazed
All glorious in the land of light.

But soon came a shining throng, mamma,
Of white-wing'd babes to me;
Their eyes looked love, and their sweet lips smiled,
And they marvelled to meet with an earthborn
child;
And they gloried that I from the earth was exil'd,
Saying, "Here, love, blest shalt thou be."

Then I mixed with the heavenly throng, mamma,
With cherub and seraphim fair;
And I saw, as I roamed the regions of peace,
The spirits which came from the world of distress
And there was joy no tongue can express,
For they know no sorrow there.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,
Lay dead a short time ago;
Oh! you gazed on the sad but lovely wreck,
With a flood of woe you could not check;
And your heart was so sore you wished it would
break,

But it loved and you still sobb'd on!

But oh! had you been with me, mamma,
In the realms of unknown care,
And seen what I saw, you ne'er had cried,
Though they buried pretty Jane in the grave
when she died;

For shining with the blest, and adorned like a
bride,
Sweet sister Jane was there!

Do you mind of that silly old man, mamma,
Who came late to our door,
And the night was dark, and the tempest loud,
And his heart was weak, but his soul was proud;
And his ragged old mantle served for his shroud,
Ere the midnight watch was o'er.

And think what a night of woe, mamma,
Made heavy each long drawn sigh,
As the good man sat in papa's old chair,
While the rain dripped down from his thin grey
hair;
And fast as the big tear of speechless care,
Ran down his glazing eye—

And think what a heavenward look, mamma,
Flash'd through each trembling eye,
As he told how he went to the baron's strong
hold,
Saying, "Oh! let me in, for the night is cold;"
But the rich man cried, "Go sleep on the wold,
For we shield no beggars here,"

Well, he was in glory too, mamma,
As happy as the blest can be;
For he needed no alms in the mansion of light,
For he sat with the patriarchs clothed in white;
And there was not a seraph had a crown more
bright,
Nor a costlier robe than he.

Now sing, for I fain would sleep, mamma,
And dream as I dream'd before;
For sound was my slumber, and sweet was my
rest,
While my spirit in the kingdom of life was a
guest;
And the heart that has throbb'd in the climes of
the blest
Can love this world no more.

A BALL-ROOM ADVENTURE.

BY CAPTAIN L.—. S. C. H.

WHEN I was quartered in Dublin, during the summer of 18—, I received an invitation to a ball given by the officers of the —rd regiment of infantry, at a small county town, some hundred miles from the metropolis. The —rd was formerly my own regiment. I entered it a jolly ensign, and had such a pleasant time of it there among my brother officers, a first rate set of fellows, that nothing but a most favourable exchange to a cavalry corps, as a means of returning from abroad, would have induced me to leave it. Ten years had passed since those merry days, and most of my old companions were gone from the regiment: some, like myself, had exchanged—others had quitted the service altogether, and one or two had been removed by death; but among the few remaining was my great friend and crony, Fitz-George, from whom I received the invitation to this ball, and to see whom was my chief inducement for accepting it. The "grilling" season in Phoenix Park was just at its height, and I could therefore obtain only three days' leave of absence; but railroads now so completely annihilate time and distance, that I did not give a second thought to what might otherwise have proved a great nuisance. The railway to Cork was then in progress; it was finished however, beyond the little station where I had to stop, and whence I was to take a car, nearly twenty miles further to P—, my final destination.

I left Dublin on the morning appointed, my spirits enlivened by that most delightful feeling—the anticipation of meeting a friend after a long separation. I don't mind confessing at once that I travelled second-class—I always do in summer, not so much for the sake of economy, as amusement and comfort. On this occasion I can remember that I had with me the usual style of travelling companions in Ireland: a woman, in a dark-blue cloak, nursing a little child on her lap; next to her, an old lady, intent on cramming the latter with cakes and fruit, to the entire satisfaction of itself and mother; two Catholic priests, in their collarless, buttoned-up coats and unstarched white cravats, with tongues for each other alone, but eyes and ears for all the rest of the passengers, more especially for some merry blue-eyed girls, who were quizzing a young man—a full-blown specimen of “the gent,”—most unmercifully. My own opposite neighbor was a rather handsome, ladylike woman having a boy about seven years old with her. He soon informed me they were going to Limerick to join “papa,” an officer in a regiment there, which immediately afforded us an opening for a little military and other gossip, to beguile the tediousness of the journey.

On arriving at the little station where I alighted, the difficulty was not, as I had expected, to find a car for the purpose of conveying me to P——, but to be allowed to make choice of one, from nearly a dozen, awaiting the arrival of the train. The drivers surrounded me at once: each assuring me that he was “the boy” to drive a “raal jintlemin,” and that all the horses, except his own, were “sorra bastes, bad luck to ’em!” Nor do I know how long this contention might have lasted, had not one “boy,” more cunning than the rest, seized upon my valise and carpet-bag, and carried them off to his car, whereupon I rushed through my other persecutors after my property, and jumping into the car, we rattled off before they had recovered from their surprise. My journey was very tedious; and the clocks had struck seven ere we entered the barrack-gate at P——. Upon enquiring for Captain Fitz-George, I was informed that all the officers of the —rd, had just gone over to the mess of the other regiment quartered there, owing of course, to their own mess-room being prepared for the ball. In another minute I had driven across the square, to the door pointed out to me, and sending in my name to Fitz-George, he was shaking me warmly by the hand, apparently the same good-hearted, rattling fellow, as when we were subs together. He immediately ordered his servant to go with the carman to put my “traps” in his room, at the same time giving directions that every thing necessary to remove the dust of the journey from myself and clothes might be brought to me in

the ante-room, adding that he had reserved a place for me by his side at the mess-table, to which one of the servants would show me. Accordingly, after performing my hurried toilet, I found myself seated comfortably beside him, enjoying a capital dinner; and, to my mind, few things are more enjoyable than dining at a well conducted mess. The profusion of lights, plate, china, and glass on the table, with the glittering uniforms around it, combine to give a splendour to the scene, no less than the tone of goodfellowship and courtesy to strangers prevailing there, to throw a charm over it, even in the eyes of some who, like myself, are by no means novices in such matters. It is the fashion now, I am aware, among military men, to cry this feeling down, and many who have not been half as long as myself in the service, profess to consider their mess a decided “bore.” I can only say that I pity their want of taste, and differ from them in *toto*. I have always enjoyed a dinner at mess, and never more so than when heartily welcomed to the table of the —th, at P——, after my long journey. Nevertheless, as soon as the cloth was removed, Fitz-George and I beat a retreat to his room, where, over a bottle of claret and a cigar, we had an hour's chat about old times and old friends; and so completely did we talk ourselves into imagining we were jolly ensigns again, that we totally forgot the occasion which had brought us together, till reminded of it by the sound of wheels, announcing the arrival of the first carriage bringing guests to the ball. Fitz-George jumped up from his easy chair, and buttoning his coat,—the small white bow on which declared him to be one of the stewards,—he fastened his sash and taking his gloves, was off in a minute, merely stopping to tell me that he would send his servant to assist in getting out my “togger,” and return for me himself, in half an hour, to go to the ball-room. For some minutes after he left me I sat musing over all I had heard from him of our former companions, and it must be confessed, wishing the ball at “Old Nick,” for interrupting our pleasant *tête-à-tête*; but there was no help for it: the servant came, and dressing for “the festive scene” was the order of the evening. I was put into a little better humour by Fitz-George, on his return, with all the privilege of old acquaintanceship, admiring my waistcoat; and when we entered the ball-room, as the first quadrille was just forming, I submitted with a good grace to be introduced to a partner! Oh! that partner. She was a small, fair girl, dressed in blue, and at first answered—“Yes, sir; no, sir,” to all my efforts at conversation, half-frightened, I suppose, by my moustache; for when she became more familiar with that, or with me, she chatted away about the people in the neighbourhood, all strangers to me, till I wished her

reduced to monosyllables again, and inwardly rejoiced when the quadrille was over. I lost no time, as may be imagined, in consigning her to the care of her "mamma," who was easily discovered from having three more daughters of the same pattern clustered round her: and I then strolled into the card-room, where I remained some time, highly amused in watching an old lady playing a rubber, with the most persecuting ill-luck I ever saw. When I returned to the ball-room they were dancing a polka; and I stood looking on, the whole scene appeared suddenly changed to me. And what could effect this? Simply the sight of a beautiful face; which flashed upon me like lightning. I waited eagerly for a second view of it; when an opening in the crowd showed me not only the same face, but also a form belonging to it, of corresponding beauty. A few words will describe the object of my admiration. She seemed to be about the middle height, and in complexion was a clear brunette; which, with the rose-like colour on her cheeks, shed a glow over her countenance, reminding me of Titian's or Murillo's portraits. Her figure was slender, but perfectly well-rounded; not an angle could be detected, although no one would think of applying that odious word "stout" to her: and what is so rarely met with, her head was admirably set on her finely-formed shoulders. She had splendid dark brown hair; and that alone would have distinguished her from the young ladies of the present day, who have so universally adopted the fashion of banded hair, whether it suits them or not, while hers fell in long, heavy ringlets on each side of her oval face. Her eyebrows, of the same colour, were beautifully defined, but I was most enchanted with her large dark eyes, so bright, and yet so soft, that I felt assured a look from them would instantly have persuaded me to any extravagance. In a word, enchanted I fairly was, for her style of beauty suited my taste exactly; and, in spite of the mortification which she innocently inflicted upon me afterwards, I freely own that I have never beheld a woman, before or since, whom I admired so much. She was dancing with a tall, moustached man, towards whom I conceived an aversion, quite as instantaneous as my admiration for his fair partner; setting him down at once as a rival, I watched him with rising jealousy. I was roused by Fitz-George stopping from dancing near me, and exclaiming, as he came quite close to me "Why, Leslie, man, what are you dreaming of? and why are you not dancing?" I answered his questions in the true Irish way, by asking another. "By heavens! Fitz-George, do tell me, who is that beautiful girl?" "Beautiful girl!" he repeated; "show me; where? for I don't see one: nice-looking girls there are enough, and my partner is one of the best; but as to her beauty, that is another thing."

"You must be blind, Fitz," I replied; "I mean the young lady in the white dress and scarlet wreath, dancing with that tall man." "That," cried he, laughing, "beautiful girl, eh? why that's—but stay, I'll introduce you when this polka is over, for I see my partner is already impatient at my absence;" and off he started with her, leaving me full of surprise at his laughter. But I soon forgot this in the thought of the promised introduction, and in watching "my beauty" and her partner. They were standing near me, evidently talking about her bouquet, for he pointed to a moss-rose-bud in the centre of it; but if he asked for it, she certainly refused him, that was some comfort; though he had no reason to care, lucky fellow. He caused me quite envy enough directly afterwards, by putting his arm round her waist, and resuming the dance. How gracefully and easily she moved! so unlike that bobbing up and down which often makes the polka so ridiculous. But never was there such a long, tedious polka as that one, I am very sure! the band and dancers appeared to be alike untireable. Now and then a prolonged chord would give me hope it must be the final one, but off they went again, as lively as ever: and when at length the last note did sound, I fully expected to be once more deceived in like manner. But no, it really was over, and I followed the greater part of the dancers into the card-room, keeping my eye on Fitz-George, lest he should forget his promise. I had, however, no reason to fear that: like a good fellow, as he always was, he placed his partner on a sofa, and telling her to keep the other seat there vacant for him, put his arm through mine for the purpose of giving me the promised introduction. I have generally self-possession, not to say assurance, enough, but on this occasion I felt as nervous and foolish as a boy wearing a coat for the first time (probably from having been kept in a wrought-up state of expectation); and when we reached the spot where the young lady was standing, I had arrived at such a pitch of confusion, that all I heard was, an indistinct sound of my own name, and something like that of "Miss Desborough," or "Besborough." I mustered words enough to request the pleasure of dancing with her. She answered, that she was engaged for the next quadrille, and as many polkas, waltzes, and galops as would be danced; but she should be happy to give me the quadrille after the next; and with that I was obliged to be satisfied. I tried to continue the conversation; but, with my self-possession all my usual flow of small talk had likewise deserted me, and I was on the point of leaving her to be again engrossed by my moustached rival, when an elderly officer, in the uniform of the—rd, approached, and saying to her, "You must be tired, Edith," he drew her arm familiarly through his, and she walked away with him,

merely bestowing a slight bow on myself and a smile on her late partner, who also sauntered off in another direction. As I stood looking after them, the mystery of Fitz-George's laugh was suddenly explained to me, for I recognized in the officer, Major Desborough of the—rd; and the young lady must be his daughter. Now, familiarity with her beauty had undoubtedly rendered it far less striking to Fitz-George than myself, and I was too old a soldier not to know the light in which the wives and daughters of military men are usually regarded by officers in the same regiment. Let them be ever so lady-like or attractive, they are sure to be treated with indifference, and the least attention paid to them is too often considered as another of the "bores" belonging to the profession. Most men in the army think it necessary to dislike military ladies; and I am ashamed to say that I so far participated in these opinions as to be somewhat irritated at the discovery I had made. To shake off this little irritation, and to while away the half-hour before I could dance with Miss Desborough, I determined to seek the supper-room, where, ensconced in an out-of-the-way corner, I amused myself playing with some chicken and lobster salad; doing, at the same time, more serious work in the champagne line, glass after glass of which I drank with two or three jovial officers of the—rd, who were seated near me. I did this chiefly to restore my self-confidence, in which I succeeded most completely; for when I descended to the ball-room I was in a state of intense satisfaction with myself and all around me. A waltz was just over; and on consulting the "*carte des dames*," I found that my quadrille followed, so I proceeded forthwith in search of my promised partner. I soon discovered her; and my lately restored happy frame of mind was in some danger of being disturbed, at seeing that she had again been dancing with my rival, as I chose to consider the tall man; "but it is my turn now," I thought, and boldly went up to them, carrying her off from him in triumph. With what a thrill of pleasure did I feel her hand lightly resting on my arm; and after securing a *vis-à-vis*, we had time for a little conversation while awaiting the formation of the quadrille. I found talking with her then the easiest matter in the world. She had plenty, though not too much to say, and I was resolved on making myself agreeable. I judged, in five minutes, by her perfect ease and self-possession, that this ball was far from being her first; but I did not admire her the less for that, as I have somewhat the same taste as Byron professed, in preferring the more mature grace of three or four-and-twenty to the "bread-and-butter" innocence of eighteen. During the quadrille I purposely turned the conversation on flowers; and noticing her bouquet, I asked for the moss rose-bud which

I had secretly set my heart upon obtaining. She gave it to me without any hesitation, to my infinite pleasure, although a little coquetish demurring at first would certainly have enhanced the value of the gift. But I was in no humour to find fault; and after the dance was over we sat down on a sofa, my admiration towards her increasing every moment; and what did not please me least, was her total avoidance of all regimental talk. I do not think we once mentioned the—rd, or anything belonging to it; the nearest approach was, that she told me her father had a great objection to her going abroad, unless it were to Canada; which led to our conversing some time about that country, the only scene of my short foreign service. At length, on seeing Major Desborough approaching I was so completely fascinated as well as bewildered, between the champagne I had drunk and the idea of losing her, that I abruptly expressed a warm hope of seeing her again before I left P—; adding a pretty plain declaration of the admiration with which she had inspired me. I shall never forget her look of astonishment; but she had no time for a word in reply. I only heard, "Come, Edith, my dear, we must go home now;" and scarcely returning my farewell bow at resigning her, she was gone. I stood for a few minutes where she left me, conscious of having made a fool of myself; and then I went to the entrance-door, just as she was leaving it, with the hood of the prettiest little scarlet cloak imaginable, drawn over her head; and besides Major Desborough, the mustached man was going away with her. "Confound the fellow," thought I; "she must be engaged to him!" But how thoroughly I was mistaken I learnt too soon.

Just as I turned away Fitz-George touched me on the shoulder, saying, "I have been looking for you, Leslie; nearly all the people are gone, only a few ensigns and choice spirits are keeping up the ball. I am deuced tired, so we may as well go to my room for another quiet cigar;" to which I readily assented. When our cigars were in full play, I remained silently stretched on the sofa, listening to his revelations about his partners, till he suddenly mentioned the subject of all my ruminations, just as I was considering how best to introduce it myself. "Well, Leslie," he said, "you don't tell me what you thought of your 'beautiful girl' after all. I saw you dancing with her." "Why, without exception," I answered, "Miss Desborough is——" "Miss!" he interrupted; "Mrs. Desborough, you mean, old fellow." "Impossible!" I exclaimed, quite taken aback; "she cannot be married!" "Not only married," was his reply, laughing heartily at my blunder and astonishment; "but she must at least be eight-and-twenty, though you'll say she looks younger." Surprise kept me silent, while he continued; "I can tell

you all about her, for I knew her before she was our major's wife. We come from the same good old county in England, and when she first 'came out,'—don't they call it?—she had as many admirers as any Helen or Penelope. I remember being in love with her myself three whole days and nights during my first leave of absence (by the way, Leslie, don't you recollect how delighted we were then, and how we rushed home to say good-bye to all friends, on being ordered out to join the service companies in Canada?); but I soon forgot the young lady in the bustle of going abroad, especially as I never did think much of gipsy beauties, generally speaking. Afterwards she was engaged, they said, to some man of good family,—I forget his name,—but he was as poor as a rat, and she had no money, so his relations interfered to break it off; and within the last two years she married Desborough; a fine old fellow he is too; and there's the veritable history of your 'beautiful girl' for you." "But he is so much older than she is; it was as easy to take her for his daughter, as to confuse the sound of 'Mrs.' into 'Miss Desborough,' was all I could say in my own defence. "And that tall moustached man always with her, pray who is he?" was the question that suddenly occurred to me. "A brother-in-law," answered Fitz-George; "married to his or her sister, I don't know which. He is paying them a visit; and being just returned from the continent, he seemed to prefer dancing with his handsome sister-in-law to any one, as she waltzes so well—too quiet, though," he added, apparently determined not to allow a brother officer's wife, merely because she was so, too much merit on any point.

My feelings during this conversation can scarcely be imagined; for my mind had been so entirely engrossed by the fear of a rival in the brother-in-law, that the idea of a husband never entered my head; and I did not like to confess, even to Fitz-George, the extent of my folly. There was nothing for it but to feign amusement at my blunder, and to ask him to tell Mrs. Desborough of it the first time he should see her. Fortunately for me, this happened to be, by accident, a few hours afterwards; and it was some alleviation to learn, that with true woman's tact she had guessed the truth, and most certainly had neither informed her husband of it, nor yet thought fit to be herself offended where no offence was meant,—strong proofs, I thought, that her good sense equalled her other attractions.

Accompanied by Fitz-George, I returned to Dublin the following day, where my feelings of mortification were speedily softened down; but it is unnecessary to say more of myself. I will only add, that while undoubtedly there is some foundation for the foregoing tale, the scene where it took place, the minor incidents,

and names of those concerned, are so altered, that the actors themselves would not recognise it.

I have related it, not alone for the sake of whatever little amusement it may afford, but also as a warning to ball goers, not to allow their imaginations full play about any "beautiful girl" they chance to meet, before ascertaining whether beneath her left-hand glove there may not be a plain gold ring encircling her finger; and thus they would avoid committing the same awkward *contretemps* as I did in my "ball-room adventure."

THE FIRST PICTURE.

TOWARDS the middle of the fifteenth century there lived in an obscure quarter of the little town of Correggio a poor family of good morals and unblemished reputation, but whose very existence was known to but few of the inhabitants. The head of the family had by his occupation as a pedlar for a long time supported his wife and their two children, Stella and Antonio; but at length sickness and infirmity kept him confined to his bed. Maria Allegri, placed between a dying husband and two young creatures asking for bread, prayed fervently to God to give her strength to supply each day's necessities, and to sustain her to the end. Every moment that she could spare from attending on her husband was spent at work, whenever she was so fortunate as to obtain any. As she excelled in the art of making artificial flowers, the ladies of Correggio often employed her in decorating their head-dresses, or in manufacturing those fictitious nosegays which, in the middle of winter, recall by their fair forms and glowing tints the beauty and brightness of spring. During several months she was enabled by strict economy to meet the household expenses; but at length her health began to fail; scanty food, uneasiness of mind, and sleepless nights, began to produce their natural effect; and one evening poor Maria could not refrain from weeping at the thought that but a few *scudi* remained in her purse, and that when they were gone she would probably have recourse to public charity. Her husband from his bed heard her sobbing, and raising his head with a painful effort, he said:

"What is the matter?"

"I do not feel very well," replied Maria; "but do not be uneasy, it will not signify."

"It will not signify!" repeated Allegri. "Thou deceivest me. Know'st thou not whence thy sickness comes?"

"From a little fatigue," said Maria, steadying her voice; "a day or two of rest, and I shall be cured."

"A day or two of rest!" exclaimed Allegri, examining attentively his wife's countenance; "will that suffice to remove the fearful paleness from thy cheeks, to restore brightness to thine eyes, and colour to thy white lips? Poor wife! thou art more sick than thou carest to acknowledge; thou sufferest perhaps more than I do, and yet I can do nothing for thee."

Bending over him, Maria tenderly pressed his hand, and said very gently:

"Calm thyself, husband; hast thou not, during twenty years, supported me, thy wife? Now it is my turn—labour for me, rest for thee; thou hast well earned it."

"Yes," said the sick man, letting his eyes wander round the room; "my life is well nigh ended, and I must leave thee to struggle alone in the world. It would be right and natural to confide thee to our son; but how can I reckon on him? Hitherto he has repaid my tenderness with ingratitude and disobedience. What does he for his sister? What does he for thee?"

"He is so young."

"So young! At the age of fifteen I supported my father; at twenty I was the stay of the whole family; but old age has come on me, and with it poverty. In death I shall not have the consolation of feeling that I leave thee happy. Antonio is a bad son."

A young girl approached the bed, and pressed Allegri's hand affectionately.

"Is it thou Stella, my child? The sight of thee is balm to my heart. Alas!" he continued, turning to his wife, "Stella is young; she will have longer to suffer than we shall."

The young girl left the room, trying to conceal her tears. Her father said:

"Wife, hast thou any news of her betrothed?"

"All is broken off," replied Maria. "Lucio's father is inexorable; our poverty has frightened him, and he refuses his consent. He requires that his son's wife should have a complete outfit, and a fortune of at least fifty ducats."

Back fell Allegri's head, heavy and burning, on the pillow.

A long mournful silence ensued. The old man's eyes were closed, and he seemed to slumber. After some minutes, when he was fast asleep, a boy of about fifteen, whose soft bright eyes were wet with tears, came and placed himself near Maria, putting his forehead towards her lips. She embraced him tenderly, saying "Antonio!"

"Mother," said the boy in a low but firm tone, "I heard it all. My father is right; I am a bad son. You have done everything for me, and I have done nothing for you. I will begin to work every day, and to bring you whatever I earn. How glad I am that I happened to hear what my father said, otherwise I might have gone on in idleness, and he would have ceased to love me."

"Ah, no, Antonio; how could a father cease to love his son?"

"Mother you are my best friend, and I confess to you what I should fear to tell my father. You know that I am sometimes afraid of him."

"Yes, he is very good."

"Oh, yes; but he forbids me to draw, and he breaks my pencils. Only three days since he tore up that beautiful Madonna which I had taken such pleasure in copying from the picture in the church. My poor Madonna! I loved it so much!"

"Thy father is sick and unhappy, my child; thou shouldst endeavour not to annoy him, and above all, never doubt his affection for thee."

"I was very near losing it, though; but to-morrow, please God, I will try to win it back. Good night, mother." Maria embraced her son, and called Stella.

Soon afterwards all the household reposed, except Antonio; he, for the first time, awakened

from the happy thoughtlessness of childhood, began to enter into the heavy cares of his relations, "A bad son!" The words rang in his ear, and ere he betook himself to rest, he fervently resolved to merit ere long a far different designation. At daybreak he arose, softly kissed the brows of his sleeping parents and sister, and left the following note on the table:—

"Do not be uneasy at my absence: I go to deserve my father's forgiveness. Let Stella take courage; perhaps the obstacles to her marriage with Lucio may soon be removed."

Cautiously opening the door, he knelt on the threshold and addressed a fervent prayer to God for protection; then casting a last look on the humble roof which had sheltered his passed-away childhood, he walked on, taking the first road he met. Two hours afterwards he reached Modena.

CHAPTER II.

On passing through the gates of the city, Antonio felt himself bewildered by the unwonted noise and crowd and bustle in which he found himself. He had not learned any trade: many times his father had placed him as an apprentice, but he never applied steadily to any occupation. It was not that Antonio was idle, in the worst sense of the word; but an irresistible aversion existed in his mind against every species of manual labour, whilst an equally powerful attraction drew him towards the contemplation and the imitation of nature. With a pencil in his hand, Antonio forgot whatever task had been intrusted to him, and even the hours for sleep and food. This, therefore, was the cause of his father's continual reprimands, which the boy was accustomed to consider cruel and unjust; until he understood how grinding poverty had entered their dwelling, and how wrong it was in a son not to exert himself to the utmost for his suffering parents. Then he set out without much calculating consequences, without any fixed plan in his head, but firmly resolved to seize the first opening that might offer for work of any kind.

Meantime he wandered through the streets, and the day was passing hopelessly on. Suddenly he stopped. At one corner of the ducal palace stood a statue of the Madonna, with downcast eyes, and bearing a branch in her right hand. The figure exactly resembled that from which Antonio had taken the hapless copy so pitilessly torn by his father. Filled with joy, and forgetful of his hunger and of his destitute condition, he seated himself on one of the marble steps of the palace, and opening a portfolio which he carried under his arm, and which constituted the whole of his possessions, he drew from it a pencil and a sheet of paper considerably soiled and crumpled. Heedless of the crowd passing to and fro, the boy set himself to work with enthusiastic diligence; and during more than an hour never once looked round. At length a distinguished-looking and richly-dressed gentleman paused and bent over him, inspecting his work; yet Antonio did not move.

"Do you belong to Modena, my child?" asked the stranger, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"No, signor; I come from Correggio," replied Antonio, blushing.

"Who is your teacher?"

"I have never had one."

"When did you come here?"

"Only this morning."

"What means of living have you?"

At this question, reminding him of the cause of his journey, Antonio started, and then answered with emotion: "Alas! signor, I came hither with the hope of finding employment, for my parents are in want."

"And what do you intend to do?"

"Anything I am ordered," replied the boy, humbly; "I will go of messages, carry burdens, do anything that will enable me to assist my mother."

The stranger thought for a moment, and then said: "What is your name?"

"Antonio Allegri."

"Come with me; I will give you an employment which I am certain you will like. You shall live in my house. Are you willing?"

Filled with gratitude, Antonio thankfully accepted the offer; yet he could not help casting a wistful glance at his unfinished Madonna.

"Come on," said the stranger; "Instead of that rumpled paper, you shall have canvas, and in place of a pencil a brush. As for models, I will furnish you with many as good as that statue."

Without replying, Antonio followed his protector. After passing through several streets, they stopped at the door of a handsome house; the signor knocked, and they were speedily admitted. They entered the dining-room where a plentiful repast was prepared, to which Antonio and his kind master did ample justice. Afterwards the latter led the boy into a large hall, whose walls were hung with upwards of forty pictures, richly framed. In the centre stood a lofty easel, supporting a square of canvas of gigantic dimensions. On the tables and chairs were scattered palettes, brushes, colours, all the paraphernalia, in short, of a painting-room. Antonio's eyes sparkled, and his heart beat fast at the sight.

"Here you will pass your days," said his master. "You will begin by seeing me paint, and then you will paint yourself. Many a great artist has begun life by grinding colours and washing palettes; besides, you will earn a livelihood."

Antonio spent two hours in examining the pictures with minute attention. Signor Pescaro (that was the name of the signor) dilated at great length on the beauties and perfections of the paintings, which was not very modest, seeing that he himself was their author.

At nightfall Pescaro led Antonio into the small room which he was to occupy, and wishing him good night, left him alone. Then the boy began gratefully to review the events of the day. Bending down, he thanked God for his great goodness towards him, and prayed for blessings on the head of his benefactor. Yet one painful thought lingered in his breast, a thought which he tried to banish, as the height of ingratitude, and which yet would return. At the very moment that his benefactor was loading him with kindness, he could not help feeling that the magnificent pictures of Signor Pescaro were detestable.

CHAPTER III.

This needs explanation. Signor Pescaro was a

kind and beneficent man, and also possessed of a most execrable taste for painting. At that epoch, when Fame proclaimed so loudly the glorious names of Giotto, Cimabue, Buonaratti, and Raffaele, it became a very general fashion amongst the nobility and men of wealth to affect a taste for art.

These amateurs were fond to believe that gold, study, and a considerable amount of self-sufficiency would atone for the absence of genius and inspiration; and the circle of courtiers, whom their gay entertainments and sumptuous repasts drew around them like satellites round a planet, contributed not a little to confirm them in the illusion born of pride and of self-love. Signor Pescaro was one of those would-be amateur artists, destined never to produce anything beyond a series of daubs, fitted at best to decorate sign-posta.

Yet was Antonio enabled to conceal his just judgment within the deepest recesses of his mind, and that without uttering an untruth, or being guilty of the slightest hypocrisy. His master never asked him to pronounce an opinion, but complacently praised his own works, so that the boy had only to hold his peace, and endeavour, with the full strength of his honest and grateful heart, to admire pictures which he yet felt to be utterly bad. During more than a year Antonio discharged with untiring zeal the functions of a painter's boy. Pescaro paid him his wages regularly, and he never failed to transmit the whole amount to Correggio. From time to time his sister Stella used to write him an account of the family. The aid he sent was received as manna sent from heaven. His father, whose health was partially restored, now resumed some of his ancient cheerfulness, and praised and blessed his son. As to Maria, her mind was stronger than her body, and she made many efforts to suppress and conceal the evidences of her failing health. Antonio took fresh courage; and one day, emboldened by the kindness of Pescaro, he ventured to ask for a square of canvas on which to recommence the "Virgin with the Branch" which he had sketched in pencilling at the corner of the ducal palace. His master smiled, and reminded him that as yet he scarcely knew how to hold a brush, much less could he hope to accomplish so difficult an undertaking. But the boy continued to entreat so earnestly, that the signor, curious perhaps also to see what so inexperienced a hand could accomplish, consented to his wishes.

"We will both paint the same subject," added he, "but without consulting each other, or showing either picture until both are completed. I will draw a curtain across the room; you shall have one side and I the other, and we shall see which of us shall succeed the best."

This plan was carried into effect. Every evening when they met, Pescaro questioned the boy in a tone meant to be kindly, but which, notwithstanding, betrayed a tincture of irony.

"Well, how does the *chef-d'œuvre* go on?" was his usual demand.

Poor Antonio had too little pride to feel hurt at his patron's pleasantry.

"Wait, signor," he used to say; "wait a little while, and I promise to submit my work to your experienced judgment."

At length the moment came. One day the master and the pupil met, saying, each of his own performance, "It is completed!"

Just as they were returning to the painting-room in order to compare the two pictures, a servant came to inform Antonio that a young girl, who wished to see him was waiting in the hall.

"Go," said Pescara; "I will proceed to the painting-room, and you can join me there."

Struck with a joyful presentiment, Antonio reached the bottom of the wide staircase in three bounds. At the sight of the young girl who awaited him, he uttered a cry of delight, which was quickly stifled in a long and tender embrace. It was his sister Stella.

When the first rapturous meeting was over, Antonio was startled at his sister's appearance. Stella's face was thin and pale; her eyes, once so bright, were dim and red from weeping: over her whole person was an expression of subdued grief.

"What has happened?" asked her brother.

"Our father is dying," replied Stella, in a broken voice, "and we have no longer the means of procuring for him either nourishment or medicine."

"Our father dying!" repeated Antonio wildly. "Oh! I must go—I must see him, and ask his forgiveness!"

"He has forgiven thee long since, as thou didst well deserve," said Stella.

"Thanks dear sister; but thou hast told me nothing of our mother."

"Excessive toil has worn out her eyes,—she is nearly blind; but she bears all her misfortunes with the resignation of a saint."

"And thyself, sister?—thou hast had thy share of suffering—thy marriage with Lucio——"

"I try not to think of the future," interrupted Stella, with great difficulty suppressing her tears; "poor creatures like us must be content to suffer."

"Don't despair," cried Antonio, seized by a sudden thought: "wait for me here; I will soon return." And remounting the staircase as rapidly as he had descended, he rushed into the painting-room.

Signor Pescara was there, seated before two easels which he had drawn side by side, and on which were placed two paintings of the same size, and portraying the same subject. Here, however, all resemblance ended. The least practised eye could easily discern by the wide diversity of touch and colouring, that they were the work of two very different hands—of two totally distinct orders of intellect. Pescara, determined, doubtless, to pronounce an impartial verdict, stood up, sat down, advanced, retreated, looked at the two paintings sideways, and frontways, and every way; trying all possible effects of light and shade in modifying their appearance. Absorbed in this minute examination, he did not perceive Antonio's entrance. The latter, on his part, was too full of his mission to be aware that he was disturbing the signor's critical labours, and running up to him he exclaimed,—"Signor Pescara, have pity on me!"

"What do you mean?" was the astonished answer.

"I already owe you much," said Antonio, in a fervent voice—"more than I can ever repay; yet I ask you to do more for me. I have a father dying, a mother nearly blind, a beautiful sister, likely to be left a poor distressed orphan. Give me, signor, the means of relieving their necessities, and my whole life shall be devoted to your service. From this day my time, my labours, my talents, if I have any, shall be wholly yours. You will have but to speak, and I will obey;—but have pity, Signor Pescara: save my parents and my sister!"

"I will do what you ask," replied his master, kindly taking his hand; "but be it far from me to accept in return the costly sacrifice you offer. No, I have discovered in you the germ of precocious talent; and talent, that it may arrive at maturity, has need of air, and sun, and freedom. Return to Correggio; I will purchase your first picture, and in this purse you will find its price—200 ducats."

Antonio's joy and gratitude were too great for utterance; yet he ardently renewed his promises of devotion to his patron, and then hastened to rejoin his sister.

"Stella!" he cried, "Stella, we are saved! Let us go." And holding each other by the hand, the brother and sister took the road that led from Modena to the little town of Correggio.

CHAPTER IV.

They arrived in time: their old father yet lived. Maria, to whom her son consigned his treasure, wished before her husband died, to comfort him with the assurance of her daughter's happiness. She visited Lucio's father; and the old man's avaricious scruples vanished at the sight of the purse filled with shining ducats. On the spot he gave his consent to the marriage; and thus—thanks to Antonio, Stella married him whom she loved. As to old Allegri, joy finished the work commenced by grief: he died blessing his son.

Antonio's beloved mother still remained with him, but not long. Blind, and bowed down with premature old age, she gradually sank into the grave. One evening, when her son came in, he found her lying on her bed, in the posture of calm, deep sleep. He bent over her, and touched her forehead with his lips: the icy coldness told him that he was an orphan.

Stella was no longer his. Lucio had determined to settle in Florence, and she, of course, must accompany her husband. Then Antonio felt himself alone, and his thoughts naturally reverting to his benefactor, he returned to Modena. At their first meeting, Pescara received his *protégé* affectionately; the second interview was colder, and on Antonio's third visit, the signor refused to see him. The youth never understood the secret of Pescara's conduct. His noble heart could not imagine, in the being whom his gratitude had well nigh deified, the existence of a base and mean feeling of jealousy. Such, however, was the solution of this sad enigma. The superiority of Antonio's "Madonna," which Pescara was forced to perceive, had first weakened, and finally extinguished the interest of which he had given so many generous proofs. The boy, however unconsciously, had humiliated him in the tenderest point—his vanity as a painter. It was

an offence which an envious painter seldom forgives.

Antonio was never permitted to look again at his first picture. But many years afterwards, when, on the death of Signor Pescaro, his paintings were sold, amateurs remarked amongst them one of infinitely superior merit, whose glowing softness of touch announced another and a better hand. It was "The Virgin with the Branch."

Allegri was but forty years old when he died, and the latter years of his life were far from prosperous. He was humble, forgiving, and benevolent, yet his sole earthly reward was found in the

comfort of a quiet conscience, and the peaceful enjoyment of his wondrous art. If, however, no palm-wreath shaded his living brow, Time has awarded him the crown of immortality! In our day, three hundred years after his death, his name is uttered with those of Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Giulio Romano, and others of that lofty brotherhood. Time also has changed his name, and knows him by that of the little town whence one summer morning he wandered forth a friendless boy. He is no longer Antonio Allegri, but CORREGGIO, and by that glorious name will be known to remote generations.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT IXIIL.

(*Laird, Major, and Doctor.*)

LAIRD.—Div ye mind Colin Colston, the young Toronto Doctor, that used sometimes to come oot to Bonnie Braes for a weeks shooting and fishing?

MAJOR.—Brawly!—to use your own dour vernacular! I have lost sight of him, however, for the last twelvemonth, or so.

LAIRD.—An auld auntie o' his, wi' mair guineas that she could count up in a couple o' hoors, wrote to Colin, that if he would come hame, and leave wi' her in Ayrshire, she would mak' him heir o' a' her means and estate.

DOCTOR.—Was the dame very ancient?

LAIRD.—She will never see her eighty-second birth-day again.

DOCTOR.—And, of course, the disciple of Esculapius jumped at the proposal.

LAIRD.—As a cock at a gosset. Indeed, puir chiel, it was Hobson's choice wi' him. His patients were scanty as plooms in a work-house pudding, that's baked by contract, and the tailors, hatters, and shoemakers o' Toronto had for some time been trying to convince him, that they couldna' afford to keep up his outward tabernacle for naething.

MAJOR.—So Colin sloped.

LAIRD.—Ye hae said it, Crabtree. For the better part o' a year he has been a denizen o' the far-famed village o' Pitmidden, and gangs twice every Sabbath-day to the Kirk, and sometimes three times, when there's anorra sermon, wi' his respected relative.

DOCTOR.—And how does Mr. Colston like the Land of Oakes after his prolonged sojourn in our timber-teeming region?

LAIRD.—No' weel. He sairly misses oor clear bracing atmosphere, and the free and easy mode o' life which we enjoy. Indeed he writes me, in

the letter which I haud in my hand, that sae soon as he has laid Miss Priscilla Colston in the Kirk-yard o' Pitmidden, he will pitch his tent ance mair in oor borders.

MAJOR.—I believe that is the conclusion to which nine out of ten of the Canadians who visit the Mother Country come to. They feel like fish out of water, or like a scolding widow with no husband's hair to comb.

DOCTOR.—You said that you have recently received a letter from friend Colston, does he communicate any news of things in general, or of the war in particular?

LAIRD.—Deil a scrap. Colin had ay a scunner at politics. Besides in the oot o' the way Patmos where he is located, the Czar might eat the Sultan without sant, and he be never a bit the wiser.

DOCTOR.—What then does the fellow write about? I see that he has autographed sundry sheets of Bath post.

LAIRD.—Oo he just indoctrinates me wi' the nature o' the locality in which he is abiding. As there are nae secrets in his epistle I shall read ye a page or twa.

DOCTOR.—*Perge agrarius.*

LAIRD.—Hebrew again, ye incorrigible auld sinner! I've a guld mind to fauld up the letter and pit it in my pouch, for your impudence!

DOCTOR.—*Parce precor!*—I mean ten thousand pardons.

MAJOR.—Go on an' you love me. I, at least, have sported no Sanscrit.

LAIRD.—Weel, hand your tongues! After describing Pitmidden, and the river on which it is situated (which I may mention is the Firth o' Clyde) he gangs on to say:

"All along the banks of this river, from where it first spreads out as an arm of the sea, have watering places sprung up with marvellous rapidity, being fostered by the growing prosperity of

a great commercial city near the head of its tideway, whose merchants build or take houses in them for themselves and families during the summer months; and this town for it can hardly be called a village now, has advanced as fast as any other of them.

The island on which it stands and another smaller one below, were once united into a parish, and were consequently under the charge of a clergyman of the Kirk of Scotland. He was an extremely eccentric character, and many curious stories are related of him, one of which, for though it is well known in this neighborhood, I may not be equally so on the other side of the water, I may as well give here:—It is said that it was his custom in the prayer which in the Presbyterian form of worship follows the sermon, after having supplicated all manner of blessings for the parish under his charge, to pray that the same or like benefits might be poured down as abundantly upon the *adjacent* islands of Great Britain and Ireland. The smaller island is very bleak and rocky, and the only dwellings upon it are a farmhouse on the one side, and a lighthouse on the other, close to the main channel of the river. An old castle stands near the farmhouse close to the water, and is said to have been besieged and taken by Cromwell.

There is a story connected with the building of it, which is, perhaps, rather improbable, but if true is very wonderful. It is stated that this castle was built by one of two brothers, the other one also building a castle on the mainland, but that they labored under some difficulty in proceeding with their work, having only one hammer between them for the dressing of their stones. They got over it, it appears, by throwing the hammer across the water to each other when they respectively required it, which, as the distance is, and I suppose was then, about three miles, was a feat that would throw all the exploits of the modern-hammer putters quite into the shade.

Previously to the erection of the present lighthouse, a tower, which though in rather a ruinous condition, is still standing, was built on the highest part of the island, and coals were burnt on the top of it to serve as a beacon and warning to the mariner. The black mark caused by the fire is yet to be seen on the stones at the summit of the tower. The stair is rather unsafe, but it is well worth braving the perils of the ascent for the view which is obtained when that is accomplished.

On the west side of the island, overhanging some steep rocks, is a small burying-ground, in which are two or three mouldering tombstones almost covered with moss and grass. Underneath, as the half-obliterated inscriptions record, sleep the bodies of a clergyman and two of his children, who died on that island some seventy years ago. For some reason or other the father was obliged it is said to reside on this lonely spot, and his six daughters died in their youth during his life. This place, though out of the way of excursion parties, and its existence even known but to a few, is perhaps the most interesting thing connected with the island, particularly when seen from the sea in sailing under the rocks.

On the lower part of the shoulder of the hill behind my dwelling, stands an old castle, which

once belonged to the family of that Earl of Kilmarnock, who was beheaded for his share in the rising of 1715, and it was built tradition says, as a jointure house for one of the Scottish Princesses. The roof, of course, has long disappeared, and the only floor remaining is the one on the top of the vaults, which being arched over with stone has prevented its decaying. The stair, which is spiral, ascends at one corner of the tower, and is quite perfect with the exception of one step at the top, but it only requires a slight spring to get over this difficulty. Ladies, though, feel a little nervous at this point, but that is of course a great delight to any gentleman who may accompany them as he then has the pleasure of handing them across the dangerous spot.* This old building is celebrated for the view which it affords from its battlements, and for a story which is quite remarkable—it is the only legend I have heard connected with the castle—of a cow who having taken it into her head to walk up the stair, and to find her way to the battlement, astonished everybody by gazing down upon them. However difficult it may have been for her to make the ascent, it was still more so to get down again, and as her owner did not wish to lose her, ropes were procured and tied round her body, by means of which she was lowered in safety to the ground, and I daresay she never again attempted the feat of walking up stairs as long as she lived.

Passing through the village, which lies in a hollow below this castle, a road along the seashore takes you after a walk of about two miles, to where that castle which was built by one of the gentlemen who figure in the story of the hammer, is situated. It is perched almost on the very verge of the sea and is not quite so ruinous as the one last mentioned, part being fitted up and used as a stable. This castle was a royal one, and I have been told that there is a proclamation still extant signed by King Robert the Bruce, and dated from its halls. It also served as a halting place or stage in the journey, for the escort accompanying the bodies of the Scottish Monarchs when they were carried to the royal cemetery at Icolmkill in the island of Iona one of the Hebrides. Beside the castle, with its muzzle pointing seaward, is an old iron gun, which was fished up some years ago, out of the sea, and which appears to have belonged to a vessel of the Spanish Armada that was wrecked at or near that spot during the storm which completed the destruction of that armament. There are two other castles in the parish, and I think I could manage to say something about them also, but that might be considered tiresome, and therefore I refrain.

The Danes, under King Haco, as is recorded in history, invaded Scotland when one of the Malcolm sat upon the throne, and were defeated by him after a succession of sanguinary combats that lasted for several days. The fighting took place along the coast to the north of this parish and seems to have raged also within its borders, for not a great many years ago a person digging or ploughing on a farm opposite the watering place I have spoken of, turned up a large silver ornament, which was found when examined, to be a

*Provided the fair damsel does not exceed twelve stone in weight.—F. D.

brooch with a pin affixed to it, and supposed to have been used to fasten a plaid or scarf upon the breast of some valiant warrior in a fight some where near. It was forwarded to an Antiquarian Society in Edinburgh, a member of whom discovered some Runic characters upon it, and succeeded in deciphering them; the result of which seemed to establish that it had been worn by some Norse or Danish Sea King, and that his lady love had presented it to him when setting off to the wars; the last time, alas! that she beheld him. I have seen an account of the brooch printed in the transactions of this antiquarian society, and I was told the other day, that a learned gentleman, whose name I at this moment forget,* lately appointed to a professorship in a Canadian University has noticed it in an antiquarian work of his published not very long ago. Besides this, I have seen the brooch itself, as it is in the possession of the gentleman on whose property it was found and who kindly shows it on application, to any of his visitors. It is beautifully bright, and the characters on it are quite distinct and sharp. It is about three inches in diameter, very massive, and resembles these Irish brooches, drawings of which have appeared occasionally in the Illustrated London News. And now it is time for me to draw to a conclusion. It has afforded me some little pleasure to record this imperfect description of things around, what, as far as I can foresee, may be my permanent home, but I only wish I could transport myself along with this paper to that land where I have spent so many happy years of my life. I still cherish the idea of realizing this wish and hope to have it in my power to revisit the other side of the Atlantic at no very distant day.

I am, yours obediently,

H. G. H.

MAJOR.—How thin are the ranks of our British poets becoming? Now that Talfourd has passed away, it would be hard to muster up a trio of birds of mark, left to make vocal the Mother Country.

LAIRD.—Things are no' quite so bad as ye would hae them to be. There's Rodgers still to the fore—and' Jeems Montgomery and Barry Cornwall; and—and—Hech, sir, but my memory is getting as' useless as a slogy riddle. It keeps in a' that's trashy, and loses everything worth preserving.

MAJOR.—In the present instance you are blaming yourself without sufficient cause. The most vigorous memory would be somewhat hard pushed to continue the catalogue which you commenced.

DOCTOR.—You forget Alexander Smith.

MAJOR.—I do not forget him; Sangrado, but as yet he is only a bud of Parnassus: Alexander may turn out to be a mere flash in the pan.

DOCTOR.—Returning to Talfourd, what a noble

creation is his "Ion," That drama always suggests to me the idea of a faultless Grecian statue inspired with vitality, and endowed with flesh and blood.

LAIRD.—Preserve us a' the day, but that would be a queer idol!

MAJOR.—Nothing in Justice Talfourd's most useful, and thrice amiable life became him more than leaving it. There was something solemnly graceful in the earthly judge being called before God's tribunal, at the very moment when he was discharging the functions of his office.

DOCTOR.—Yes, and how well deserving of remembrance and serious cogitation, the words which were dropping from the lips of the poet-lawyer, at the moment when Death dried up the spring of his eloquence.

LAIRD.—Man, let's hear them.

DOCTOR.—After observing that crime has increased almost in proportion to the state of prosperity, with which the criminals have been surrounded, he proceeded to say:

"This consideration should awaken all our minds, and especially the minds of gentlemen connected with those districts, to see in what direction to search for a remedy for so great an evil. It is untrue to say that the state of education—that is, such education as can be furnished by the Sunday schools, and other schools in these districts—is below the general average; then we must search among some other causes for the peculiar aspect of crime presented in these cases. I cannot help myself thinking it may be in no small degree attributable to that separation between class and class, which is the great curse of British society, and for which we are all more or less, in our respective spheres, in some degree responsible, and which is more complete in these districts than in agricultural districts, where the resident gentry are enabled to shed around them the blessings resulting from the exercise of benevolence, and the influence and example of active kindness. I am afraid we all of us keep too much aloof from those beneath us, and whom we thus encourage to look upon us with suspicion and dislike. Even to our servants we think, perhaps, we fulfil our duty when we perform our contract with them—when we pay them their wages, and treat them with the civility consistent with our habits and feelings—when we curb our temper and use no violent expressions towards them. But how painful is the thought that there are men and women growing up around us, ministering to our comforts and necessities, continually inmates of our dwellings, with whose affections and nature we are as much acquainted as if they were the inhabitants of some other sphere. This feeling, arising from that kind of reserve peculiar to the English character, does, I think, greatly tend to prevent that mingling of class with class, that reciprocation of kind words and gentle affection, gracious admonitions and kind enquiries, which often, more than any book education, tend to the culture of the affections of the heart, refinement

* H. G. H. apparently alludes to Professor Hinks of Toronto University a volunteer of excellent ability and industry.

and elevation of the character of those to whom they are addressed. And if I were to be asked what is the great want of English society—to mingle class with class—I would say, in one word, the want is the want of sympathy."

LAIRD.—There spoke the philosopher and philanthropist! Od', I'll try in the time to come to show mair sympathy towards my ploughman, Bauldie Stott. However, it will be but casting pearls before swine, I fear, seeing that Bauldie is as thrawn and impracticable as a bowly stick o' pine, pock-marked wi' knots! If the sowans are na' made to his mind, he'll sit glunchin' and gloomin' the hail blessed nicht, as if he had gotten a clink on the nose!

DOCTOR.—I notice the Sixth Part of Little Lord John's "Memoirs of Thomas Moore," lying before you, Crabtree. What is your opinion thereanent?

MAJOR.—It is readable, but replete with the nauseating *stunkeyism*, which taints the former portions of the work. In almost every page you find the poet "*booiing—and booiing—and booiing*" to some titled personage, and getting half crazy with exultation because Lord Noodle or the Duke of Doodle asks after the health of his old woman!

LAIRD.—Hech, sirs! what a humbling view o' pur human nature. To think o' ane o' Nature's noblemen thus disgracing his *caste*, and becoming the adorer o' a wheen golden calves! It is heathenism of the maist unpardonable and skunkish description!

MAJOR.—The best portion of the Part under notice is a description of a visit which Thomas made to Abbotsford in 1825. We are presented with some refreshing glimpses of the Great Magician in the simple and kindly sanctitude of his dwelling. Mix a tumbler of *To Kalon* for me, will you, Laird, and I shall read you in requital a few passages.

LAIRD.—Rax me the bottle, Doctor! On wi' you, Culpepper, like a hound after a hare.

DOCTOR.—Lend me yur ears, then:—

"A very stormy day. Sir W. impatient to take me out to walk, though the ladies said we should be sure of a ducking. At last a tolerably fair moment came, and we started; he would not take a great coat. Had explained to me after breakfast, the drawings in the breakfast room, done by an amateur at Edinburgh, W. Sharpe, and alluding to traditions of the Scotts of Harden, Sir Walter's ancestors. The subject of one of them was the circumstance of a young man of the family being taken prisoner in an incursion on the grounds of a neighboring chief, who gave him his choice, whether he should be hanged or marry his daughter "muckle-mou'd Meg." The sketch represents the young man as hesitating; a priest advising him to the marriage, and pointing to the gallows on a distant hill, while Meg herself is stretching her wide mouth in joyful anticipation

of a decision in her favor. The other sketch is founded on the old custom of giving a hint to the guests that the last of the beeves had been devoured, by serving up nothing but a pair of spurs under one of the covers; the dismay of the party at the uncovering of the dish, is cleverly expressed. Our walk was to the cottage of W. Laidlaw, his bailiff, a man who had been reduced from better circumstances, and of whom Scott spoke with much respect as a person every way estimable. His intention was, he said, to ask him to walk down and dine with us to-day. The cottage and the mistress of it very homely, but the man himself, with his broad Scotch dialect, showing the quiet self-possession of a man of good sense. The storm grew violent, and we sat some time. Scott said he could enumerate thirty places famous in Scottish song, that could be pointed out from a hill in his neighborhood: Yarrow, Ettrick, Gala Water, Bush aboon Traquair, Selkirk ("Up with the souters of Selkirk"), the bonny Cowden Knowe, &c., &c. Mentioned that the Duke of Wellington had once wept in speaking to him of Waterloo, saying that "the next dreadful thing to a battle lost was a battle won." Company to dinner, Sir Adam Ferguson, (an old school-fellow and friend of Scott,) his lady, and Col. Ferguson. Drew out Sir Adam (as he had promised me he would) to tell some of his military stories, which were very amusing. Talked of amateurs in battles; the Duke of Richmond at Waterloo, &c., &c.; the little regard that is had of them. A story of one who had volunteered with a friend of his to the bombardment of Copenhagen, and after a severe cannonade, when a sergeant of marines came to report the loss, he said (after mentioning Jack This and Tom That, who had been killed), "Oh, please yur honour, I forgot to say that the volunteer gentleman has had his head shot off." Scott mentioned as a curious circumstance that, at the same moment, the Duke of Wellington should have been living in one of Buonaparte's palaces, and Buonaparte in the Duke's old lodgings at St. Helena; had heard the Duke say laughingly to some one who asked what commands he had to St. Helena, "Only tell Bonny that I hope he finds my old lodging at Longwood as comfortable as I find his in the Champs Elysées." Mentioned the story upon which the Scotch song of "Dainty Davie," was founded. Talking of ghosts, Sir Adam said that Scott and he had seen one, at least, while they were once drinking together; a very hideous fellow appeared suddenly between them whom neither knew anything about, but whom both saw. Scott did not deny it, but said they were both "foes," and not very capable of judging whether it was a ghost or not. Scott said the only two men, who had ever told him that they had actually seen a ghost, afterwards put an end to themselves. One was Lord Castlereagh, who had himself mentioned to Scott his seeing the "radiant boy." It was one night when he was in barracks, and the face brightened gradually out of the fireplace, and approached him. Lord Castlereagh stepped forwards to it, and it receded again, and faded into the same place. It is generally stated to have been an apparition attached to the family, and coming occasionally to preface honors and prosperity to him before whom it appeared, but Lord

Castlereagh gave no such account of it to Scott. It was the Duke of Wellington made Lord Castlereagh tell the story to Sir Walter, and Lord C. told it without hesitation, as if believing in it implicitly. Told of the Provost of Edinburgh showing the curiosities of that city to the Persian ambassador; impatience of the latter, and the stammering hesitation of the former. "Many pillar, wood pillar? stone pillar, eh?" "Ba-ba-ba-ba," stammered the Provost. "Ah, you not know, var well. Many book here: write book? print book, eh?" "Ba-ba-ba-ba." "Ah, you not know; var well." A few days after, on seeing the Provost pass his lodgings, threw up the window and cried, "Ah, how you do?" "Ba-ba-ba." "Ah, you not know; var well;" and shut down the window. Account of the meeting between Adam Smith and Johnson as given by Smith himself. Johnson began by attacking Hume. "I saw (said Smith) this was meant at me, so I merely put him right as to a matter of fact." "Well, what did he say?" "He said it was a lie." "And what did you say to that?" "I told him he was the ———." Good this, between two sages. Boswell's father indignant at his son's attaching himself (as he said) to "a Dominie, who kippit a schule, and ca'd it an academy." Some doubts, after dinner, whether we should have any singing, it being Sunday. Miss Scott seemed to think the rule might be infringed in my case; but Scott settled the matter more decorously, by asking the Fergusons to come again to dinner next day, and to bring the Misses Ferguson.

MAJOR.—I see, Bonnie Braes, that you have been investing some capital in novels!

LAIRD.—Oo ay! Women noo a-days, would as soon want their orations o' scandal broth, meaning, ye ken, their green tea, as lack a periodical supply o' romance!

DOCTOR.—Quare non?—beg your pardon—what for no?

LAIRD.—What for no? If ye had to gang as often as I have to gang, wi' undarned stockings, and buttonless shirts, ye wadna' speer sic a senseless question!

Girzy has ow'r mony afflicted damsels o' Dream Land, to sympathese wi', to alloo her to look after prosaic materialism o' that description!

DOCTOR.—Why then do you continue to administer fuel to such an irregular fire?

LAIRD.—What the Deil can a pair body do? If I didna' bring oot a yellow or brick complexioned pamphlet every noo and then, Girzy would tak the pet, and do something desperate—rin awa' wi' a quack doctor, for instance! Na! na!—the remedy, I trow, would be waur than the disease, bad as that is!

MAJOR.—What literary stimulants have you entered for the thrice-virtuous Grizelda on this occasion?

LAIRD.—First and foremost here is "The Lover upon Trial." By Elizabeth M. Stuart.

DOCTOR.—Wersh and tasteless as a boiled snail without pepper and salt! Elizabeth has as little of a story to tell as had the knife-grinder of Canning! Your sister will yawn herself into a lockjaw before she has read a dozen pages.

LAIRD.—Hech Sirs! there's a hard earned quarter o' a dollar gane to the dowgs! The next on my list is "*Margaret or Prejudice at Home and its Victims, an autobiography.*"

MAJOR.—Which is a pear from a widely different tree. Though containing many startling, and I as think untenable assertions, touching the condition of practical Christianity in England and France, it likewise presents us with much that is unquestionably true.

LAIRD.—But is it appeteezing as a story! What's the main point?

MAJOR.—Remarkably so! I had not for many a day met with any thing more absorbing! Small chance will you have of getting a stocking leak stopped so long as Girzy is engaged in confabulating with Margaret.

LAIRD.—Here, however, are the twa tid bits o' the lot—at least in my humble opinion!

DOCTOR.—One at a time, if you please, most excellent agriculturalist!

LAIRD.—Sae be it. This ane is a braw new story by Alexander Dumas, intitled "*Masaniello, the Fisherman of Naples.*"

DOCTOR.—Sorry am I to put you out of conceit with your purchase, but the aforesaid "*Fisherman,*" is a regular bite!

LAIRD.—Dive ye mean to tell that the name o' Dumas on the cover thereof is a forgery?

DOCTOR.—By no means, but even Dumas is capable of engendering a rickety bantling. In point of fact he has written himself out, and would require to lie fallow for a season.

LAIRD.—Just like some o' my over-farmed parks!

DOCTOR.—Even so! What is your fourth adventure in the bibliopolic line?

LAIRD.—Ane that I am sure will weel repay the twa shillings and sax pence wared upon it. At least ane o' your Toronto Daily newspapers said the other week that it was equal to the creations o' Scott and Bulwer—and, if any thing, a thoct superior.

MAJOR.—Such laudat'on is pestilently suspicious! It is strongly indicative of the stick-at-nothing, unprincipled puff! Pray to what nomen does your bargain answer.

LAIRD.—Taking it for granted that nomen means name, it is designated "*The Secretary, or Circumstantial Evidence.*"

MAJOR.—Thrice unfortunate Thane of Bonnie

Braes! Your last speculation is the most marvellous and sapless of the whole hypothesis!

DOCTOR.—You never said a truer word Crabtree! Being confined for a brace of hours to the parlour of a country Inn, lately, I was constrained, for lack of better nutriment, to solace myself with "The Secretary"—and a more unredeemed cento of trash it was never my misfortune to peruse!

MAJOR.—The writer does not possess a single spark of fancy or imagination. He unwinds his transparent plot with all the matter-of-fact stolidity of a farmer scalding the bristles off a pig, or our friend Richard Brown, dispensing a groove of steel pens to one of his clients!

LAIRD.—Catch me ever putting trust in a newspaper criticism again! But may be after a' the thing may turn out to be for the best! Wha kens but that the coarse common provided for our Girzy's sustentation, may have the blessed effect o' scunnering her into a mair nutritious line o' reading? Just on the same principle that bairns are weaned by rubbing the maternal nipple wi' bitter aloes, may my sister, honest woman, be reformed by the perusal o' "The Secretary," and the lave o' my thriftless stories!

DOCTOR.—At least let us hope for the best!

LAIRD.—Sae far as I am concerned, the March number o' the "*Art-Journal*," abundantly consoles me for the misadventures aforesaid. There is a balmy fragrance aboot Landseer's picture o' "*Peace*," which might hae wiled a smile o' pleasure frae Peter Pindar's Pilgrim, when hirpling alang wi' his pea-blistered trotters!

MAJOR.—Were you at the Philharmonic Concert last night Doctor?

DOCTOR.—I was, and very much pleased I was with it, some of the singing was really very good, and the Instrumental department was exceedingly effective.

LAIRD.—What did they gie ye?

DOCTOR.—With every inclination on my part to do full justice to the Society, you must excuse me entering at present into particulars. I gave out a selected tale too many, and the consequence is that our statement must be of the shortest. Major, I regret very much that I have been forced to leave out, for want of room, Mr. Clarke's pretty song. The same thing shall not again happen, however, Laird you may have just one page for Facts, and I shall reserve for Mrs. Grundy not more than half that space—and now Gentlemen to work.

HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

The winter over a great portion of the country has been very changeable, and on the whole

what may be called severe upon trees and plants ranked as tender; yet up to this time we are not aware that fruit-buds have suffered seriously, but the most trying periods for these are coming.

Mistakes are often made in uncovering trees and plants too early—subjecting them to cold, biting winds, and the blighting influence of warm days and cold, frosty nights. We advise a slight covering to remain until the weather be soft and genial.

Pruning should be completed as soon as possible, so as to be out of the way before transplanting and general garden work comes along.

A sure foundation for successful gardening during the coming season, is to be well prepared to execute every operation promptly in its season. Seizing the very first opportunity for planting, and taking time to do it well, is a certain means of success.

Roses, flowering shrubs, &c., should be pruned and dressed. Many people suppose that Rose bushes and shrubs when well established may be left to themselves; and the consequence is, they become bushy and twiggy, the growth is feeble and the flowers indifferent. They need frequent prunings, and top dressings of good rich compost about their roots, to give them vigorous growth, luxuriant foliage, and a profusion and perfection of bloom. In pruning both shrubs and Roses, it should not be forgotten that some produce their blossoms on young wood, and some on wood of last year. In the latter case a sufficient quantity of flowering wood must be left, cutting out the older parts.

NATIONAL CONSUMPTION OF CROPS.

It seems absolutely astonishing to any one not acquainted with the tenacity with which the English hold fast to the habit of beer drinking, that the enormous consumption of grain in this worse than useless beverage, should not engage more attention. We have not now at hand the statistics showing the amount of this consumption; but when we reflect on the millions of laborers that daily use large quantities of beer with their meals and otherwise, year in and year out, it becomes self-evident that the amount consumed in the manufacture of this drink, must far exceed the present deficiency in the wheat crops of the British kingdom—a manufacture which, as chemical analysis has shown, nearly destroys all the nutriment of the grain, and, converting it to a mere stimulant, increases the strength of the labourer about as much as a whip increases the strength of a feeble horse.

Independently of the mere consumption of grain, so great is the injurious results produced by this practice, that many have attributed the degradation of a portion of the English laborers, to the British aristocratic system. We are sorry to see that one of our own countrymen,—the editor of the *Michigan Farmer*,—has fallen into this mistake, and written a book called the "*Mad Cabin*," unwisely attacking the most liberal government in Europe, as the cause of this degradation, and almost the only one where knowledge is generally diffused among all classes so far as they choose to acquire it, and where a man may say his soul is his own, without endangering his liberty or his head. The editor of the *Ohio*

Cultivator who has spent many years at different periods in England, assures us he is satisfied that this debasement and ignorance is to be mainly attributed to the beer soaking system.

POSTS HEAVING BY FROST.

I have observed in clayey soils that are so heavy and tenacious as to prevent the water from draining off, the frost has more power on fence posts, by drawing them out of the ground. Is there no remedy against the frost, by placing some substance round the post, such as coarse sand, gravel, coal, ashes, or tanner's bark?

Placing gravel or coarse sand around the post would obviate the evil, if it were not that the clay about these substances holds water like a tub, and keeps them filled, so that in freezing the difficulty is not removed. If an underdrain were cut directly under the fence, or close at its side, the moisture from the sand and gravel-packing would of course be immediately carried off, and the remedy prove efficient. Tan would effect ready drainage into the ditch, but would not hold a post firmly. Such a drain would pay for itself by its improvement of the adjacent land, besides its beneficial use to the fence. Where this remedy cannot be properly applied, and indeed in all cases whatever, a most effectual help in preventing the upheaval of posts, is to bore a two-inch auger hole near the bottom, and into this drive a pin of durable wood, so that it may project several inches each way, at right angles to the post, and when the earth is rammed about it, will hold the post firmly in the ground, and prevent its rising by frost.

OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

A great number of evening dresses are now in course of preparation. One of those already completed is composed of blue satin, trimmed nearly to the height of the knees with a bouillonne of blue gauze, interspersed with small roses without leaves. Above the bouillonne are two deep flounces of Brussels lace, the upper one as high as the waist. The two flounces, which form a kind of tunic, are gathered up at each side by a long spray of roses. The corsage is pointed in front of the waist, and the sleeves are trimmed with flowers and lace corresponding with those on the skirt.

A dress of light-blue moire antique has been made with three flounces of Honiton lace, lined with flounces of blue crape. The skirt is ornamented on each side by sprays of convolvulus made of blue crape, and mounted in combination with moss and small silver flowers.

Flowers similar to those which ornament the dress are to be worn in hair.

An Opera cloak, destined for the same lady who has ordered the dress just described, consists of scarlet gros-de-Tours trimmed with gold ribbon.

Several new dresses of embroidered organdy and tarlatan have just made their appearance. These dresses are suited to the out door fêtes of summer, and to *petites soirées*, or if trimmed with flowers and ribbon, they are adapted for ball costume. Some dresses of organdy are beautifully embroidered in coloured silk. One of these dresses has two jupes, each edged with a wreath of heart ease: the upper jupe the corsage, and sleeves, are sprigged over with heartsease in de-

tached flowers. Other dresses of the same kind are figured with wheatears embroidered in yellow silk. One, having a double jupe, is sprigged with roses. At the edge of the jupes is embroidered a wreath, consisting of detached roses, united by cordons of foliage. Lastly and no less pretty, is a tarlatan dress, ornamented with bouquets of fleurs-de-lis; the flower embroidered in white silk, and the foliage in green of different tints.

Many bonnets produced within the last week are composed of French chip, velvet, and blonde, combined in various ways. Others are composed of straw and velvet, the color, of the velvet being lilac, green, or blue. They are mostly trimmed with white feathers shaded in the colour of the velvet. The inside trimming is composed of velvet flowers, with feather foliage and blonde intermingled. Several bonnets which have appeared within these last few days are formed of bouillonnées of blond or tulle, the bouillonnées being separated by bands of fancy straw. This fancy straw may be described as a kind of guipure or straw embroidery, and forms a beautifully light and rich ornament for bonnets. We have seen a bonnet of the description just alluded to trimmed with a single yellow rose, placed on one side, the under trimming consisting of loops of narrow saffron-colour ribbon, rose-buds and bouillonnées of blonde.

Dress of green *glacé* silk: the skirt opens in front on a breadth of white silk and is trimmed with three narrow *ruches* on each side, the opening crossed by bands of silk forming diamonds. The body opens to the waist, and is trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Sleeves of the pagoda form, slit up on the top of the arm, the edges finished by narrow *ruches*: large bouillon on sleeves with deep lace ruffle. Bonnet of *paille d'Italie* trimmed with dark rose colour; cup of blond trimmed with dark roses and tufts of narrow ribbon.

Velvet *Caraco* bodies are assuming a decided predominance for out of doors costume: we are not surprised at this, considering the opportunity it gives for displaying the grace and beauty of the form.

It is a most singular coincidence at the present time that the *spirit* of Fashion seems to be selecting all the beauties of costume which prevailed about the commencement of the last war: the tight and slashed sleeves, the close fitting bodies the hair turned back from the forehead, the small cap with lappets, and in materials, thick rich *Moire antiques* and *Brocades*. We should not be surprised at still greater development of this style, or of seeing Ladies dressed in the style of sixty years ago.

Skirts of dresses for the promenade, when worn with velvet caraco bodies, will be extremely full and without flounces; Irish poplin and *Moire Antique* will be the favorite materials for this style of costume. Jacket bodies are still in favour for morning dresses. Of the various styles of sleeves; those of the pagoda form are mostly worn open more or less on the front of the arm.

Mantles will be worn made in satin, *taffetas*, and other thin silks; lace continues in favour for trimming satins; the thinner silks have frills of the same, the edges stamped.

First Game between Messrs. Palmer and Beaumont.

(The Kt's Game of Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (MR. P.)	BLACK (DR. B.)
1 P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.
2 K Kt to B 3rd.	Q Kt to B 3rd.
3 K B to Q Kt 5th.	K B to Q B 4th.
4 P to Q B 3rd.	K Kt to B 3rd.
5 P to Q 4th.	P takes P.
6 P to K 5th.	K Kt to his 5th (a)
7 P takes P.	B to Q Kt 3rd.
8 Castles.	P to Q 3rd (b)
9 P to Q 5th.	P takes K P (c)
10 P takes Kt.	Castles.
11 Q takes Q.	R takes Q.
12 P takes Q Kt P (d)	Q B takes P.
13 K B to K 2nd.	K R to K sq.
14 Q Kt to B 3rd.	Q R to Q sq.
15 P to K R 3rd.	Kt to K B 3rd.
16 Q B to K Kt 5th.	Q R to Q 3rd.
17 B takes Kt.	R takes B.
18 Q R to Q sq.	P to Q B 3rd.
19 Q Kt to K 4th.	Q R to K 3rd.
20 B to Q B 4th.	Q R to K 2nd.
21 K Kt to his 5th (e)	K B to Q B 2nd.
22 B takes K B P (ch)	Q R takes B.
23 Kt takes R.	K takes Kt.
24 R to Q 7th (ch)	R to K 2nd.
25 Kt to K Kt 5th (ch)	K to B 3rd (f)
26 Kt takes K R P (ch)	K to his 2nd.
27 Kt to K Kt 5th (ch)	K to his sq.
28 R takes R (ch)	R takes R.
29 R to K sq.	P to Q B 4th.

And White finally won the game.

Notes.

- (a) Kt to K 5th is much better.
 (b) A strange oversight at the outset of a game.
 (c) He might also have taken the K B P, the variations consequent on which are full of interest; for suppose,

9	Kt takes K B P.
10 B takes Kt.	B takes R (ch)
11 K takes B.	P to Q B 3rd or (A)
12 B to Q R 4th.	P to Q Kt 4th.
13 P takes Kt.	P takes B.
14 B to K Kt 5th.	P to K B 3rd.
15 P takes P.	P takes P.
16 Q to her 4th.	

And White has a much better game than Black.

(A.)

11	P takes K P.
12 P takes Kt.	Q takes Q.
13 P takes P (dis. ch)	P to Q B 3rd.
14 P takes B becoming a Q.	

And White must evidently win.

(d) Injudicious, as it only serves to develop Black's game.

(e) Q Kt to Q 6th, first, looks stronger.

(f) If to B sq. White could obviously have taken the K B with his Rook.

*Second Game between the same players.
(French Opening.)*

BLACK (DR. B.)	WHITE (MR. P.)
1 P to K 4th.	P to K 3rd.
2 K B to Q B 4th (a)	P to Q B 4th (b)
3 K Kt to B 3rd.	Q Kt to B 3rd.
4 P to Q B 3rd.	K Kt to K 2nd.
5 Castles.	K Kt to his 3rd.
6 P to Q 4th.	P to Q 4th.
7 B to Q Kt 5th (c)	P takes K P.
8 K Kt to his 5th.	P to K B 4th (d)
9 Q to K R 5th.	Q to K 2nd.
10 P takes Q B P.	B to Q 2nd.
11 B takes Q Kt.	B takes B.
12 R to Q sq (e)	R to Q sq.
13 R takes R (ch)	K takes R.
14 P to Q Kt 4th.	Q to her 2nd.
15 Q Kt to R 3rd.	P to K R 3rd.
16 K Kt to R 3rd.	K to Q R sq (f)
17 B to K 3rd.	Kt to K 4th.
18 R to Q sq.	Kt to K B 6th (ch) (g)
19 Q takes Kt (h)	P takes Q.
20 R takes Q.	K takes R.
21 P to K Kt 3rd.	P to K Kt 4th.
22 K to B sq.	P to K Kt 5th.
23 Kt to K B 4th.	B to K Kt 2nd.
24 B to Q 2nd.	P to K R 4th.
25 P to K R 4th.	P takes P in passing.
26 Kt takes doubled P.	P to K R 5th.
27 P takes P.	R takes P.
28 K Kt to his sq.	R to his 8th.
29 Q Kt to Q B 2nd, and White gave checkmate in three moves.	

Notes.

(a) When the second player answers the move 1. P to K 4th by advancing his K P one square only, the best reply on the part of the opening player is 2. P to Q 4th. We do not see much use in bringing out the K B as in the text.

(b) The position is now one that arises in the Sicilian Opening.

(c) We do not quite see the object of this.

(d) Highly imprudent.

(e) Anticipating White's intention to Castle on the Q side.

(f) The Kt is twice left en prise, but dare not be taken.

(g) The winning coup.

(h) Better than taking with the P.

Third Game between the same players.

(Ruy Lopez' Kt's Game.)

WHITE (MR. P.)	BLACK (DR. B.)
1 P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.
2 K Kt to B 3rd.	Q Kt to B 3rd.
3 K B to Q Kt 5th.	K B to Q B 4th.
4 P to Q B 3rd.	K Kt to B 3rd.
5 P to Q 4th.	P takes P.
6 P to K 5th.	K Kt to Q 4th.
7 Castles.	P to K R 3rd.

8 P takes P. B to Q Kt 3rd.
 9 Q B to K 3rd. Castles.
 10 Q to Q B sq (a) Q Kt to K 2nd.
 11 B takes K R P (b) P takes B.
 12 Q takes K R P. P to K B 3rd.
 13 K B to Q 3rd. R to K B 2nd.
 14 K R to K sq. Q to K B sq.
 15 Q to K R 5th. Q to K Kt 2nd.
 16 R to K 4th. P to Q 3rd.
 17 P to K 5th (c) Q B takes P.
 18 R to his 4th (d) P to K B 4th (e)
 19 K Kt to his 5th. R to K B 3rd.
 20 Q Kt to Q 2nd. Q Kt to K Kt 3rd. (f)
 21 Kt takes Q B. R takes Kt.
 22 B takes K B P. R to K B 3rd.
 23 B takes Q Kt. Kt to K B 5th.
 24 Q to K R 7th (ch) (g) Q takes Q.
 25 B takes Q (ch) K to Kt 2nd.
 26 Kt to K B 3rd. Q R to K R sq (h)
 27 Q R to K sq. Q R takes B.
 28 Q R to K 7th (ch) K to B sq.
 29 K R takes Q R. R to K Kt 3.
 30 K R to K B 7th (ch) K to Kt sq.
 31 R takes Kt.

And Black resigned.

Notes.

(a) With a double object—first, threatening to win at least a P if Black advance the Q P, and secondly, with a view to the capture of the K R P presently.

(b) Tempting, but not sound, and certainly imprudent in a match game.

(c) Hastily played. If he had taken the Q P, he would still have had an excellent game, notwithstanding his inferiority of force.

(d) If White takes the Q B, Black of course answers by 18. K Kt to K B 5th, attacking the Q. R and B, and threatening mate.

(e) The position is one of great difficulty, but the move in the text is certainly a dangerous one. B to Q R 4th seems to us the only safe move for Black.

(f) By this move he loses the game.

(g) The only way to preserve his advantage.

(h) By checking with his Kt at K 7th he might here have gained the K P, but the exchanging off two pieces would have been fatal to him.

Fourth Game between the same players.

(Kt's defence in the K. B.'s Game.)

BLACK (DR. B.)	WHITE (MR. P.)
1 P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.
2 K B to Q B 4th.	K Kt to B 3rd.
3 P to Q 3rd.	K B to Q B 4th.
4 Q B to K 3rd.	B to Q Kt 3rd.
5 K Kt to B 3rd.	P to Q 3rd.
6 P to K R 3rd.	Castles.
7 Q Kt to B 3rd.	Q B to K 3rd.
8 B to Q Kt 3rd.	B to Q R 4th.
9 K Kt to his 5th.	P to Q 4th. (a)
10 Q B to Q 2nd.	P to Q B 3rd.
11 Q to K B 3rd.	Q Kt to R 3rd.
12 Q to K Kt 3rd.	Q to her 3rd.

13 Castles on Q side.	P to Q 5th.
14 Q Kt to K 2nd.	B takes Q B. (ch)
15 R takes B.	Q Kt to Q B 4th.
16 K Kt to K B 3rd. (b)	B takes B.
17 Q B P takes B.	K R to K sq.
18 Q Kt takes Q P.	P to K Kt 3rd. (c)
19 Q Kt to K B 5th.	Q to her B 2nd. (d)
20 K Kt to his 5th.	Kt to K R 4th.
21 Q to K 3rd.	Q Kt th's doubled P. (ch)
22 P takes Kt.	P takes Kt.
23 P takes P.	Q to her R 4th. (e)
24 Q to K B 3rd. (f)	Kt to K B 3rd.
25 Q to K Kt 3rd. (g)	K to B sq.
26 K to Q B 2nd.	Q to Q B 4th. (a)
27 K to Kt sq.	P to K 5th.
28 P takes P.	R takes P. (h)
29 Q to K B 3rd.	R to K 4th.
30 K R to Q B sq.	Q to Q R 4th.
31 Q to Q B 3rd. (b)	Q takes Q.
32 P takes Q.	R takes P.
33 P to K R 4.	P to K R 3rd.
34 Kt to K B 3rd.	Q R to K sq.
35 Q R to his 2nd.	P to Q R 3rd.
36 K R to Q sq.	Kt to Q 4th.
37 Q R to Q B 2nd.	R to K 7th.
38 K to Q Kt 2nd. (f)	R takes R. (ch)
39 K takes R.	K to K Kt. 2.
40 P to Q B 4th.	Kt to K B 5th.
41 R to K Kt sq.	

And by mutual consent, the game was abandoned as drawn. (m)

Notes.

(a) White regretted afterwards that he did not at this moment take off the Q Kt.

(b) Well played.

(c) He dare not play Q R to Q sq. with a view of presently recovering the P., as in that case Black must have gained an advantage by 19. Q Kt to K B 5th.

(d) His only safe move, we believe.

(e) Threatening, if an opportunity were allowed him of doing so with safety, to check at Q R 8th.

(f) If white now check, and capture the K R., Black then mates in five moves.

(g) Offering mate in two moves.

(h) Evidently recovering "the exchange" immediately, if Black take the R., and gaining the advanced P into the bargain.

(i) Very well played. This we believe to be the only move by which he can gain any equivalent for the loss of the K B P., as White is forced to exchange Queens before taking the P., and Black thus gets the doubled P off the Q Kt file. If white take the P at once, the game would result in favour of Black: *s. g.*

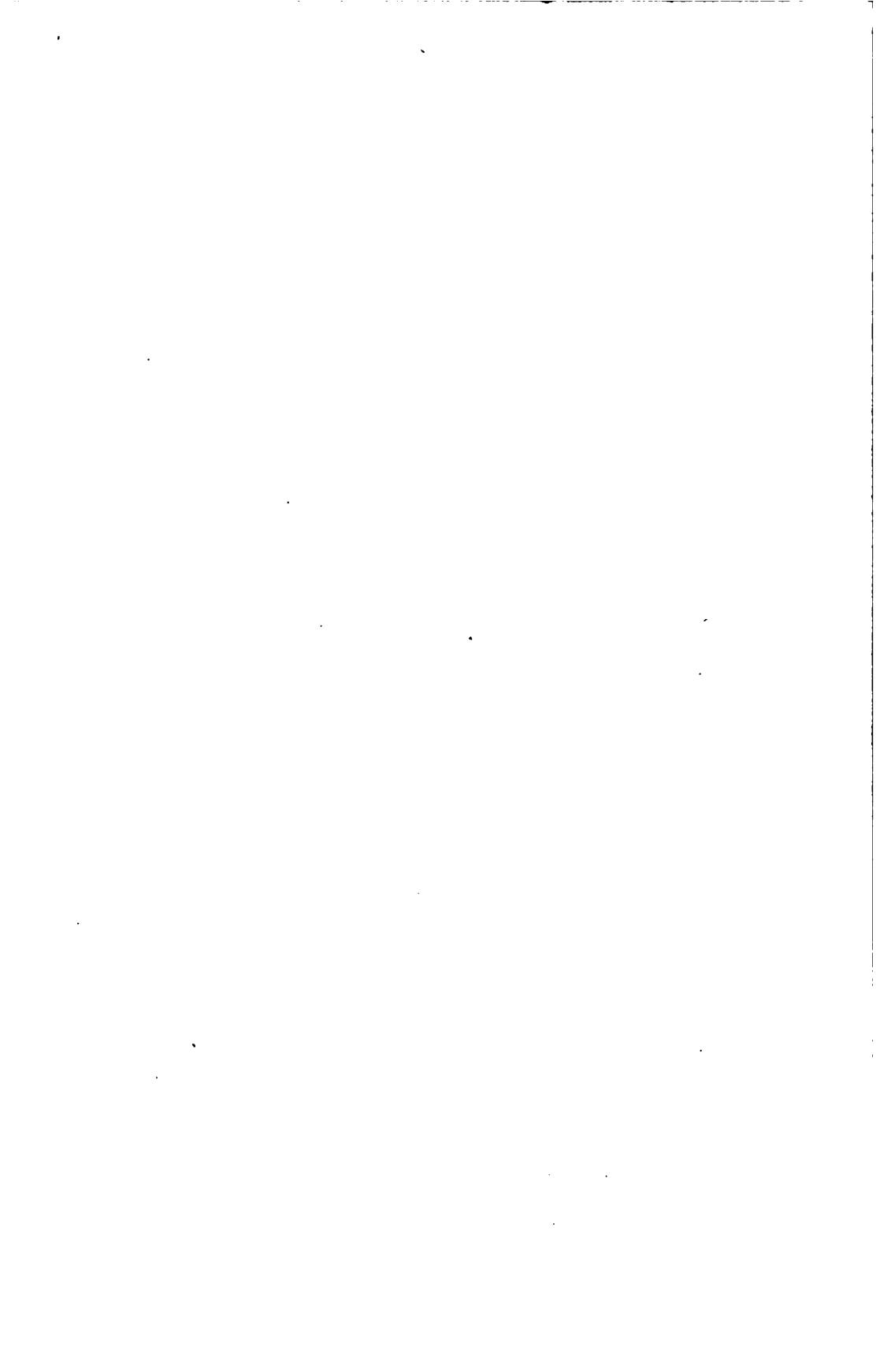
31 R takes P.
 32 Kt takes K R P. (ch) K to Kt 2nd. (Not Kt takes Kt., on account of 33. Q to K R 5th. (ch) followed by Q R to K 2nd. ch.)

33 Kt takes Kt Q takes Q.
 34 P takes Q. B takes Kt.

And Black ought to win.

(j) A remarkable oversight on the part of both players, since Black might here have simply taken the Kt with his K R., gaining it for a Pawn.

(m) The position is one of those in which the player first attempting to win, very frequently loses.



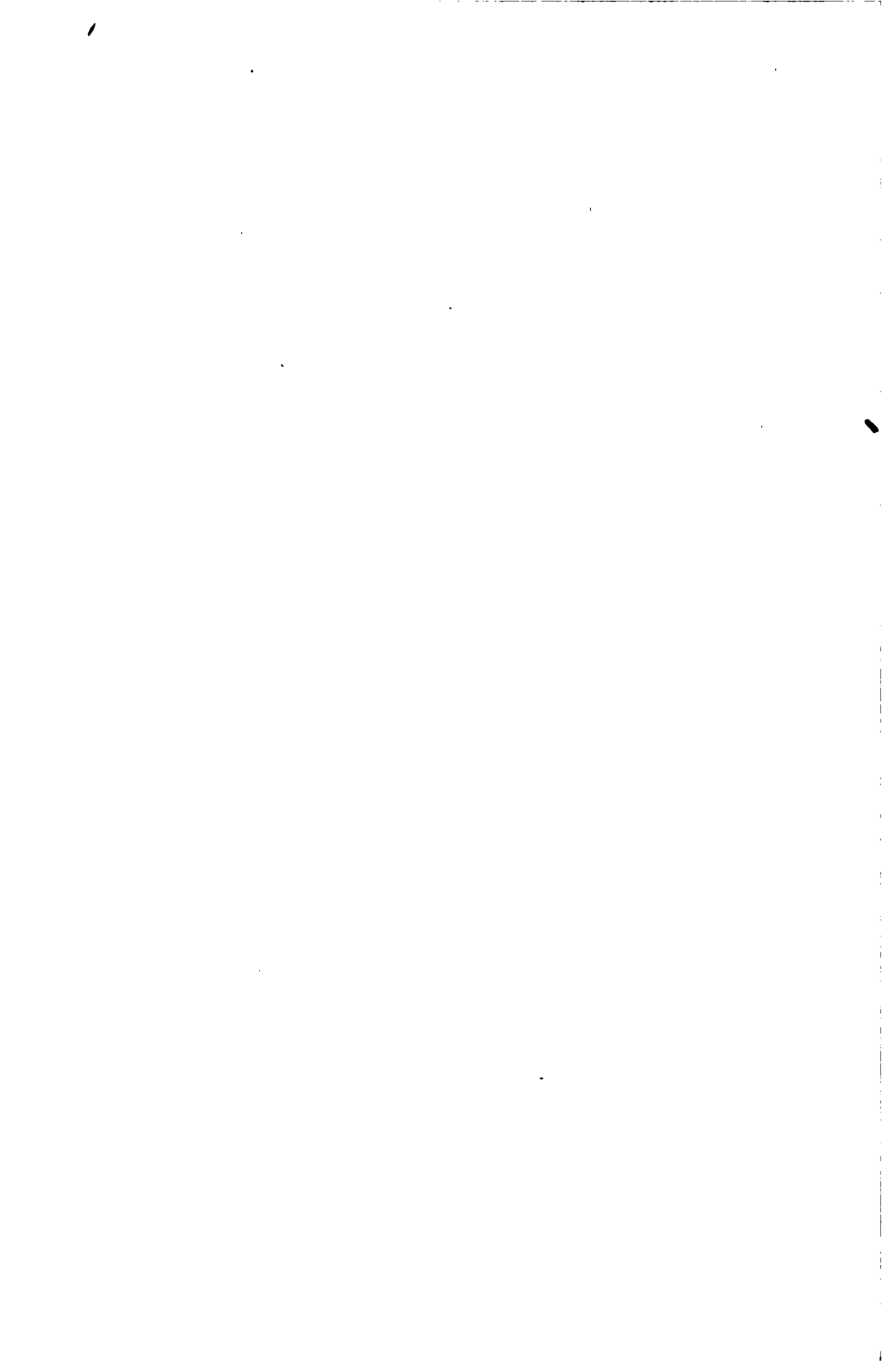
Paris Fashions for June.



SCENE ON LAKE SCUGOG.

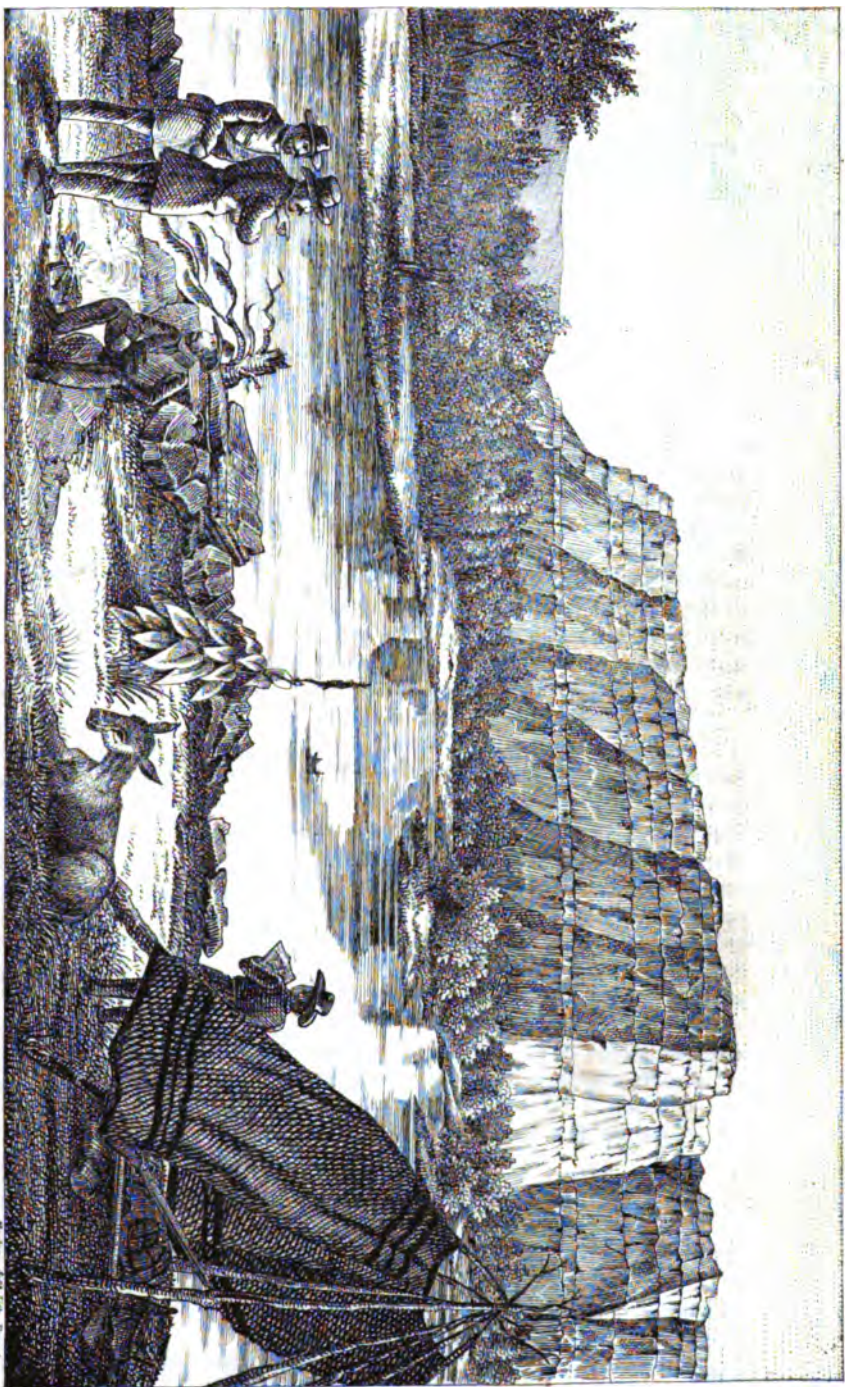








CROSSING LAGUNA CREEK.



VIEW ON GREEN RIVER.



THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.—TORONTO: JUNE, 1854.—No. 6.

HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER XVII.

As may be supposed, the blockade of the Chesapeake, and the threatening position taken up by the fleet, off Hampton Roads, placed the Americans on the *qui vive*, especially as many tongued rumour had been busied in ascribing plans and intentions of every description to the British Admiral.

The flotilla had failed in their attack on the Junon, thereby demonstrating that gun boats alone could effect nothing: the Constellation could not venture from under the batteries, and as there was, consequently, really no force by which the British could be attacked by water, the Americans were compelled to endure the sight of a hostile squadron daily before their eyes, with the mortifying conviction forced on them, that, inasmuch as they had been fomenters of the war, so were they now the principal sufferers—So strict was the blockade that it was not only impossible for any vessel to escape the cruisers which guarded the passage between Cape Henry and Cape Charles, but it was an enterprise attended with great risk for any vessel to leave the James, Elizabeth, York, or in fact, any of the rivers which disemboque into the Chesapeake bay.

All that was, under these circumstances, left for the Americans was to prepare against attacks, and we accordingly find in "Sketches

of the war" that upwards of ten thousand militia were assembled round Norfolk and its vicinity, the points against which an attack was most likely to be directed. With the whole coast thus on the alert it was not to be expected that the preparations which were openly made towards the end of June by the British Squadron would escape observation. "Accordingly," as James has it "Craney Island being rather weakly manned, the commanding officer at Norfolk sent one hundred and fifty of the Constellation's seamen and marines, to a battery of eighteen pounders in the north west, and about four hundred and eighty Virginia Militia, exclusive of officers, to reinforce a detachment of artillery, stationed with two twenty four and four six pounders on the west side of the island. Captain Tarbell's fifteen gun boats were also moored in the best position for contributing to the defence of the post." It will thus be seen that very formidable preparations for the defence of this port were adopted, and the following despatch from Admiral Warren to Mr Croker announcing the failure of the attack on Craney Island will not wholly be unprepared for.

From Admiral Warren to Mr. Croker.

San Domingo, Hampton-roads,

Chesapeake, June 24, 1813.

SIR,—I request you will inform their lordships, that, from the information received of the enemy's fortifying Craney Island, and it being necessary to obtain possession of that place, to enable the light ships and vessels to proceed up the narrow channel towards

Norfolk, to transport the troops over on that side for them to attack the new fort and lines in the rear of which the Constellation frigate was anchored, I directed the troops under Sir Sydney Beckwith to be landed upon the continent within the nearest point to that place, and a reinforcement of seamen and marines from the ships; but upon approaching the island, from the extreme shoalness of the water on the sea side, and the difficulty of getting across from the land, as well as the island itself being fortified with a number of guns and men from the frigate and militia, and flanked by fifteen gun-boats, I considered, in consequence of the representation of the officer commanding the troops, of the difficulty of their passing over from the land, that the persevering in the attempt would cost more men than the number with us would permit, as the other forts must have been stormed before the frigate and dock-yard could have been destroyed; I therefore ordered the troops to be re-embarked.

I am happy to say, the loss in the above affair, (returns of which are enclosed) has not been considerable, and only two boats sunk.

I have to regret, that Captain Hanshett, of His Majesty's ship Diadem, who volunteered his services, and led the division of boats with great gallantry, was severely wounded by a ball in the thigh.

The officers and men behaved with much bravery, and if it had been possible to have got at the enemy, I am persuaded would have soon gained the place.

I have the honor to be, &c.

J. B. WARREN.

J. W. Croker, Esq.

A return of officers, seamen, and marines, belonging to His Majesty's ships, killed, wounded, and missing, in the attack on Craney Island, June 22d.

Killed, none—wounded, eight—missing, ten.

Return of land forces killed, wounded, and missing, in same attack.

Killed, six—wounded, sixteen—missing, one hundred and four.

The policy of making this attack has been very much questioned, and some of James' objections appear to have a considerable show of reason. He says, "There can be only one opinion, surely, about the wisdom of

sending boats, in broad-day-light, to feel their way to the shore, over shoals and mud banks, and that in the teeth of a very formidable battery.—* But still had the veil of darkness been allowed to screen the boats from view, and an hour of the night chosen, when the tide had covered the shoals with deep water, the same little party might have carried the batteries, and a defeat as disgraceful to those that caused, as honorable to those that suffered in it, been converted into a victory. As it was the victory at Craney Island, dressed up to advantage in the American Official account, and properly commented on by the Government editors, was hailed throughout the Union as a glorious triumph fit for Americans to achieve."

We fully concede with many of James' objections, especially as to the injudicious selection of open daylight and an ebb tide. And although the particulars of the casualties are not given in Admiral Warren's despatch, yet other sources show that it was precisely to these causes that the failure was to be attributed.

In the first place there was an open parade of boats and an unwonted bustle round the British vessels; This was of course not unobserved by the enemy, who thus had time afforded to them to mature their plans of defence. In the second place the first part of the expedition of some seventeen or eighteen boats with about eight hundred men, under Sir Sydney Beckwith, was landed at a place called Peg's point, an untenable position, and from whence a movement, in support of the main body, could not be made. After remaining in this position for some time, the troops were re-embarked and returned to the fleet. The actual attack was made by a body about equally strong as the first division, and we would observe here, that it was made contrary to the opinion and advice of Captains Hanshett, Maude, and Romilly, however, overruled by the decision of Captain Perchell, the senior officer. It will thus be seen that the commanding officer had just half the force he calculated on for

*Here James indulges in a bit of the patriotic, about British basing their hopes of success on valour, not numbers, which we can afford to leave out. * * * *

the demonstration, a fact that must not be forgotten when we come to compare American accounts. From the shallowness of the water, the tide being out, some of the boats got aground on a mud bank some hundred and fifty yards from the muzzles of the guns manned by the Constellation's men. In this position it is not very wonderful that two of the boats were sunk and many of the crews killed, especially when we add that the boats were ashore so close to the beach that the American Marines and Militia, by wading in a short distance, could pick off the men while struggling in the water. Admiral Warren's wording of his despatch is about as absurd as some of the American accounts. The Admiral slurs over the real reasons why his men were obliged to abandon the enterprise, but it would have been much more creditable if he had confessed honestly that the attack, injudiciously planned, was a total failure. His account, glossing over the affair, differs so wide'y from those of American writers that the reader is tempted to enquire farther, and the consequence is, that the Admiral is convicted of the very fault with which we charge—Thompson, O'Connor, Smith and Ingersol.

We have fairly stated the British force, and their loss; we will now examine the American version of the affair. One* makes the British force, that landed in front of the Island battery, consist of four thousand men, but forgetting shortly after his random figures, in the next page he states "that three thousand British soldiers, sailors and marines were opposed to four hundred and eighty Virginia militia, and one hundred and fifty sailors and marines." Mr. O'Connor reduces the force at Crane Island to fifteen hundred men, only thus doubling them, but to make his country some amends for this, he quadruples the force that landed on the main, stating them at three thousand strong. Commodore Cassin in a postscript to one of his letters adopts the same number, and even Ingersol, who from having been the latest writer has had more opportunity afforded of learning the truth, falls into the same error and makes the British troops twenty-five hundred strong *adding besides fifty boats full of men.*

It is also note worthy that in not one of the accounts is there one allusion to the boats having grounded, the sole cause of the failure, as experience had proved that the militia could not be depended on in an attack by regular troops. The Niagara frontier sufficiently proves the correctness of this assertion. Armstrong's account differs considerably from the others, but even he falls into a mistake. He states, "the disposable force of the enemy was divided into two corps, one of which, embarked into boats, and carried directly to its object, attempted to make good a descent on the northern side of the Island; while the other landed on the main, and *availing itself of a shoal, which, at low water, was fordable by infantry*, forced its way to the western side. Though made with a considerable degree of steadiness, both attacks failed.

The mistake, made in this paragraph, is that the troops crossed from the main land to the Island, and took part in the attack. That this was not the case is certain from the fact that the other writers, whose various accounts we have been criticising, make no mention of a fact which would assuredly not have been lost sight of by them, desirous as they were of making as great a parade of national valor as possible.

Looking at the descent on Craney Island in the most favorable light it can be regarded in no other light than as a badly planned demonstration, to be regretted for two reasons,—one, the loss of life and honor to the British—the other, that an opportunity was afforded to American writers of asserting that the attack on Hampton and the outrages committed there were in revenge for the failure at Craney Island.

We have already stated that large bodies of troop had been collected in and around Norfolk, and as it was supposed that a considerable body was stationed at Hampton, it was resolved that an attack should be made on that post; accordingly, on the night of the 25th of June, about two thousand men, under the command of Sir Sidney Beckwith, in a division of boats, covered by the Mohawk Sloop, landed, and, after some resistance, carried by storm the enemy's defences.

The two despatches from admiral Warren and Sir Sydney Beckwith will be found to contain all necessary particulars of the attack,

*Sketches of the War—p. 216.

differing but little, in these points from American accounts.

San Domingo, Hampton-roads, Chesapeake,
June 27th, 1818.

SIR,—I request to inform their lordships, that the enemy having a post at Hampton, defended by a considerable corps, commanding the communication between the upper part of the country and Norfolk; I considered it advisable, and with a view to cut off their resources, to direct it to be attacked by the troops composing the flying corps attached to this squadron; and having instructed rear-admiral Cockburn to conduct the naval part of the expedition, and placed captain Pechell with the Mohawk sloop and launches, as a covering force, under his orders, the troops were disembarked with the greatest zeal and alacrity.

Sir Sydney Beckwith commanding the troops, having most ably attacked and defeated the enemy's force, and took their guns, colours, and camp, I refer their lordships to the quarter-master general's report, (which is enclosed,) and that will explain the gallantry and behaviour of the several officers and men employed upon this occasion, and I trust will entitle them to the favour of his royal highness the prince regent, and the lord's commissioners of the Admiralty.

Sir Sydney Beckwith having reported to me that the defences of the town were entirely destroyed, and the enemy completely dispersed in the neighbourhood, I ordered the troops to be re-embarked, which was performed with the utmost good order by several officers of the squadron under the orders of rear-admiral Cockburn.

I have the honour to be,

JOHN BORLASE WARREN.

John Wilson Croker, Esq.

No. 15.

From quarter-master-general Sir Sydney Beckwith to Admiral Warren.

His majesty's ship San Domingo, Hampton-roads, June 28, 1818.

SIR,—I have the honour to report to you that in compliance with your orders to attack the enemy in town and camp at Hampton, the troops under my command were put into light sailing vessels and boats, during the

night of the 26th instant, and by the excellent arrangements of rear-admiral Cockburn, who was pleased in person to superintend the advance under lieutenant-colonel Napier, consisting of the 104th regiment, two companies of Canadian Chasseurs, three companies of marines from the squadron, with two 6-pounders from the marine artillery, were landed half an hour before daylight the next morning, about two miles to the westward of the town, and the royal marine battalions, under lieutenant-colonel Williams, were brought on shore so expeditiously that the column was speedily enabled to move forward.

With a view to turn the enemy's position, our march was directed towards the great road, leading from the country into the rear of the town. Whilst the troops moved off in this direction, rear-admiral Cockburn, to engage the enemy's attention, ordered the armed launches and rocket-boats to commence a fire upon their batteries; this succeeded so completely, that the head of our advanced guard had cleared a wood, and were already on the enemy's flank before our approach was perceived. They then moved from their camp to their position in rear of the town, and here they were vigorously attacked by lieutenant-colonel Napier, and the advance; unable to stand which, they continued their march to the rear of the town, when a detachment, under lieutenant-colonel Williams, conducted by captain Powell, assistant quarter-master-general, pushed through the town, and forced their way across a bridge of planks into the enemy's encampment, of which, and the batteries immediate possession was gained. In the mean time some artillerymen stormed and took the enemy's remaining field-pieces.

Enclosed I have the honour to transmit a return of ordnance taken. Lieutenant-colonel Williams will have the honour of delivering to you a stand of colours of the 68th regiment, James city light infantry, and one of the first battalion 85th regiment. The exact numbers of the enemy it is difficult to ascertain.

From the woody country, and the strength of their positions, our troops have sustained some loss; that of the enemy was very considerable—every exertion was made to collect the wounded Americans, who were attended to by a surgeon of their own, and by the British surgeons, who performed amputations

on such as required it, and afforded every assistance in their power. The dead bodies of such as could be collected, were also carefully buried.

I beg leave on this occasion to express the obligations I owe to lieutenant-colonel Napier, and lieutenant-colonel Williams, for their kind and able assistance; to major Malcolm and captain Smith, and all the officers and men, whose zeal and spirited conduct entitle them to my best acknowledgments.

SYDNEY BECKWITH, Q. M. G.

Return of ordnance stores taken.

Four twelve-pounders in camp.

Three six-pounders do.

Three artillery waggons and horses.

Return of the killed and wounded.—Five killed, twenty-three wounded and ten missing.

James' observations on this affair are worth attention as he does not attempt to conceal the fact, that acts of rapine and violence were committed, unauthorized by the laws of legitimate warfare. James writes, "The Foreign renegadoes (les Chasseurs Britanniques) forming part of the advanced force, commenced perpetrating upon the defenceless inhabitants acts of rapine and violence which unpitied custom has, in some degree, rendered inseparable from places that have been carried by storm, but which are as revolting to human nature, as they are disgraceful to the flag which would sanction them. The instant these circumstances of atrocity reached the ears of the British commanding officer, orders were given to search for, and bring in all the Chasseurs," which was done.

It will be as well to remark in palliation of this, that, immediately after the storming of Hampton, the Commander of the Chasseurs, Captain Smith, waited on the Commander-in-Chief, and informed him that his men, on being remonstrated with respecting their outrageous conduct, declared it to be their intention to give no quarter to Americans, in consequence of their comrades having been so cruelly shot at whilst struggling in the water, and unarmed, before the batteries at Craney Island. The Admiral on learning from Captain Smith his conviction, that his men would act as they had declared they would, was compelled, although short of troops, to embark and send them from the American coast.

We do not pretend to extenuate the ex-

cesses committed, and deplore as heartily as any American that such should have occurred, still we must point out that these grave errors were but the fruit of the seed which Americans themselves had sown; besides, we can adduce from their own journals clear proof that, although many excesses occurred, still these actions have been grossly exaggerated by their historians. The *Georgetown Federal Republican*, of July 7th, a journal published under the very eye of the Government at Washington, testifies "that the statement of the women of Hampton being violated by the British, turns out to be false. A correspondence upon that subject and the pillage said to have been committed there, has taken place between General Taylor and Admiral Warren. Some plunder appears to have been committed, but it was confined to the Chasseurs. Admiral Warren complains, on his part, of the Americans having continued to fire upon the struggling crews of the barges, after they were sunk."

It might have been expected that, when penning their violent philippics against British cruelty and atrocity, this testimony would have had some weight with the denouncers of Admiral Cockburn and his men, but we regret to be compelled to state that in no American history from which we quote, nor in any other, that we have seen or heard of, does this exculpation of the British appear.

Admiral Warren, having effectually succeeded in annihilating the trade along the whole coast of the Chesapeake Bay, dispatched Admiral Cockburn, in the *Sceptre* 74, with the *Romulus*, *Fox* and *Nemesis* all *armés en flûte* to Ocracoke, in North Carolina, for the purpose of striking a blow on the commerce carried on in the adjacent parts. On the 12th of July the expedition arrived off Ocracoke, and preparations for landing were promptly arranged. On the morning of the 18th the troops were embarked under the command of Lieutenant Westphall, first of the *Sceptre*, and making for shore, after some opposition succeeded in capturing two privateers, the *Atlas* of Philadelphia, of ten guns, and the *Anaconda* of New York, of 18 long nines. These vessels took possession of, the troops landed, and without opposition entered Portsmouth. The destruction of the two letters of marque having been accomplished, Admiral

Cockburn re-embarked his men, finding that but few public stores were contained in the place, and that the inhabitants appeared peaceably disposed and disinclined to draw on themselves the chastisement which had attended the resistance made by some of the villages on the Chesapeake Bay.

The operations of the Southern Squadron were completed by the descent on Portsmouth and the British Admiral was satisfied that he had inflicted a blow on American commerce, which it would require years of prosperity to repair. In point of fact the great outlet by which American commerce found a passage had been hermetically sealed and the commerce of Delaware and Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina, may be said to have been virtually extinguished. We will accordingly once more change the scene and again visit the Canadas.

We now transport the reader from a Southern June to a Canadian December, when we find Lieutenant Metcalf and twenty-eight militia capturing thirty-nine regulars, near Chatham. This exploit was but trifling, yet it is not worthy as it proved that General Harrison's occupation of the western peninsula had but served to infuse fresh spirit, and to render the opposition more determined. General Drummond was so satisfied with the gallantry displayed by Lieutenant Metcalf, that he promoted him.

Another circumstance, which, however, was to be expected, must here be noticed. No American has thought it necessary to mention this little expedition, although we hear numerous instances of more trifling affairs being duly chronicled. This, however, would have reflected no credit, hence the universal silence. The next affair was an attempt made by Captain Lewis Basden, commanding the light company of the 89th, and a detachment of the Rangers and Kent militia, under the command of Captain Caldwell, to check the invasion of the Americans along the Detroit and Lake Erie Shores. General Armstrong gives rather a lengthy account of this inroad of the Americans, and observes, "having a worthless object, it ought not to have been adopted. For of what importance to the United States would have been the capture or destruction of a blockhouse, in the heart of an enemy's country more than one hundred miles distant

from the frontier, and which, if held, would have been difficult to sustain, and, if destroyed, easily reinstated." The Americans hearing of the approach of the British party retreated, but were compelled to make a stand, which they did intrenching themselves so effectually that their assailants were compelled to retreat with a loss of sixty-five killed and wounded, amongst them Lieut. Basden. As a proof of the sheltered position of the Americans we may mention that their loss only amounted to four killed and four wounded. The demonstration had, however, the effect of compelling the Americans to abandon any further advance and to retreat as fast as they could. Colonel Butler, the originator of the expedition, has written rather an exaggerated account of it to General Harrison, and he has not failed to reduce Americans by twenty in number, adding at the same time about forty to the British. His letter will, however, speak for itself:—

DEAR SIR—

By Lieutenant Shannon, of the 27th Regt., United States' infantry, I have the honor of informing you, that a detachment of the troops under my command, led by Captain Holmes, of the 24th United States' infantry, has obtained a signal victory over the enemy.

The affair took place on the 4th instant, about 100 miles from this place, on the river de French. Our force consisted of no more than 160 Rangers and mounted infantry. The enemy, from their own acknowledgement, had about 240. The fine light company of the Royal Scots is totally destroyed; they led the attack most gallantly, and their commander fell within ten paces of our front line. The light company of the 89th has also suffered severely; one officer of that company fell, one is a prisoner, and another is said to be badly wounded.

In killed, wounded, and prisoners, the enemy lost about 80, whilst on our part there were but four killed, and four wounded. This great disparity in the loss on each side is to be attributed to the very judicious position occupied by Captain Holmes, who compelled the enemy to attack him at great disadvantage. This even, more gallantly merits the laurel.

Captain Holmes has just returned, and will

furnish a detailed account of the expedition, which shall immediately be transmitted to you.

Very respectfully,

Your most obedient Servant,

H. BUTLER,

Lieut-Col. Commandant at Detroit.

Major-General Harrison.

Enemy's forces, as stated by the prisoners.

Royal Scots,	101
89th Regiment,	45
Militia,	50
Indians,	40 to 60

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We are rather at a loss to guess whether the information, as to force was gained from the one wounded man who fell into Captain Holmes' hands. The return made by the British, shows a loss of fifty-seven instead of eighty killed and wounded, and the only prisoner was a volunteer, who, poor fellow, had only just joined and could scarcely be expected to have had much time to learn particulars as to force.

Again we must, for a short space, leave the west and follow the movement to farther east. We must not omit, however, to chronicle a mistake into which Major General Browne was led, and which must have tended, materially, to lower American Commanders in the estimation of their men.

Wilkinson's memoirs show, clearly, as explained by a letter of General Armstrong, of date the 20th January, that it was contemplated to open the campaign of 1814 by a pretended demonstration in the Upper Canadian peninsula. A twofold object was to be accomplished by this, as to defend the frontier ports along the Niagara would require the union of all the troops in Western Canada, and it would be rendered difficult, if not impossible, to make any demonstrations against Amherstburg, Detroit, or the shipping at Erie and Put-in-bay. Again, this attack would prevent the possibility of any re-inforcements being sent to the lower Province, in case attacks should be contemplated on Kingston, Montreal, or Quebec.

The real orders to General Browne, were, "you will immediately consult with Commodore Chauncey, about the readiness of the fleet, for a descent on Kingston, the moment

the ice leaves the lake. If he deems it practicable, and you think you have troops enough to carry it, you will attempt the expedition. In such an event, you will use the enclosed as a *ruse de guerre*."

The instructions to be used in this manner were "public sentiments will no longer tolerate the possession of Fort Niagara by the enemy. You will therefore move the division which you brought from French Mills, and invest that post. Governor Jenkins will co-operate with his five thousand militia; and Colonel Scott, who is to be made a brigadier, will join you. You will receive your instructions at Onondaga hollow." Poor General Browne, knowing that he would have to wait for some months ere the fleet could move, was induced to mistake the real object of attack, and accordingly marched forthwith his troops, two thousand strong from Sackett's Harbour westward, to the point where he was to receive his instructions; here he was unceasing and had to march back again through the most wretched roads to Sackett's Harbour. This marching and countermarching could not have inspired much confidence in the minds of the soldiery, when the time for action in the western peninsula really did arrive.

During all this time General Wilkinson had been at Plattsburg nursing his wrath against the Canadians and British for the reception which they had accorded to him in his expedition down the St. Lawrence. Finding it impossible, we presume, to restrain his desire for revenge, the General, on the 19th March, advanced with his army from Plattsburg to Swanton, Vermont, near to Missisquoi Bay, on Lake Champlain. On the 22d the General crossed the boundary and took possession of Philipsburg, a village just within the lines. On the 26th, the General re-crossed the lake for the purpose of striking a blow in another and more favorable direction, and we find him on the 29th, at the head of four thousand men holding a council of war to deliberate on an attack to be made on a British force stationed at La Colle Mill, about eight miles from Champlain. We here give the proceedings of the council, and the general order, which was the result of these deliberations.

Minutes of a council of war held at Champlain the 29th of March, 1814.

Present—Brigadier-general Macomb, brig-

adier-general Bissell, brigadier-general Smith, colonel Atkinson, colonel Miller, colonel Cummings, major Pitts, major Totten.

Major-general Wilkinson states to the council, that, from the best information he can collect, the enemy has assembled at the Isle aux Noix and La Colle Mill 2500 men, composed of about 2000 regular troops and 500 militia, of whom, after leaving a garrison of 300 men at Isle aux Noix, 1800 regulars and 500 militia may be brought into action. The corps of the United States, now at this place, consists of 8999 combatants, including 100 cavalry, and 804 artilleryists, with 11 pieces of artillery. The objects of the enemy are unknown, and the two corps are separated nine miles. Under these circumstances the major general submits the following questions for the consideration and opinion of the council.

First—Shall we attack the enemy? and in such case do the council approve the order of march and battle hereunto annexed, with the general order of the day?

Second—When and by what route shall the attack be made, on the plan of the intermediate country hereunto annexed?

Third—Shall a single attack be made with our force combined; or shall two attacks be made; or shall we feint on the right by the shore of the Sorel, or to the left by Odell's mill, to favour the main attack?

The general will be happy to adopt any advantageous change which may be proposed by the council, or be governed by their opinions.

The council is of opinion, that the light troops should cover a reconnoissance towards La Colle Mill; and if it is found practicable, the position should be attacked, and the enemy's works destroyed; that the whole army move to support the light troops; that the order of battle is approved, and the manner and mode of attack must be left entirely with the commanding general.

ALEX. MACOMB,
TH. A. SMITH,
D. BISSELL,
R. PURDY,
JAMES MILLER,
T. H. PITTS,
H. ATKINSON,
JOSEPH G. TOTTEN.

Under existing circumstances my opinion

is, that we go as far as La Colle Mill, designated in the map, to meet the enemy there, and destroy their block-house and the mill in which they are quartered.

M. SMITH, col. 29th inf.

No. 18.

American general order of the 29th of March.

Head-quarters, Champlain, 29th March, 1814.

The army will enter Canada to-morrow to meet the enemy, who has approached in force to the vicinity of the national line of demarcation; the arms and ammunition are therefore to be critically examined, and the men completed to 60 rounds. The commanding officers of corps and companies will be held responsible for the exact fulfilment of this essential order. The troops to be completed to four days' cooked provisions, exclusive of the present; and it is recommended to the gentlemen in commission to make the same provision. No baggage will be taken forward, excepting the bedding of the officers. Let every officer, and every man, take the resolution to return victorious, or not at all: for, with double the force of the enemy, this army must not give ground.

Brigadier-general Macomb having joined with his command, the formation of the troops must necessarily be modified. They are therefore to be formed into three brigades; the first, under general Macomb, consisting of his present command, with the addition of colonel M. Smith's consolidated regiment; second and third, under the command of brigadier-general Smith and Bissell, consisting of the troops already consigned to them. The order of march and battle will be furnished the brigadier generals, and commanding officers of regiments, by the adjutant general.

The transport permit will be immediately returned for, and distributed by regiments.

On the march, when approaching the enemy, or during an action, the men are to be profoundly silent, and will resolutely execute the commands they may receive from the officers. In every movement which may be made, the ranks are to be unbroken, and there must be no running forward or shouting. An officer will be posted on the right of each platoon, and a tried serjeant will form a supernumerary rank, and will instantly put to death any man who goes back. This formation is to

take place by regiments and brigades, in the course of the day, when the officers are to be posted.

Let every man perfectly understand his place; and let all bear in mind what they owe to their own honor and to a beloved country, contending for its rights, and its very independence as a nation.

The officers must be careful that the men do not throw away their ammunition: one deliberate shot being worth half a dozen hurried ones; and they are to give to the troops the example of courage in every exigency which may happen.

In battle there must be no contest for rank or station, but every corps must march promptly and directly to the spot, which it may be directed to occupy. The troops will be under arms at reveillé to-morrow morning, and will be ready to march at a moment's warning.— All orders from the adjutant and inspector-general's department; from captain Rees, assistant-deputy-quarter-master-general; and major Lush and captain Nourse, extra aides de camp to general Wilkinson, will be respected as coming from the commanding general himself. Signed, by order,

W. CUMMINGS, adj. gen.

We have on several occasions been reminded of the old saying, *montes parturiunt nascentur ridiculus mus*, when chronicling the sayings (not doings,) of American commanders, but in no instance have we found more ridiculous results following inflated professions. The proclamation breathed the very spirit of valour, and the orders to conquer or to die were most explicit. A retreat was not to be thought of, and in case any craven spirit should exist amongst the four thousand, (save one,) breasts animated with Wilkinsonian ardour, (perhaps as James has it "as an additional stimulus to glory") a picked man was chosen to whom instructions were given to put to death "any man who goes back."—What could promise more fairly for the annihilation of the twenty-three hundred Britishers. One is almost forced to believe that this proclamation had been drawn up under the supervision of the Cabinet at Washington.—Let us examine, however, before following the steps of the heroes who had just set out, through snow and mud, on the fourth invasion of Canada, how the case really stood.—

For this purpose a passage from James will be sufficient:—

"At St. John's, distant about fourteen miles from the Isle aux Noix, and twenty-one from La Colle river were stationed under the command of lieutenant colonel Sir William Williams, of the 18th regiment, six battalion companies of that regiment, and a battalion of Canadian militia; numbering altogether, about seven hundred and fifty rank and file. At Isle aux Noix, where lieutenant colonel Richard Williams, of the Royal marines, commanded, were stationed the chief part of a battalion of that corps, and the two flank companies of the 18th regiment; in all about five hundred and fifty rank and file. The garrison of La Colle Mill, at which major Handcock, of the 18th regiment, commanded, consisted of about seventy of the marine corps, one corporal, and three marine artillerymen, captain Blake's company of the 18th regiment, and a small detachment of frontier light infantry under captain Ritter; the whole not exceeding one hundred and eighty rank and file. At Whitman's, on the left bank of the Richelieu, distanced about two miles from the Mill, and communicating with Isle aux Noix, was the remaining battalion company of the Canadian fencibles, under captain Cartwright, and a battalion company of Voltigeurs were stationed at Burtonville, distant two miles up La Colle river, and where there had been a bridge, by which the direct road into the province passed."

On a review of these numbers it will be found that there were not altogether more than seventeen hundred and fifty regulars and militia within a circle of twenty five miles in diameter, yet general Wilkinson in the estimate presented to the council numbers the troops at Isle aux Noix, and La Colle, alone, at twenty five hundred and fifty, and designates them all as regular troops with the exception of two companies. Before entering on the expedition we will give a description of this famous post against which four thousand valiant Americans were marching.

The Mill at La Colle was built of stone with walls about eighteen inches thick, having a wooden or shingled roof, and consisting of two stories. It was in size about thirty-six feet by fifty, and situate on the south bank of La Colle river; which was then fro-

zen over nearly to its mouth, or junction with the Richelieu, from which the Mill was about three quarters of a mile distant. The Mill had been placed in a state of defence, by filling up the windows with logs, leaving horizontal interstices to fire through. On the north bank of the river, a little to the right of the Mill, and with which it is communicated by a wooden bridge, was a small house, converted into a block house, by being surrounded with a breast-work of logs. In the rear of this temporary block house was a large barn, to which nothing had been done, and which was not even musket proof. The breadth of the cleared ground, to the southward of the Mill, was about two hundred, and that to the northward, about one hundred yards, but in the flanks the woods were much nearer. The reader has now before him the position and strength of the Mill, the number of troops available for its defence, and the number of the assailants. These points then having been settled, we will accompany General Wilkinson on that march which was to result in victory or death.

The Americans commenced the expedition by setting out in a wrong direction, and instead of La Colle found themselves at Burtonville, where they attacked and drove in a small piquet. This mistake discovered, the march was resumed but again in a wrong direction. At last, however, they got on the main road near Odelltown, about three miles from La Colle. This road was found almost impassable for the troops, in consequence of the trees on either side having been felled, and before the march could be pursued, the axe-men were compelled to cut up and remove the obstruction. While this operation was going on, a piquet sent forward by Major Hancock, opened a severe fire and killed and wounded several men. At last, however, the Mill was reached and by half-past one in the afternoon the American commander had invested the fortress with his nearly four thousand men. As the General very naturally expected that the one hundred and eighty men who composed the garrison, would attempt to escape, six hundred, under Colonel Mills, were sent across in rear of the Mills, to cut off all chance of a retreat. A heavy fire was then opened from an 18-12 and 6 pounder battery, also from a 5½ inch howit-

zer. By this time the two flank companies of the 18th had arrived at the scene of action, and a gallant charge was made by them on the battery, but the overpowering fire kept up compelled them to retreat and recross the river. A second charge was now made by the Fencibles and the Voltigeurs, with the remnant of the two companies of the 18th. This charge was so vigorous that the artillerymen were driven from their guns which were only saved from capture by the heavy fire of the infantry. The evidence as to the gallantry of the British and Canadians is fortunately to be found in the proceedings at General Wilkinson's court martial. Lieutenant-Colonel McPherson who commanded the artillery, deposed on that occasion that, "the ground was disputed inch by inch, in our advance to the mill; and the conduct of the enemy, that day, was distinguished by desperate bravery. As an instance one company made a charge on our artillery, and at the same instant, received its fire, and that of two brigades of infantry." Lieutenant-Col. Totten, of the Engineers, and Brigadier General Bissell might both be also cited as bearing the same testimony. Despite, however, this gallantry, it became apparent to Major Hancock that farther attempts on the guns, in the teeth of such overwhelming superiority in numbers, would be but to sacrifice valuable lives, the men were accordingly withdrawn to act on the defensive. Here we must correct a statement made by General Wilkinson, in his trial, viz., that he had to contend against not only Captain Pring's two sloops, but also two gun-boats at the back of the mill. We assert on the authority of James, and Wilkinson's own memoirs, (vol. 3, p 235,) that not one American officer stated anything of the kind, and that Colonel Totten swore positively "that the fire from the gun-boats was perfectly useless, fifty or a hundred feet above their heads."

It was by this time about dusk, but although the fire of the besieged had slackened for want of powder, the enemy made no attempt to carry the Mill by storm, but retired from the field. Thus ended the fourth great invasion of Canada.

It would almost seem impossible for any historian, however unprincipled to represent this affair in any other light than as a check

of a large by a small body, but nothing, it appears, was too difficult for true patriots, who desired to place their country in the most favorable light. Accordingly we find Messrs. Thompson, O'Connor and Smith explaining away and smoothing the failure of the attack until in their skilful hands, the affair almost assumes the character of a victory. Mr. O'Connor contends that the enemy must not be permitted to claim a victory because circumstances "*concur to render it nearly impossible to drive him from his cowardly stronghold.*" Instead of one hundred and eighty, Dr. Smith places two thousand five hundred men within the Mill, although it is difficult to imagine how so many men could be packed in a building fifty by thirty-six feet—[considering that there were two stories to the Mill, this would be somewhere about an allowance of one and a half feet to each individual.] As the account which has been just given is necessarily imperfect, a despatch from Colonel Williams to Sir George Prevost, is added, which will be found to be detailed and perhaps more satisfactory.

From Lieutenant-Colonel Williams to Sir G Prevost.

La Colle, March 18, 1814.

SIR,—I beg leave to acquaint you, that I have just received from Major Handcock, of the 18th Regiment, commanding at the block-house on La Colle river, a report, stating that the out-posts on the road from Burtonville and La Colle mill, leading from Odell-town, were attacked at an early hour yesterday morning by the enemy in great force, collected from Plattsburgh and Burlington, under the command of Major-General Wilkinson. The attack on the Burtonville road was soon over, when the enemy shewed themselves on the road from the mill that leads direct to Odell-town, where they drove in a piquet stationed in advance of La Colle, about a mile and a half distant; and soon after the enemy established a battery of three guns (12-pounders) in the wood. With this artillery they began to fire on the mill, when Major Handcock, hearing of the arrival of the flank companies of the 13th Regiment at the block-house, ordered an attack on the guns; which, however, was not successful, from the wood being so thick and so filled with men. Soon after, another op-

portunity presented itself, when the Canadian Grenadier Company, and a company of the Voltigeurs, attempted the guns; but the very great superiority of the enemy's numbers, hid in the woods, prevented their taking them.

I have to regret the loss of many brave and good soldiers in these two attacks, and am particularly sorry to lose the service, for a short time, of Captain Ellard, of the 18th Regiment, from being wounded while gallantly leading his company. The enemy withdrew their artillery towards night-fall, and retired, towards morning, from the mill, taking the road to Odell-town.

Major Handcock speaks in high terms of obligation to Captain Ritter, of the Frontier Light Infantry, who, from his knowledge of the country, was of great benefit. The marine detachment, under Lieutenants Caldwell and Barton, the Canadian Grenadier Company, and the company of Voltigeurs, as well as all the troops employed: the Major expresses himself in high terms of praise for their conduct, so honourable to the service.

Major Handcock feels exceedingly indebted to Captain Fring, R.N., for his ready and prompt assistance, in mooring up the sloops and gun-boats from Isle au Noix, to the entrance of the La Colle river, the fire from which was so destructive. Lieutenants Caswick and Hicks, of the royal navy, were most actively zealous in forwarding two guns from the boats, and getting them up to the mill.

To Major Handcock the greatest praise is due, for his most gallant defence of the mill against such superior numbers; and I earnestly trust it will meet the approbation of his excellency the Commander-in-chief of the Forces. I have the honour to transmit a list of the killed and wounded of the British: that of the enemy, from all accounts I can collect from the inhabitants, must have been far greater.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

WILLIAM WILLIAMS,
Lieut.-Col. 18th Reg.,
commanding at St. John's.

List of killed, wounded, and missing, in action at La Colle mill, on the 80th March, 1814.

11 rank and file, killed; 1 captain, 1 subaltern, 1 sergeant, 48 rank and file, wounded; 4 rank and file missing.

Note—1 Indian warrior killed, 1 wounded.

R. B. HANDCOCK, Major.

A comparison between Col. Williams' modest letter, and Mr. O'Connor's version of the same affair will not be uninteresting to the reader:

"The issue of this expedition," says Mr. O'Connor, "was unfortunate, although in its progress it did honor to the Americans engaged. The enemy claimed a victory, and pretended to gather laurels, only because he was not vanquished. General Wilkinson, at the head of his division, marched from Champlain with the intention of reducing the enemy's fortress at the river La Colle.

"About eleven o'clock, he fell in with the enemy at Odell town, three miles from La Colle, and six* from St. John's. An attack was commenced by the enemy on the advance of the army under Colonel Clarke and Major Forsyth. Col. Bissell came up with spirit, and the enemy was forced to retire with loss. General Wilkinson took part in this action, and bravely advanced into the most dangerous position, declining frequently the advice of his officers to retire from imminent danger. The enemy having used his congrève rockets without producing any effect, retired to La Colle, where he was pursued. At this place an action was expected; but the enemy whose force, when increased by a reinforcement from the Isle aux Noix, amounted to at least twenty-five hundred men, mostly regulars, *declined meeting the American force, although much inferior in numbers and means of warfare.*

"Several sorties were made by the enemy, but they were resisted with bravery and success. The conduct of every individual attached to the American command, was marked by that patriotism and prowess, which has so often conquered the boasted discipline, long experience, and military tactics of an enemy who dared not expose his "*invincibles*"† to the disgrace of being defeated by a less numerous force of Yankee wood-men."‡

This extract we would not venture to give without naming also the very page from which it was taken. Would any one, we ask, believe it possible that this writer was describing the repulse of four thousand Americans in an attack on a mill, garrisoned by one hundred and

eighty British—will somewhere about twelve hundred regulars and militia stationed in the vicinity. Even General Wilkinson was compelled to allow, on his trial, that the building was defended by a garrison of, not eighteen hundred regulars and five hundred militia, but of six hundred veteran troops.

Col. McPherson's testimony on the same occasion showed that in his estimation, at all events, the gallantry so much vaunted by Mr. O'Connor was not displayed, and he declared "that the army should have attempted to force a passage into the mill, and employed the bayonet at every sacrifice, or have renewed the attack, with heavier ordnance, at daylight the next morning."

How Messrs. O'Connor, Smith, and Thompson could, with the proceedings of General Wilkinson's trial open to the world, venture to put forth their statements would puzzle any one unaccustomed to their through thick and through thin style of laudation and apology.

James is very severe upon the poor General for the note which he put forward in answer to Col. McPherson's assertion that "the bayonet ought to have been employed." To take such a post, wrote Wilkinson, with small arms, has often been attempted, but never succeeded, from the time of Xenophon who failed in the attempt down to the present day: Xenophon himself was baffled in an attempt against a Castle in the plain of Caius, and also in his attack on the metropolis of the Drylanes, and in times modern as well as ancient, we have abundant examples of the failure of military enterprises, by the most distinguished chiefs."

Before giving James's comments on this note we would suggest to General Wilkinson and his three apologists that an attack on a Stone Castle with narrow slits for the double purpose of admitting light and discharging arrows, cross-bolts, or javelins, and an attack on a Mill, (where is not usually a lack of good sized windows,) with musketry and a well served battery of three heavy guns, are not quite one and the same thing. As the General has gone so far out of his way to find an excuse, we also may be excused for travelling back a few years, in order to confute his assertions. In that veracious historical

* We presume Mr. O'Connor means twenty-six miles.

† These italics are Mr. O'Connor's.

‡ History of the War, page 219.

work generally known as *Ivanhoe*,* we have an instance of a stone castle being carried by a rabble armed with bows, bill hooks, and spears, assisted only by one Knight. Now if such deeds of *derring do* could be effected by the brave foresters of olden times, we opine that American woodsmen, especially when aided by a General *whom it was difficult to keep out of danger*, should have at least attempted one onslaught. The whole passage, however, is too ridiculous to laugh at, we will therefore return to James, who, commenting on the General's note in justification, observes "General James Wilkinson, of the United States Army, then has the effrontery to compare his disgraceful discomfiture before a Canadian grist mill, with what occurred to—Lord Wellington at Burgos—Bonaparte at St. Jean D'Acres—and General Graham at Burgos. James here declares himself to be as sick of the Bobadil General, as he presumes, his readers to be.

We have dwelt sufficiently long on this subject, and will therefore but remark that Wilkinson returned after his repulse to his old quarters, relieving the Canadians from fear, not of his men as soldiers, but as marauders and pillagers, quite as expert as the much abused sailors and soldiers of the Chesapeake squadron.

The next event which occurred was one for which Sir George Prevost has been severely blamed. Commodore McDonough had just launched a ship and a brig, both destined for service in Lake Champlain—and had also collected a great store of provisions and munitions of war at Vergennes, Vermont. On the 9th May Captain Pring judging that the ice was sufficiently broken to allow his using the flotilla under his command, determined to attack the place and destroy at once the ships and stores. He, however, found the enemy in too great force for him to effect any movement, as he was without troops to attack the enemy on shore, he was therefore compelled to return to Isle Aux Noix.

James remarks on this affair: "had a corps of eight or nine hundred men been spared, the lives of Downie and his brave comrades

would have been saved in the September following, and all the attendant circumstances, still so painful to reflect upon, would have been averted. Veritas in his letters speaks still more plainly, "Captain Pring applied to Sir George for troops—as usual the application was refused—but when Captain Pring returned, and reported to Sir George *what might have been done by a joint attack then*, he was offered assistance, to which offer the Captain replied, that it was *then too late*, as the enemy had taken alarm and prepared accordingly." Sir George's mistake in not despatching troops, whether asked for or not, on this expedition, will be more clearly understood when we reach that part of our narrative, relating to the attack in which Captain Downie lost his life.

From the River Richelieu we must transport the reader to Ontario, and follow the fortunes of the expedition against Oswego, a place, next to Sackett's Harbour, of the most importance to the enemy, and at which it was supposed that large quantities of naval stores had been deposited. On the 3rd of May the fleet under the command of Sir James Yeo, embarked at Kingston, a body of one thousand and eighty men, all included, and on the 4th, General Drummond himself embarked. At three o'clock in the afternoon of the 4th the fleet had arrived sufficiently near Oswego to open their fire, and preparations were at the same time made for disembarking the troops; this movement, however, was frustrated by a gale springing up which compelled them to claw off a lee shore, and gain an offing. The three despatches which follow, will convey a very clear idea of the proceedings which took place as soon the weather moderated. The first is from General Drummond.

H. M. S. Prince Regent

Oswego, May 7.

SIR—I am happy to have to announce to your Excellency the complete success of the expedition against Oswego. The troops mentioned in my despatch of the 3rd instant; viz, six companies of De Watteville's regiment, under Lieutenant Colonel Fischer, the light company of the Glengarry light infantry, under Captain Mc Millan, and the whole of the second battalion royal marines, under Lieutenant Colonel Malcolm, having been embar-

*We contend that *Ivanhoe* is quite as reliable authority as either Smith, O'Connor, or Thompson.

led with a detachment of the royal artillery under captain Cruttenden, with two field-pieces, a detachment of the rocket company under Lieutenant Stevens, and a detachment of sappers and miners under Lieutenant Gosset, of the royal engineers, on the evening of the 3rd instant, I proceeded on board the Prince Regent at day-light on the 4th, and the squadron immediately sailed; the wind being variable, we did not arrive off Oswego until noon the following day. The ships lay to, within long gun-shot of the battery, and the gun-boats under captain Collier were sent close in, for the purpose of inducing the enemy to shew his fire, and particularly the number and position of his guns. This service was performed in the most gallant manner, the boats taking a position within point-blank shot of the fort, which returned the fire from four guns, one of them heavy. The enemy did not appear to have any guns mounted on the town-side of the river.

Having sufficiently reconnoitred the place, arrangements were made for its attack, which it was designed should take place at eight o'clock that evening; but at sun-set a very heavy squall blowing directly on the shore, obliged the squadron to get under weigh, and prevented our return until next morning; when the following disposition was made of the troops and squadron by commodore sir J. Yeo and myself. The Princess Charlotte, Wolfe,* and Royal George,† to engage the batteries, as the depth of water would admit of their approaching the shore; the Sir Sidney Smith‡ schooner, to scour the town, and keep in check a large body of militia, who might attempt to pass over into the fort; the Moira§ and Melville¶ brigs, to tow the boats with the troops, and then cover their landing, by scouring the woods on the low point towards the foot of the hill, by which it was intended to advance to the assault of the fort.

Captain O'Connor had the direction of the boats and gun boats destined to land the troops, which consisted of the flank companies of De Watteville's regiment, the company of the Glengarry light infantry, and the second battalion of the royal marines, being all that could be landed at one embarkation. The

four battalion companies of the Regiment De Watteville, and the detachment of artillery remaining in reserve on board the Princess Charlotte and Sir Sidney Smith Schooner.

As soon as every thing was ready, the ships opened their fire, and the boats pushed for the point of disembarkation, in the most regular order. The landing was effected under a heavy fire from the fort, as well as from a considerable body of the enemy, drawn up on the brow of the hill and in the woods. The immediate command of the troops was entrusted to Lieutenant-Colonel Fischer, of the regiment of De Watteville, of whose gallant, cool, and judicious conduct, as well as of the distinguished bravery, steadiness, and discipline of every officer and soldier composing this small force, I was a witness, having, with commodore sir James Yeo, the deputy-adju-tant-general, and the officers of my staff, landed with the troops.

I refer your excellency to Lieut.-Col. Fischer's letter enclosed, for an account of the operations. The place was gained in ten minutes from the moment the troops advanced. The fort being every where almost open, the whole of the garrison, consisting of the third battalion of artillery, about 400 strong, and some hundred militia, effected their escape, with the exception of about 60 men, half of them severely wounded.

I enclose a return of our loss, amongst which I have to regret that of Captain Halloway, of the royal marines. Your excellency will lament to observe in the list the name of that gallant, judicious, and excellent officer, captain Mulcaster, of the royal navy, who landed at the head of 200 volunteer seamen from the fleet, and received a severe and dangerous wound, when within a few yards of the guns, which he was advancing to storm, which I fear will deprive the squadron of his valuable assistance for some time at least.

In noticing the co-operation of the naval branch of the service, I have the highest satisfaction in assuring your excellency, that I have throughout this, as well as on every other occasion, experienced the most zealous, cordial, and able support from sir James Yeo. It will be for him to do justice to the merits of those under his command; but I may nevertheless be permitted to observe, that nothing could exceed the coolness and gallant-

*Montreal. †Niagara. ‡Magnet. §Charwell.
¶Star.

try in action, or the unwearied exertions on shore, of the captains, officers, and crews of the whole squadron.

I enclose a memorandum of the captured articles that have been brought away, in which your excellency will perceive with satisfaction seven heavy guns, that were intended for the enemy's new ship. Three 32 pounders were sunk by the enemy in the river, as well as a large quantity of cordage, and other naval stores. The loss to them, therefore, has been very great; and I am sanguine in believing that by this blow, they have been deprived of the means of completing the armament, and particularly the equipment, of the large man of war, an object of the greatest importance.

Every object of the expedition having been effected, and the captured stores embarked, the troops returned in the most perfect order on board their respective ships, at four o'clock this morning, when the squadron immediately sailed; the barracks in the town, as well as those in the fort, having been previously burnt, together with the platforms, bridge, &c. and the works in every other respect dismantled and destroyed, as far as practicable.

I cannot close this dispatch without offering to your excellency's notice the admirable and judicious manner in which lieutenant-colonel Fischer formed the troops, and led them to the attack; the cool and gallant conduct of lieutenant-colonel Malcolm, at the head of the second battalion royal marines; the intrepidity of captain de Berzey, of the regiment de Watteville, who commanded the advance; the zeal and energy of lieutenant colonel Parson, inspecting field-officer, who with major Smelt, of the 108rd regiment, had obtained a passage on board the squadron to Niagara, and volunteered their services on the occasion; the gallantry of captain M'Millan, of the Glengarry light infantry who covered the left flank of the troops in advance; and the activity and judgment of captain Cruttenden, royal artillery; brevet-major De Courten, of the regiment de Watteville; lieutenant Stevens, of the rocket company; lieutenant Gosset, royal engineers, each in their respective situations.

Lieutenant-colonel Malcolm has reported in high terms the conduct of lieutenant Lawrie, of the royal marines, who was at the head of the first men who entered the fort; and I had

an opportunity of witnessing the bravery of lieutenant Hewett, of that corps, who climbed the flag-staff and pulled down the American ensign which was nailed to it. To lieutenant-colonel Harvey, deputy-adjutant-general, my warmest approbation is most justly due, for his unremitting zeal and useful assistance. The services of this intelligent and experienced officer have been so frequently brought under your excellency's observation before that it would be superfluous my making any comment on the high estimation in which I hold his valuable exertions.

Captain Jervois, my aide-camp, and lieutenant-colonel Hagerman, my provincial aide de camp, the only officers of my personal staff who accompanied me, rendered me every assistance.

Captain Jervois, who will deliver to your excellency, with this despatch, the American flag taken at Oswego, is fully able to afford every further information you may require; and I avail myself of the present opportunity strongly to recommend this officer to the favorable consideration of his royal highness the commander in chief.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

GORDON DRUMMOND.

Col Fischer's letter to Colonel Harvey, and that from Sir James Yeo to McCraker, being more explanatory, will furnish still more conclusive evidence, as to the importance of this affair.

From lieutenant-colonel Fischer to lieutenant-colonel Harvey.

H. M. S. Prince Regent, off Oswego,
SIR, Lake Ontario, May 7.

It is with heartfelt satisfaction that I have the honor to report to you, for the information of lieutenant-general Drummond, commanding, that the troops placed under my orders for the purpose of storming the fort at Oswego, have completely succeeded in this service.

It will be superfluous for me to enter into any details of the operations, as the lieutenant-general has personally witnessed the conduct of the whole party; and the grateful task only remains to point out for his approbation, the distinguished bravery and discipline of the troops.

The second battalion of royal marines

formed their column in the most regular manner, and, by their steady and rapid advance, carried the fort in a very short time. In fact, nothing could surpass the gallantry of that battalion, commanded by lieutenant-colonel Malcolm; to whose cool and deliberate conduct our success is greatly to be attributed.

The lieutenant-colonel reported to me, in high terms, the conduct of lieutenant James Laurie, who was at the head of the first men who entered the fort. The two flank companies of De Watteville's, under captain De Bersey, behaved with spirit, though labouring with more difficulties during their formation, on account of the badness of the landing place, and the more direct opposition of the enemy. The company of Glengarry light infantry, under captain M'Millan, behaved in an equally distinguished manner, by clearing the wood, and driving the enemy into the fort. I beg leave to make my personal acknowledgements to staff-adjutant Greig, and lieutenant and adjutant Mermet, of De Watteville's, for the zeal and attention to me during the day's service. Nor can I forbear to mention the regular behavior of the whole of the troops during their stay on shore, and the most perfect order in which the re-embarkation of the troops has been executed, and every service performed.

I enclose herewith the return of killed and wounded, as sent to me by the different corps.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

V. FISCHER,

Lieut.-col. De Watteville's regiment.

Lieut.-col. Harvey,

Deputy adjutant-general.

Return of killed and wounded of the troops in action with the enemy at Oswego, on the 10th of May, 1814.

Total—1 captain, 2 sergeants, 1 drummer, 15 rank and file, killed; 1 captain, 1 subaltern, 2 sergeants, 58 rank and file, wounded.

J. HARVEY,

Lieut.-col. dep.-adj.-gen.

Return of the killed and wounded of the royal navy at Oswego, May 6.

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

Total—8 killed; 11 wounded.

J. LAWRIE, sec.

His majesty's brig Magnet, (late Sir Sidney Smith, Off Oswego, U. S. May 7.

Return of ordnance and ordnance-stores, taken and destroyed at Oswego, Lake Ontario, the 6th May, 1814, by his majesty's troops under the command of lieut. genl. Drummond.

Taken;—3 32 pounder iron guns, 4 24-pounder iron guns, 1 12-pounder iron gun, 1 6-pounder iron gun.—Total 9.

Destroyed;—1 heavy 12 pounder, 1 heavy 6-pounder.—Total 2.

Shot;—81 42-pounder, round; 32 32-pounder, round; 36 42 pounder, canister; 42 32-pounder, canister; 30 24 pounder, canister; 12 42-pounder, grape; 48 32-pounder, grape; 18 24-pounder, grape.

Eight barrels of gunpowder, and all the shot of small calibre in the fort, and stores, thrown into the river.

EDWARD CRUTTENDEN, captain,
commanding royal artillery.

E. BAYNES, adj.-general.

Memorandum of provisions stores, captured.

One thousand and forty-five barrels of flour, pork, potatoes, salt, tallow, &c. &c. 70 coils of rope and cordage; tar, bladders, (large and small,) 2 small schooners, with several boats, and other smaller craft.

NOAH FREER, mil. Sec.

DEATH.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

Angel, who treadest in the track of Time?
Guarding the entrance to that unknown clime,
Whence come no whispers to the world below,
Whence not a song we hear
Of triumph or of cheer,
Or sound of happy footsteps passing to and fro.

Pale as the Maybell trembling in the breeze
Thou makest youthful cheeks. The summer suns
Lose their calm blue beneath thy waving wing;
Fierce storms thou summonest
From the deep mountain-breast,
To be thy pursuivants when thou art wandering.

Thy name is terrible; thine icy breath
Stern order to the War-Fiend uttereth,
Who stains the pleasant turf a fearful red;
Or dashes in the wave
A myriad spirits brave,
For whose eternal rest no saintly song is said.

THOUGHTS FOR JUNE

Howitt, in his book of the seasons, commences his beautiful chapter on June with a joy and gladness of tone inspired by the glad-some occasion. "Welcome" he writes "once more to sweet June, the month which comes
"Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrowned"

This idea of the blending of the two seasons has a peculiar signification to Canadians, as with them, scarce has the spring made her appearance, when they find themselves in the full leaf of summer, and it is indeed startling to behold how far, in a few days, the season has advanced

*"Blushing, knowing not their doom,
 See the early blossoms come,
 Redolent with Heaven's sent grace,
 But to yield to summer place."*

We miss in this country the coy approaches with which the summer appears, and it would almost seem as if the remark that "America has no youth," were applicable to her seasons. In our father-land each season may be almost said to be woo'd by its successor to yield to its advances, and even should grim winter maintain his place, and prove obdurate to the whispering of the "sweet south," his lingering icicles, when constrained to yield to the more ardent advances of this month, but serve to carry fertility to the parched fields.

With the advance of the month a striking change comes over the landscape, and the pale green of the woods and fields assume a deeper and stronger tint, emblematic of the growth of the year. This change extends also to the flowers, and the bright decided colours of June present a marked contrast to the more delicate hues of the first creations of spring.

These changes are but too often permitted by the unthinking to pass unnoticed, and alas! that it is so, for

*"Thus they come, and thus depart
 Powerful whisperer to the heart
 Of mutability below :—
 Of human weal and human woe :
 The spring of hope, the summer sky,
 When joy seemed all too bright to die."*

We are often, and with much justice, taunted that our woods lack the sweet "wood notes wild" which charm the ear in the mother country, but to a mind properly attuned to nature's voice, there is as much pleasure in

hearing the shrill cries of the insect tribe, as the sweetest songster of the grove, for we reflect that these, too, are a thanksgiving hymn.

The nightingale or linnet

"With unnumbered notes"

may woo their mates more melodiously, but not more cheerily, nor is the grasshopper's shrill pipe less significant of perfect happiness. When, too, at nightfall the glow-worm lights her lamp we have another and, indeed, shining proof of the wonderful adaptation by nature of the means to the end.

Cultivation has not yet prepared for us the perfection of rural wildness to be found when sauntering through the lanes and copses of "merrie England;" we miss the quiet beauty of the banks and braes of bonny Scotland, or the stern grandeur of her mountain scenery; we sigh unconsciously as we compare our somewhat tame landscape with the beauty of Killarney or Wicklow, but soon returns the thought that, despite the alluring attractions of our Fatherland, in Canada the June sun sheds its brightness over a country whose aspect offers a purer and a higher charm. As we gaze on the wide spread though rough cultivation, and mark the smoke ascending from many a homestead, although "unembowered by trees," the reflection arises that those homesteads are owned by a happy and independent class, who can never be exposed to the vicissitudes that would mark their pilgrimage in their native country—we remember that each man sits beneath the shadow of his own roof, and we fervently bless the Almighty disposer of all good for the change.

It must not, however, be supposed that, to these reflections alone a Canadian June is indebted for welcome. The month is the very carnival of nature, and most profusely are her treasures poured out, as if to make amends for her lingering approach. It is a perfect luxury to roam through the woods, and commune with Nature, as she "indulges," says Howitt, "every sense with sweetness, loveliness and harmony."

Sheep shearing is an interesting ceremony in this land, but lacks the observances with which the occasion was formerly marked. "It was," says Howitt, "a time of merry-making, the maidens, in their best attire, waited on the shearers to receive and roll up the fleeces. A feast was made, and King and

Queen elected; or, according to Drayton's "Polyolbion," the king was pre-elected by a fortunate circumstance

"The Shepherd King

Whose flocks had chanced that year the earliest lamb to bring,—

In his gay baldric sits at his low grassy board,
With flowers curds, clouted cream, and country dainties stored.

We lack the observances, but still it is with great interest that, as we approach some bend in the river, where a deep pool has been formed, we watch the operation and the sturdy arms employed in throwing in or washing the sheep.

Occasionally but very rarely, are the first offerings made to the passing year by the mowers, and the luxuriant grass bows its head before the scythe, emblematic of the lapse of time and our common lot. We will not, however, indulge these thoughts, but will say

"Speed, then, chasing seasons, speed,
Fade the flower, and thrive the weed;
Good and evil here must blend,
Lightnings flash, and storms descend:
But a few revolving years,
Chequered o'er with smiles and tears,
Bide we yet,—when freed, shall soar.
The spirit to a happier shore—
Come like shadows—so depart;
Not a pang shall wring my heart,
Passing to a brighter world,
Faith, with banner wide unfurled,
Shall on high the cross display,
Point to heaven and lead the way;
Chase the mists that round me rise,
And bear me upward to the skies."

ON RUSSIA.

BY REV. R. F. BURNS, KINGSTON.

IN ANY circumstances it would not be uninteresting or unprofitable to contemplate a country which covers nearly a ninth part of the habitable globe—which contains fully 60 millions of the earth's population, and with which are associated, directly or indirectly some of the leading events that figure on the page of modern history. But now when we have, unhappily for the prosperity of Europe, been brought into collision with this country, and that the peace of nearly forty years is disturbed, by its ambitious and aggressive spirit, the subject is pressed upon us with more than ordinary force, and should secure on our part more than ordinary attention. Standing on the threshold of 1853 the most lynx eyed observer could not detect on the surface of the political horizon even a little cloud of hand breadth dimensions. It

seemed as if the sublime peace congress, of which the Crystal Palace was the scene, had inaugurated a new era, during which the hatchet of strife would be buried, the boom of the cannon hushed, the finer feelings of our nature obtain full play, and an universal brotherhood be established. The cotton princes of Manchester hailed the coming coronation of their favourite idea, and even the most suspicious were beginning to feel as if there was more of fact than of fancy in the opinion that the rivalry in arts had permanently succeeded the rivalry in arms. 1854 has dawned on a different spectacle. The clouds have suddenly gathered. The most sceptical cannot presume to deny that a storm impends. Nicholas I. aping the airs and assuming the mantle of Napoleon I., desires to grasp the world.

On the most pitiful pretence the gauntlet of defiance has been thrown down. To pamper the pride and aggrandize the power of this modern Goliath, an arrest must be laid on the wheels of the world's progress—the hum of peaceful industry be exchanged for the din of battle, and the happiness of the social circle for the misery of the camp and the field. What momentous issues hang on the lips of a single mortal! How the complexion of the world may be changed by a single word? And yet while we wait in painful suspense—the altar to the moloch of war has been reared, the victims are being piled upon it—the sacrifice is going on—

"Hark, heard ye not those sounds of dreadful note,
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the hearth,
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrant slaves?—the fires of death,
The bale fires flash on high;—from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

In view of the coming struggle it is well for us to know the worst. It is the dictate of sound policy calmly to contemplate the resources of that formidable power which has assumed the heavy responsibility of attempting to turn the world upside down. That this power is formidable it would be foolish to deny. Convinced though we be that with the foremost of civilized nations ranged on the opposite side, the issue will not be doubtful, still we cannot afford to treat with derision the threats emanating from a country of which Napoleon the Great declared "backed by the eternal ices of the pole which must forever render it unassailable in rear or flank, it can only be attacked, even on its vulnerable front, during three or four months in the year, while it has the whole twelve to render available against us. It

offers to an invader nothing but the rigours of sufferings and privations of a desert soil, of a nature half dead and frozen, while its inhabitants will ever precipitate themselves with transport towards the delicious climates of the south. To these physical advantages we must join an immense population of brave, hardy, devoted, passive and vast nomade tribes to whom destitution is habitual and wandering is nature. One cannot help shuddering at the thought of such a mass, who can at any time with impunity inundate you, while, if defeated it has only to retire into the midst of its snows and ices, where pursuit is impossible and reparation of loss, easy, it is the Anteus of the fable which cannot be overcome but by seizing it by the middle and stifling it in the arms, but where is the Hercules to be found who will attempt such an enterprise. He did, who could alone attempt it, and the world knows what success he had.—Show me an Emperor of Russia, brave, able and impetuous—in a word—a Czar who is worthy of his situation—and Europe is at his feet. We may smile at the conceit of the caged Eagle, and deem the picture over-drawn, still there is in it substantial truth. From that rock to which Prometheus-like he was bound, the mind of the chafed exile reverted to that memorable campaign, (the turning point in his eventful history) when nearly half a million of his best troops found a sepulchre in the snow: the voice from St. Helena should not fall upon listless ears. It should be heeded, not to produce a panic but to impart a spur—not to make our illustrious fatherland with her powerful allies flee with craven heart from the field, but that the means of resistance may be made on a scale proportionate to the magnitude of the foe to be met, and to the momentousness of the interests involved.

I. The source of this mighty Empire like that of some mighty rivers it is difficult to discover.—We wend our way upwards along the stream of its history till we almost lose ourselves amid the brakey thickets of the past.

It has been conjectured that the children of Magog the son of Japhat pitched their tents on this bleak northern region which forms a section of the Empire in its present form, soon after the Babel dispersion. By the Romans they were denominated Scythians, and were little better than the painted savages of Britain, or the aborigines of our own American continent. They were merged in the Slavonians who flocked eastward from the banks of the Danube and settled down in the neighbourhood of the Dnieper and the Baltic. They were strangers to the arts of civilized life—they were addicted to fishing, hunting

and plunder. Though their habits were wild and wandering, they found it necessary for mutual safety to have common meeting points and as much as possible to keep together. Mud cabins were erected and out of these sprang in course of time the flourishing cities of Kiow and Novogorod.

Towards the Ninth Century the waters of the Baltic were ploughed by the sharp keels of a race of Pirates, who seized upon every luckless craft with which they came in contact, and made repeated descents on the countries bordering on that great northern sea. They formed a portion of the Ancient Scandinavians and were composed principally of the junior branches of wealthy families, who, having no inheritance in store for them, sought one on the bosom of the deep. It was not to be expected that the rising communities to which we have referred, would escape their notice. Accordingly, we find that in 862 A.D. an event occurred corresponding closely to that which in 1066 changed the current of our national history. As the Normans invaded Britain and became gradually amalgamated with the Saxons, so the Varangians (originally belonging to the same flock) invaded Slavonia and were amalgamated with the Sclavi. Ruric, the Varangian chief, acted exactly the part of William the Conqueror, and the plains of Novogorod witnessed a contest precisely similar to that of which, two centuries after, Hastings was the scene.

Russia took its name from the victorious Ruric, —and Russia's history proper dates from the period of the Varangian conquest.

II. From an origin so obscure sprung the Russian Empire—an empire now rivalling the Ancient Roman, and threatening the world's peace. One cannot help feeling struck at the advancement it has made, if not in mental and moral, at all events in material wealth. As we overleap the interval between Ruric and Nicholas, we behold the territory that fringed the Dnieper and the Baltic stretching into two hemispheres—we behold the little one that was rocked in such a rough cradle becoming a thousand, and the small one a strong nation.

We may reasonably doubt the durability of the materials of which the Russian Empire is composed, and the permanence of the basis on which it rests, but none can be blind to the vastness of the field it embraces or the value of the resources it contains. It is represented in three divisions of our globe,—Europe, Asia and America,—and comprises an area of nearly seven million square miles. Take the Asiatic part alone and people it in the same ratio as Great Britain and Ireland,

and it would accommodate more than the population of our globe. Take the European part, and you could put into it the British Isles sixteen times over. Its length has been estimated at 9200 miles—its breadth at 2400, including 150 degrees of longitude and 39 degrees of latitude. Within this wide range meet the extremes of verdure and barrenness—of heat and cold. At Archangel the ground is covered with a constant mantle of snow; the thermometer ranges, oftentimes, between 30° and 40° below zero—there is the piercing atmosphere of the Arctic regions. At Taurida, snow is a rarity, the rigors of frost are unknown—there is the bright sky and balmy atmosphere, and rich soil of Italy.

“While in its northern extremities the cold is so intense, and vegetation, in consequence, so stunted, that a birch tree, full grown and of perfect form, can be carried in the palm of the hand; in its southern latitudes the richest fruits of the vine, the apricot and the peach ripen on the sunny slopes of the Crimea, and fields of roses which perfume the air for miles around, flower in luxuriant beauty on the shores of the Danube.” (Allsen.)

Of this southern region Professor Pallas has furnished such a fascinating picture as to make us almost feel as if the curse of Eden had been rolled away and Paradise regained. “These valleys—which are blessed with the climate of Anatolia and lesser Asia, where the winter is scarcely sensible, where the primroses and spring saffron bloom in February and often in January, and where the oak frequently retains its foliage throughout the whole winter—are, in regard to botany and rural economy, the noblest tract in Taurida, or perhaps in the whole extent of the empire. Here, on all sides, flourish, in open air, the olive tree, the ever-verdant laurel, the lotus, the pomegranate, and the celtia, which, perhaps, are the remains of Grecian cultivation. In these happy valleys the forest consists of fruit trees of every kind, or rather they form a large orchard left entirely to itself. The contrast of the rich verdure with the beautiful wildness presented by the adjacent mountains and rocks, the natural fountains and cascades that agreeably present their rushing waters, the near view of the sea where the sight is lost in the unbounded prospect; all these beauties together form so picturesque and delightful a whole, that even the enraptured muse of the poet or the painter would not be able to conceive a more captivating scene.” Despite the trackless wastes with which it abounds, Russia possesses not a few such green spots on which spontaneously grow the finest fruits and flowers of which any conservatory can boast.

Viewing Russia in its physical aspect, we mark again a series of vast plains, called *Steppes*, resembling the sands of Africa or the Prairies and Pampas in the west and south of America. Towards the centre of Siberia and the banks of the Volga their undulating surface swells out, interspersed with lakes of salt and occasional patches of verdure.

The boundless forests form a striking contrast to the leafless plains. In the northern provinces especially, those present a dense barrier which no army could penetrate, and which, it might almost be supposed, the sweeping scythe of time itself, would fail to exterminate. Here we find 216 millions of acres of fir and pine—there 47 millions. Here we find 8 millions and a half oaks of the largest size, fit to supply for a lengthened period the masts of the world. There again *three hundred and fifteen millions* of lesser dimensions. Thus, in a country which geologists have declared to be like our own, destitute of coal, Providence has kindly furnished a substitute to an almost unlimited extent. Though thus distinguished by forests and sandy plains, Russia is by no means destitute of mountains. The principal ranges are the *Caucasian*, separating Russia on the one side, and Persia on the other, and stretching between the Black and Caspian seas: the *Altai* separating Russia on the south from the vast Empire of China:—*Olenok* running the length of 1000 miles between the Swedish frontiers and the cheerless banks of the White Sea:—The *Uralian* forming the wall of partition between the two grand divisions of the Empire, and the *Volgæ* forming the elevated background to the road that leads from St. Petersburg to Moscow.

In the bleak region of *Kamtschatka* there are mountains, the gaping craters on whose summit, and the burning springs in whose neighbourhood attest their volcanic character, but where the devouring element is at present hushed. It is singular in the bowels of a region bound with eternal frost, to find such smouldering fires. Russia is distinguished almost as much by water as by wood. We meet with rivers, lakes, gulphs, seas; some of them of great size and importance. Amongst rivers the principal are the *Onega* flowing into the White Sea: the *Neva*, into the Baltic: the *Dniester* and the *Don* into the Black Sea, and the *Volga*, into the Caspian.

Amongst lakes, *Ladoga* and *Onega* are perhaps the largest of any in Europe, the one being 120 and the other 150 miles long. *Baikal* in Asiatic Russia is hardly inferior, and serves important commercial purposes. But none of them can for a moment be compared with those man-

moth inland seas with which we are familiar. Among Gulphs we find Finland and Archangel. And among seas, leaving out of account the Arctic Ocean, and that part of the Pacific denominated the Eastern Archipelago, the Black Sea 800 miles long, the Caspian 760, and the Baltic, 700, stand prominent.

Russia constitutes a fine field for the mineralogist. In the European part we meet with iron and copper. In the Asiatic part we meet with gold, lead, silver, and precious stones. On the ridges both of the Ural and the Caucasus, rich veins have been discovered which were successfully wrought a century and a half ago. The Siberian tract, regarded by many as a wilderness, has disclosed such hidden treasures as the topaz, the hyacinth, the emerald, the beryl, the onyx, the jasper, and the crysolite. Who knows but that yet, as in the case of California and Australia an all-wise Providence may employ the fact of its being such a rich repository as a means of opening up a mighty district of country that would otherwise by reason of physical barriers remain closed against the civilized world.

The animal kingdom is as prolific as the mineral. Russia has most of the animals that abound throughout Europe in general, with some peculiar to itself. The Lithuanian and Livonian horses are celebrated for their strength, beauty, and speed. The vine-clad steppes and verdant vales of Taurida supply the richest pasture for sheep, whose wool will challenge competition with the world, and whose numbers are such; that a flock of 80,000 possessed by a single farmer is not uncommon.

The undulating steppes of Siberia form a spacious hunting ground over which scamper at large the wild horse, the wild ass, and the argali or wild sheep. The deep fissures and beetling crags of the Classical Caucasus are frequented by the shaggy bison, and the frisking chamois. Lapland is inseparably associated with the useful reindeer, and Kamtschatka with the costly sable. On the banks of some of the lakes and rivers are to be found the stag, the wild boar, the musk, and the beaver. Seals swarm about the inlets of the great Northern Ocean, while walrusse infest its shores. The leading seas teem with fish, and the entire Empire with fowls of every description.

III. But we must pass from the physical to the civil aspect of Russia—from the geographical, vegetable, mineral, and animal departments, to that with which man has more directly to do.

At different periods in Russian History, we find government assuming different phases. At first it wore a republican air. With the increase

of the aristocratic element, a sort of oligarchy came into existence. Then a limited monarchy had the ascendant, but with the weakening of the power of the nobility, and the abolition of constitutional usages, this has given place to a rigid despotism. It is not very long since this despotism burst into its present full blown dimensions. Till towards the close of the 17th century the responsibility of the Emperor was shared with the Boyards and Burghers, who were the same as our Lords and Commons. Since the advent of Peter the Great, a death-blow has been dealt to the influence of both these classes, and now there is nothing to span the gulph between the solitary sovereign on the one hand and his myriad serfs on the other. The sovereign is regarded (like the Lama of Tibet, or the Emperor of China) as partaking of the divine as well as the human, and as uniting in his single person supreme religious as well as civil authority. The most blind submission is rendered, the most blasphemous homage is paid to him; from his will there is no appeal; to his every caprice the utmost deference must be shewn.

Peter thought nothing of caning or kicking, his proudest nobles. His head feeling cold one day in church, he, without the slightest ceremony transferred to it the immense wig of a courtier sitting by, leaving his exposed cranium as a subject for the suppressed tittering of the assembled congregation. During the reign of Paul, the father of the present Emperor, despotism in its most repulsive form was rampant.

Decrees were issued with the most solemn and pompous preambles, regulating the cut and colour of the clothes, and minutely specifying the mode in which the hair should be worn. If any man did not appear dressed in a cocked hat, or in a round hat, pinned up with three corners, a long Chinese pig-tail hanging down the back—a single breasted coat and waistcoat—knee buckles instead of strings, (the Emperor was death on pantaloons) he ran the risk of being thrown into prison or hurried off in a sledge to Siberia. One man was publicly whipped for having his neck cloth too thick. An unfortunate lady because her hair happened to hang over her neck (a slight deviation from the imperial statute), was closely confined and fed on bread and water. A devotee of the Muse, who wrote an epigram composed of two lines, which were supposed to contain a slight on the Emperor, had his tongue cut out and was transported to a savage region on the N. West coast of America. It is amazing how the most distinguished nobles will submit without a murmur to the greatest indignities from their chief. The Emperor Alexander (brother and predecessor

of Nicholas) asked one of them one day what favor he could confer upon him. As if it was an honor to be noticed at all, the contemptible fragment of humanity replied; "Whenever thou meetest me at Court whisper in my ear, Thou art an ass." The present Emperor is doing all in his power to maintain this servile spirit on the part of his nobles. He encourages their keeping up the most expensive establishments, expecting that thereby they may become involved in the meshes of bankruptcy, and that their estates may revert to the crown. He delights in keeping them in hot water one with another, and in allowing the veriest upstarts to step over their heads into seats of honor and emolument. He tries to curry favor with the common people at their expense. Since the revolutionary scenes of '48 he has been more than ordinarily strict in forbidding them to cross the confines of Russia, fearing lest their loyalty might be impaired by their breathing the air of freedom. It is a significant fact, that hardly a Russian noble was to be met with within the Crystal Palace. His great object is to spoil individuality and to promote centralization. His acute and comprehensive mind being fully aware of the heterogeneous elements of which his overgrown empire is composed, he is anxious to fuse them down into one molten mass—to secure entire uniformity in religion, politics, education—in short in every department. The Empire is a mere Automaton—the Emperor the main spring that causes all the wheels to move.

And yet with all this crushing power of despotism, there is the faintest form of Constitutional Government. Nicholas has got all the laws of the Empire published from the earliest period, amounting to nearly 40,000, and filling upwards of 40 quarto volumes.

The Empire is partitioned off into 58 Provinces, each presided over by distinct officers and possessing distinct courts. Of these courts there is a regular graduating scale. The division is four-fold, not altogether unlike what we are familiar with. The District—the Provincial—the General assembly or Senate, and the Cabinet or Council of the Empire.

There cannot be fewer than 600,000 officers in all, each owing his appointment to the will of the Emperor, in appearance serving the people—in reality girt round with leading strings that stretch from the Throne. The Senate, the only thing worthy the name of a popular assembly, is packed with creatures of the Emperor, all selected by himself, and sworn to carry out his wishes. The Cabinet corresponding to our Executive, has twelve Departments, sub-divided into variety

of Bureaux, whose duties range from the high and knotty questions of diplomacy and statesmanship to the building of theatres and the cleaning of stables. But of every spoke in the cumbrous and complicated machinery, the breath of the Emperor is the motive power. *Corruption* is a natural accompaniment of despotism. The servants being principally selected on the score of their likelihood to prove pliant tools in the hand of their master, it could not be expected that they would be impelled by generous motives or be susceptible of noble deeds. Deception is the order of the day. The most unprincipled actions are perpetrated without the slightest compunction. Conscience is a curiosity—compliance with its dictates an antiquated form. The old adage, 'honesty is the best policy,' is exchanged for "Set a thief to catch a thief." A Russian nobleman informs us, "The speculations of those in office are beyond all calculation. All the functionaries high and low steal openly and with impunity, from the ammunition to the rations of the soldiers, and the medicines of the hospitals. Will it be believed that they actually conceal the number of men who fall in every action till the end of the campaign, and thus continue to receive the provisions and equipment of those who have disappeared from the ranks, but who nevertheless remain on the lists. In the Caucasus where hostilities are incessant, this abuse had risen to an enormous excess. The ranks were thinned, yet the lists were full, as also were the pockets of the officers." This lying leprosy has tainted every beam in the rotten framework of Russian society. The want of confidence, thereby induced, has led to a mean system of espionage peculiarly repulsive to the feelings of every freeman. The entire country resembles a Penitentiary, whose walls are covered with slits, through which the turnkeys may glance unseen on the unfortunate prisoners. Spies swarm as thickly as Mosquitoes in summer, only they suck more blood. They are divided into regular classes and nestle everywhere.—Many innocent victims are suddenly seized on, information lodged, in expectation of a costly fee, and hurried off, without form of trial, to the Siberian Mines. There is hardly any regular administration of justice in any case. Law is not studied as a profession. It is distasteful to those in authority, because it might set bounds to a will which is regarded as the supreme and ultimate Court of Appeal. Peter the Great had as intense an antipathy to Lawyers as Paul had to pantaloons. When visiting Westminster Hall in London, he eagerly asked who were all these busy people in black gowns and wigs. On its being

explained to him they were lawyers, he exclaimed: "Lawyers! why I have only two in my whole dominions, and I think of hanging one of them the moment I get home."

With the utmost rigour and recklessness death has been dealt out to some of the loftiest dignitaries about the throne, wherever they incurred the frown of its arbitrary occupant. There is perhaps no country under the sun that has witnessed such revolutions in the wheel of fortune. The mighty have been degraded—the mean elevated. The scene of Haman and Mordecai in the days of old has been often repeated. Munich, the prime minister, becomes an exile of Siberia. Menschikoff, a youth who cried pies through the streets of Moscow, is lifted into his seat. By the way it becomes not him who now wears the title of Menschikoff (and whose blustering manifesto was the beginning of the present troubles) to assume such airs and get on such a high horse, when he considers his pie boy ancestor. In the case of Catharine I, too, we have another illustration that there is no romance equal to that of reality. Here we have the widow of a military sergeant promoted to share the imperial throne with the Great Peter, and singly to grasp the sceptre when he laid it aside. Special favor is shewn to foreigners, either from lack of native talent, or to wound the pride and weaken the power of the native nobles.

"The German who was a tailor in Hanover may become a Professor in the Academy of Sciences; the Italian who carried an organ about the streets of Rome, may become a director of music; the Swiss who was a confectioner and constructed pyramids of ice and pagodas of pastry, may be made an imperial architect; the English inspector of a cotton mill may be made a general of Engineers; and the Frenchman who arrived as a valet, may turn tutor to a nobleman's sons, find his way up the ladder, and receive the appointment and title of a Counsellor of State."—(Maxwell.)

Our sketch of the Civil Government of Russia would be necessarily incomplete, were not some reference made to the two rulers (who have cut the most conspicuous figure on the stage of her chequered history) who have done more than any before or since their time to develop her resources, and to give her that position in the scale of nations she now fills. Undoubtedly Peter I and Catharine II have cut the most conspicuous figure on the page of Russian History—and with all their failings proved real benefactors to their country. Peter's life is a romance of itself sufficient to furnish matter for a distinct article. To

follow him to the dock yards of Amsterdam and London, where, under the name of Peter Timmerman, he wrought as a mechanic. To view the early reverses and ultimate victories which marked his protracted struggle with Charles XII of Sweden.—To record the energetic efforts he made to rub over the rough face of his barbarous country the varnish of modern civilization, would exhaust our remaining time and space, and be foreign to our present purpose.

Suffice it to say that he did not a little to extend the commerce, to increase the revenue, to consolidate the power, and to give lustre to the name of his country. His colossal stature (for he was 6 feet 7) and massive build (for his bulk was in proportion) pointed him out as one born to command.

But though he could rule others, he had not the "rule over his own spirit." His ungovernable temper drove him to excesses which have stained his memory, and made the historian feel at a loss whether most to censure or to praise. There is too good ground for believing, that like Alexander the Great, he died the victim of that vice which has proved the ruin of millions.

It is an interesting fact, that a woman stands side by side with this notable man. Catharine II, who reigned till towards the close of last century, gained a reputation which has thrown into the shade her namesake, who made the sudden transition from being a soldier's widow to being a sovereign's wife. Of her, it has been accurately observed, "Prudent in Council and intrepid in conduct; cautious in forming resolutions, but vigorous in carrying them into execution; ambitious, but of great and splendid objects only; passionately fond of glory, without the alloy, at least in public affairs, of sordid or vulgar inclinations; discerning in the choice of her counsellors, and swayed in matters of state only by lofty intellect; munificent in public, liberal in private, firm in resolution, she dignified a despotic throne by the magnanimity and patriotism of a more virtuous age." But these great qualities were counterbalanced by as remarkable vices and more truly perhaps of her than of the Virgin Queen of England, it might be said in Burleigh's words, that "if to day she were more than man, to-morrow she would be less than woman." Vehement, sensual and capricious in private life, she seemed, as a woman, to live only for the gratification of her passions; tyrannical, over-bearing, and sometimes cruel in her administration, she filled her subjects with unbounded awe for her authority. In the lustre of her administration however, the career of her victories, and the

rapid progress of her subjects under so able a government, mankind overlooked her dissolute manners, the occasional elevation of unworthy favorites, frequent acts of tyranny, and the dark transaction which signalled her accession to the throne. They overlooked the frailties of the woman in the dignity of the princess; and paid to the abilities and splendor of the Semiramis of the North that involuntary homage which commanding qualities on the throne never fail to acquire—even when stained by irregularities in private life.”—(Alison.)

IV. But we must hasten from the civil to the military aspect of Russia. This is a view which the present crisis invests with more than ordinary interest and importance. It is almost impossible to come to anything like certainty respecting the military strength of Russia. We have already alluded to the corrupt practice of not erasing the names of the departed from the muster roll, that the pay may be continued. This practice is so notorious and widely diffused that no reliance can be placed on any official statements. These may present a formidable array of figures, but let them be rigorously sifted and they will be sadly pared down. Multitudes are inserted that have been in eternity for years. Although therefore we find an infantry of nearly a million, and a cavalry of 250,000, we need not be alarmed. It is a mere flourish on paper. Let the roll be called, and in regard to fully one-half, it would be a calling spirits from the vasty deep. But will they come?

It is an historical fact that when Napoleon entered the blazing Moscow, with his mammoth army reduced to 180,000, Alexander could not muster as many, even in the very centre of his dominions. The army has not certainly more than doubled since then. Considering the vast extent of its territory and population,—the immense frontier exposed—the numerous posts requiring to be garrisoned, and the havoc made by disease and misrule, the available force of Russia is not in proportion to that of either France or Britain. We speak not of bravery or skill—but of the matter of numbers alone,—and we feel persuaded that a close examination of the statistics of the respective countries will bear us out in the statement. Golovine, a Russian of distinction, writes as follows:—“It is impossible to conceive all the ill usage to which the Russian soldier is exposed on the part of his superiors, high and low. Without pay, without suitable food, overwhelmed with oppression and stripes, he is destined beforehand to the hospital and premature death. Hence the Russian army loses nearly as many men in time of peace as in time of war. Men are still held so

cheap in Russia that more than once at Leipsic, at Varna, in the Caucasus, when a Russian detachment, on the point of succumbing, has been liable to occasion the loss of an entire corps, volleys of grape shot have been poured on Russians and enemies, mowing down both alike.” From this testimony of an intelligent Russian whose patriotism alone would prevent him from unjustly slandering his country, you may infer what degree of credit is to be attached to the high-sounding eulogiums that have been pronounced on the magnitude and the discipline of the Russian army. The body guard of the Emperor certainly presents a magnificent spectacle, but, being made up of picked men, it forms no criterion by which to judge of the whole.

The beating about for recruits is very uphill work. The serfs, from whom the majority of the recruits are drafted, most thoroughly detest the life of a soldier. They will submit to be beaten without a murmur, but when the lot falls upon them the air is rent with their cries. With poignant anguish they tear themselves from the soil on which they have been reared and the huts around which their affections cluster. Their march to the battlefield, so far from being (as has been said) like that of the fanatic or the crusader, is more like that of the condemned criminal to the scaffold. As they never expect to be other than a race of Gibeonites—mere hewers of wood and drawers of water—they have no spur to exertion, and the system of grinding tyranny to which they are subjected paralyzes energy and quenches the flame of loyalty and love. In deference to the Emperor a forced enthusiasm is sometimes evoked—and the mutual interchange of such endearing titles as “Father” and “Children,” might lead the casual observer to the conclusion that they are happy and contented, but enter the barrack-room, or penetrate into the inmost souls of those who crowd them, and you will find the vast majority of them strangers to that generous ardour which is now running like an electric current through the combined forces of England and France, or which is directing the aim of Turkish shot, and the sweep of Turkish scimitars on the plains of Asia and the banks of the Danube.

It must be confessed that in an emergency Russia can summon into the field, in addition to the regular troops, a monster militia, and that for this purpose *Military Colonies* are now in course of formation. But common sense may suggest whether she has much to hope, or her antagonists much to fear, from a motley mass comprising eighty-one distinct tribes, all more or less differing from each other. That mass contains an

amount of combustible material which a spark might ignite. And having little or no knowledge of European tactics, they would form no match for the descendants of those accomplished veterans who won laurels on the fields of Austerlitz and Waterloo.

V. We must reserve for another article the consideration of the Agriculture—the Arts—the Professions—the Habits—the Education and the Religion of Russia. In the meantime we would devote our brief remaining space to the question which is now keeping the world in suspense, and which is suggested by the view of Russia's Military resources we have just taken.

No reasonable doubt can be entertained as to the real motives of the Czar in the present movement. The possession of the Key to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem is a hollow sham. No one at all acquainted with the past relations in which Russia has stood to the Porte, can have difficulty in penetrating the mask he has assumed. Blasphemously he presses religion into the service as a cloak for his ambitious projects. His eye is fired on that matchless metropolis, the description of whose variegated beauties has taxed the powers of the most celebrated writers. His aim is to transfer himself from the cold climate and unhealthy marshes of St. Petersburg to the glittering minarets and sunny terraces of Constantinople. Nor is it perhaps to be wondered at that a spot possessing such unequalled advantages should rouse his ambition.

The picture of Alison is no exaggeration:—"Placed mid-way between Europe and Asia, it is at once the natural Emporium where the productions of the East and West find their obvious point of contact, and the midway station where the internal water communication of Europe, Asia, and Africa find their common centre; while the waves of the Mediterranean and the Ægean bring to its harbour the whole production of Egypt, Lybia, Italy, and Spain, the waters of the Danube, the Dniester, and the Volga waft to the same favored spot the agricultural riches of Hungary, Germany, the Ukraine and Russia. The caravans of the desert, the rich loads of the camel and dromedary, meet within its walls; the ample sails and boundless riches of European commerce, even the distant pendants of America and the New World—hasten to its quays to convey the best productions of the Old and the New Hemisphere. An incomparable harbour where a three-decker can, without danger, touch the quay, and from the yard-arms of which, a bold assailant may almost leap on the walls, affords, within a deep bay, several miles in length, ample room for

all the fleets in the universe to lie in safety; a broad inland sea, inclosed within impregnable gates, gives its navy the extraordinary advantage of a safe place for pacific exercise and preparation: narrow and winding straits on either side of fifteen or twenty miles in length, crowned by heights forming natural castles, render it impregnable to all but land forces. It is the only capital in the world perhaps which can never decline so long as the human race endures, or the present wants of mankind continue; for the more that the West increases in population and splendour the greater will be the traffic which must pass through its gates in conveying to the inhabitants of its empires the rich products of the Eastern Sun."

To find a fulcrum for her lever on this grand central station has been the policy of Russia from the earliest period of her history. Scarcely had the victorious prince got fairly settled down in the mud walled Novogorod, than he set out for the Bosphorus. The ninth century witnessed a succession of Russian invaders in substance the same with that of the nineteenth. The Greeks were subjected to similar treatment to that which has excited such sympathy in behalf of the Turks, although Russia received from Constantinople her religion in the 11th century, that very religion has been converted into a plea for seizing the spot that bestowed on her the boon.

For nearly three centuries did the Musselman reign over Russia. Toleration was proclaimed—wealth flowed in—the foundations of her future greatness were laid, and now Russia turns on the Musselman, and exhibits her gratitude in fire and sword. To those who ruled in Constantinople prior to 1458 Russia owes her Christianity. To a people identified in sentiment and sympathy with those who have ruled in Constantinople since that memorable epoch, Russia to a large extent owes her commerce. And yet mark the return she makes! Since the beginning of the last century there have been almost half a dozen distinct wars between Russia and Turkey, in all of which save the first, Russia has, in the end, had the advantage.

Emboldened by past success and encouraged by the supposed enmity between England and France, she has lit the torch and sounded the tocsin again.

Eighty years ago Baron Thugut the keen sighted Austrian diplomatist predicted the very course which the Czar seems bent on following, and in eighteen hundred and thirty we find Count Neesselrode the present confidant of Nicholas, making use of the following modest language, 'it depended on

our own armies to march on Constantinople and to overthrow the Turkish Empire. No power would have opposed it. No immediate danger would have threatened us if we had given the last blow to the Ottoman monarchy in Europe.'

Nicholas and Nesselrode may perhaps find to their cost this time that "pride cometh before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall."—The crisis is eminent. The cause is eminently that of liberty and justice.

The question at stake will be no paltry one. It will be nothing short of this: "Whether that freedom at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a race of virtuous emulation in everything great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition and invited the nations to behold their God: whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence. The freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements till it became a theatre of wonders." The question will be nothing short of this: "Whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall and wrapt in eternal gloom." We need not fear the issue. God will defend the right. It will be found that there is a hand on high to shield the brave." The rod of the oppressor will be broken. The tears of the oppressed dried up. The Lord reigneth—let the earth be glad. The clouds may gather and the billows foam, but a Father's hand grasps the helm—and he will so regulate the movements of the great vessel of human affairs, as best to carry out the purposes of Calvary and to extend the influence of the Cross. And of this we may rest assured that however other nations may be affected by the tempest, our's (if she be only true) herself will remain the assertor of human rights and the asylum of human liberty. The shock may be severe, but

"The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return."

He who would pass the latter part of his life with honour and decency must, when he is young, consider that he shall one day be old; and remember when he is old, that he has once been young. In youth he must lay up knowledge for his support, when his powers of action shall forsake him; and in age forbear to animadvert with rigour on faults which experience only can correct.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. XXIV.

WHEREIN THE SEDERUNT OF THE HAGG CLUB,
AND THE FIRST SERIES OF THESE VERACIOUS
CHRONICLES, ARE BROUGHT TO A CLOSE.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that the supper which caused the table of the Haggis Club to groan, was in keeping with the other characteristic features of that social brotherhood. Every dish exhibited some national feature, and was pregnant with old world associations.

(Want of space constrains us to withhold from the world, (at least *pro tempore*), a mass of gustatorial information, which here ensues in the Dleepdaily manuscript. The eating million, however, may yet be put in possession of the substance of Mr. Powhead's collections in this department of fine arts. Mr. Maclear is meditating the publication of a treatise on cookery, the joint production of *Mrs. Grundy*, the *Major*, the *Doctor*, and the *Laird*, wherein the savoury experiences of the excellent barber-surgeon will, in all probability, be incorporated.)

When the cloth had been removed, and the board garnished with sugar, hot water, and other materials which are essential for the engenderation of toddy, the "feast of reason, and the flow of soul," proceeded with enhanced smeddum.

Referring to Laird Robertson, Mr. Keelevine recited the following additional anecdote of that worthy.

One day the Laird entered his favourite place of resort, the Parliament House, bearing a stick of peculiarly formidable dimensions. Before long he was surrounded by a plethoric shoal of lawyers, who eagerly interrogated him touching the device which he had provided for their amusement or instruction, as the case might be. Thus questioned, Robertson uplifted his staff, and struck it upon the floor with an emphasis which made the ancient Hall tremble. "That's *Truth* gentlemen!" he exclaimed. "It stands on ae leg! Can any o' ye tell me how many legs it will take to make a *lie* stand?"

Cuthbert Keelevine, after the discussion of his second tumbler, or "cheerer," as he denominated it—became developed as a full

blown, uncompromising Jacobite; and many were the details which he gave relating to the chivalrous attempt of Charles Edward to regain the crown of his fathers. One or two of these I noted down.

Persons acquainted with the old town of Edinburgh, must remember a tinsmith's shop with a large window, containing many small squares of glass, situated on the right side of the Netherbow, when you pass up from the region of the Cannongate to the High Street. In that region in the forenoon of twenty-first September, 1745, there occurred an unwonted bustle, which had the effect of drawing from the recesses of the aforesaid shop, a portly and buxom dame, Mrs. Macqueen to wit, the wife of the occupant thereof. The bustle alluded to arose from a respectable middle aged man, riding along at full speed, and ever and anon waving his bonnet, and shouting out—"Ring the great bells, for his Royal Highness has won the day!"

Rushing forth to the equestrian, and seizing his hand, the worthy lady, who, like a majority of her country-women, was a devout adherent of the Stuarts, exclaimed, "Oh! my bonnie Tammy Grant, gie me a kiss! I kent ye wad bring good news!" Having gallantly complied with this request, the volunteer herald, whose mission was to proclaim the victory at Prestonpans, spurred up his steed, and resumed his triumphant slogan. Ere he had reached his own house, however, which was situated at the head of Blackfriars Wynd, he was pulled from his horse by a prudent friend, as the only process by which his *Io triumphe* could be silenced. This mentor warned him that if the city bells were rung, in obedience to his directions, General Guest would assuredly fire upon the town.

The above mentioned "Tammy" was Mr. Thomas Grant, a respectable and responsible citizen of Auld Reekie, and famed for his manufacture of fishing rods, and archer's bows. Mr. Grant was such an enthusiast in the cause of the young Chevalier, that he dispatched his only son Robert, a youth of some seventeen years, to join his ranks, whilst he himself paid daily visits to the insurgent army so long as it remained in the neighborhood of Edinburgh.

One forenoon as he was making his wonted pilgrimage to the camp, he met, near the

Frigate Whins, (on which the watering place of Portobello now stands,) a Highlander in full costume, with a formidable fowling piece on his shoulder. This personage, who was evidently lacking in topographical knowledge, thus addressed the engenderer of angling wands: "Could she tell her whar 'ta army o' ta braw young Prince, is to be found?" "I am going in that direction," was the willing reply, "and I will conduct you to the spot with much pleasure." Donald, however, possessed a large amount of cautiousness, which is peculiar to the Celt, and was determined to insure the fidelity of his guide. Cocking his musket he exclaimed "You shoost walk your ways before her mainsel, and if a red coat is seen she'll ee'n be taking ta freedom-o' blowing out your prains, oich, oich!"

In this perilous fashion Grant was constrained to progress, the cold perspiration bursting from every pore, when any object of a scarlet hue met his vision. After an interval, however, which seemed an age, they reached the out posts of the Prince's army, when the Highlander benignly clapped his pilot on the shoulder with the observation—"Ah! she be ta pretty man!" "That is all very well," responded Grant, "but in future I would rather have your absence than your company! If a red coat had accidentally appeared I should have been a pretty corpse!"

Grant the younger followed faithfully the chequered fortunes of Charles Edward, and took part in all the engagements fought by the Prince, up to that climax of his misfortunes the battle of Culloden. There he combated by the side of the amiable and true hearted Earl of Kilmarnock, who was taken prisoner, and subsequently put to death in London. During the progress of the combat Robert Grant frequently counselled the unfortunate nobleman to fight on to the last, and never to surrender. "You are a marked man, my Lord" said he,— "and are sure to suffer if taken!" When Kilmarnock was ascending the scaffold on Tower-hill, he exclaimed with bitter emphasis—"Would that I had taken that boy Grant's advice!"

Robert escaped the horrors of Culloden and was long in hiding. His father, who had made himself conspicuous by his zeal in favour of legitimate monarchy, was apprehended on a charge of "treason," and for some time

ran a perilous risk of expiating his loyalty by his life.

Grant's business brought him much in contact with the noblemen of the day, by whom he was sincerely respected. Amongst other aristocratic patrons he had a zealous friend in the then Earl of Eglington, who possessed much of the warm and practical generosity of that noble house. This nobleman earnestly solicited Grant's pardon but without success. At length the Lord Advocate called one day upon Eglington to invite him to dinner, "On one condition will I come" was the reply, "which is that you will give me an indemnity for Thomas Grant!" "If you had asked me for any other favour" returned the official "I would have gratified you, but there are twenty four charges against that man" "Very well" quoth the Peer, "my foot will never cross the threshold of your door, unless you give me that indemnity." As Eglington was a personage of too much importance to be thwarted, his importunity prevailed, and in a few days Grant was working at his fishing rods and bows as if the "rising" had been nothing more than a dream!

But what had become of Robert in the meanwhile?

Much was he lamented by his anxious and sorrowing parents, and an aunt who lived in the house with them, and whose especial "pet" the lost boy had been. At length after the lapse of long and weary months a gaunt and haggard figure clad in rags, came to the door, and wistfully inquired whether any of the family were at home. The servant thinking that he was a beggar told him to go about his business as he could get nothing, when the afore-mentioned aunt who chanced to get a glimpse of the supposed mendicant's face, recognized in him her long lost, and sorely longed for nephew. Exclaiming to the handmaiden—"get out of my road you born idiot"—she pushed her emphatically aside, and without adding another word drew the lad into the house. Nervously grasping his arm she led, or rather drew him in silence—for her heart was too full to allow prodigality of speech—to the closet where his mother was sitting absorbed in tearful thought. "Ye have often said" cried she—"that ye would give any thing to see Robin once mair, even though he should be covered wi' rags! Weell!

here he is ragged enough in a' conscience!" The scene which ensued it is unnecessary to describe, at least to a parent. Robin was in eminent peril, but a mother's love contrived effectually to conceal him, until concealment was rendered unnecessary by the passing of the general indemnity act.

Grant senior lived for forty years after this period of turmoil and danger. He died in 1794, having attained the mature age of ninety-five years. Mr. Keelevine, who saw him shortly before his decease, described him as the beau ideal of a gentleman of the old school, exhibiting a profusion of ruffles at the breast and wrists, and having his shoes adorned with massive gold buckles.

Robert Grant died about 1812, much respected by a numerous circle of friends. To the last he had a hankering for what he called "the auld way." On one occasion a lady said to him during the currency of conversation—"Mr. Grant, did not that happen about the time of the *rebellion*?" This word grated harshly upon the ears of the fine old Jacobite, with an air of offended dignity he replied—"I presume, madam, you mean the *Forty-fives*!"

There was another incident connected with the "forty-five," which was related by Laird McKrieck, the hero of the same being no less a personage than his own grandfather.

Ninian McKrieck had been brought up to the curative profession, and, as was habitual with medicos in those days, had passed several years in Germany for the purpose of obtaining a more thorough knowledge of his craft. Thus it chanced that he acquired several continental languages, and in particular could speak the German tongue with as much fluency as his own vernacular.

When Charles Edward invaded Scotland, Dr. McKrieck, who was enthusiastically devoted to the cause of legitimate though depressed royalty, joined his standard, and shared in his few triumphs and many reverses.

On the lost field of Culloden, Ninian fell into the hands of the victorious Hanoverians, (the only name by which he ever described the dominant party,) and being regarded as a delinquent of some consequence, it was resolved to send him to Edinburgh for trial.

He was entrusted to the custody of a west country Major, named Paul Proudfoot, not a

bad fellow in his way, and who extended to the captive every indulgence in his power. Being provided with an escort of dragoons, Major Proudfoot did not deem it necessary to manacle his prisoner, but permitted him to ride by his side as if he had been a free man.

The close of the first day brought the party to a country inn, where they had arranged to spend the night. Hardly had they disposed of supper when an express reached Proudfoot directing him to send back the dragoons with all possible dispatch, as their services were peremptorily required in their own regiment. It was added that before morning a troop of German cavalry, *en route* to the Scottish capital, would reach the hostel, and that the officer thereof had been instructed to put himself and his men under the orders of Proudfoot. These orders were attended to with military precision, and so soon as the dragoons and their horses had received the necessary refreshment they took their departure.

Major Proudfoot was determined to make a night of it, not merely for his own solacement, but in order that he might keep up the spirits of his prisoner. Accordingly, after supper he ordered in a liberal allowance of wine and brandy, and inviting the Doctor to follow his example, commenced the discussion of frequent and copious libations.

McSkriech was too much downhearted, by the misfortunes of his prince and himself to partake largely of the exhilarating fluids. He could not divest his mind of the idea of the fate which so speedily awaited him. Gloomy visions of hurdles, and halters, and dismembered limbs passed before his mental ken, and anxiously did he speculate upon the possibility of effecting his escape from the toils with which he was environed.

Whilst he was thus engaged chewing the cud of bitter tancy, his keeper drank for both of them, and as a natural sequence the malt (to use the old saying) began to rise above the meal. In plain English, if not positively drunk—which no man confessed being as long as he could lie upon the floor without holding on—the valorous and convivial Proudfoot was very far removed from the category of strict sobriety.

Shortly after midnight the promised band of foreign soldiers reached the inn, and their leader, a non-commissioned officer, sought out

the chamber occupied by the Major, in order to receive his instructions. Proudfoot, who had sense enough remaining to be aware that he did not present a very parade like appearance, refused to grant the sergeant an audience, and accordingly the latter, after posting a sentinel at the door, proceeded to look after the sustentation of himself and his men.

In process of time Bacchus obtained a signal and complete victory over Mars, or, to drop the classic vein, Paul Proudfoot did homage to the table by prostrating himself at the feet thereof! No trumpeter was required to celebrate the triumph of the vinous God, seeing that the vanquished warrior proclaimed his own defeat by a stentorian fanfaronade of snoring.

Dr. McSkreech beholding how matters had eventuated, became inspired with a conception which he lost no time in realizing. As a preliminary step he rifled the pockets of the oblivious Major, taking therefrom not only the warrant for his own committal to the Castle of Edinburgh, but likewise a purse comfortably replenished with the metallic sinews of war. He then, from a portion of his handkerchief, fabricated a white cockade, and pinned the same upon the breast of the slumbering Paul.

These matters being accomplished in a business-like manner, the Doctor opened the door, and ordered the sentinel to summon his officer without delay. That personage having speedily appeared, Ninian interrogated him whether he and his men would soon be ready for the road, as it was desirable that no unnecessary delay should take place in their movements.

The party thus questioned, instead of responding, looked with an air of the most supreme helplessness upon the speaker, and shook his head as if lacking the faculty of speech. Indeed, for that matter, the poor fellow might as well have been dumb, seeing that he did not comprehend one word of the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

Finding out how matters stood, Ninian lost no time in addressing the man in German, and soon acquired from him the information that not a single individual composing the troop could boast of more polyglot gifts than their commander.

Being thus certiorated Dr. McSkriech proceeded to arrange his plans. Inviting Sergeant

Schnapps—for so was the functionary named—to take a glass of “strong waters” he informed him that the supine toper was neither more nor less than the rebel prisoner who had been committed to their joint custodiership. “He is a regular sot, as you see,” said the pretended Major Proudfoot, “and even when comparatively sober his brain is in such a muddled and cranky state that he can hardly tell his right hand from his left! Would you believe it that during the whole of our march to-day he was laboring under the hallucination that our positions were reversed, and that he was conveying me to limbo!

The sergeant listened to this recital with the most implicit credence, sipping between hands his allowance of *aqua mirabilis*, and occasionally interjecting a “*Yah*,” or a “*Donner and blitzen!*” as the various turns of the narrative required.

“Now, my good fellow,” continued Ninian, “in the morning, after breakfast, we shall set out on our journey. At the next town I shall be obliged to leave you, my duty calling me to another quarter, and you must pay particular attention to the safe keeping of your charge. As a matter of course, when he beholds me taking my departure, he will begin to play his antics and pranks, but you will give no heed to the ravings of an addle-pated, half crazy creature. Should he refuse to keep his place in the ranks, you will of course clap a pair of bracelets on his wrists, though I would be sorry to see any unnecessary restraint put upon the poor fellow. The Provost-Marshal will soon take the measure of his neck, and it would be a pity to render the short remaining balance of his life bitter, without absolute necessity. He has fought on the wrong side, it is true, but he is still a soldier, and of course is entitled to receive from comrades every indulgence consistent with the demands of duty.”

Having delivered himself of these injunctions McKrieck dismissed Sergeant Schnapps, and betaking himself to a couch slept more quietly than he had done for many a day.

Shortly after cock-crow, Proudfoot arose from the carpet which had served him for bed, sheets, and blanket, and gave directions for the instant up-bringing of the matin repast. This being disposed of, he prepared for the road, buttoning up his coat, as the morning

was chill and raw. So misty were his faculties in consequence of the alcoholic shower of the preceding night, that he was altogether uncognizant of the disloyal favour which decked his vest, and which was so preposterously out of harmony with his principles and pretensions.

Sergeant Schnapps lost no time in getting his men in order, and the troops commenced their march to the sound of a brace of trumpets. In the centre of the band rode the Major and his medical captive, and a stranger beholding them would never predicate that they were anything but the stanchest and the most intimate of friends. Proudfoot, who, as before observed, was a good natured fellow at bottom, did all in his power to keep up the spirits of his prisoner; whilst the latter, now that the gallows occupied a more remote position in the landscape of his hopes, cracked joke for joke, and sung stave for stave with his keeper and comforter.

Amongst other ditties the Major chanted for the delectation of his charge the once popular song of the “Battle of Sheriff-Muir.” He selected this ode because, hitting, as it did, equally at Whig and Jacobite, he deemed that it could be sung by him without impropriety, and listened to without offence being taken. A stanza or two of this racy old metrical satire, may not be deemed out of place, especially as of late years it has been permitted to fall into undeserved neglect.

There's some say that we wan,
And some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a', man.
But as thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriff-muir

A battle there was that I saw, man!

And we ran and they ran: and they ran and we ran;
And we ran and they ran awa', man!

So there such a race was,
As ne'er in that place was,
And as little chase was at a', man;
From other they run,
Without took o' drum,
They did not make use of a paw, man

Whether we ran, or they ran,
Or we wan, or they wan,
Or if there was winning at a', man,
There's no man can tell,
Save our brave general,
Who first began running awa', man!

Wi' the Earl o' Seaforth,
And the Cock o' the North,

But Florence ran fastest ava, man,
 Save the Laird o' Phineven,
 Who swore to be even
 Wi' ony general or peer o' them a', man.

And we ran and they ran; and they ran and we ran;
 And we ran and they ran awa', man!

"Yes!" added the Major as he intermitted his intonation, "that same combat at Sheriffmuir was the most incomprehensible and bamboozling affair of the kind that ever took place. Neither side could tell which was beaten, and as for victory no one dreamed of claiming it."

By this time the troop had reached the outskirts of the town where they were to bait, and at which McSkrieach purposed parting company with his company, as previously arranged. Making a signal to the phlegmatic Schnapps, who forthwith called a halt, he shook hands with Proudfoot, wishing him a safe and agreeable journey, and hoping to have the pleasure of once more cracking a magnum of claret in his worshipful society."

For a short season honest Paul opined that his captive's misfortunes had landed him in the quagmire of dementation. When, however, he beheld the escorting soldiers making way to allow him to ride from among them, his anger and astonishment knew no bounds. He raged, he swore, he foamed, and shouted, as if a legion of demons had made an onslaught upon him! Shaking his fist at the imperturbable and stoical sergeant, he vowed by beef and brandy—the most emphatic abjuration which he could command—that he would have the whole of them tried at the drum-head, and fusiladed like dogs, as soon as they reached a military station. Witnessing the futility of his menace, he snatched off hat and wig, dashing them in the face of Schnapps, and then tearing open his coat smote upon his breast in a paroxysm of fury and despair.

The Doctor calmly directed the sergeant to do his duty, at the same time pointing to the white cockade, which by this time was conspicuous to every one, as a proof that they had to deal with a hardened and inveterate traitor to their common king. It is hardly necessary to say that the party thus addressed took the hint, and in three minutes Major Paul Proudfoot was sitting strapped to a trooper, with the addition of a pair of truculent handcuffs to his travelling costume.

Little more remains to be told. The Major's

duration lasted till his formal introduction to General Guest, the commandant of Edinburgh Castle, who being personally acquainted with him put an end to his serio-comic predicament. Sergeant Schnapps became the legatory of the manacles which he had used after such a perverse fashion;—and during a protracted occupancy of the "black hole," he had abundance of leisure to meditate upon the inconvenience of being acquainted with no tongue except the one which he had inherited from his maternal parent.

The astute and chuckling McSkrieach experienced small difficulty in reaching a sea-port, and making his way to France. Being well known to the exiled adherents of the Stuart dynasty, and much respected by them, on account of his courage, and devotion to the good cause, he managed to creep into a lucrative practice, and ere long realized a handsome competence. When the coast was clear he returned to his native country, where he renewed his acquaintance with Major Proudfoot, and made a thousand apologies for the somewhat abrupt and unceremonious manner in which he had parted from him. This palinode Paul was the more disposed to receive, seeing that it was backed by the loan of a considerable sum of money, which his *res augusta domi* rendered peculiarly acceptable. The worthy Major had cherished, somewhat too devoutly, his attachment to brandy, and paid more attention to the mastication than the breeding of beef, and as a not unnatural sequence the malaria of law had commenced to blight his paternal acres.

When discussing a "cup of kindness" with his quondam prisoner, Proudfoot frequently took occasion to observe—"It is indeed an ill-wind which blows nobody good! If I had been a proficient in the German language, your neck, my friend, would long ago have been inconveniently lengthened, and there would have been a Dutch account of the bonnie banks and braes of Glen Proudfoot."

Here most gentle and debonair of readers, the first series, or instalment, of the CHRONICLES OF DREEDAILY cometh to a termination. For two whole years have we been gossiping together, but, as the ancient adage hath it, "the longest lane must have a turning!" If the transcriber of Peter Powhead's memo-

randa can lay the flattering unction to his soul, that he hath added anything to the stock of thy harmless mirth, or beguiled the tedium of one of those "leaden hours" which chequer the lot of all Adam's children, his labors will be amply repaid.

THE LATE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, QUEBEC.

Our May number contained an engraving of the Parliament Houses, which consisted of an elegant pile of cut-stone buildings, forming three sides of a square, and commanding one of the most magnificent prospects in the world, and justly deemed an ornament to the Province.

At about three o'clock in the morning, smoke was observed by the sentry on duty at Prescott gate, emerging from about the middle of the upper part of the new wing of the Parliament buildings. It crowded densely out of the gable windows fronting on Mountain street. The alarm was instantly given, but owing to the gathering of the fire inside the dry attic rooms and ceiling, the progress of the flames were so rapid as to baffle resistance. From the extension of the flames internally, and the fury with which they raged mostly upward from the place where the furnaces were situated, there is much reason to believe that they had their origin in the flues.

Through great exertions the library was partly cleared, and the rescued property deposited in the Bishop's palace. Many of the records kept in the old wing of the House, and the principal portraits in the body of the building were got out without much damage. The furniture was mostly destroyed. Valuable manuscripts, including the catalogue which was in course of preparation, and the journals and a great part of the sessional papers of the Imperial Parliament, and many of those valuable contributions obtained through the Speaker of the English House of Commons, are lost. Those books actually snatched from destruction have been seriously injured. The instruments and the library of the Literary and Historical Society were also damaged to a great extent. The left wing was one blaze of flame by five in the morning, and the fire having broken out in the attics the flame seemed to have run along and taken possession of the interior of the cupola, the outside of which was as it were breathing smoke of various tints, the deep red indicating flames within. Every exertion was made to save the classified specimens of ornithology, mineralogy, and zoology in the newly arranged museum

of the Literary and Historical Society, and to preserve the very valuable library and still more valuable manuscripts, the Society's museum and library being situated directly under the burning cupola. Many specimens and the great bulk of the books were possibly saved; but any who knows the difficulty of saving from fire mineralogical, zoological or ornithological specimens will have an idea of the great loss which the Society has sustained. About six in the morning, and while it was said some persons were endeavouring to clear the museum, the roof of the room fell in causing the people to retreat hastily. Fortunately no one was injured. The room, however, was speedily one sheet of flame, and the flames shortly after burst through the cupola.

For a moment the spectacle was grand, as the lurid flame twisted about and lapped the certainly, architecturally considered, most beautiful part of the immense building.

The centre part of the building was now everywhere in flame, and the attic of the old or right wing of the building on fire. A dense black smoke was issuing from the oval gable window next the Bishop's palace, and from every ventilator and window, fire showed itself occasionally, and by half-past seven the upper part of the old wing was in the grasp of the devouring element, the engines apparently not being of the slightest service in even checking the conflagration. The offices had been, however, previously gutted of their contents, and considerable quantities of furniture tossed out of windows and smashed on the ground below.

Scarcely had the Legislature found a resting place than, with a fatality, perhaps, unprecedented, Canada was again deprived of a Parliament House, by a recurrence of the same visitation.

Government had leased the church convent belonging to the Sisters of Charity, to serve as a temporary place of meeting, and their buildings have been reduced to ashes. Fortunately but few of the books and public documents had been removed, consequently Government has lost but little. The buildings, however, which were very beautiful, and adorned with a handsome cupola and spire, were totally destroyed.

When Valdesso retired from the service of Charles V., he gave as his reason, that there ought to be some time for sober reflection between the life of a soldier and his death.

Refrain from all that merits reprobation. One powerful motive, at least, there is to this—lest our children copy our crimes.

ABBOTT'S NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM THOMAS HALEY.

CHAPTER VI.

We do not purpose to enter into the details of the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire; especially as they have been before the public for years, in every imaginable form. Our present business is to direct attention to that truth which our opponent clumsily endeavors to conceal, viz., that the pretended desire of the French people, to exchange the King Logs of the Directory for a King Stork in the person of Napoleon, owed its existence solely to the persevering intrigues of the Corsican clique, under the direction of the astute and unprincipled Napoleon himself. We venture to believe that there is not one of our readers who will be able to peruse the following passage from Abbott without a feeling of surprise. Evidently relying upon that anti-British and antimonarchical feeling which he knows to be so extensively diffused among the least cultivated and least worthy of his compatriots, Mr. Abbott actually seems to take an especial delight in heaping, as commentator, the most fulsome praises upon his hero precisely on those very occasions when he has, from authentic sources, proved to us that that hero acted with a meanness beyond even the Napoleonic custom. Thus, speaking of the 18th Brumaire, Abbott coolly says:—"Napoleon was then but twenty-nine years of age, and yet, under circumstances of inconceivable difficulty and with unhesitating reliance upon his own mental resources, he assumed the enormous care of creating and administering a new government for thirty millions of men. Never did he achieve a victory which displayed more consummate genius. On no occasion of his life did his majestic intellectual power beam forth with more brilliance. It is not to be expected that, for ages to come, the world will be united in opinion respecting this transaction. Some represent it as an outrage against Law and Liberty. Others consider it a necessary act, which put an end to corruption and anarchy. That the course which Napoleon pursued was in accordance with the wishes of the overwhelming majority of the French people, no one can doubt. It is questionable whether even now, France is prepared for self-govern-

ment. There can be no question that then the Republic had totally failed."

Here we have the bold assertion, that Napoleon's course had the approbation of "an overwhelming majority" of the French people, without an attempt at a proof of it. Besides Mr. Abbott is inconsistent, or why does he talk of the "*victory*" of Napoleon? If an overwhelming majority called him to the Consular power, with Siéyes and Ducos for his mere valets and train-bearers, what necessity for the paltry intrigues with both civilians and soldiers? What need of the armed force? Of the sabres and bayonets? Of the secret intrigues and open force to which alone he owed what even his fulsome admirer Abbott calls a "*victory*? How, or where, was the wish of this "overwhelming majority" declared?

What Mr. Abbott calls the "despised and disregarded government" was, in fact, a form of self-government, just as the President, and the Senate, and the Legislature of the United States are, and elected after pretty much the same gentle and pure fashion. We are quite ready to admit that the French Republic, when Napoleon deserted from the Egyptian army, was "at an end," but, how did that fact authorize Napoleon to usurp the government into his own hands? He was the paid hireling of the Directorial government, bad as that government was; and there was but one ground upon which he could be either legally or morally justifiable in overthrowing it. Besides it had, at least, the show of owing its power to the popular will, although that show was a deceptive one.

Had Napoleon really desired to restore peace to his distracted France, or had he been uninfluenced by that mad ambition which finally led to his fate, the legitimate manner of effecting that purpose would not have been by the *victory* of the 18th Brumaire, but by the restoration of the throne to Louis XVIII. and of peace and safety to that prince's long-suffering people. Had Napoleon, omitting some of his violence and still more of his unblushingly hypocritical intrigues, achieved what Mr. Abbott calls the "*victory*" of the 18th Brumaire in *that* view, Napoleon would have been justified before heaven and before man in that particular act; would have spared not only France but all Europe long years of desolating and murderous wars, and would have

deservedly been so favored, and honored, and entrusted by his restored sovereign, that he would have had the power to do infinite good to France by the exertion of his really great genius; while his memory would remain free from the now indelible stains of those crimes which, from the moment he became an Usurper, became in some sort inevitable.

All that Abbott has said about the "almost unanimous" wish of that mere menagerie of wild beasts, the French so-called Republic, is sheer nonsense; and he so well knows it to be such, that he does not even make an attempt at pointing to a single address given by the obscurest and least influential body, as a proof that any one but Napoleon's own clique ever dreamed of his usurping the power until the exertions of that clique caused this most fickle and easily misled people to applaud with their shouts the display of his selfish audacity. No one can read the details of that memorable first usurpation, without marvelling at the boldness with which Abbott endeavors to show that Napoleon was justified in his course of action. But, as usual, he gives us the antidote with one hand while giving us the bane with the other. For instance, desiring to elevate his hero in our eyes as, at the least, a man of honor, Abbott says:—

"Siéyes, perfectly acquainted with revolutionary movements, urged Napoleon to arrest some forty of the Jacobins most prominent in the Council. This would have secured an easy victory on the morrow. Napoleon, however, rejected the advice, saying: 'I pledged my word this morning to protect the national representation. I will not this evening violate my oath.'"

Having by his intrigues set certain thousands of various ranks into motion as his partizans, Napoleon could find but little difficulty in bringing such a population, as that of Paris then was, to the Revolutionary point. But the violent scenes of the 18th Brumaire, and the military preparations made under the direction of the chief conspirator, are of themselves sufficient to shew that, far from there being that "almost unanimous wish" in his favor, of which his eulogist so confidently speaks, Napoleon clearly saw that artifice could not alone be depended upon; and, Abbott himself clearly proves this, by saying:

"Had the assembly been convened at Paris,

all the mob of the Faubourgs would have risen like an inundation in their (the Jacobins') behalf, and torrents of blood must have been shed. The sagacious transference of the meeting to St. Cloud, several miles from Paris, saved those lives. The powerful military display, checked any attempt at a march upon St. Cloud. What could the mob do, with Murat, Lannes, and Serrurier, guided by the energies of Napoleon, ready to hurl their solid columns upon them?"

We should like to know what Mr. Abbott means by that term, the *mob*? He well knows what the social and political state of France then was; will he tell us where he draws his line of distinction between the mob and the "disenthralled people"? Does he mean to tell us that Napoleon was opposed only by the dregs of the people? Does he count all the Royalists and all the Jacobins, as mere dust, in the balance of parties? He must be well aware, that though it is the fashion to speak of the Royalists as a mere handful, they, in truth, included among them, both in Paris and in the provinces, all that was best and wisest that the bloody days of the Revolution and of Terror had left. He must well know, too, that among the Jacobins there were many who, notwithstanding their erroneous political principles, could by no means be classed among "the mob." Instead, then, of heading an "almost unanimous" people against a mere rabble, we have, by Abbott's own showing, 1stly. The Royalists to a man, and 2ndly, the Jacobins to a man, who, *ex necessitate rei* were opposed to Napoleon. The former, as Royalists, could be satisfied with no government but that of the exiled Louis; and the latter could not possibly fail to feel the utmost indignation at the thought of a foreigner, so recently an absolute pauper, assuming, under whatsoever title, a sovereign authority over them. Mr. Abbott would do well to reflect, that, even in times of the fiercest political excitement, between two extremes of the mere mob and those active leading classes, who are both qualified and inclined to interfere in state affairs, there is a moderate body. Of that class of French, at the time of Napoleon, it is likely enough that some preferred a republic, and that some preferred their old monarchy; but it is tolerably certain, that *all* looked upon a new pretender

to absolute authority only as a new curse and calamity. Moreover, Mr. Abbott seems to forget that the Revolution had left no "mob" in France. Mr. Abbott, who talks thus lightly of the "mob" of Paris, and triumphs so exultingly over their impotency to oppose the dense columns commanded by Murat, Lannes, and Serrurier, surely forgets the sort of nation of which he is a member. If some new Napoleon were to set up as President of the United States *rom l'air*, with an evident intention of making the farther change of that Presidency into an *hereditary monarchy*, does Mr. Abbott venture to say that all the American Republicans, who should venture to oppose that usurpation, would deserve to be butchered by the military. Will he maintain that they have no right to oppose the usurpation of any citizen who, first from butchering Indians or semi-savage Mexicans, may take a fancy, encouraged by his peculiar political ethics, to set up as President for life, Dictator, King, or Emperor, with remainder to his actual or putative offspring? Will he dare to preclaim that opinion to their worshipers the MOBS of old Tammany and the Park? And if not, how can he use the term "mob" as applied to the corresponding classes in France; of whom, when not opposed to his idol, he speaks so respectfully, calling them not the mob, but the "disenthralled people?"

The truth is, that, when Mr. Abbott talked about his hero having in his favor the "almost unanimous" wish of the French people, he made an assertion utterly without foundation, because he felt the necessity of giving to the usurpation something like the appearance of obedience to that popular will, which the Corsican in fact *dictated to*—at the bayonet's point!

But we have not yet done with this especially bad portion of his performance. He has, as far as unwarrantable assumption, reckless assertion, and sophistical inference, can do it, justified Napoleon in subverting the directorial government, and he has positively affirmed that it was utterly impossible for Napoleon to being about the Restoration of the Bourbons. We have clearly shown that, except for the purpose of effecting the restoration of the Bourbons, Napoleon could only *treasonably* subvert the Directory; and we require a great deal more than the mere assertions of Mr.

Abbott to convince us that Napoleon would not have found it far less difficult loyally to restore the Bourbons than treasonably to usurp power for himself.

But waving, for the present at least, all dispute upon that point, does Mr. Abbott express disapprobation of Napoleon's misconduct in giving both sanction and adhesion to the new constitution which made him only an elective Consul, one of three, while fully intending at a future period to make his authority not merely life long but transmissible to his heirs?

"At four o'clock in the morning he alighted from his carriage at the door of his dwelling in the Rue Chauteraïne. Josephine, in the greatest anxiety, was watching at the window for his approach. Napoleon had not been able to send her one single line during the turmoil and the perils of that eventful day. She sprang to meet him. Napoleon fondly encircled her in his arms, briefly recapitulated the scenes of the day, and assured her that since he had *taken the Oath of Office*, he had not allowed himself to speak to a single individual, for he wished that the beloved voice of his Josephine might be the first to congratulate him upon his virtual accession to the *Empire of France*."

What comment does Mr. Abbott make upon this atrocious *perjury by deliberate anticipation*.

Napoleon had just taken *the oath of office*. He had been sworn in as one of three chief officers of the Republic; how then had he virtually succeeded to the Empire of France? but by an anticipated perjury! Yet Abbott has not a word to say against that deliberately planned treachery.

"France," proceeds Mr. Abbott, "had tried Republicanism, and the experiment had failed. There was neither intelligence or virtue among the people sufficient to enable them to govern themselves."

Mr. Abbott should tell us *when* the experiment ceased to be an experiment, and proved a decided failure. Was it before or after that attempt of Britain and her allies to prevent France from continuing to be a curse to others and a disgrace to herself, in her futile attempts at self government, which Mr. Abbott, while it served his purpose to do so, represented as a wicked attack on a "disenthral-

ed people," who had exercised their right of choosing their own government?

"Few," Abbott continues, "had any idea of the sacredness of a vote, or the duty of the of the minority, good naturedly to yield to the majority. It is this sentiment which is the political salvation of the United States. Not unfrequently, when hundreds of thousands of ballots have been cast, has a governor of the State been chosen by the majority of a single vote. And the minority in such cases have yielded just as cordially as they would have done to a majority of tens of thousands. After our most exciting presidential elections the announcement of the result is the harbinger of immediate peace and good natured acquiescence all over the land. *The defeated voter politely congratulates his opponent upon his success.*" Abbott has here unconsciously passed the most severe censure on the man whom he would represent as influenced with an earnest desire to serve and save his adopted country. Had Napoleon really desired this, his plan would have been to endeavour to form them into such a state of citizenship as, according to Abbott, the United States possess. Certainly the way to effect this object was not the usurpation of supreme power, and that this was Napoleon's object is clear from the fact of his having told Josephine, while the oath of fidelity was still wet on his lips, that he had taken the first step to actual power. Again: if the people were such a brainless and evil set as Abbott just here finds it convenient to represent them; why lay any stress upon the "almost unanimous" wish that Napoleon should rule them? Surely the wish of such a people should be a strong disqualification of the person or measure wished for! Turn in whichever direction he may, Abbott invariably provides one with an argument against him; excepting, indeed, when he, still more liberally, furnishes us with a dilemma upon one or other horn of which he must needs impale himself.

"We can hardly call that man an usurper," proceeds Abbott, "who does but assume the post which the nation with unanimity entreats him to take."

Mark the cautious and yet clumsy, the unprincipled, yet utterly impotent, attempt of Abbott to beg the question, and as it were, obtain by false pretences, a verdict from pub-

lic opinion, in favour of his hero. At first Mr. Abbott talked only about "many voices here and there" calling upon Napoleon, then he changed the call "into an almost unanimous" acquiescence of the *not mob*, but people in the designs of Napoleon, though, according to Abbott, Napoleon "in solitary grandeur" kept those designs a profound secret! And now the "almost unanimous" acquiescence, has grown to "unanimity" of calling on Napoleon in "the loudest tones" that could be uttered! Certainly, it would not be easy to find a parallel for this unfairness.

The Consulship of Napoleon and his colleagues, was of no very long duration. That great constitution was speedily changed into a new one; the chief feature of which was that Napoleon was made First Consul for ten years. Another step towards that "Empire in the West," to which dame Destiny seemed to be conducting him, even when she, in the form of stout Sir Sydney and his hearts of oak, obdurately forbade Napoleon ever to hope for an empire in the east.

Page after page does Mr. Abbott now devote to endeavouring to show that Napoleon, being *elected by France*, was justly her ruler; and that, consequently, in refusing to recognize him as such, and to abandon the exiled Bourbons, Britain was the aggressor. All that he says upon the subject may be sufficiently answered by a simple reference to our comments on his *progressive* misstatements as to the French people having called upon Napoleon to seize the reins of power, and as to the mode and the degrees of intensity in which they did so. By force, and by fraud, Napoleon first procured the mere consulship, and by force and by fraud he progressed in his usurpation until he became first consul for life,—and at length emperor.

Having disposed of the first steps to power, we will enquire how Mr. Abbott pretends to justify the *next* usurpation of Napoleon; the change of the Consulate for Ten years to the Consulate for Life!

"Napoleon, finding his proffers of peace rejected by England with contumely and scorn, and declined by Austria, now prepared with his wonted energy, to repel the assaults of the allies. As he sat in his cabinet at the Tuileries, the thunders of their unrelenting onset came rolling in upon his ear from all

the frontiers of France. The hostile fleets of England swept the channel utterly annihilating the commerce of the Republic, landing regiments of armed emigrants upon her coasts, furnishing money and munitions of war to rouse the partizans of the Bourbons to civil conflict, and throwing balls and shells into every unprotected town."

Had Mr. Abbott not written another line, the unwarrantable language of the above extract would, abundantly prove his hatred of England as clearly as it proves his unscrupulous resolve to allow neither logic nor equity to stand in the way of an invariable vindication of Napoleon. That Usurper's proffers of peace were "*declined*," our dexterous author tells us by Austria, but they were "*rejected* by England with contumely and scorn." For this broad and bitterly unjust distinction between the conduct of England and that of Austria we boldly affirm that Mr. Abbott has not the slightest shadow of justification. What are the plain facts of the case? Having usurped the Consular power, Napoleon either in the insolence of the upstart, or in real ignorance, thought fit to address personally a letter to George the Third. To a letter of that kind George the Third, had no more power to reply by granting peace than the humblest of that King's subjects. A Nicholas or a Napoleon, a born despot or a successful usurper rules uninfluenced by fears, save of the silken sash which strangled Paul of Russia, or the poisoned draught which it is only too probable cut short the career of his son Alexander. But George the Third of England was neither a despot nor an upstart; he was a constitutional King, reigning in person, but governing by the advice and through the medium of his ministers, always responsible to the nation for those acts in which they advised him, and in certain extreme cases, liable to be punished, even with death, for mischievously dishonest, or unwise advice given to their royal master. Ignorant or regardless of these facts, Napoleon addressed to the monarch a communication which could only be regularly addressed to his minister, and, moreover, the communication itself was by no means of the character which Mr. Abbott evidently wishes us to suppose it to have been. It undoubtedly proposed, but it did so upon terms which Napoleon obviously

must have known to be inadmissible; to speak plainly it was the proposal of the spoiler who is anxious to make matters up with the spoiled, but only on condition of being allowed to retain the spoil. To so very plain and obvious a mockery, the British Minister of that day would have been fully warranted in replying in terms of stern severity. But the minister in question, Lord Grenville, was capable of combining the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re* and, far from rejecting Napoleon's proposals with "contumely and scorn," his Lordship pointed out that the sincerity of those proposals would be best evidenced by the restoration to France of her legitimate government, but added, that England laid claim to no right to dictate to France, and was ready to entertain specific proposals. Such proposals Napoleon was not prepared to make. Napoleon was well aware that pretences would not have the slightest influence on the minds of the able statesmen who were arrayed, not, as he so impudently affected to suppose them, against France, but against the usurping government of which he was the head. But though he knew that verbiage could not pass as a substitute for specific proposals of substantial justice, he also knew that it would serve his turn in France, by causing the deluded and ferocious factions to attribute all the evils of continued war to Britain and her allies, and thus would keep up at fever heat that insane enthusiasm indispensable to the prosecution of his vast and iniquitous designs. Where is there the faintest trace of that scorn and contumely which Mr. Abbott ventures to attribute to the "rejection," of Napoleon's "proffers of peace?" That his "proffer" in his informal letter to his Britannic Majesty, was a mere mockery, the British Ministers must of course have known, from the vague and declamatory generality of the terms employed. But, with a policy as prudent as it was humane, they treated that proffer, not as it deserved, but as one which, though not sufficiently specific, inclined them to further consideration and negotiation. And further negotiation actually took place, but was broken off, owing in part, to the insincerity of Napoleon, and, in part, probably, to the hopes which both England and Austria still entertained of obtaining such advantages over France as should enable them at

once to give her peace and to free her from the factions, fused into an iron despotism, to which she owed so much of disgrace and of suffering.

The really Herculean task of conveying not only men but cavalry and heavy artillery across the Great St. Bernard, and the brilliant victories of Montebello and Marengo must ever extort the wonder of even those who are the least addicted to hero-worship. Mr. Abbott is however, determined to claim praise for his hero on other grounds. Accordingly, through the greater part of a closely printed column, he descants about the "humane sympathy" of Napoleon, and his great benevolence in giving his "sincere and virtuous" young guide over the mountains a few pencilled lines which made the "sincere and virtuous young peasant in question the proprietor of a field and a house which enabled the sincere and virtuous young peasant to marry "a fair maid among the mountains." Mr. Abbott opines that "generous impulses must have been instinctive in a heart which in an hour so fraught with mighty events, could turn from the toils of empire and of war, to find refreshment in sympathising with a peasant's love." If the three or four score pounds which would be the very outside price of the chalet and little plot of land which Abbott grandiloquently terms a house and field had been honorably earned and painfully and self-denyingly saved by the donor there would be some, though not such very conclusive, proof of the donors "instinctive impulses." But we can see no shadow of such proof in the mere scribbling of an order on a treasury from which every shilling that he ever drew, beyond the moderate pay of a French General, was just so much plunder.

The tremendous carnage at the battle of Marengo very *naturally* inspires Mr. Abbott with a feeling compounded pretty equally of horror and loathing, and some of his reflections on that awful carnage are not only impressively true but at once so eloquently and so chastely expressed, that, comparing them with the sad substance and slip-slop style of almost all the rest of his performances, we began to wonder where he could have borrowed them. But ere long we were released from all doubt as to the value of those few lines. True to himself,

when he had given, with something of graphic power, a sketch of the horrors of the battle-field, and told us that "He who loves war for the sake of its excitements, its paganism, and its fancied glory is the most eminent of all the dupes of folly and sin," he, with a really terrible coolness, adds, "For the carnage of the field of Marengo, Napoleon cannot be held responsible. Upon England and Austria must rest all the guilt of that awful tragedy. Napoleon had done everything that he could to stop the effusion of blood. He had sacrificed the instincts of pride in pleading with a haughty foe for peace. His plea was unavailing. Three hundred thousand men were marching upon France to force upon her a detested king. It was not the duty of France to submit to such dictation. Drawing the sword in self-defence, Napoleon fought and conquered. "*Te Deum Laudamus.*"

Never, we most firmly believe, never were those solemn words of praise and thanksgiving so terribly and blasphemously misapplied as they are by Mr. Abbott, where he thus uses them by way of peroration to his nauseous repetition of the foul charges against Austria and Great Britain as being the parties who were really guilty of the carnage of the field of Marengo. Should not Mr. Abbott have remembered that the writer making this deduction must wilfully ignore all the circumstances which preceded and led to the elevation of Napoleon; and, at the same time, repudiate the first principles of Christian ethics, and of policy, at once humane and self-preservative. We should miss a something in the narrative, if, to the most startling intrepidity of assumption and assertion, Mr. Abbott were not, on so prominent a subject as the carnage of Marengo to favor us with at least one touch of his laudatory power. We are not doomed to any such disappointment. He tells us that as Napoleon looked upon the mangled and the suffering victims, he stopped his horse and uncovered his head as the melancholy procession of misfortune and woe passed along. Turning to a companion he said, "We cannot but regret not being wounded like these unhappy men, that we might share their sufferings." A more touching expression of sympathy never has been recorded. He who says that this was hypocrisy is a stranger to the generous impulses of a noble heart. This instinct-

ive outburst of emotion never could have been instigated by policy.

As though such absurd inventions, to bolster up the tenderness of the heartless Napoleon, were not bad enough, Mr. Abbott tells us "it is not possible but that Napoleon must have been elated by so resplendent a victory. He knew that Marengo would be classed as the most brilliant of his achievements." With all due deference we venture to affirm that Napoleon knew nothing of the kind. Mr. Abbott's own pages inform us, what, indeed, half the world well knew before that, splendid as the victory of Marengo certainly was, it nevertheless, was fully as much the victory of Dessaix as of Napoleon. At a comparatively late hour of the day, the latter was, in fact, on the very edge of defeat, had Dessaix delayed but half an hour in bringing up the reserve, or if, on bringing it up, he had charged with less fiery energy than he did, the victory would inevitably have been with the Austrians.

But if Abbott, with a perfect knowledge of that fact, ungenerously and unjustly talks of the victory of Marengo as though it were exclusively due to the genius of Napoleon, he does his best to make amends to Dessaix by a touch of that sentimental invention which every now and then gives such an insufferable tone of cant to even his best passages. Dessaix not only saved Napoleon from defeat, but did so at the sacrifice of his own life. Let us see how Mr. Abbott deals with that fact. "The Austrians were checked, and staggered; a perfect tornado of bullets from Dessaix's division swept their ranks. They poured an answering volley into the bosoms of the French. A bullet pierced the breast of Dessaix, and he fell and almost immediately expired. His last words were "Tell the First Consul that my only regret in dying is, to have perished before having done enough to live in the recollection of posterity."

Now what is the truth as recorded by Napoleon himself, and by Scott and all other trustworthy historians of Marengo? Just simply this, that instead of having his breast pierced by a bullet, effectually enough to cause him to expire "almost immediately," and yet in so convenient a fashion as to allow him to send a bombastic message to Napoleon. Dessaix was knocked on the head by a

cannon shot, expired on the very instant, and literally :

"Died and made no sign."

Markish as this attempt at sentimentalism is, it is nevertheless freer from objectionable matter than the following impudent as we, as inconsistent twaddle:—

"Napoleon now entered Milan in triumph. He remained there ten days, busy apparently every hour by day and by night, in reorganizing the political condition of Italy. The serious and religious tendencies of his mind are developed by the following note which, four days after the battle of Marengo, he wrote to the Consuls in Paris:—

"To day, whatever our Atheists may say to it, I go in great state to the *Te Deum*, which is to be chanted in the cathedral of Milan."

Our Readers are well aware that again and again Abbott has positively and directly stated the notorious fact, that Napoleon was no Christian. And Mr. Abbott in his account of his hero's sayings and doings in Egypt, gave us the clearest possible proofs that Napoleon had no more "religious tendencies" than the horse that he rode or the coat that he wore. Yet he affects to take the few flippant words given above as "developing the serious and religious tendencies of his mind!" The impudence of such a pretence on the part of an author, who in a perfect host of previous passages has shown how well he knew that Napoleon was as destitute of religion as he was of truth and disinterestedness, would really excite our wonder, had not Mr. Abbott so abundantly taught us not to wonder at anything that he can possibly write. The few flippant words in question, if they indicate anything, indicated that Napoleon considered the going to the *Te Deum* as a mere splendid sham, a trifle less noisy than a review and mock fight, and very much more than a trifle less interesting. He well knew the Italians to be a religious people, and in his anxiety to reorganize the political condition of Italy, *i. e.* to prepare Italy to be as a mere dependency of France, as his own native isle of Corsica, he well knew the importance of leaving nothing undone to conciliate the good opinion of the Italian people; and so, in Italy he went to the cathedral, just as in Egypt he had gone to the Mosque to conciliate, *i. e.* to gull and hoodwink the Moslems; not caring in either

case two straws what might be said by "our Atheists," & c. his brother infidels "in Paris."

In the whole of Abbott's performance we doubt if a more intrepid misrepresentation than this can be pointed out.

When, by the treaty of Luneville, Napoleon had disembarassed himself of the hostility of Austria, he complained bitterly of the continued opposition which Britain still made to his insolent attempts at rendering Europe the mere satellite of France. He well knew that with Britain in arms against him, he could never for an instant be secure from some sudden and terrible reverse at sea, more than sufficient to counterbalance the sanguinary victory of a Marengo or Hohenlinden. He affected to believe that the object of Britain was to obtain and preserve her maritime supremacy, less even for the sake of extending her own commercial influence and prosperity, than for the sake of restricting and crippling the commerce of Europe in general and France in particular. We say that he affected this belief, because it is morally impossible that so acute an intellect as his could be so grossly deceived on a matter within the comprehension of an infinitely meaner capacity. Then, as now, Britain was personally and to an almost indefinite extent interested in the commercial prosperity of foreigners; she could not but be a gainer to a great extent directly, and to a still greater extent indirectly, by whatever tended to their commercial improvement. Napoleon well knew that Britain opposed him, simply because he was "the child and champion of the Revolution;" and because he had the genius and energy to render revolutionary France a calamity to the whole civilized world. It was not Britain but her allies to whom blame attached; not her hostility and perseverance, but their too facile consent to make peace with one of whom Britain and her able minister, Pitt, alone rightly comprehended the true character. Had the other powers been as bravely and conscientiously persistent as Britain, the treaty of Luneville need not have and would not have been signed, nor would the usurpation of the Empire have proved the successive usurpation of first the consulate for a term, and then the consulate for life.

If Britain erred at all she did so by ever treating with Napoleon in any other way than that of a general of rebels, not legitimately

entitled to even that rank, but professing it as the results of such circumstances and supported in it by such military strength and personal ability, that it would have been the mere refixing upon abstraction formally to deny it to him. With his consular power and dictatorial assumption the case was essentially and obviously different. The French revolutionists were rebels to their outlawed King, and tyrants to their loyalist fellow subjects; and were not even a political integer, but a chaos of political sects, a congeries of mutually and irreconcilably hostile factions with discordant interests and political and moral theories of every colour, and shade of atrocity, and absurdity. Such factions could have no right, excepting the right of the sabre, to give the reins of government into the hands of either Directors or Consuls; and it was both the right and the duty of the other powers of Europe to deprive them, if possible, of that power, whether wielded by an ex-medical poltroon or by an intrepid and highly gifted adventurer. These considerations alone should have been sufficient to induce all the great powers of Europe firmly and under any possible temperary defeat of their arms to aid Britain in her resistance to Napoleon, even *had* he been fairly elected to the Consulate; and the duty became doubly sacred from the well known fact that he was not elected even by the revolutionary factions, but owed his successive Consular positions to ruthless force and shameless fraud.

That Napoleon when the treaty of Luneville gave him sufficient breathing space for that purpose, made some very valuable arrangements with a view to the internal improvement of France, it would be unjust to deny. His conduct, in truth, as regards civil affairs both at that period and subsequently, renders us heartily as we dislike the falsehood and selfishness of his general character, even more grieved than indignant that he, (who, as chief minister of his rightful sovereign might have won imperishable fame, and might have, not merely spared the blood and treasure of France from aggressive and eventually useless wars, but also have employed both in achieving for France such a pitch of internal splendor and prosperity as would have been unparalleled,) should prefer the splendid infamy of successive usurpations which were

alike achieved and supported by the most frightful sacrifices of life. But it is something more than mere sophistry to dwell, as Mr. Abbott so complacently does, upon the really useful changes and improvements which Napoleon, during his consulate, effected in the internal administration of France, yet slur over the despotism which still more strongly marked that portion of his career. In spite of all that Abbott, and some other writers have asserted, the fact is notorious in history, that while the Royalists necessarily disliked him as a wrongful intruder on the seat of their exiled monarch, the Republicans of all shades, from the fiercest Jacobins to the tamest Girondists, hated him as a king under another name, a king without hereditary right or other than merely fraudulent public suffrage, and a king, too, who, though called a Consul, was in reality as absolute as the Bey of Algiers or the Sultan of Turkey, and possessed of a power more substantially upheld than that of either of them. No mere declamation can avail against the obvious fact that to both those classes he was inevitably obnoxious; and more than one conspiracy against not merely his power but his life, also clearly showed the extreme and deadly hatred which was borne to him. True it is that dazzled by the brilliancy of his foreign achievements, overawed by his immense military power, and kept constantly in check by his vigilant and merciless police, under the direction of the wily and unscrupulous Fouché, many actually admired him, and still more, submitted silently to a power which they thought preferable to the actual anarchy under the effects of which they still writhed, or submitted sullenly and hopelessly to a power which they saw no prospect of overthrowing. But there were, also, many who hated and did not fear him; many who thought that the modern Cæsar ought to be cut short in his career by a modern Brutus. The old maxims of the Reign of Terror were not yet forgotten; men still loved to harp upon the deeds and to ape the habits of thought of the old days of Heathen Rome. It was still within the memory of the great majority of the adult population of France that, in the days of the Convention, assassination was so far from being considered cowardly, that if committed under the guise and name

of Tyrannicide it was even worthy of legislative sanction! It was still remembered that a member of the Convention had been shameless enough to propose, and a considerable number of his fellow members shameless enough to accede to his proposal, that the revolutionary government should arm a body of assassins for the avowed purpose of Tyrannicide; i. e. for the assassination of such foreign princes and ministers as the wild beasts of the Convention should denounce as enemies to *La Belle France*! In a country whose government, such as it was, had so lately made open profession of adhesion to the horrible principle of the lawfulness of Tyrannicide, we need not marvel if some otherwise well principled Royalists thought it lawful to slay the usurper when no other possibility seemed to exist of getting fairly rid of him. Still less need we be astonished that ruthless Jacobins, old actors in the worst scenes of the worst days of the Reign of Terror, proposed to themselves to bring back those "good old days," as they doubtless deemed them, when dealing with a single human life bade so fair to do so. And, accordingly, several conspiracies really were formed against Napoleon, with this singular peculiarity, as it is shrewdly pointed out by Scott, that most of those who conspired against the life of Napoleon were Italians. Scott omits to remark, though such a remark seems to be obviously suggested by the fact, that patriotism, even in its most mistaken sense, seems to have had but little to do with the factious struggles in France. An Italian, a Corsican, who was born scarcely a subject of France even by conquest, assumed the right and, forsooth! the duty of usurping, under the title of Consul, an absolute power in France for the sake of delivering her from a "despised and incapable" government which at the least consisted of Frenchmen; and the principal part of the zealous assassins who proposed to deliver France from *his* tyranny were—aliens, Italians, whose mere abode in France might be considered mere matter of favor and tolerance, who had no more rightful concern with the affairs of France than with those of China.

One very formidable conspiracy was formed to assassinate Napoleon at the Opera House. Arena, who, like Napoleon himself, was a

Corsican, and several Italian desperadoes or enthusiasts went armed to the Opera House, with the full intent that Napoleon should not leave the house alive. But the Police were as well informed upon the subject, as the conspirators themselves, and two armed, with daggers, were actually arrested behind the scenes. This conspiracy undoubtedly existed but we think that it smacks somewhat of Police complicity that it went on so smoothly up to the very last moment, and was then so summarily and easily suppressed without even the shadow of risk to Napoleon. We know that he was by no means an enemy to that sort of trickery which is so well expressed by our more graphic than polished word *Humbug*. Was he likely to shrink from it should he deem that it might aid him in carrying out his cherished design to change the Consulate into the Empire? And then, too, his Minister of Police was Fouché, the old Terrorist, the astute plotter whose very coldness of temperament made him only the more terrible; who scrupled at the very worst act that his despotic master could suggest, *not* because it was a crime but because it might prove a great political blunder! With such men concerned, even the most plausible appearances cannot wholly disarm us of suspicion, even if there were nothing but the character of the movers in the affair, to excite that suspicion. But in the present case there were some peculiarities which strongly increase our suspicion that the Police were at the bottom of this conspiracy as they probably were of most of the many others that either actually were formed or were merely and falsely rumoured. On more than one occasion, Napoleon showed himself both prompt and pitiless in effectually putting his assassination out of the power of his foes. Does it not then look a little suspicious that on the present occasion, assailed by Italians, headed by a Corsican, he showed himself contemptuously placable? though addresses of congratulation were poured in upon him with all the servile profusion of sycophancy which at that time characterized the authorities. That suspicions of collusion existed, is clearly proved by a singular passage in the address of congratulation, on his escape from the Opera House conspiracy, read to Napoleon by the President of the Tribunate. He said—

(we quote the passage from Sir Walter Scott), "There have been so many conspiracies, at so many different periods, and under so many different pretexts, which have never been followed up, either by inquiry or by punishment, that a great number of good citizens have become sceptical of their existence. This incredulity is dangerous, and it is time that it should be put an end to." But, notwithstanding this plain speaking of the President, who concluded by strongly urging the prosecution and punishment of the Opera House conspirators, Napoleon still treated the matter in a tone of bravado, and took no immediate measures to punish the conspirators. Were Napoleon and Fouché thus tardy in vengeance, only that they might include Royalists with Jacobins when they should at length see fit to strike a decisive blow!

While every step that was successively and successfully taken by Napoleon towards consolidating his own power and restoring order to the internal affairs of France carried increased dismay and despair into the hearts of the party to whom disturbance and the absence of regular and sternly enforced authority were vitally necessary, the authority that he had acquired and the internal improvement which he had wrought in France had won him a certain amount of consideration in the minds of the superior Royalists. In common with their less calculating but far more clear sighted followers, they looked upon his rule as usurped, and as one to which France ought no more to submit, as permanent, than to that of the butcher, Robespierre. But the leading Royalists, and especially the exiled King and the Princes of the blood had conceived the idea, (founded on what part of Napoleon's character, as indicated by his acts, it would be difficult to say,) that Napoleon all this time was labouring in pure though well disguised loyalty, and that he only awaited the proper moment to show himself another General Monk, and to protect his exiled sovereign back to the throne, amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of a really "disenthralled people." We confess that there is no one passage in their strange and eventful history which gives us so poor an opinion of the sagacity of the exiled Bourbons as this does. Like our own Stuarts, they seem to have been really a doo.ned race; so

far as a race can be doomed by inattention to the signs of the times and characters of men. Napoleon's course as a whole, ought to have convinced them that Cromwell and not Monk was his psychological and political ancestor. But, so far was the exiled King from perceiving that truth, that he addressed a letter to Napoleon, of which the substance is so well and succinctly given by Sir Walter Scott, that we cannot refrain from extracting it.

"So general was the belief," says Scott, "among this class," the Royalists, "that Buonaparte meditated the restoration of the Bourbons that several agents of the family made their way so far as to sound his own mind upon the subject. Louis himself, afterwards XVIII, addressed to the first consul a letter of the following tenor:—'You cannot achieve the happiness of France without my restoration, any more than I can ascend the throne, which is my right, without your co-operation. Hasten, then, to complete the good work which none but you can accomplish, and name the rewards which you claim for your friends.'"

With his selfish and ambitious nature, Napoleon was a likely man to hasten, in a good work of that kind! with all France virtually his personal estate, and her whole population his serfs, to surrender both up to their rightful sovereign, on condition of naming the rewards he might claim for his "friends," as Louis, with that delicacy, which was one of his distinguishing traits of character, phrased it! We repeat that there is no other passage in the strange history of the exiled Bourbons which gives us so low an opinion of their sagacity as this does.

Scott says Napoleon coldly replied to this letter, that he was sorry for Louis and would gladly serve him: but that as it would be impossible to restore him without the sacrifice of a hundred thousand lives he could not think of acceding to his request. Scott ought to have remarked that in this portion of his reply Napoleon showed his usual spirit of falsehood. What cared he for a hundred thousand men? Witness the Russian campaign, alone! And, moreover, he well knew that, if at that particular crisis he had embraced the offer, he had the confidence of the army, to say nothing of an immense body of

the people, to which he would add all the Royalists both at home and abroad, and that the mere intimation of his will would have restored Louis probably without the loss of a single life.

Scott perceived and well described the effect produced upon the Royalists by his cold reply to the exiled Louis. He argues correctly, that being thus completely assured by Napoleon himself, that nothing could be farther from his thoughts than the restoration of the Bourbons the more enthusiastic and reckless among the Royalists became convinced that, such a usurper could only be dealt with effectually by summary means. But Scott does not seem to give sufficient weight to the effect which this same incident had upon the mind of Napoleon. If the Royalists had laboured under the delusion that the unscrupulous and inflexible usurper waited only for a fitting opportunity to restore the rightful sovereign, Napoleon, on the other hand, hitherto indulging the hope that his dazzling military successes abroad, and the despotic authority which he had acquired at home, had fairly deprived the Bourbons of not only all hope but also all thought of regaining the throne, was now undeceived on that point, and must have had the feeling forced on him that there were Royalists whom even the conscientious discouragement of the exiled royal family could not dissuade from attempting to accomplish the restoration at any risk. Napoleon, consequently, became far more incensed against the Royalists than the Jacobins, and it is to this bitter though concentrated and well hidden rage that we are inclined to attribute his tardiness in bringing the Opera House conspirators to the punishment which such wretches most richly merited. He could punish the Jacobin conspirators at any time, but a double purpose was to be answered by delay. Royalist conspirators might thus be encouraged to weave some plot which the vigilant Fouché would not fail to unravel, and not only would the people be aroused to an increased hatred of the exiled family, but they properly prompted by the spies of Fouché, would then exclaim that the only way to put an end to such conspiracies would be to make Napoleon Emperor and the Empire hereditary.

Against the ordinary plots, the widely

spread system of espionage, organized and directed by Fouché, was a tolerably sufficient protection; but St. Regent and Carbou, two vulgar but resolute Chouans, contrived to elude the vigilance of even Fouché's spies, and constructed what was truly called an Infernal Machine. In the book which passes under the title of the "Memoirs of Fouché" it is stated that this invention was originally modelled and actually tried by two Jacobins. "It was a machine," says Scott, "consisting of a barrel of gunpowder placed on a cart, to which it was strongly secured, and charged with grape shot, so disposed around the barrel as to be dispersed in every direction by the explosion. The fire was to be communicated by a slow match."

This truly "infernal machine" was placed in St. Nicaise Street, a narrow street, or rather lane, through which the First Consul was in the habit of being driven in his carriage, on the way to the Opera house. The night selected for the deadly and dastardly attempt was that appointed for the first performance of Haydn's magnificent Oratorio, "the Creation." Accident had nearly defeated all the hopes of the conspirators at the very outset; for Napoleon, busy, and having but little taste for music, was, but with great difficulty, persuaded to go to the Opera. He at length consented to do so, and again accident served him. His coachman, more than half intoxicated, drove at an unusually rapid pace and had barely passed the cart bearing the infernal machine, when a tremendous explosion shook the atmosphere around. Twenty persons," says Scott, "were killed, and about fifty-three wounded." It is some consolation to know that among the latter was the chief of the conspirators, Saint Regent; for independent of the atrocity of such an attempt, upon the life even of Napoleon, there were additional circumstances of turpitude in this especial attempt at assassination; for the conspirators could not but know that, while they might or might not succeed in slaying the usurper, they could scarcely fail to kill and maim a great number of innocent persons. Napoleon, with characteristic good fortune escaped without even the slightest injury, and he now proceeded in right earnest to make some examples among both Jacobin and Royalist conspirators. This last attempt was too savagely earnest,

and, the formidable police notwithstanding, had been too nearly successful to allow of his any longer simulating carelessness. Moreover, his chief end was fully compassed; he had caused a very general indignation against both Jacobins and Royalists, and especially against the latter; and he had created, too, a very general opinion that unless he had the power of naming his successor, attempts of this kind would be repeated. We accordingly find that the planners of this as well as of former plots were executed.

As Scott forcibly as well as shrewdly remarks, "A disappointed conspiracy always adds strength to the government against which it is directed." Scarcely were the actual conspirators disposed of ere a court was established whose powers were as arbitrary and unlimited as those of the Star Chamber of England; and so comprehensive were the functions of that new court that death or deportation inevitably awaited any one whom suspicion and the apprehensions of Napoleon might thenceforth chance to fear or dislike. The Press had now not even the shadow of freedom left; ruin and exile awaited the luckless writer who should chance to forget that he was a slave. Fouché was editor-in-chief of the entire French press; and it must be owned that he kept his sub-editors in excellent order.

Mr. Abbott reprehends those who attempted to assassinate Napoleon—so do we; yet Abbott had not a word of reprehension for the cold blooded chief who slew his two thousand prisoners of war in Egypt, and personally gloated over the extensive butchery. Now, we think that the usurper who had the bookseller Mack butchered for a libel, and the gallant young Duc d'Enghien shot for being a prince, was as culpable as any mad Jacobin or misguided Royalist that ever conspired against him; we do not at all blame him for executing these men for attempting murder, but we do very greatly blame the Allied Powers for not executing Napoleon for murder quite as atrocious. His usurped power so far from causing him to be kept in expensive luxury as a tameless and dangerous character, should have been considered an additional reason for consigning him to the fate he so well merited.

Mr. Abbott on this occasion is guilty of the *assertio falsi* as well as of the *suppressio veri*.

Probably nothing can be worse than the fulsome strain in which, after speaking of the effectual manner in which Napoleon put down the robbers who for some time had rendered the roads of France unsafe for travellers, he goes on to say: "The people thought not of the dangerous power that they were placing in the hands of the First Consul. They asked only for a commander who was able and willing to quell the tumult of the times. Such a commander they found in Napoleon. They were more than willing to confer upon him all the power that he could desire. 'You know what is best for us,' said the people to Napoleon, 'direct us what to do and we will do it.' It was thus that absolute power came voluntarily into his hands. He was called First Consul; but he already swayed a sceptre more mighty than that of the Cæsars."

This passage is a *résumé* of all the fulsome and false things that Mr. Abbott had previously said in defence of the usurpation, and again we are tempted to ask for a proof of these pathetic appeals of the people to Napoleon. Abbott quotes him as saying, while at Saint Helena, "Called to the throne by the voice of the people, I have always thought that sovereignty resides in the people." "The Empire, as I had organized it, was but a great Republic." "From being nothing I became, by my own exertions, the most powerful monarch of the Universe, without committing any crime," &c., &c. Mr. Abbott evidently thinks that these words will convince the world that his hero was a very real hero, and awfully ill-treated by that perfidious Albion that so cruelly condemned him to the rock of Saint Helena, and to the ever-gnawing vulture of remorse. He is mistaken; those words will only serve to convince the world that ambition blinds the understanding in the same ratio that it deadens the heart against the recognition of wrong committed. Let Abbott palliate as he may, enough has been written to disprove all his excuses, and to place Napoleon in a proper light before the world.

Our readers will remember that in speaking of Napoleon's base desertion of his army in Egypt, Abbott dwelt with peculiar emphasis on the argument that he could serve them better by going to France than by remaining with them. He now tells us that "Napoleon was extremely vigilant in sending succor to

the army in Egypt. He deemed it very essential in order to promote the maritime greatness of France that Egypt should be retained as a colony. His pride was also enlisted in proving to the world that he had not transported forty six thousand soldiers to Egypt in vain." Well! What was the result of the enterprise which he had commenced as a wolf and skulked from like a fox?—Kleber, upon whom he had so suddenly, and unfairly, thrown the burthen of holding possession of that country, with an inadequate and wretchedly provided force, was from the first indisposed to stay in a country which boasted indeed, a French chamber of commerce, but yet scarcely afforded himself and his troops common necessaries, and he at length, in spite of Napoleon's extreme vigilance in sending succor which the still more extreme and practical vigilance of British cruisers most amazingly prevented the "army in Egypt" from ever catching sight of, became so thoroughly wearied and disgusted that he signed a treaty with the Turkish plenipotentiaries and Sir Sydney Smith, by virtue of which he and his half starved cut-throats were to be allowed to return to France, unmolested by the British war ships. But the British government wisely refused to ratify a treaty which would have given to Napoleon the services of Kleber and an army of seasoned soldiers just as Napoleon could make great use of them; and Kleber had nothing for it but to maintain himself against the Turks as he best might. He defeated the Vizier Joussef Pacha in a severe encounter at Heliopolis, and was strenuously endeavouring to render the condition of his army somewhat more tolerable when his career was cut short by an assassin. He was succeeded by Menou, who was signally defeated by our gallant Abercrombie, near Alexandria, and shortly afterwards was only too happy to be allowed to evacuate Egypt.—Such was the result. All owing to the perverse skill and courage of the perfidious Albion, under Sydney Smith, Nelson and Abercrombie!

Of Napoleon's restoration of religion and of his concordat with the Pope, we need only say that he restored religion without belief, and that his concordat with the Pope was as merely a matter of temporal and selfish policy as any other agreement that he ever made or

sanctioned. Mr. Abbott speaks of the Concordat, and of Napoleon in connection with it, in a style which is perfectly sickening. The cant of a street preacher is decorous and dignified compared to the rant in which Mr. Abbott indulges upon the subject of what he wishes us to accept as the proof of Napoleon's piety. "In the midst of all his cares," says the conscientious and veracious Abbott, "Napoleon was making strenuous efforts to restore religion to France. It required great moral courage to prosecute such a movement. Nearly all the Generals in his armies were rank infidels, regarding every form of religion with utter contempt." Our readers must have seen abundant proof given by us in Abbott's *own* words, as well as in the words which he so unceremoniously and thanklessly borrows from others, that Napoleon was as infidel as any of them, and fully equalled them in his utter contempt of every form of religion. Plunder, massacre and falsehood, were his practices, and of his religious theory we surely may form a tolerably accurate judgment from his Moslem sayings and doings in Egypt. How, then, shall we, consistently with self-respect, express our loathing when Abbott dares to proceed as follows: "The religious element, by *nature*, predominated in Napoleon." No one knows better than Mr. Abbott that the restoration of religion and the Concordat with Rome were with Napoleon measures of worldly polity without even the shadow of an admixture of religious belief or of hallowed and hallowing feeling. His own observation, as reported by the accurate Scott, sets all that perfectly at rest. "If there never had been a Pope," said this ultra pious Napoleon, in whom the "religious element predominated," "I would have created one." So little genuine belief had he in the religion he was about to "restore," so great importance did he attach to it as a means of governing the passions and regulating the lives of those, who, being neither usurpers nor the bloody tools of usurpers, would be credulous enough to accept it as a reality!

"As," adds Abbott, "Napoleon was making preparations to go to the Cathedral, Cambaceres entered his apartment."

"Well!" said the first Consul rubbing his hands in the glow of his gratification, 'we

go to church this morning. What say they to that in Paris?'"

"Many persons," replied Cambaceres, 'propose to attend the first representation in order to hiss the piece, should they not find it amusing?'"

"If any one," replied Napoleon, firmly, 'takes into his head to hiss, I shall put him out of the doors by the Grenadiers of the Consular guard.'"

"But what if the Grenadiers themselves," rejoined Cambaceres, 'should take to hissing like the rest?'"

"As to that, I have no fear," said Napoleon, 'my old moustaches will go here to Notre Dame, just as at Cairo they would have gone to the Mosque. They will remark how I do, and, seeing their General grave and decent, they will be so too, passing the watchword to each other—Decency.'"

Exactly so; his soldiers would see that he was "grave and decent" in Notre Dame as he would be in a Mosque, that he valued Christianity about equally with Islamism; they would look as though they believed, yet laugh in their sleeve the while, as he did! And it is of this man, with brow of brass and heart of stone, that Abbott, with his maudlin sentimentalism and transparent cant says that "the religious element, by *nature*, predominated in the bosom of Napoleon.

Surely, oh! surely—

"The forces of Humbug can no farther go!"

Mr. Abbott is ever delighted when he can by chance find an isolated passage in the work of an eminent British writer which he can quote in seeming support of his own vague and general charge against Britain that she was the really guilty party in those long and murderous wars which originated with the Convention, and were perpetuated by Napoleon. We have seen the alacrity with which he seized upon the unlucky and censurable slip of Scott; he no less eagerly avails himself of what we shall not merely call, but also prove, a very unwarrantable assumption of an able and industrious modern historian, Sir Archibald Alison. Speaking of the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, that writer takes it upon himself to say: "Upon coolly reviewing the circumstances under which the war was renewed, it is impossible to

deny that the British Government manifested a feverish anxiety to come to a rupture, and that, so far as the transactions between the two countries are concerned, they were the aggressors." Mr. Abbott quotes this unpardonable assumption with an evident relish, and a keen sense of its value as an auxiliary to his own assertions. But we shall not allow him to make capital out of the error of an Alison after preventing him from sheltering himself behind the too fastidiously delicate forbearance of a Scott. Britain showed no "feverish anxiety" for a rupture; she simply and most righteously showed a stern determination not to allow an imperious character to hold her to the very letter of a treaty, while violating the whole spirit of that treaty to his own advantage and to her disgrace and prospective peril.

All the acts of Napoleon and all the reports, assiduously and approvingly made public, of his zealous servant, General Sebastiani showed that, while talking of his desire to be at peace with England, Napoleon was, in fact, haunted by his anti-British spirit, and busied in planning the means of making her, as he subsequently confessed at St. Helena, a mere isle, adjunct to France, as Corsica or Oleron. If under such circumstances the British ministry had given up Malta to him, and thus aided his plans, the British ministry would have merited impeachment. While the *Moniteur*, of which he, with his talented and ever ready tools, Talleyrand and Fouché were the virtual editors, was continually abusing Britain in the coarsest terms, he was outrageous that the unfettered English press spoke of him as he deserved. Forgetting that if he despotized in France, and could suppress the public opinion by a mere stroke of his pen, the constitutional King of Great Britain could do nothing of the kind, he imputed it as an offence on the part of England that Peltier, a Royalist Refugee spoke of him and of his family in the terms which best suited the case in hand; he applied for redress. Peltier was brought to trial; and Napoleon was more enraged than ever. He would have made as short work with Peltier as he made with the Duc d'Enghien and Mack the Bookseller; and why did not the British ministry do the like, instead of instituting a drum trial in broad day light, and with an able, elo-

quent and conscientious advocate at once to defend the accused and to throw abroad and terribly damaging light upon the real character of the accuser! He had possessed himself of Piedmont and Switzerland, but Britain had no right to mind such mere trifles, which she ought to have anticipated as mere matter of course. Again, to all his consuls whom he sent to various British ports, not for the purpose of facilitating commerce between the two countries but to act as spies, instructions were given which Scott thus succinctly describes. "Those official persons were not only directed to collect every possible information on commercial points, but also *furnish a plan of the ports of each district, with all the soundings, and to point out with what wind vessels could go out and enter with most ease, and at what draught of water the harbour might be entered by ships of burthen. To add to the alarming character of such a set of agents, it was found that THOSE INVESTED WITH THE OFFICE WERE MILITARY MEN AND ENGINEERS.*"

With such facts before him, will any one venture to say that there is the slightest reason to impute "*feverish anxiety*" for a breach of the Treaty of Amiens to the British Government? Who can fail to see that on that occasion, as upon all others, Napoleon only talked of a desire for peace in order that he might lull the British into a fatal security while he made ample preparations for a destructive war whenever it should be his good pleasure to recommence hostilities?

Mr. Abbott speaks of Britain "commencing her assaults upon France," as though a sagacious and powerful people ought to sit down with closed eyes and folded hands upon the commencement of an outbreak which threatened not merely its character but its very existence! And how complacently too, he speaks of the gratuitous, the uselessly cruel and unmanly innovation made by him here upon the usage of war, as recognized by every civilized nation!

"Immediately," says Abbott, "upon the withdrawal of the British Ambassador from Paris, and even before the departure of the French Minister from London, England, without any public declaration of hostilities commenced her assaults upon France. The merchant ships of the Republic, unsuspecting

of danger, freighted with treasure, were seized, even in the harbours of England, and wherever they would be found, by the vigilant and almost omnipresent navy of the Queen of the Seas. Two French ships of war were attacked and captured. These disastrous tidings were the first intimation that Napoleon received that the war was renewed.

Such is Mr. Abbott's lachrymose lament. We are sure that our readers require but brief comment from us upon such mere assertion, but one or two remarks we may as well make, lest Abbott should hereafter point to his insinuation and affirm it to be unanswered. Mr. Abbott confesses that the English Ambassador *had* withdrawn from Paris; what plainer warning could the Despot of France require to expect the capture of his craft, whether war ships or merchantmen, whenever and wherever our gallant seamen should chance to fall in with them? If the French minister had not left London, that was his and his master's affair, not ours; the British Ambassador *had*, and *that* was all that the British had to do with. Our ships were justified in seizing every French ship they met with; and Mr. Abbott knows as well as we do that the French could no more have watched us at sea with the warning of twelve months than with the warning of only twelve hours. The Nile and Trafalgar is full proof of that! We should like Mr. Abbott to explain what Republic he alludes to in the passage which we have just quoted? or is it possible that even he can call France of that day a *Republic*!

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE ILLNESS OF
PROFESSOR WILSON.

Bright from Heaven's golden portals,
Heralds to our world of wo,
Glide the rainbow-wing'd immortals,
To earth's weary ones below.

Blest inhabitants of Zion,
They who guard the hours of sleep.
Who beside the worn and dying,
Come to soothe, to watch, to weep.

Showing to our mental vision
Heaven's mercy, truth, and love;
And what happiness Elysian
Waiteth those who faithful prove!

Telling of the meek and lowly,
Life's who tests and trials bore;
And like pilgrim pure and holy,
Weeping trod its path before.

Thus, dear Father, o'er the sleeping
Of thy weary brain and brow,
Love's unweary'd vigil keeping—
Holy ones are with thee now.

Of that glorious land of Zion,
Where the dear departed dwell;
Where death is not, nor pain, nor sighing,
Come those holy ones to tell.

Hymning through thy broken slumbers
Strains that once o'er Bethlehem roll'd,
Such as fill'd the golden numbers
Of the prophet bards of old.

Poet sire! blest was thy mission,
For its aim was peace and love,
Yearning for its bright fruition
In the world of peace above.

Painting from life's tempest hours,
Crime and terror's dark impress,
And finding in the meek-eyed flowers
Types of virtue's loveliness.

Showing from the past and present,
Sweeping tides of change and wo,
How all vain and evanescent
Is the hope that's based below.

Thy glowing theme and lonely story
Touched the bosom's purest chords:
Father, this is truer glory
Far than monumental words.

Every strain's deep moral proving
That thy mission was divine;
Sweet, and poor, and mercy-loving,
Was that gentle music of thine.

The hearts that once did beat around thee,
In thy mind's meridian day,
Now mourn the silence that hath bound thee,
And weep above its waning ray.

Yet its labours shall not perish;
Time shall prove their power and worth;
And many a breast thy mem'ry cherish,
When thou art far away from earth.

Perchance, while now thy children grieving
Watch thee on thy parting way,
Seraph hands for thee are wreathing
A garland that will ne'er decay.

And when thy soul from earth doth sever,
Among the ransom'd may'st thou be,
To raise thy proudest theme for ever
With joy to Him who died for thee.

MIRANDA: A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER III.

THE MAN IN THE CLOAK.

WHEN the ladies had retired, and been shortly afterwards followed by the Duke and Charles Clement, Jean Torticolis and Duchesne, who had hitherto kept aloof, draw timidly nearer to the fire, the front of which was almost wholly occupied by the lacqueys and ladies' maids, who, having no sleeping chamber, had agreed to sit up and enjoy themselves until towards morning, when a few hours slumber could be sought on chairs and benches.

"Mam'selle," observed one of the domestics, addressing a lively brunette, who officiated as lady's maid to the Countess Miranda, "You have never been to Versailles, I think?"

"Never," said Mam'selle, as she was generally called; "but I suppose I soon shall."

"We are all bound to the Court," said the other, pompously.

"And a good many along with us," laughed the girl, thus displaying a row of perfectly white teeth, encased in a ruddy setting.

"*Ma foi!*" said the domestic, shaking his head. "It will be a grand sight this meeting of the *Etats-Generaux*. All the nobles in grand costumes—plumes, and gold, and white, and silver—messieurs the clergy in full costume—the *Tiers-Etats* in black cloth, *chapeaux clabauds*, and short cloaks. It will be worth the journey."

"That it will," exclaimed the other domestics, with profound and solemn looks.

"But what is this *Etats-Generaux*?" inquired the brunette. "I assure you, *Maitre Pierre*, it puzzles me."

"Ah, there I am *flambé*, puzzled too," said *Maitre Pierre*, looking thoroughly so; "but I rather think it is a mode of showing respect to his Majesty."

"Bah!" interrupted the *maitre d'hotel*, who, mixing more with his masters, was, of course, better informed; "you are in the wrong, *Pierre*, but that's no wonder, since this is a most weighty subject;" and the *maitre d'hotel* shook his head knowingly, pursed up his mouth, and looked as profound as was in his nature.

"But what is it then, *Monsieur Germain*?" persisted the brunette, somewhat maliciously.

"Oh, yes! what is it then?" said *Maitre Pierre*, a little ruffled.

Torticolis and *Duchesne* nodded their heads, not venturing to put in a word.

"Why, the fact is—" said the *maitre d'hotel*; "but you know, Mam'selle, our first duty in this world is to our king."

"Exactly!" put in *Pierre*, quite triumphantly; "that's what I said."

"But I don't see it," said *Germain*, angrily, glad of the opportunity of being so, as he was somewhat non-plussed at his task.

"Never mind," muttered the valet; "we are waiting for your explanation."

"Well, then, that's settled," repeated the *maitre d'hotel*. "Now, our best way of showing respect to his Majesty is by paying what money

is necessary for his Majesty to support his army, his navy, his palaces, his household."

"Certainly," repeated the domestics, affirmatively.

"Then, why do not the *noblesse* pay their share?" said Mam'selle Rosa, carelessly.

"Oh!" exclaimed the horror-stricken domestics.

"Recollect their outlays," said the *maitre d'hotel*.

"Their horses," put in the negro coachman.

"Their mansions, their hotels," interposed another.

"Their dreadfully expensive habiliments," said Adela's maid; "their prodigious charges at court; their household."

"Ah!" responded Rosa, as if convinced.

"Well, it seems," continued the *maitre d'hotel*, "that, in the course of time, people, perverted by a set of men my master calls philosophers, have got into the bad habit of not paying regularly, and there is what is called a *de—de—ficit*."

"A *disette*," exclaimed the domestics, in chorus.

"No!" responded M. Germain, contemptuously, "a *deficit*."

"And what is a *deficit*?" asked one; "something worse than a famine?"

"Much. I believe, since I heard Count Leopold say, a *deficit* is another word for ruin. It means a want of money."

"Oh!" again chorussed the domestics, visibly touched.

"So you see his Majesty cannot, for want of money, carry on the affairs of the state. His navy is without pay."

"Terrible," said the chorus.

"And his army," continued Germain.

"Shocking."

"And his servants!" exclaimed Germain, with oratoric emphasis.

"Dreadful!" cried the domestics, with heartfelt energy.

"And the people who are starving, what of them?" said an exasperated voice, in a loud and shrill tone. It was the voice of the poor man, of what modern cant calls in France, the *proletaire*, making itself heard in an assembly of the untaxed.

Scarcely had *Torticolis*—for it was him—given vent to his exclamation than he shrunk terrified in his chair, awaiting the result.

"Insolence! unworthy of notice! better not be repeated!" exclaimed the servants, with the true *insouciance* of power, holding the speaker too contemptible for serious attention.

"And the *Etats-Generaux* will bring his Majesty money for all these purposes," said Mam'selle, in affected admiration.

"Why," replied Germain, "that's a question I don't exactly understand; but I think it's to settle about regular payments in future."

"And will the *Etats-Generaux* ask nothing in return?" said the favorite attendant of the Countess Miranda.

"*Corbleu*," laughed Germain; "but *Monsieur le Duc* says they will ask for a great deal; from what *Monsieur Clement* says, I believe they will want some laws."

"Ah!" said *Pierre*, emphatically, "I know a good many which are much wanted."

"You do!" exclaimed Rosa, merrily; "and what laws are they?"

"Why, laws against Savoyards, Swiss, Italians, exercising the *etat* of domestic, and thus throwing Frenchmen born, out of work," said the kitchen Solon.

"Most necessary," continued Germain, approvingly.

The discussion, however, was here prematurely closed, to the great loss, we doubt not, of society in general.

"Holla, there! *milles boulets rouges!*" thundered a voice from without; "open!"

The tone was so imperious that Madame Martin hurried across the apartment to open the door with even more energy than she had shown on the arrival of the Duke. The servants rose, startled at the intrusion, while Jean Torticollis and Duchesne consulted in a low tone their probable chances of sleep.

"*Sapristie!*" said the stranger, entering; "this is a night! Rain enough to melt a cannon ball. Oh! oh! a fire and company. Dame, a bottle of good wine! By your leave."

With these words the man seized a stool which had previously been occupied by one of the domestics, and seating himself on it, proceeded to dry his clothes by the fire.

"A pleasant night for the rats," laughed the soldier, drawing his wet cloak round him, so as to rob it in front of the blaze; "better cozy by one's fireside than abroad; eh, pretty ones? And the stranger chucked the pouting Rosa under the chin.

"Hands off!" cried the *soubrette*, with a laugh; "faugh! thy cloak sends forth no pleasant odor. Why not hang it up to dry?"

"Ay, I will hang it up for thee," said Fournier, the black coachman, who had been curiously examining the stranger's countenance.

"Thanks, but 'twill stiffen off me," exclaimed the soldier, carelessly; "and I have come to rest, not to stay; I am bound on the king's service, and when my horse has eaten, and I have warmed my jacket, I shall ride again."

"Thou hast ridden far?" inquired Rosa.

"Far or near, it matters not," said the soldier, quaffing a huge draught.

"What ails you?" whispered Duchesne to his companion Torticollis, who was pale as death, and sat trembling like a leaf.

"Nothing—but that voice," replied the crick-neck, with a shudder. "Come away; let us go to sleep."

Duchesne, much puzzled, rose in company with his friend, and, after a few words with Dame Martin, they retired to a loft, overlooking the stable and the *remise* which contained the Duke's carriage.

"Plenty of clean straw," said Torticollis; "too good for us; as Foulon says, we shall live to eat hay."

"Plenty," repeated Duchesne, abstractedly; "but what ails thee? has the soldier given you a fright?"

"Oh no!" replied Torticollis, "only he reminded me of the past, when such gallants guarded me to the Grève."

"Not an over-pleasant recollection, truly," said Duchesne, with a grin.

"Are you sleepy?" inquired Torticollis, dryly.

"Very," replied the *Bourreau*, with a yawn, and falling lazily on a heap of fresh straw.

"So am I," said Torticollis; "wilt thou drink a *gûte* ere you snore?" And the crick-neck produced his case bottle of brandy.

"Readily," replied the *Bourreau*, taking the flask; "that's the stuff! it's devilish strong. Eh? good night, Tory; don't mind that *gen*—of a soldier—ah!"

"And, after a few more growling words, the *Bourreau*, who had almost emptied the flask, was fast asleep.

"Good," muttered Jean, putting the brandy away without tasting it.

With this one word he darkened the lanterns which had been given them, and having lit his pipe, put his head out of the window, with the air of a man who is about to watch.

The window at which Torticollis sat overlooked the yard. Facing him was a small door, which led into the principal room of the auberge, and through the cracks of which came occasionally the smothered sound of mirth and jollity. The servants, excited by the trooper, were evidently enjoying themselves, and giving way to as much merriment as was consistent with a due regard to the slumbers of their master. Beneath was the stable. A trap-door, half over that and half over the coach-house, was close to Jean's feet, and he once moved towards this aperture, and made sure that there was a ladder to descend by.

In the corner of the yard was a snug shed, with a room over it occupied by the ostler, and beneath this was the trooper's charger, as well as three horses belonging to the servants, the stable itself being quite full.

The night, which was far advanced—it was past one—was dark and lowering, though the rain had ceased a while. The clouds, in ragged and black masses, hurried headlong by, charged with the storm and the blast. There were strange sounds at that hour in the house-tops, which came with saddening influence to the heart of the watcher. The low wind moaned, rather than shrieked, in its damp journey through the loaded air, save when a fitful gust came howling along, awakening the sleeping echoes, and searching out every hole and corner whence to draw a sigh or a groan. Save the speaking of the breeze, Nature was silent; the low whisper of a summer's night was replaced by the blustering fury of the tempest.

Torticollis, however, paid no attention to the warfare of heaven. A tempest of hate, revenge, and mingled hope, was raging in his bosom, which blinded him to all else. This man, poor, unknown, humble, had endured unheard of sufferings. Once happy, with a young and cherished wife, who loved him as he loved her, his happiness had been destroyed by the illicit passion of a noble. Persecuted and followed unceasingly, the young man had complained to her husband, then a tradesman, well to do in the world; and he, forgetting all prudence, had personally chastised the modest aristocrat, who sought to rob him of his greatest treasure. But the law was strict. A noble was inviolate, and Paul Ledru was condemned to death. What became of the refractory wife we

not known; the husband's fate has already been explained.

Inconceivable as it was, Jean Torticolis—thus, in cynical remembrance of his escape, had he christened himself—had fancied that, in the rag-muffin of a soldier, he had recognised the voice, the tone, the face of him whom he hated with a hate which is impossible to be characterised, but which may be in part conceived in one who had, by an act of foul injustice, been robbed of life, of fortune, of her he loved, of legal existence, and even a name. But Jean hated not only the man, but his class, the system, the thing called aristocracy, which gave such monstrous rights to men over their fellow-men, to creatures of God over creatures of God.*

Modified as aristocracy has been by the progress of civilization, it still enjoys privileges enough to excite the wonder of all reasonable men. Were any one to propose, at this time of day, that a certain number of persons should be chosen, whose sons and son's sons should be born legislators, who should hold land without having it answerable for their debts, who should have a monopoly of all the high offices of the state, and be in fact a privileged class, we should receive the proposition with shouts of derisive laughter, and vote its advocates a safe box in Bedlam, just as, under existing circumstances, men do the unhappy wight who talks of the aristocracy of merit and talent, and of equal rights and equal duties for all men, irrespective of birth. We are aware we give occasion for the accusation of madness, but then we do so in goodly company.

Torticolis scarcely knew what was about to happen, save that the thirst for revenge was hot within him, and that the words of Charles Clement had filled his mind with hope. The soldier was armed, while he had nothing but an old knife; but in the hands of the man dead before the law, whose wife had vanished from the earth, this weapon was mighty.

And the night went on apace. It wanted but an hour of morning; and, had the weather been less tempestuous, he would have discovered the first grey streak of dawn. Jean listened attentively—the tumult within had some time ceased—and yet the soldier had not appeared to pursue his journey on the king's service. It was time to act—all in the public-room probably slept. His first desire was to make sure of his man. Taking his knife between his teeth, Torticolis, without the aid of his lantern, descended the ladder into the coach-house, groped about with both his hands, and found the door. It was on the latch. He opened it and stood in the yard. Before him was the side door of the bar, to his left a high wall covered with grape vines, and leaning against there a number of poles and a small ladder.

Jean listened, scarcely drawing breath.

*Came not the revolution in time when the following could be truly quoted with regard to the system of French feudalism?—"He (Lapoule) spoke of the mort-main, as well as personal of the forced obligation to nourish the dogs of the nobles, and of that horrible right, confined, doubtless, for ages to the dusty monuments of barbarism, but which existed, by which the *seigneur* was authorised, in certain cantons, to disembowel two of his vassals on his return from the chase, to refresh himself, by putting his feet within the warm bodies of these unhappy wretches."

A slight noise fell upon his ear. It was the unbarring, in the most stealthy manner, of the small door already referred to.

"He is going," muttered Jean, falling at the same time behind the shadow of the poles, between which and the wall his small and frail body was easily concealed.

At the same moment the door opened, and two men came out, who noiselessly reclosed the issue behind them.

Jean Torticolis allowed a heavy sigh of rage to escape his bosom, for the soldier was not alone. To kill was not his only object. He had a secret to wring from his heart, for which purpose it was necessary to take his enemy at a disadvantage.

To be quite sure, the crick-neck peered forth into the air, and looked carefully towards the pair.

It was the trooper and Fournier, the American coachman.

There are moments in a man's existence when, enlightened by love, or hate, or both, his intelligence usually sluggish and lazy—and it is oftener so than naturally dull—acts with a degree of rapidity that seems to him at the moment almost prophetic. The mind, sharpened by the passions, dives deep and brings up truth—not always, but often. It was so with Torticolis. The association of these two men was a shaft of light which pierced the dull husk and went to his very soul, infusing a terrible and savage joy. He saw crime in their union, and for crime there was punishment.

Might not he live to see him receive that ignominious death which had so nearly been his lot? Such was the thought of this man, ignorant, debased, degraded; but ignorant not from his fault—debased, degraded from the crime of others.

He clutched his knife, and, more happy than he had felt for years, listened.

"Who was this man who joined the duke here?" inquired the soldier.

"How do I know?" replied Fournier; "I didn't listen. It's not my business to wait at table. Germain could tell you."

"*Nigaud!*" said the other, fiercely, "but you say he retired with the Duke?"

"He did," continued the negro, without paying attention to the other's tone.

"*Manant, coupe-jarret,*"* muttered the other, "you might be a little more respectful."

"And call you by your name?" said the other, with low cunning.

"No. But no more words," continued the soldier, apparently recollecting his part; "who mixes in dirty work, can scarce come out clean."

"It was your own choice, Monsieur," sneered the other; "I should never have thought of it."

There was a moment of fierce passion on the part of the trooper, during which he drew forth one of his pistols, but it was soon lowered, though he still kept it in his hand.

"You are a rough customer," he laughed; "show the way."

The negro, or rather the half-cast, was one of these hideous creatures who appear purposely chosen to give crime a repulsive aspect. His forehead was so low as to seem scarcely to exist;

* Clown, brigand.

his hair, half woolly and half silky, was thinly scattered over his dark brown pate; his nose was flat, his lips thick, with an expression of disgusting appetite about them; while his heavy chin and goggle eyes, all surmounting a short thick body, made him the very incarnation of ugliness. To this, on ordinary occasions, he added a look of inconceivable stupidity, which deceived the most adroit. Save, however, to serve his various passions, on no occasion was his intelligence active.

This man, whose presence with the soldier, under such suspicious circumstances, had served to illumine the senses of Jean, led the way towards the coach-house. In his hand was a lantern which was very nearly betraying the presence of Torticolis, and would have done so to any less abstracted in their designs. The crick-neck trembled like a leaf, for he knew his man, and he, discovered there, would have served he knew too well, to screen the true author of the crime, whatever it was, which was about to be perpetrated. He held his very breath, and by a superhuman effort repressed the shaking of his limbs. He had once already, innocent, stood upon man's scaffold.

"Is there as much as we expected," said the trooper, as they entered.

"More than we shall be able to carry," replied the American, with a grin.

Torticolis' heart beat for joy. These men were in his power. For the negro he cared not, except as a means of denouncing the other, and having him condemned.

"Not a *livre* shall be spared if our horses die," growled the other, who all along, from the habit of the evening, studied to disguise his voice.

"As you please," said Fournier, "but here it is."

Torticolis leaned forward, and saw the negro in the act of forcing, with a picklock, the padlock which secured the seat of the carriage, in the inside of which, it appeared the Duke had placed his valuables. The black, however, did not appear very ready at his trade of thief, and the fastening remained good.

"Give me the *crochet*," muttered the other, impatiently, "you are but a bungler."

The negro yielded his instrument readily, which the other seized, by laying his pistol on the step of the carriage, to have his hand free. In another minute the top of the seat was open.

"*Peste !*" cried the trooper joyously, "but here is a heavy load. You were right Fournier, we shall scarcely be able to carry it. *Diantre* there must be two hundred thousand *livres* in silver, and jewel box too. It is fastened but no matter we shall have time enough, anon."

"We must lose no time then now," said the negro, his eyes glistening.

"Right," replied the soldier, whose back was half turned to the black, "go, draw out the horses, they are ready saddled."

The negro paused. The lantern was full upon his face, and Jean Torticolis made ready to spring upon him, for he saw a horrid grin pass over the American's face, as he calculated how well the whole would suit him. Jean feared his prey might perish too easily. He did not wish him now to die so soon. But the thought of

the black was but momentary, and he moved away to the shed which covered the horses.

"These are the jewels of the Countess Miranda," laughed the trooper; "well she must go to court without, unless we sell them to her again, which is to be thought of."

"The horses are ready," muttered the black from the yard.

"I come," and taking up several canvass bags of silver, the trooper paused within a foot of his mortal enemy.

"Here are the valises," said the negro.

"Bring them inside," replied the soldier; "the horses are trained and will not move."

The black did as he was directed.

"This is mine," said the man in the cloak, pointing to the large portmanteau; "you recollect our agreement—one third for your part, which, with the passport I give you for England, will secure your fortune."

"I recollect our agreement," answered the black, with a slight tone of savage irony.

"Ruffian!" exclaimed the other fiercely, "you risk your carcass for what will make you for life; I risk life, rank, position, a brilliant fortune, for what will scarce carry me over my wedding."

"With *La Greve*," muttered Torticolis within himself.

"I quarrel not with my part," said the negro.

The next of their task was performed in silence. The valises were crammed full. The jewel case of the Countess Miranda the soldier placed in his pocket, along with a small and well-secured box, the contents of which he was ignorant of. This done, they left the stable to put on the horses' backs their heavy load. This was rapidly accomplished, and then, having well secured them, they mounted.

On the step of the carriage lay the soldier's pistol, which, in the hurry of his crime he had forgotten.

It was now dawn. The criminals, shunning the light, hastened to unbar the door which opened into the road. Profiting by this moment of inattention on their part, Jean Torticolis glided into the coach-house, seized the neglected pistol, pressed it convulsively to his breast, where he concealed it, and then with noiseless footsteps mounted the ladder. Gaining the loft, the crick-neck rushed to the window, and leaning out, saw them about to depart.

"*Bon voyage !*" he laughed, hideously. "I hope your load is light?"

"Malediction!" cried the soldier, seizing his remaining pistol, and discharging it furiously at the crick-neck; "away Fournier."

And giving spur to their horses, the robbers dashed away in the direction of Paris.

"Thieves! murder!" roared Jean Torticolis, whom the ball had touched on the left shoulder. "Quick! thieves! murder."

"Hang them!" said the *Bourgeois*, sitting bolt upright.

"*Au feu !*" shrieked Dams Martin, [who had been awoke by the pistol shot.

Jean, quick as thought, glided the pistol into his bundle, and then, without taking note of his wound, continued to bawl, "*au voleur! au voleur !*"

In an instant the yard was filled with servants, while the ostler and Dame Martin hurried to examine the shed.

"Where?" cried Germain.

"Gone," bawled Dame Martin, "without paying his score."

"The carriage burst open!" exclaimed the head valet, horror-struck.

"The soldier gone!" continued Dame Martin.

"And Fournier!" thundered Germain.

"Which way?" asked one of the servants of Jean, he having, his clothes all covered with blood, descended to join the domestics.

"What is the matter?" said the voice of the Duke, who, a sword in his hand, and followed by Charles Clement, now entered the yard.

The worthy old nobleman, in a dressing gown and night-cap, having taken not even time to don his velvet *caulotte*, would, under any other circumstances, and in the presence of any but his household, have excited much merriment; but, as it was, a dead silence followed, all the domestics making way for Jean.

"But you are bleeding," said Charles anxiously.

"It is nothing, *monseigneur*," replied Jean Torticolis, thankfully.

"But what is the matter?" inquired the Duke, petulantly.

Jean, who, for his own private reasons, chose to conceal that he knew all, quietly replied, that, awoke by a noise in the yard, he saw two men, the *ritter* and the coachman, on horseback, about to leave the inn. Judging from the hour, their suspicious manner, and the heavy portmanteau they carried, that all was not right, he challenged them, when the soldier fired his pistol and rode off.

"Examine the carriage," said the Duke, who was pale, and whose face was rigid.

"The carriage seat is burst open," replied Germain, in a trembling voice.

"Have they then taken everything?" inquired the nobleman, in a faltering tone.

"Everything, *Monsieur le Duc*," said Germain, desperately.

Charles Clement, meanwhile, was obtaining from Torticolis some account of the appearance of the thieves. As for Duchesne, he had no idea upon the point save that they should be hanged.

"What is the matter?" suddenly exclaimed the musical voice of the Countess Miranda, who, followed by Adela, now appeared on the threshold of the public-room.

"That my negligence, in not taking our valuables into my room, has dishonoured me," replied the Duke, in a tone of deep grief. "I had charge of your jewels, and the deeds of your Italian estates, and they have all been stolen."

"You must buy me others, jewels are not rare in Paris, nor am I penniless; as for my papers, you must win them back through Duchesne," said the Countess, laughing merrily. She was young, and could not grieve the old man by showing the slightest regret. "Come, come, no shake of the head, my lord; but have you lost nothing yourself?"

"A trifle," answered the Duke, without flinching, "a month's revenue. Fasten up the doors, and prepare breakfast, it is useless retiring to rest again."

"But I will mount and chase them," exclaimed Charles Clement, who stood resolutely out of sight, his costume being far from complete, "give me two of your servants."

"It is useless, nephew," said the Duke; "the rogues have a fair start. That scamp of a Fournier, he looked like a cut-throat. By-the-way, dress that man's wound, Pierre, and give him a couple of ecus, if, indeed, the vagabonds have left us any."

"But who knows they are not accomplices," muttered Pierre, the barber-valet, pointing to Jean and Duchesne.

"Search us," replied Torticolis, coldly, while his whole frame quivered.

"Do nothing of the kind," exclaimed Charles Clement, indignantly; "I answer for these men."

Jean gave him a look of humble gratitude. He still alone possessed the secret of the pistol. The servant drew back with an ill-surprised growl.

"Go finish dressing, ladies," cried the Duke to his daughter and the Countess; more, however, to get clear passage for himself and Charles Clement, than because the young beauties required their maids.

"We go; come Rosa," said the Countess, smothering a laugh.

"Hush, Miranda," whispered the blushing Adela, "my father will be offended."

"But they did look so richly comic," replied the merry Countess, "especially your cousin of the long robe."

"Miranda," said Adela, respectfully, for this was reminding her of his inferiority.

"Tush! girl, I meant no harm," answered the other, faintly blushing; "I think better of him than you perhaps imagine."

"So much the better," exclaimed Adela, still pouting, for she had not disguised her affection for him from her friend. They had no mutual secrets—none. But we have all secret thoughts, which the breath of life has never fanned, and could they be exceptions?

"What manner of man was this?" inquired the Duke of Germain, who assisted him to dress, while Pierre hound up the wound of Torticolis.

The domestic described him minutely.

"Humph! a cut-throat thief enough. As soon as breakfast is over, put in the horses; then ride ahead without waiting for us. When you reach Paris, give information to the lieutenant of the police. Tell M. Ducrogne that I will give fifty thousand livres for the Countess' jewels, and as many for her papers."

It was the best plan. In those days the police served as go-betweens for thieves and their victims. The change has not been for the better.

In a few hours after, the whole party were on their road to Paris.

Charles Clement accompanied the Duke, his daughter and Miranda.

Jean Torticolis followed on foot. After a brief colloquy, in which, without mentioning names, he told his history, Charles Clement had engaged him as a servant. With the young republican, his chief recommendation was his having been oppressed.

The hangman accompanied his friend not at all displeased to return to Paris, that centre of civil-

lization—that soul of the world, as it is called over the water, where lived, and had their being, more knaves, rogues, and ———; but plain-spoken English has gone out with Smollet and Fielding. We do not speak now, we insinuate.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST SCENE.

Paris was seething, hissing, but not yet boiling. The elections were over, and everywhere men of liberal tendencies had been returned by the *Tiers-Etats*. The world was now anxiously inquiring what it would do—this assembly of the nation's representatives. There was want, there was misery, there was oppression, there were grinding and opprobrious laws—if legality can thus be insulted. There was incredulity on the one hand, bigotry on the other; there was hope in the people's heart, selfishness in the middle classes, hate in the upper ranks. Already the rotten fabric of aristocracy trembled, for the light of truth was breaking in upon it. Too long had one favoured portion of the nation been masters—the turn of others had come now and they knew it. But they met not the revolution boldly, and seizing the helm guided it—they ran away, or conspired in holes or corners. The emigration of the great, of the rich, such is the secret of subsequent anarchy. The chivalrous French nobility struck their colours and fled.

At no great distance from the *Palais-Royal*, and leading from the *Rue St. Honoré* to the *Fromagerie*, is a street known by the name of the *Tonnellerie*, which belongs to it ever since the year 1800, when Guillot in his "*Dits des Rues de Paris*" says—

"Drott et avant sui ma trace
Jusques en la Tonnellerie."

To this locality, where, at No. 3, in 1640, was born Molière, we must now transport ourselves. Antiquated, dirty, with windows mended by paper, and tenanted by old-clothes men, the houses project into the middle of the street on one side, being supported by huge square wooden pillars, black, begrimed, and soiled by the air of ages. Their duration had not added to their respectability; like the *noblesse*, they were rotten at the core. The pavement, at the time of which we speak, was broken and disjointed; while the front of the shops, where piles of old rags were displayed under the specious name of second-hand clothes, exhibited all the hideous features which appertained to one of the old quarters of Paris, in those days of utter disregard in relation to the comforts of the poor, the indigent, the humble. Death, which in other places is conquered by the power of life, stalked in Paris by the side of the new-born child, and for every babe that came into the world, there perished one to make him place. Not a soul was added to the population, though twenty thousand annually drew their first breath in the pestilent and crowded atmosphere of a metropolis which boasted so many splendid monuments of its ancient race of kings, and not one to the benefactors of the people.* Horrible prisons, dark and

gloomy quarters, narrow lanes, like slits in a wall, where no sun or light ever penetrated; high-priced provisions, and high duties for all that entered the city walls; uncleansed gutters, unlighted streets; everything which could brutalise both mind and body. Such was the state of things in Paris when the storm began to blow; all hurrying on the catastrophe, and furnishing, ready, reckless, and blind tools for the selfish, unprincipled, and bad men, who degraded and stained a revolution in its outbursts—natural, hearty, wholesome and just.

In this street, and in a house which lay midway between the great and little *Friperie*, in a large room, almost bare of furniture, save a truckle-bed, a table, and a few chairs, sat a man, deeply engaged in the luxurious employment of drinking a *cognac* of brandy, and of smoking as black and ill-looking a pipe as could be found, even in that unwholesome establishment. If the walls of the room were dingy and repellent, with their plaster falling inwards—if the ceiling was clouded, the floor absolutely filthy—the whole was in excellent keeping with the occupant of the chamber. Not more than forty, there was yet in his puffed red cheeks, carrot hair, bald crown, and unwasht visage—in his keen grey eyes, thin hands, and punchy shape—in his shabby black hat, and coarse shoes—in his unshaven chin—a sublime whole, which spoke an age of crime or misfortune, or both. Those compressed lips and dilated nostrils, with eye fixed hardly or fiercely on the ceiling, showed that he was contemplating some object of deep interest. Whatever it was, however, it did not abate the perseverance with which he sent forth clouds of tobacco smoke, in the examination of which, as they rose upwards to the sky, he might, by a casual spectator, have been supposed engaged.

Suddenly a faint tinkle of a bell was heard, once, and then a heavy tread was distinguished as the stairs.

The man continued to smoke as impassively as if he had not heard anything.

'M. Brown,' said a voice through a small loophole in the door.

'Come in,' still without moving.

The man entered, and stood almost meekly before the dirty personage, whom he addressed by the name of Brown. In a plain suit of grey, with clean hands, clean face, clean shoes, he looked a marked contrast to the smoker, but not less with himself a few days previously, for under the garb of a sober domestic were the little piercing eyes and the crick-neck of Torticolis.

'Take a pipe and a seat,' said the other without moving.

Torticolis looked irresolute and half indignant. 'Paul,' exclaimed M. Brown, quietly, 'you did not hear me. Take a pipe and a seat.'

The crick-neck started as if he had seen the gallows of the *Grève* before him, but he did not order.

'You have been warmly recommended to me,' said the man taking up a paper from the table before him, but still continuing to smoke.

'Hum,' half growled the other.

* For several years before the revolution there were 30,000 annual births and deaths, 7,000 of the births illegitimate.

In 1794, the deaths had decreased to 17,000, while marriage had increased, and the number of illegitimate children had diminished to 3,000.

'By my worthy, by our mutual friend, Duchesne,' continued Brown, eyeing the other with a horrid leer, which made him shudder.

'For what purpose?' said Torticolis, almost impatiently.

'Your name is now?' added his questioner, preparing to write his reply.

'Jean Torticolis is my name,' he answered briefly.

'You are in the service of—'

'Monsieur Charles Clement. But why those questions?'

'Monsieur Torticolis,' replied the other, 'I am the secret agent of his majesty's police.'

'Oh!' said the domestic curiously, and with another faint shudder.

'And your friend,' continued the other.

'Ah.'

'You wish to recover your wife?' threw out the other (M. Brown) carelessly.

'Man or devil!' cried Torticolis, with an indescribable look, 'how know you all this?'

'And to be revenged on a certain aristocrat,' said M. Brown, rubbing his hands.

'You are right,' replied Torti, sombrely; 'show me him, and I am your slave.'

'Ah! I thought we should understand one another, and I am quite willing to assist you, if you satisfy me.'

'I will do my best,' said Torticolis, whose face was radiant with hope, for he hated, and revenge was at hand.

'Your master has inherited a portion hitherto unjustly withheld from him by his mother's relations.'

'I believe so.'

'His uncle, the Duke, fascinated by his talents and manner, aims even at giving him, through the king's letters patent, the right to inherit his title.'

'I have heard it whispered.'

'It remains to be seen,' said Brown, peering at the ceiling, 'if the king can do this.'

'The king can do anything,' replied Jean Torticolis, who recollected that the monarch was called La France by his courtiers.

'Can he?' continued Brown, who was French born, though of English parents, and who spoke both languages equally well; 'then, why does he not without the States-General?' But that is not the question. Your master loves Adela de Ravilliere?'

'I believe so.'

'And she loves him,' added Brown.

'I believe so,' again dryly observed Jean.

'To complete the romance, there is an impediment,' chuckled the spy.

'An impediment?' cried Jean, anxiously—he already loved his master.

'A serious impediment, one which cannot be got over,' added Brown.

The bell tinkled again; this time sharply.

'Ah!' exclaimed the spy, jumping to his feet, and laying down his pipe.

'Shall I go?' inquired Torticolis, rising.

'By no means,' cried M. Brown, 'but enter here, and remain still until I call you. You will find a bottle of brandy, drink it.'

With these words Torticolis was pushed through what seemed a cupboard, but which was in reality a door into another apartment.

For an instant the crick-neck remained perfectly lost in astonishment. He was in a chamber, half boudoir, half bed-room, that appeared to belong rather to some Madame Dubarry than to the dirty police spy. In an alcove was a bed elegantly and tastefully laid out, while mirrors, sofas, velvet chairs, the unheard-of luxury of a carpet, little knick-knackereries more suited to a woman than a man, a magnificent clock of Sevres China, with curtains to deaden the light, all added to the puzzled senses of Jean. On a chair was a complete suit of clothes, of the most irreproachable character, which appeared to be those of M. Brown. On pegs hung a number of suits of all kinds, suited to peer or peasant, but all of one size—that of M. Brown.

On a table in the middle of the room were the remains of a supper, at which two persons had been present, but not a sign was there of the second personage. Numerous untouched bottles were on the sideboard, and to these Jean was advancing, when he suddenly paused as if a serpent had stung him.

'Monsieur Brown! Monsieur Brown!' said a voice which made the crick-neck's heart leap.

It was that of the trooper of the *Dernier Sou*.

'Your servant, Count,' replied the spy.

'It is he; but Count, that is surely a mistake,' muttered Jean, who, the wine now forgotten, was listening with all his ears through the door.

'Well,' continued the new arrival, throwing himself on a chair, 'any news?'

'Plenty,' replied the other, 'the Court is allowing the people to get a-head.'

'I know it, and this must be stopped.'

'There is only one means,' said the spy, coldly, 'and I doubt you using it.'

'What is it?' inquired the other.

'Win over the middle classes,' replied Brown.

'Willingly, but how?' asked the soldier.

'Concede some of your privileges, join with them heartily on the meeting of the States, divide the taxes fairly, let the nobles bear their part, the clergy theirs.'

'I grant you the church,' said the other, 'having no interest in that venerable establishment, but for the rest, impossible.'

'I know it; you have held too long your place to give up willingly,' said the spy, with an expression of face impossible to be rendered or understood; 'you have held it too long.'

'But what then?' inquired the soldier.

'You must frighten the middle classes, you must separate them from the people.'

'Whom call you the people?' said the puzzled trooper.

'The labouring classes, the porters, the hawkers, the little tradespeople, the beggars, the unemployed, all who work without employing others.'

'And you think this *canaille* worth troubling our heads about.'

'This *canaille*,' said the spy, with lowering eye 'is hungry.'

'Let them eat,' sneered the soldier.

'To eat they must have wages—to have wage they must have work—to have work, there must

be trade, commerce, credit—to have trade, commerce, credit there must be a steady government; now we have none of all this.

'You are a politician?' said the soldier.

'I am a police spy, and know everything,' replied the other, with perfect self-confidence. 'Now these people have their writers, their talkers, their plotters; and if the *Etats-Generaux* don't please them, and give them work and food, they will act.'

'We must fill Paris with troops.'

'You must have the consent and good-will of the middle classes.'

'And how pestiferous talker, can this be gained?'

'Frighten them, and they will consent to anything.'

'Well,' said the trooper, 'of all this anon. The Abbé Roy and the Prince de Lambesc will be here presently, incognito, to confer with us. The Court is alarmed.'

'The king?' inquired Brown, raising his head.

'Bah! his majesty sticks to his blacksmith's shop, and comes out upon state occasions.'

'You mean the Austrian, then, Monsieur, and the Count D'Artois?'

'They are the rulers.'

'They are,' replied the spy, dryly; 'the more is the pity.'

'As for that, it is none of my business; and now that I have sounded you, let us talk on my affairs, ere they come.'

'I am ready, Count,' said Brown.

'Torticolis listened, his ear against the door; what would he not have given to have seen.'

'Well, and what says Ducroane?' inquired the soldier.

'That you can have thirty thousand livres for the diamonds, and the same sum for the papers.'

'*Sapristie!*' the lieutenant is generous.—Nothing less than a hundred thousand for the two will satisfy me.'

'That is exactly what he gets,' replied the spy dryly.

'And he thinks to pocket forty thousand. I will treat with them myself.'

'There is a slight objection to it,' quietly answered Brown.

'What?' inquired the Count, haughtily.

'The Chatelet,' said the spy, looking at his empty fire-place.

'You would betray me?'

'You would be no longer useful,' continued the impassible policeman.

'Then my utility alone saves me!' said the Count, furiously.

'And your generosity,' smiled the spy.

'Well, never mind, I will wait; a greater reward will be offered, perhaps.'

'Perhaps,' said Brown.

'Torticolis breathed more freely—the proofs of guilt were still in his enemy's hands.

'The Abbé Roy, I think you said,' observed the spy, consulting a register.

'I observed so,' replied the soldier, who was devouring his rage at not being able to chastise the insolence of the policeman.

'A notorious intriguer and rogue,' continued Brown, with perfect *sang-froid*.

Again the bell twinkled, this time with greater violence even than before.

'Our company, said the trooper, carelessly, and seating himself, for hitherto he had been standing.

'I am your most humble servant,' exclaimed M. Brown, as two men entered, the one in the rich costume of the Colonel of the Royal-Allemands, the other in the garb of a priest.

'Well met Count,' said the Prince; 'have you come to an understanding.'

'Not at all, replied the soldier, 'I leave that for you.'

De Lambesc bit his lip, and took a chair, in which he was imitated by the Abbé.

'But what progress have you made?' inquired the Colonel.

The soldier explained what had passed upon the point.

'But what does this *canaille* want?' said the poor Prince, really puzzled; for what could such people possibly desire?

'They want equality of rights,' replied the spy.

'*Peste!* nothing more?' laughed the Colonel; 'and if we don't agree to so reasonable a wish?'

'There is talk—not loudly, but in corners as yet—of a republic.'

'And what is that?' inquired the dragoon, elevating his eyebrows, and using his tooth-pick—he had just dined in the Palais-Royal.

'I refer you to the Abbé, Monsieur le Prince,' said the spy, with a reverence.

'An atrocious system. which Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, and that gang have devised,' replied the priest, with an expression of horror, 'in which there is a government without king or aristocracy.'

'The devil!' cried De Lambesc; but in France this is absurd; a monarchy of fifteen centuries, a powerful nobility, a—'

'Nothing else, Monsieur le Prince,' said the spy, smiling; 'the tradespeople, the merchants, the middle classes, all save the *petite noblesse* of the robe, are against you.'

'So it is said at court,' exclaimed the prince, haughtily; 'but we have the army, and this herd of the middle classes must see that they, too, would suffer from the reign of the mob.'

'More than they do now?' ventured the spy.

'And what do they want?' said the dragoon, impatiently.

'That, paying the taxes, they may have the voting of them; for this purpose they desire an assurance of regular States-General.'

'*Peste* take that word! but supposing this wish consented to, and they were to take it into their wooden heads not to vote supplies?'

'When their will was balked, they would, do so,' replied the spy.

'Then this shop-keeping *canaille* would rule—'

'As they do in England.'

'Cursed example!'

'Unless middle classes and people united to rule, as in America.'

'This comes of Lafayette playing the Quixote,' sneered the prince. 'But will the Paris *bourgeoisie* unite with the mob?'

'To gain their objects, as in the time of the *fronde* of Mazarin; the *canaille* will do the work.'

'And the fat citizens reap the benefit.'

'Exactly; your highness is a philosopher.'

'*Ventre biche!*' cried the prince; 'not at all, I hate the race. But the middle classes must be separated.'

'There is but one means, Monsieur le Prince,' said the spy.

'And that?'

'As I observed to Monsieur, just now, they must be frightened; the two classes must be placed in antagonism.'

'How?'

'The mob must be roused to some violent act—they must commit some depredations, some burnings; they must pillage some shops?'

'But how is this to be managed?'

'Nothing easier,' said the spy, with a scarcely repressed sneer; 'the people are ignorant, and easily deceived. They are hungry—persuade them that the grocers charge too high for sugar, the bakers for bread, that certain masters keep down wages, that there are forestallers, monopolists; in a word, set labour against capital, its right hand.'

'Can this be done?'

'As long, Monsieur le Prince, as there is ignorance and hunger.'

'But certain parties must be chosen; we must not go to work blindly.'

'Certainly not,' said the Abbé Roy, with the look of a cat about to jump upon its prey.

'Have you any one to recommend as a victim?' inquired the prince.

'Your highness, I have heard of a certain elector, a friend of the pamphleteers, a man who wanted to have Mirabeau deputy for Paris, a certain Reveillon.'

'The best master in the Faubourg St. Antoine,' said the spy, dryly.

'That will never do, then,' observed the prince.

'Nothing more easy,' said the priest, warmly, his eye kindling as he spoke. 'He is an atheist, a liberal, a friend to the working classes; their ruining such a man would rouse the whole *bourgeoisie* against the mob.'

'But you propose a difficult task,' exclaimed the prince.

'I propose nothing which I am not ready to execute,' answered Roy with a savage leer. 'I will myself go among the people, persuade them he is conspiring a general lowering of wages, and spread the feeling that the Tiers-États, which represents the masters, is all for themselves.'

'Abbé, you are invaluable,' said the Royal-Allemand, with a smile; 'your devotion shall be known at Versailles. For my part, anything to keep down all this *canaille*. But the police is sharp—Ducroisne will know all this in half an hour.'

'He must have high orders to let things take their course,' replied the Abbé; 'but the soldiers must come in at the end—it will make them popular.'

'This is settled then,' said De Lambesc, rising.

'But I must have some dozen or two aids, to assist me in rousing the mob—the Faubourg St. Antoine is large.'

'And people like a bee-hive,' said the spy; 'once set moving, 'twill be hard to stop.'

'I leave the details to you and M. Brown,' continued the Royal-Allemand, 'here are twenty thousand livres in an order on the treasury. Come, Count, will you to the opera? I have promised to meet *La Volage*.'

'Willingly Prince,' and the two soldiers went out, after plotting one of those infernal schemes which set the mob going, and taught them their power for evil.

'Monsieur the Abbé,' said the spy, as soon as the other conspirators had left them, 'you have a personal spite against this Reveillon. He lent you money when you were in distress.'

'M. Brown,' replied the priest, with lowering eye, 'sufficient he is my enemy. More, he is a Rousseaute, talks *Contrat Social* by the yard, receives the enemies of the holy Catholic church at his table—'

'That is to say, like so many others in the Faubourg, who are industrious and prosperous, he is a Protestant.'

'A heretic—'

'Bah!' said the spy, laughing; 'no bigotry from you to me.'

'You are strangely familiar even with the princes,' answered the Abbé with a growl, 'and I must not complain.'

'It would be little use,' said the spy, relighting his pipe.

'But my co-operators?' inquired the other rising.

'At five to-morrow be at the cabaret, Rue de Faubourg St. Antoine, known as the Tour du Bastille—at five—I will join you.'

'Agreed, and now may—' began the priest.

'Bah! no *orémus* for me,' laughed M. Brown; 'I'm half a heretic myself.'

'Ah!' muttered the priest, retreating, 'but duty before everything.'

Then meekly folding his hands across his breast, this mild son of the church went out. Scarcely had he closed the door behind him, than the spy rose. His step was stealthy and light; he was advancing towards the partition which led towards his inner apartment.

Suddenly throwing it open, he looked in. At a distance, which rendered listening impossible, sat Torticolis, with two empty bottles before him, and a third just commenced, evidently in that happy condition when man, with justice, is doubtful whether he is an animal about to be led to the block, or a rational being in the state of temporary hallucination.

'Torti,' said the spy, paternally, 'you've made pretty free.'

'Glad to see you, *preux che—che—eh*, what wants this dirty fellow in my—my *boudoir*?' replied the crick-neck, acting his part admirably. The two bottles had been emptied out of the window.

'Jean,' exclaimed the spy, laughing, and pushing him out at the same time, 'go home, go to bed, and return to-morrow at four.'

'Agreed,' replied Torticolis, who floundered down stairs like a whale, nor walked uprightly until at some considerable distance from the house.

The man who has many friends is either a great fool, or a great knave.

THE SONG OF THE FURNACES.

The sun is down ; soon on the sky,
We will flash with crimson glare :
And sing our song as the flame leaps high,
And the west wind makes it flare.

From our toll we ne'er one moment turn ;
Daylight does no rest bring :
For we are the lights that ever burn
In the halls of the Iron King.

The sage philosophers of old
Searched for a talisman,
That should change whate'er it touched to gold,
But they ne'er found out the plan.

But now our massive forms do bear
On them the conscious stamp,
That each one tow'ring in the air,
Is an Alladdin's lamp.

So bring more ore and coal and lime
And ply the bellows strong ;
We'll coin a million by the time
We finish out our song.

Surrounded by the dusky haze,
Our lay again we'll sing,
For we are the lights that ever blaze
In the halls of the Iron King.

H. C. H.

THE QUIET POOR.

I do not mean the workhouse poor—I have seen plenty of workhouses and tasted many gruels. I do not mean the criminal poor, nor the poor who beg in the streets, but the Quiet Poor; the people who work in their own homes, and are never to be seen in workhouses and prisons, who keep their sorrows, if they have any, quite sacred from the world, and do not exhibit them for pence. Though, to be sure, their shades may "glance and pass before us night and day," to such sorrows, if there be any, "we are blind as they are dumb." I thought, therefore, that I should like to know something about them. the last winter has been commonly said to be a very hard one, and I have heard many an old lady cry over the price of bread, "God help the poor!" What does a mere penny a loaf matter? I have thought. A slice of bread less in the day, perhaps; a little hunger, and a little falling-in of cheek. Things not entirely unendurable.

Resolved to see about this for myself, and to find out perhaps what war prices will signify to loyal Britons, I obtained leave to visit the inhabitants of a parochial district in Bethnal Green, remarkable for its poverty,

for the struggles made by its inhabitants to keep out of the workhouse, and for the small number of the offences brought home to their doors.

The little district of which I speak, small as it is, contains the population of a country town. To judge by the eye I should imagine that it covers ground about a quarter of a mile wide, and a quarter of a mile long. It is composed wholly of narrow courts and lanes, with a central High Street or Church Street of shops—itself a miserable lane. Although the houses are for the most part but cottages, with two floors and a cellar, there are crammed together in them fourteen thousand people. In the whole quarter there is not one resident whom the world would call respectable; there are not more than about half-a-dozen families able to keep a servant; and there is not one man I believe able to tenant a whole house. The shopkeepers who make a little outside show, fare indoors little better than their neighbors. As a general rule, each room in each house is occupied by a distinct family; they are comparatively wealthy who afford to rent two rooms; but, generally, as the families enlarge, the more they require space, the less they can afford that costly luxury. The natives of this parish chiefly subsist upon potatoes and cheap fish, buying sprats when they are to be had, and in default of them sitting down to dine on potatoes and a herring. They earn money as they can, and all are glad to work hard when there is work for them to do. The majority of the men are either weavers, or they are costermongers and hawkers. These two classes occupy, speaking generally, different portions of the neighborhood; the weavers earn a trifle more, and hold their heads up better than their neighbors: they are the west end people of the district. The whole place is completely destitute of sewerage; one sewer has been made in a street which forms part of its boundary; it has its share in that, but nothing more. The houses all stand over cess-pools; and, before the windows, filth-dead cats, and putrid matter of all sorts run down or stagnate in the open gutters. How do people, who are quiet people, live in such a place!

From a wretched lane, an Egypt watered by a muddy Nile, I turned into a dark house like a catacomb, and after some hazardous climbing reached a chamber in which there were more people than things. Two women sat at work with painful earnestness before the latticed window, three children shivered round an empty grate. Except the broken chairs on which the women sat, there was no seat in the room but an old stool. There was no table, no bed. The larder was the windowsill, its store a couple of potatoes. In one corner was a confused heap of many-colored rags, in another corner were a few

battered and broken jugs and pans; there was a little earthen teapot on the cold bars of the grate, and in the middle of the room there was a handsome toy. I saw a household and its home. The father had been some months dead, the mother expected in two or three days to receive from God another child. She had four, and "Have you lost any?" I asked, looking down into the Egypt out of doors. "I have lost nine!"

This woman and her sister were at work together on cloth-tops for boots; each woman could make one in about four hours, and would receive for it threepence, out of which sum she would have expended three farthings on trimming or binding, and a fraction of a farthing upon thread. She had parted with her furniture piece by piece during the last illness of her husband. I talked to the children, and began to pull the great toy by the string: a monkey riding on a cock. As the wheels rolled, it made music, and up scrambled the fourth child, a great baby boy. "His grandmother gave him that," the mother said. They had sold their bed, their clothes, but they had kept the plaything!

We traced the current of another Nile into another Egypt. These Niles have their inundations, but to their unhappy Egypts such floods only add another plague. In summer time the courts and lanes are rich with exhalation, and in autumn their atmosphere is deadly. When May comes round the poor creatures of this district, pent up as they are, feel the spring blood leaping faintly within them, are not to be restrained from pressing out in crowds towards the green fields and the hawthorn blossoms. They may be found dancing in the tea-gardens of suburban public-houses, rambling together in suburban meadows, or crawling out to the Essex marshes. That is the stir made by the first warm sunshine of the year, and after that the work goes on; the warm weather is the harvest time of the hawkers and costermongers, who at the best suffer severely during winter.

The summer heat lift out of the filthy courts a heavy vapour of death, the overcrowded rooms are scarcely tenantable, and the inhabitants, as much as time and weather will permit, turn out into the road before their doors. The air everywhere indeed is stifling, but within doors many of the cottages must be intolerable. I went into one containing four rooms and a cellar, and asked, "How many people live here?" They were counted up for me, and the number came to six and twenty! The present clergyman of this district—whose toil is unremitting in the midst of the vast mass of sorrow to which he is called to minister—dwells upon wholesome ground outside the district. Within it, there is not a parsonage or any house that could be used as one, and if there were—what man

would carry wife or children to a home in which they would drink poison daily? The pastor is very faithful in the performance of his duty; liberal of mind, unsparing of toil; and, although the reward of his office is as little as its toil is great, and he is forced to take new duties on himself to earn a living, yet I know that he pours out his energies, his health, and all the money he can earn beyond what suffices for a frugal maintenance, upon his miserable people. We have need to be thankful that the Church has such sons. The Reverend Theophilus Fitzmumble may be a canon here, an archdeacon there, a rector elsewhere, and a vicar of Little Pogis, with a thousand a year for the care of a few hundred farmers and farm laborers, who rarely see his face. Fitzmumble may be a drone, the thousand a year paid for his ministrations at Little Pogis might be better paid to a man who has daily to battle with, and to help such misery as that of which I speak in Bethnal Green. But let us, I repeat, be thankful that Fitzmumble is not the whole Church. It has sons content to labor as poor men among the poor, whose hearts ache daily at the sight of wretchedness they cannot help; whose wives fall sick of fevers caught at the sick beds of their unhappy sisters. Of such ministers the tables are luxurious, for they who sit at meat know that their fare is less by the portion that has been sent out to the hungry; such men go richly clad in threadbare cloth, of which the nap is perhaps represented by small shoes upon the feet of little children who trot to and fro in them to school.

But, though the incumbent of this parochial district about which I speak, is truly a Christian gentleman, he has his body to maintain alive, and dares not remain too long in the poison bath of his unsewered district during the hot summer days. He visits then only the dying, and they are not few. "I have seen," he said, "a dead child in a cellar, and its father dying by its side, a living daughter covered with a sack to hide her nakedness when I went in, the rest all hungry and wretched, furniture gone, and an open sewer streaming down into a pool upon the floor." Again he said, "I have seen in the sickly autumn months a ruined household opposite the back premises of a tripe and leather factory, which is a dreadful nuisance to its neighbors; it emits a frightful stench, and lays men, women, and children down upon sick beds right and left. In this room opposite the place, I have seen the father of the family and three children hopelessly ill with typhus fever, and the eldest daughter with malignant small pox, while the mother, the one person able to stir about, sat on a chair in the midst of them all deadened with misery. The place by which this household was being murdered has been several times indicted and fined as a nuisance. Every time this has occurred, the

proprietors have paid the fine and gone on as before; they regard such fine-paying as only a small item in their trade expenses."

The people in this black spot of London all strive to the last to keep out of the workhouse. The union workhouse planted in a region that is crammed with poor, must be managed strictly, or there will be fearful outcry about keeping down the rates. Are the poor people in the wrong for keeping their arms wound about each other? There is not a house, a room,—of all I visited the other day, I did not see one room,—in which there was not sickness. Talk of the workhouse, and the mother says, in effect, "who would nurse Johnny like me? Oh, I could not bear to think that he might die, and strangers cover up his face!" Johnny again cries for his mother, or if he be a man, he says that he would die naked and in the streets, rather than not give his last words to his wife.

But, somebody may say, This is sentimentality. The poor have not such fine feelings. They get to be brutalised. Often it is so; but, quite as often certainly, they are refined by suffering, and have depths of feeling stirred up within them which the more fortunate are only now and then made conscious of in themselves. I went into one room in this unhappy place—this core of all the misery in Bethnal Green—and saw a woman in bed with a three weeks infant on her arm. She was still too weak to rise, and her husband had died when the baby was three days old. She had four other children, and she panted to get up and earn. It eased her heart to tell of her lost love, and the portion of her story that I here repeat was told by her, in the close narrow room, with a more touching emphasis than I can give it here; with tremblings of the voice and quiverings of the lip that went warm to the hearts of all who listened:—

"The morning before my husband died," she said, "he said to me, 'O Mary, I have had such a beautiful dream!'—'Have you, dear?' says I; 'do you think you feel strong enough to tell it me?'—'Yes,' says he, 'I dreamt that I was in a large place where there was a microscopic clock,' (he meant a microscope,) 'and I looked through it and saw the seven heavens all full of light and happiness, and straight before me, Mary, I saw a face that was like a face I knew.'—'And whose face was it, love?' says I.—'I do not know,' says he; 'but it was more beautiful than anything I ever saw, and bright and glorious, and I said to it, Shall I be glorified with the same glory that you are glorified with? And the head bowed towards me. And I said, Am I to die soon? And the head bowed towards me. And I said, Shall I die to-morrow? And the face fixed its eyes on me and went away. And now what do you think that means?'—'I do not know,' says I, 'but I think it must mean that God is going to call you away from this

world where you have had so much trouble, and your suffering is going to be at an end, but you must wait His time, and that is why the head went away when you said, shall I die to-morrow?'—'I suppose you are right,' says he, 'and I don't mind dying, but O Mary, it goes to my heart to leave you and the young ones,' (here the tears spread over the poor woman's eyes, and her voice began to tremble). 'I am afraid to part with you, I am afraid for you after I am gone.'—'You must not think of that,' says I, 'you've been a good husband, and it's God's will you should go.'—'I won't go Mary, without saying good bye to you,' says he. 'If I can't speak, I'll wave my hand to you,' says he, 'and you'll know when I'm going.' And so it was, for in his last hours he could not speak a word, and he went off so gently that I never should have known in what minute he died if I had not seen his hands moving and waving to me Good-bye before he went."

Such dreams and thoughts belong to quiet poverty. I have told this incident just as I heard it; and if I were a daily visitant in Bethnal Green, I should have many tales of the same kind to tell.

The people of this district are not criminal. A lady might walk unharmed at midnight through their wretched lanes. Crime demands a certain degree of energy; but if there were ever any harm in these well-disposed people, that has been tamed out of them by sheer want. They have been sinking for years. Ten years ago, or less, the men were politicians; now, they have sunk below that stage of discontent. They are generally very still and hopeless; cherishing each other; tender not only towards their own kin, but towards their neighbors; and they are subdued by sorrow to a manner strangely resembling the quiet and refined tone of the most polished circles.

By very different roads, Bethnal Green and St. James' have arrived at this result. But there are other elements than poverty that have in some degree assisted to produce it. Many of the weavers have French names and are descended from French emigrants, who settled hereabouts, as many of their countrymen settled in other places up and down the world after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and at that time there were fields and market gardens near the green of Bethnal. There are here some runlets of the best French blood, and great names may be sometimes met with. The parish clerk, who seems to have in him a touch of Spanish courtesy, claims to be a descendant of Cervantes. The literary spirit still works in him; for I found his table covered with papers and tickets relating to a penny lecture—twopence to the front seats—that he had been delivering on Nineveh, Palmyra, Babylon, and other ancient cities, illustrated with a little panorama that he had. His lecture had drawn crowds; seventy had

been turned from the doors, and he was preparing to repeat it. Then there is a poor fellow in the parish named Racine, who declares that he can prove his descent from Racine the dramatist. There is a Le Sage, too, to be met with, and many other men whose names are connected with ideas of noble race or noble intellect. The daughters of these handloom weavers dress their hair with care, and will not let themselves be seen in rags. The mothers of the last generation were often to be seen in the old French costumes, and to this day hundreds work in such glazed attics as were used by their forefathers across the sea. Little as they earn, the weaver-households struggle to preserve a decent poverty and hide their cares. They must have some pleasures too. In two or three parts of the parish, there are penny balls; there is a room also for penny concerts, and there is a penny circus, "with a complete change of riders." These places are all quietly and well conducted; but are chiefly supported by the surrounding localities.

The fathers of these families lived when their parents could afford to them the benefit of dame schools. How courteously and sensibly they often talk, and with what well chosen words, I was amazed to hear. A doll-maker, dying of consumption, who certainly believed in long words too devoutly, but who never misapplied them, talked in periods well weighed and rounded, that were in admirable contrast to the slip-slop gossip of my dear friend Sir John Proser. "One of the weavers," said the clergyman of the district, (the Reverend Mr. Trivett,) "asked me to lend him Calvin's Institutes, and when I told him that mine was a black letter copy, he said that he should not mind that in the least. Another asked once for the Colloquies of Erasmus, and one who was unmarried and working with his brother, so that he had some shillings to spare, wanted to know what it would cost to get a copy of Smith's Wealth of Nations."

I mentioned just now a doll-maker—him I found roasting himself by a large fire—a man wasted and powerless—discussing on what day he should go into Guy's Hospital. There was a heap of bran in a corner, used for doll-stuffing and for a children's bed also, no doubt. Here, as elsewhere, however large the family collected in one room, I never saw more than a single bed. Sleeping places were made usually on the floor. One woman, rich in half-a-dozen chairs, showed me with triumph how she made a first-rate bedstead by putting them artfully together. Before the doll-maker's bran sat a boy at a stool, with a pile of broken tobacco-pipe at his side, and some paste and strips of paper. Each bit of paper as he pasted it he screwed round a fragment of tobacco-pipe. These were perhaps, to be doll's bones, the basis of their arms and legs. At a deal table near the window a mother,

who tottered with ill-health, and a daughter about seventeen years old, were measuring some lengths of calico. The calico was to be cut up for doll's bodies or skins. The cutting out of bodies requires art and skill. The girl many days before had pricked her thumb, the result was that it had gathered, and was in a poultice. "She is the only one of us, except me, able to make the bodies," said the poor father, "and you see—" He pointed to the crippled thumb, and the mother looked down at it in a maze of sorrow. They looked to its recovery for bread.

In another house I saw a room swept of all furniture, through the distress that such a pricked thumb had occasioned, and two other homes I saw made wretched by the accidental wounding of the husband's hand.

In one of them, an empty room rented at half-a-crown a-week, there stood a woman all by herself. She stood because she did not possess a chair, and told us that they—she and her husband—had that morning got some work. They had been living on their furniture for twelve weeks, because her husband, who was a carpenter, had hurt his hand. She had failed to get work until the day before, when she obtained a pair of stays to make, a chance job, for which she would receive four-pence. She was a young woman who would have been pretty if she had been better fed. Alas, for the two young hearts failing there together, for the kisses of the thin and wasted lips that should be full with youth and pleasure! "You earn so little here, and could have a beautiful cottage in the country for the price of this room in Bethnal Green;—you scarcely could be worse off if you went into the country." They had done that, but the law of settlement had forced them back again on Bethnal Green.

Why should I make the readers' hearts as heavy as my own was made by the accumulation of these evidences of woe heaped up over woe? I saw families in cellars with walls absolutely wet; in dismantled rooms covered with dust and cobwebs, and containing nothing but a loom almost in ruins; or striving to be clean. One I found papering and whitewashing his home, having obtained means to do so from his landlord after seven years of neglect. In another house a neighbour had dropped in to tea in a company dress of old black satin with plenty of cherry-coloured ribbons. The daughter of that house made elaborate and very pretty fringe-tassels at fourteen pence for one hundred and forty-four of them. The father of that house had been two weeks dead. Everywhere I found present sickness, and in many places recent death. Only in one place I found sullen despair, and there the room was full of people—there was no fire in the hearth, and there was no furniture, except a bed from which a woman was roused who spoke hoarsely and looked stupidly wild, with

ragged dress and hair disordered. She may have been drunk, but she could have sat as she was to Lebrun for a picture of despair. "Why," she was asked, "do none of your children come to school?"—"No money."—"But you need pay nothing,—only wash and send them."—"I can't wash them;—no fire."

We went into a cellar shared by two families—the rent of a room or cellar in this district is commonly two shillings a-week. One half of this room was occupied by a woman and four children, who had also a husband some where working for her; her division contained many bits of furniture and quite a fairy-land of ornaments upon the mantelpiece. The other woman was a widow, with a son nineteen years old. They had nothing but a little deal table and two broken chairs; but there were hung up against the wall two coloured pictures in gilt frames, which her son, she said, had lately given her. Perhaps they were a birthday gift; certainly, cheap as they may have been, they were the fruit of a long course of saving; for the poor woman, trembling with ill-health, and supporting her body with both hands upon the little table, said, that her son was then out hawking, and that she expected him in every minute in hope that he might bring home three-halfpence to get their tea.

Account was made of the earnings of a whole lane, and they were found to average threepence farthing a day for the maintenance of each inhabitant, both great and small. There was, I think, one in about six positively disabled by sickness. The dearthness of everything during the last winter had been preventing hawkers and others from making their small purchases and sales; the consequence was to be seen too plainly in many a dismantled room. The spring and summer are for all the harvest time, but some were already beginning to suspect that "the spring must have gone by," for their better times used to begin early in March, and there is still no sign of them. All were, however, trusting more or less that, in the summer, they would be able to recover some of the ground lost during a winter more severe than usual. None seemed to have a suspicion of the fate in store, of the war prices and causes of privation that probably will make for them this whole year one long winter of distress. It is not only in the dead upon the battle-field, or among the widows and orphans of the fallen, that you may see the miseries of war. Let any one go, five months hence, among these poor people of St. Philip's Shoreditch, (that is the right name of this region of Bethnal Green,) when they find that they have lost not their spring only, but their summer,—let them be seen fasting under an autumn sun in their close courts and empty rooms, starved by hundreds out of life as well as hope, and he will under-

stand, with a new force, what is the meaning of a war to the poor man.

Something I have neglected to say concerning the dismantled rooms. The absent furniture and clothing has not been pawned, it has gone to a receiving-house. The district is full of miserable people preying upon misery who lend money on goods under the guise of taking care of them, and give no ticket or other surety. It is all made a matter of faith, and an enormous interest is charged for such accommodation in defiance of the law.

And another miserable truth has to be told. The one vice with which misery is too familiar is well-known also here; for on the borders of this wretched land, which they must give up hope who enter, there is a palace hung round outside with eight or ten huge gas lights—inside brilliantly illuminated. That is the house of the dragon at the gate—there lives the gin devil.

What is to be done? Private charity must look on hopelessly when set before an evil so gigantic. Here is but a little bit of London, scarcely a quarter of a mile square, we look at it aghast, but there is other misery around it and beyond it. What is to be done? So much drainage and sewerage is to be done, is very certain. All that can be done, is to be done, to change the character of a Bethnal Green home. The Society for Improving the Dwellings of the Poor makes nearly five per cent. on its rooms for families, though it fails commercially when taking thought for single men. The Society professes pure benevolence, and no care about dividends. Let it abandon that profession, abide by it certainly as a guiding idea, but let it take purely commercial ground before the public, and let its arm be strengthened. They who are now paying from five to seven pounds a-year for a filthy room or cellar, will be eager enough to pay the same price for a clean and healthy lodging. Let model lodging-houses for such families be multiplied, let them return a percentage to their shareholders; and since the society is properly protected by a charter, let all who would invest a little money wisely look into its plans. I see the need of this so strongly that I shall begin to enquire now very seriously into its affairs, and I exhort others to do the same, with a view to taking shares, if they be found a safe and fit investment.

Private and direct charity may relieve individuals, and console many a private sorrow in this part of London, but it cannot touch—such charity to the extent of thousands of pounds cannot remove—the public evil. Associations for providing any measure of relief are checked by the necessity for charters to protect themselves against the present unjust laws of partnership.

And, after all, the truth remains, that the people are crowded together in a stagnant corner of the world. They are all poor

together; no tradesman or employer living among them finds them occupation; they ramble about and toil their lives away painfully to earn threepence farthing-a-day; while the same people shifted to other quarters in the country, would find men contending for the possession of their labor, glad to give two or three shillings daily for a pair of hands. The people of the parish hang together like a congealed lump in a solution that needs to be broken up and stirred in with the rest.

Half the men here would be hailed with chants of joy by the manufacturers were they to turn their backs upon their hand ooms and march to the aid of steam in Preston. I do not say, Send them to Preston, for in that town one misery can only be relieved because another has been made, but there are very many parts of England in which labour is wanted sorely, and would earn fair pay. Employers in those parts of England should be made fully aware of the existence of such parishes as this, in which hardworking, earnest, quiet people struggle in the dark. Such parishes are banks on which cheques may be drawn to any amount for the capital that can be made of honest labour.

There is room for many of these people in large provincial towns, and in small towns and rural districts. The abolition of the Law of Settlement—a horrible evil and an absolutely frightful cruelty, will remove the chief obstacle to such an attempt to break up little lumps of social misery. The abolition of that law is promised to the country, and whoever strives to make the promise null or to postpone its fulfilment, strives practically—whatever his intent may be—to perpetuate or to prolong some of the worst pains that vex both flesh and spirit of our labourers. When the migrations of the poor cease to be watched with narrow jealousy, as will be the case when this bad law is dead, no corner of our social life in London, or in England, need stagnate or putrify. There need be no longer six-and-twenty people in a cottage, upon ground that does not find fit work for six. Change will be then possible for Bethnal Green. It may remain the home of poverty and toil, but it may cease to be the home of want.

FREE QUARTERS.

THE religious establishments of foreign countries have one excellence in which they stand in honorable contrast to our own. It is, that important institutions of great public utility are often founded and supplied by their revenues. Many of the high dignitaries of the church abroad have incomes beside which even that of the Bishop of London would appear to a disadvantage; but nearly all have far other claims on them than our prelates; claims to which they are also compelled by law or usage to satisfy very strictly. I could give a dozen instances in point, easily; but, one

will serve my purpose just now, and we will therefore confine ourselves to it; premising merely that it is one of many.

Let us not be too proud to learn. We have so often stood in the honorable relation of teachers to other nations that we can afford now and then to turn pupils with a better grace. If, in the present instance, the lesson comes from a long way off, and from a place whence we are not in the habit of receiving lessons of practical benefit, this is no reason why we should receive it less kindly or be especially surprised. Minerva's self might, I daresay, have learned something new in the poorest Spartan village.

Having now introduced my subject respectfully, I proceed to say that there is in the town of Castro, at the distant island of Mitylene in the Ægean Sea, a small establishment which I am sure no one would be sorry to see imitated in London upon a larger scale. It is a Travellers' Home, built and supported solely by the revenues of the Greek Archbishopric. I very much doubt if any part of them be better employed.

It is a very plain house, and is divided into a vast number of small rooms without furniture of any kind. Each room has a fire-place, several commodious cupboards, and a strong door with a strong padlock to fasten it: there is a common fire for all the inmates of these rooms, presided over by the solitary single gentleman who has charge of the building.

The object for which this place was first erected, was a temporary resting place for the more humble travellers who flock to the capital of the island, to take part in the solemn festivals of the Greek Church; but its advantages have since been extended to all travellers who have no home elsewhere. The only title to admission is decent apparel. The right to remain any reasonable time is acquired by quiet, orderly conduct, and an understanding strictly enforced, that each traveller shall keep, and leave, the room allotted to him perfectly clean.

There is no charge for this entertainment. The traveller may give if he pleases, but nothing is required of him. The numerous respectable people who avail themselves of the establishments generally pay something towards a fund which is understood to go in part to the keeping of the building in good repair; but the contributions are very small, and by far the greater part of the visitors pay nothing.

It is impossible to think, without satisfaction, of the many people whose necessities while travelling are thus provided for; whether they bring an air mattress and comfortable coverings with them, or whether they sleep on the hard floor; whether they purchase a comfortable dinner of the snug elderly gentleman, or whether they bring a crust of dry bread in their pocket. Nobody knows how this may be, neither is it evident to any man whether his neighbor pays or does not pay. There is no apparent difference between the moneyed guest and the poor one; each has his own room and his own lock and key. It is the only place of public entertainment, I think, I ever saw where poverty is allowed to be quiet and decent in its own way.

It was on the serene afternoon of a grey day, late in the autumn, when I first visited this place.

I had sent away my horses, for the wind blew chillily, and, lighting a cigar, had walked musingly among the mysterious streets of the little town of Castro, until chance led my steps to the traveller's home. Finding myself before a house of such size I inquired what it was, and, having received an answer, I passed unquestioned through the open gate. The wind sighed heavily along the narrow street, and I remember that an involuntary awe came over me as I seemed to be led by some other power than curiosity up the spotless stairs of freshly planed wood, and along the silent corridor, until I stopped before a door, where there sat a woman wailing. There is some thing so august in sorrow that I should have passed on respectfully; but that her outstretched hand detained me.

"Oh, Frankish Lord!" cried the woman, in accents of despair, "save him, for he is dying!" She pressed my hand to her quivering lips as she spoke, after the fashion of the East, and I knew that her simple heart was full of the popular belief that the Franks or Europeans all have a knowledge of the healing art.

"Alas! Mother," I answered in the simple idiom of the country, "I have no power to save him."

But she detained me in the strong spasm of her grasp, and the next minute I stood within the chamber of death, and was abashed before the nameless majesty of death.

I knelt beside the bed very gently and humbly, and took the hand of the sick lad. I dared not meet the mother's imploring look, for there was no mistaking the prophecy of the languid fluttering pulse, or the foam gathering on the lips, and the glassy eyes. But even as I knelt, a strange light seemed to pass over the boy's face changing its expression wholly. When it was gone, his head gently fell back, and I knew that all was over; for that light was the ray which comes through the gates of heaven when they open to receive a soul. A low continued moan only broke the stillness as I rose. Oh deal with her gently, this bereaved mother! for her last child is lying cold beside her; and though her darling is gone to the fields where the night comes not, neither is there shadow of darkness, yet she cannot follow him! Oh deal with her gently, for the hand of the Chastener is heavy upon her! As I turned to go from the last home of the boy-traveller, a something which had before lain heavy on my heart was rebuked, and I felt how the little ills of life sink into nothing beside such a grief as this!

A SAINT'S BROTHER.

He was the brother of a saint, and his friends were rich; so they dressed him in his best, and they put a turban on his head, (for he was of the old school,) and they bore him to the tomb on a bier, and coffinless, after the custom of the East. I joined the procession as it swept chanting along the narrow street; and we all entered the illuminated church together.

The Archbishop strode solemnly up the aisle, with the priests swinging censers before him; and with the odour of sanctity exhaling from his splendid robes. On went the procession, making its way through a stand-up fight, which was taking

place in the church, on through weeping relatives, and sobered friends, till at last the Archbishop was seated on his throne, and the dead man lay before him stiff and stark. Then the same unctuous individual whom I fancy I have observed taking part in religious ceremonies all over the world, being yet neither priest nor deacon, bustled up, and he places some savoury herbs on the breast of the corpse, chanting lustily as he does so to save time.

Then the Archbishop takes two waxen tapers in each hand; they are crossed and set in a splendid hand-candlestick. He extends it towards the crowd, and seems to bless it mutely, for he does not speak. There is silence, only disturbed by a short sob which has broken from the over-burthened heart of the dead man's son. Hush! it is the Archbishop giving out a psalm, and now it begins lowly, solemnly, mournfully: at first, the lusty lungs of the burly priests seem to be chanting a dirge: all at once they are joined by the glad voices of children—oh! so clear and so pure, sounding sweet and far-off, rejoicing for the bliss of the departed soul.

They cease, and there comes a priest dressed in black robes; he prostrates himself before the throne of the Archbishop, and carries the dust of the prelate's feet to his forehead. Then he kisses the Archbishop's hand, and mounts the pulpit to deliver a funeral oration. I am sorry for this; he is evidently a beginner, and twice he breaks down, and gasps hopelessly at the congregation; but the Archbishop prompts him and gets him out of this difficulty. A rascally young Greek at my elbow nudges me to laugh, but I pay no attention to him.

Then the priests begin to swing their censers again, and their deep voices mingle chanting with the fresh song of the children, and again the Archbishop blesses the crowd. So now the relatives of the dead man approach him one by one, crossing themselves devoutly. They take the nosegay of savoury herbs from his breast, and they press it to their lips. Then they kiss the dead man's forehead. When the son approaches he sobs convulsively, and has afterwards to be removed by gentle force from the body.

So the relatives continue kissing the body, fearless of contagion, and the chant of the priests and choristers swells through the church, and there lies the dead man, with the sickly glare of the lamps struggling with the daylight, and falling with a ghastly gleam upon his upturned face. Twice I thought he moved but it was only fancy.

The Archbishop has left the church and the relatives of the dead man are bearing him to his last home without further ceremony. It is a narrow vault just outside the church, and the Greeks courteously make way for me—a stranger. A man jumps briskly into the grave; it is scarcely three feet deep; he arranges a pillow for the head of the corpse, then he springs out again, laughing at his own agility. The crowd laugh too. Joy and Grief elbow each other everywhere in life: why not also at the gates of the tomb?

Then two stout men seize the corpse in their stalwart arms, and they lift it from the bier. They are lowering it now, quite dressed, but coffinless, into the vault. They brush me as they do so, and the daylight falls full on the face of the dead

It is very peaceful and composed, but looking tired, weary of the world; relieved that the journey is over!

Stay! for here comes a priest walking slowly from the church with his mass-book and censer. He says a few more prayers over the body, and one of the deceased's kindred drops a stone into the grave. While the priest prays, he pours some consecrated oil upon the body, and some more upon a spadeful of earth which is brought to him. This is also thrown into the grave. It is not filled up; a stone is merely fastened with clay roughly over the aperture, and at night there will be a lamp placed there, which will be replenished every night for a year. At the end of that time the body will be disinterred; if the bones have not been thoroughly rotted away from the flesh and separated, the Archbishop will be called again to pray over the body; for there is a superstition among Greeks, that a man whose body does not decay within a year, is accursed. When the bones have divided, they will be collected and tied up in a linen bag, which will hang on a nail against the church wall. By and by, this will decay, and the bones which have swung about in the wind and rain will be shaken out one by one to make daylight ghastly where they lay. Years hence they may be swept into the charnel-house, or they may not, as chance directs.

I have said that he was the brother of a saint. It is well, therefore, that I should also say something of the saint himself. The saint was St. Theodore, one of the most recent martyrs of the Greek Church. St. Theodore was born about fifty years ago, of very humble parents, who lived at the village of Neo Chori, near Constantinople. He was brought up to the trade of a house-painter, an art of some pretension in Turkey, where it is often carried to very great perfection. The lad was clever, and soon attained such excellence in his craft that he was employed at the Palace of the Sultan. The splendour of the palace, and the gorgeous dresses of some of the Sultan's servants, fired his imagination. He desired to remain among them; so he changed his faith for that of Islam, and was immediately appointed to a petty post about the palace.

Three years after his apostasy and circumcision a great plague broke out at Constantinople, sweeping away the Sultan's subjects by hundreds, with short warning. The future saint grew alarmed, a species of religious mania seized upon him. He tried to escape from the palace, but was brought back. At last he got away in the disguise of a water-carrier, and fled to the island of Scio.

Here he made the acquaintance of a priest, to whom he confided his intention of becoming a martyr. The priest is said warmly to have commended this view of the case; for martyrs had been lately growing scarce. Instead of conveying the young man, therefore, to a lunatic asylum, he took him to the neighboring island of Mytilene; seeing doubtless, sufficient reasons why the martyrdom should not take place at Scio; where he might have been exposed to awkward remonstrances from his friends, for countenancing such a horror.

So the priest accompanied him to Mytilene, where the first act of the tragedy commenced by the martyr presenting himself before the Cadi or

Turkish Judge. Before the Cadi he began to curse the Musselman faith, and threw his turban at that magistrate's head. Taking from his bosom a green handkerchief, with which he had been provided, he trampled it under foot; and green is a sacred colour with the Turks. The Cadi was desirous of getting rid of him quietly, considering him as mad, as doubtless he was. But he continued cursing the Turks so bitterly that at last an angry mob of fanatics bore him away to the Pasha. This functionary, a quiet, amiable man, tried also to get out of the disagreeable affair; but the young man raved so violently that the Turks around began to beat him; and he was put into a sort of stocks till he should be quiet. At last the Turks lost patience with him, and his martyrdom began in earnest. He was subjected (say the Greek chronicles from which this history is taken) to the cruel torture of having hot earthen plates bound to his temples, and his neck was then twisted by fanatic men till his eyes started from their sockets; they also drew several of his teeth. He now said that he had returned to the Greek faith in consequence of the advice of an Englishman; which so appeased the Turks, that they offered him a pipe, and wanted to dismiss him. But he soon broke out again, and asked for the sacrament. He also asked for some soup. Both were given to him, the Turks offering no opposition to the administering of the former. When, however, he once more began to curse and revile the prophet, some fanatic proposed that he should be shortened by having an inch cut from his body every time he blasphemed, beginning at his feet. The Cadi shuddered, and interposed, saying that such a proceeding would be contrary to the law; which provided that a renegade should be at once put to death, that the faith of Islam might not be insulted. Then the mob got a cord to hang him. Like many other things in Turkey, this cord does not seem to have been fit for the purpose to which it was applied; and the struggles of the maniac were so violent that it broke. But they *did* hang him at last; thus completing the title to martyrdom with which he has come down to us. For three days his hanging body offended the daylight, and the simple country folk cut off bits of his clothes for relics. After a while he was carried away, and buried with a great fuss; the Turks having too profound a contempt for the Greeks to interfere with their doings in any way. Then, after a while, application was made to the Patriarch of Constantinople to canonize the mad house-painter; and canonized he was. His body was disinterred and mummified with great care. It is wrapped up in cotton, and the head is inclosed in a silver case. Both are shown to the devout on the anniversary of his martyrdom. The cotton sells well, for it is said to have worked many miracles, and to be especially beneficial in cases of epilepsy.

The anniversary of the Martyrdom of St. Theodore occurred on the same day as his brother's funeral. I asked if the reputation of the saint had anything to do with the honours paid to his brother? "Yes," was the answer, "the relatives of the saint are naturally anxious to keep up his reputation; which is like a patent of nobility to them. None dare to offer them injury or wrong, for fear of the martyr's anger."

For the rest, the festival of St. Theodore was as pretty a sight as I would wish to see.

His body was enshrined in a neat temple of green leaves, and was placed in the centre of the church. The pilgrims arrived at dead of night to pray there. They were mostly women, and seemed earnest enough in what they were about. I did not like to see them, however, buying those little bits of cotton which lay mouldering round the mummy, and putting them into their bosoms.

The church was well lighted; for Mitylene is an oil country. Innumerable lamps hung suspended from the roof everywhere, and some were decorated with very pretty transparencies. If you shut your eye for a minute, they seemed to open on fairy land rather than reality. The hushed scene, the stillness of which was only broken by the pattering feet of some religious maiden approaching the shrine, shawled and mysterious, even here, had something very quaint and fanciful in it. I could have stopped there all night watching them as they passed, dropping buttons (substitutes for small coin given in churches) into the salver of a dingy priest, who sat in the aisle, tablet in hand, to receive orders for masses to be said for the sick or the dead. I liked to watch the business manner in which he raised his reverend hand to get the light well upon his tablet, and adjusted his spectacles as he inscribed each new order from the pilgrims. At last, however, he gathered up his buttons and money, tying them in a bag; and glancing round once more in vain for customers, he went his way into the sacristy. I followed his waddling figure with my eyes till the last lock of his long hair, which caught in the brocaded curtain, had been disentangled, and he disappeared. Then, as the active individual in rusty black, whom I have mentioned as so busy in the ceremony of the morning, seemed desirous of having a few minutes' conversation with me, I indulged him. It was not difficult to perceive, from the tenor of his discourse, that he was desirous of receiving some token of my esteem in small change. It cost little to gratify him; and then, as the church was quite deserted, we marched off together.

UNPLEASANT.—Being acquainted in your babyhood with one of those impulsive young ladies, who have an ogreish propensity for waylaying little children and devouring them with kisses, or:—

Forming the acquaintance of an amateur violinist, who unhappily discovers you've a taste for music, and assumes the *acquitur* that you've a taste for his, or:—

Being accosted on a Rhine boat by your City greengrocer, while you are comparing notes of fashionable acquaintanceship with your tremendously "exclusive" friends the SWELLINGERS.

Cards either make the fortune of a man, or ruin him. It all depends upon whether he has money or no money.

Knowing a young man who fancies he's a poet, and spends his latest nonsense every time he meets you.

Knowing an ex-military man who never misses a chance of explaining, technically, the position of the Russians.

THE THIRTEENTH CHIME.

A LEGEND OF OLD LONDON.

It was in one of the earliest years of the reign of Henry the Eighth, and on a glorious summer's day, that two men sat in earnest conversation together in the oak pannelled parlor of a small house abutting upon St. Paul's Churchyard. The one was a soldier, the other a priest. The former was habited as an officer of the yeomen of the guard—his morion surmounted by a plume of feathers lay before him on the table, and his rich scarlet and gold uniform shone gay and glistening in the sunshine. He was a young man, but vice and unbridled passion were stamped, like Cain's mark, upon his face. His eyes were blood-shot; his mouth coarse and sensual, and his bearing fierce and swaggering. His priestly companion had thrown back his cowl, probably for coolness, and disclosed features, the expression of which, like that of the captain of the guards, was evil, but which, unlike his, was partly redeemed by an appearance of lofty intellectuality. The priest's forehead was high and massive, and his eye deep-set and bright. As he glanced at his companion, his thin, pale lip curled involuntarily, and the scorn of his smile was withering. But the soldier perceived it not, as he carelessly set aside the silver stoup from which he had been imbibing plentiful draughts of sack, and remarked:—

'And so, Bully Friar! thou hast absolved all my sins—truly their name was legion—but that boots not now; they are rubbed away like rust from a sword blade.'

'Doubtless thou art pardoned. Have I not said it?' returned the priest. And as he spoke his lip curled more palpably than ever.

'That swagger, pinned by the cross-bow bolt at Thame?' said he of the yeomen of the guard, beginning anew the muster-roll of his transgressions.

'Think not of it,' replied the priest.

'And the murder done at the Bankside?'

'Forgiven.'

'And the despoiling of the Abingdon mercer?'

'I have absolved.'

'And the vow broken to Sir Hildebrand Grey?'

'It will not count against thee.'

'And the carrying off the pretty Mistress Marjory?'

'Hath been atoned for.'

'And oaths, lies, imprecations innumerable?' rejoined the captain. 'Not so much that I care about such petty matters; but when one is at confession, one may as well make a clean breast of it.'

'In the name of the church, I absolve thee. And now, Captain Wyckhamme, thou must perform a service for me.'

'It is but reasonable. Thou art my helper in matters spiritual—I am thine in matters earthly! We serve each other, Father Francis.'

The worthy Father Francis smiled. It is possible that he deemed the arrangement a better one for himself than for his military friend.

'Therefore say the word,' continued Wyckhamme; 'and, lo! my bountiful forgiver of transgressions, I am thine, for good or evil.'

Father Francis bent his keen, black eye steadily upon his companion—gazing as if he would peer into his soul. At length he spoke slowly and calmly—

'Thou hast a yeoman in thy company of guards—one Mark Huntley.'

'Marry, yes. A fine, stalwart fellow; he draws a bow like Robin Hood; and I would ill like to abide the brunt of his partisan. What of him?'

The priest started up—his eyes flashed—his nostrils dilated. Catching Wyckhamme's arm with his brown, sinewy hand, and clutching it convulsively, he said, hoarsely—'Ruin him!'

'Ruin him!' repeated the officer of the guards, somewhat surprised at this unexpected outburst. 'Ruin him! Marry, man, bethink ye; he is the flower of my company.'

'I say, ruin him,' cried the priest. 'Thou art his officer, and there are a thousand ways. Plot—plot—so that he may rot in a dungeon, or swing from a gallows. He is a canker in my heart.'

'But wherefore art thou set against the yeoman, Father?' asked Capt. Wyckhamme.

'He hath crossed my path,' said the priest, moodily.

'Crossed thy path—how?' demanded the soldier.

Father Francis looked wistfully at his questioner, and muttered, 'In love.'

Captain Wyckhamme struck the table with his fist, until the wine flasks danced again, and then starting to his feet, with a coarse roar of laughter, exclaimed—'Ho, ho! hath it come to this? And so a neat ancle, and buxom cheek, and a gimp waist, were more than a match for thy sanctity! And thy cell was solitary and cold—was it not, Priest? And a man, even though a monk, cannot be always praying, and so thou wouldst take to wooing for an interlude. Brave Sir Priest! Credit me, thou art a man of mettle—a bold friar—an honour to thine order. Nay, thou shalt be the founder of an order—of a family, I mean; and by my halidome, there will be a rare spice of the devil in the breed. But I say, Father, who is she?—what is she?—Do her eyes sparkle? her cheeks glow—her—'

'Silence, habbler,' said the priest, 'her name is too pure a thing for thee to take within thy lips; for thee to speak of her—were mere blasphemy.'

'Ha!' exclaimed Wyckhamme, 'Priest, I say unto thee, beware.'

'Hush! I love her, love her with a depth of passion which things like thee cannot feel or comprehend. I have wrestled—fought with—striven in the darkness and silence of my cell to crush it; but I cannot: she is my light—my air—my life—my God! I have said it—I have sworn it—she shall be mine, although I give body and soul to purchase the treasure.'

The captain looked surprised at this outbreak. 'Wilt thou remove this man?' continued the priest after a pause, and speaking in a voice of frightful calmness.

'Hum—why—marry I would do much to oblige thee,' began the soldier—when his companion interrupted him.

'We are in each other's secrets,' he said. The officer of the guard shrugged his shoulders.

'And with men like us to be in each other's secrets is to be in each other's power.'

The officer of the guard shrugged his shoulders still higher.

'Art thou resolved?' inquired Father Francis quietly.

'I am,' was the reply; 'Mark Huntley will not long live to thwart thee.'

'Tis well,' muttered the priest—'but the blow must be immediate.'

'It shall fall to-morrow,' said Wyckhamme; leave the means to me. But I say, Father, how dost thou propose to get possession of the maiden, and when?'

'To-night,' replied the monk, and his eye glistened, 'I am her father confessor.'

Captain Wyckhamme smacked his lips. 'A sweet duty, by my faith, to listen to the fluttering thoughts of youthful female hearts; I almost would I were a monk.'

'Curses on thy licentious tongue,' exclaimed the churchman in a voice of suppressed passion. 'Listen—I have imposed on her a midnight solitary penance. At the dead hour of the night she is to kneel before the shrine of the Virgin in the cathedral. I shall be there.'

'And attempt to carry her off!—she will scream.'

'There are gags.'

'She will fly.'

'There are bonds, and secret keeping-places the world wots not of, at my disposal—while Mark Huntley—'

'Is my part of the job, Priest, it is a well-laid scheme—I think it may prosper.'

'It must,' answered the priest; 'but the sun hath passed the meridian, is it not time thou wert on thy way homeward?'

'Marry you say true,' exclaimed the other, 'and I will plot my share in the matter as I ride.'

'Do so,' said the priest, 'and farewell.'

In five minutes Captain Wyckhamme, at-

tended by two yeomen of his troop, was spurting down Ludgate Hill on his way westward—while Father Francis, enveloped in his cowl, paced slowly and thoughtfully back to the cathedral. The people made way for him reverently and bowed low; the father had the reputation of being rich in the odour of sanctity, and many counted themselves happy in his 'Benedicite.'

The hours passed away and it became night—a fair, calm, summer's night in which the moon and stars seemed striving to outshine each other. A deep hush was upon London. The last of the crew of 'prentices, who had been whiling away the lengthened twilight by a noisy game of football in Cheape, had been summoned within doors by his vigilant master, and the streets were left to the occasional home returning reveller, who either paced along with tipsy gravity, or made the old houses ring with snatches of the drinking songs which still buzzed in his ears. The stately mass of old Paul's rose majestically above all humbler tenements, steeped in a flood of moonshine—its quaint carvings and sculptured pinnacles here standing out clear and palpable in the starry air, and there broken by broad masses of deep black shadow.

It was near the hour of midnight when the light figure of a woman closely muffled in its draperies, glided cautiously and timidly along the quiet pavement, and tripped up the steps towards one of the side entrances of the cathedral. The door of a chapelry, from which admittance might be had into the main portion of the building, was open. As she crossed the threshold the damp chill of the air, so different from the genial atmosphere without, made her pause. It was but for a moment, and then she entered the cathedral. It was an awfully solemn place. No work of man's hands could be more grand; its shadowy vastness seemed not of the earth. The eye could only dimly trace its proportions by the gorgeously coloured light admitted by the painted glass, and imagination supplied the rest. Here were the vast clustered pillars, the echoing aisles, the groined and arched magnificence of the roof, and over all a silence like the silence of the dead; the intruder crossed her arms upon her bosom for the place was chill,—and the next moment Mabel Lorne knelt before the shrine of the Virgin. She had hardly passed a minute in devotion when a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder; with a fluttering heart she started to her feet, and beheld the face of Father Francis dimly seen close to hers.

'Father!' she exclaimed.

'Daughter!' returned the priest, in a voice trembling with passionate eagerness, for he thought he had his victim in his clutch, 'Thou must go with me;' and at the same instant, before she could make a motion to

prevent him, he slipped a kerchief prepared for the purpose over the lower part of her face and she was unable to utter a sound.

'Come, sweet one, come!' said Father Francis, in a low tremulous voice, as he attempted to seize her arm and waist. Surprise and despair, however, gave Mabel strength,—making a frantic effort, she freed herself from the rude grasp and fled. Uttering a muttered imprecation, the priest pursued, but his flowing robes hindered his progress. With a reeling head, and almost insensible of what she did, Mabel flew over the pavement; she tried to make for the door, but her confusion was too great to enable her to discover it,—she heard the footsteps of the priest close to her, and fled unwitting whither she went.

'Ha! now I have thee,' panted the monk, as the fugitive appeared driven into a corner of the building, and he made a plunge forward to grasp her. He was disappointed. A low-browed door stood open in the wall leading to a spiral stone staircase, and up it she flew like the wind. As Mabel put her foot upon the first step—a loud clang ran through the cathedral—it was the first chime of twelve struck by the great clock. Up—up—up—went pursuer and pursued. Fear gave unnatural swiftness to Mabel, and she rushed upwards—round and round the spiral staircase—as though her feet felt not the stone steps. The priest was close behind—with clenched teeth and glaring eyes; maddened by passion and disappointment, he made desperate efforts to overtake his victim, and sometimes Mabel heard his loud pantings close behind her. Up they went, higher and higher; the gyrations of the stairs seemed endless, and all the while the clock rang slowly out the iron chimes of midnight. The place was dark, but there was nothing to impede one's progress; and here and there bars of white moonlight, shining through loopholes, chequered the gloom. Up! up! higher and faster—but Mabel felt that her limbs were failing her—she made one more effort—one frantic bound, and lo! she saw above her, in a space on which the moonbeams fell, the complicated works of the great clock. She had no breath to raise an alarm which could be heard by those below. She listened to the rapidly mounting footsteps of the priest, and her heart sank within her. Just then the great iron hammer which struck the hour, rang the last stroke of twelve upon the bell. A thought darted like lightning through Mabel's brain,—she might make that iron tongue speak for her. Gliding through the machinery, she mounted among its framework, and grasping the hammer with both hands, she strained every nerve and muscle of her white arm, and slowly raising the ponderous weight let it fall upon the bell, and lo! with a clang which rung through her very brain—the thirteenth chime fell upon the sleeping city.

Breathless was the priest preparing to seize her, when the iron peal for a moment arrested his hand. He looked up—there stood the gentle creature amid the throbbing mechanism—her white hands convulsively clasping the iron, and her face distorted with terror and fatigue. The moonlight showed him all this, and showed him, moreover, the hammer again moving under the maiden's grasp. The danger of his position immediately flashed across him,—he knew that there were many within the chapels and cells attached to the cathedral, sleepless watchers of the hours—and he feared that the unusual number of chimes would attract immediate attention. Muttering a deep curse, he turned, and Mabel heard him hurrying down the staircase. Cautiously she followed, and on reaching the bottom, heard his voice communing with a brother monk.

'I am certain,' said the latter, 'that the clock struck thirteen.'

'So I deemed, Brother Peter,' replied the low tones of the monk; 'and I have come forth to inquire how it could be so.'

Cautiously keeping in the shadow, Mabel glided past the speakers; she saw the door opposite her, and flew towards it. As she ran, Father Francis caught a glimpse of her rereating form, and made a wild gesture of rage and disappointment. The next moment Mabel was in the open air, and was soon locked and bolted in her own little room. Sinking on the floor, she cried bitterly, and then rising, she said, 'I have no friends here—with the first blush of the morning I will procure a good palfrey, and fare forth to Windsor. Mark must know all.'

A bright breezy morning had succeeded the fair calm night, and the sun was yet low in the horizon, when Mabel Lorne, mounted upon a spirited palfrey, left behind her the western outskirts of London, and pushed merrily on through green fields and hedges in the direction of Windsor. Sorely disquieted as she had been by the events of the past night, the jocund influence of the fresh breath of morning, and the merry sunshine, the rapid motion through a fair country, and, above all, the thought of meeting her lover, made Mabel's cheeks bloom, and her eyes sparkle. She carressed the glancing neck of the bounding animal which carried her, and the palfrey answered the touch of its mistress by a loud and joyful neigh, and pressed merrily and speedily onward; and away they went amid leafy hedgerows sparkling with dewdrops and fields of rich rustling corn; and by clumps of gnarled old trees, and jungles of sprouting saplings; and antique, red brick-built old farm houses; and manorial halls embosomed in ancestral trees; and the peaceful walls of distant monasteries. And the smoke was beginning to rise from men's dwellings, in long spiral columns

into the clear morning air; and labouring people were already afield, and now and then the fair traveller caught a glimpse of the broad river, with green trees bending over its waters, and sedges upon its banks, and swans floating upon its bosom. Every thing looked calm, and bright, and happy. Mabel's eye wandered over the grand panorama of hill, and dale, and brake, and coppice, stretching out in all their green loveliness before her: and as the massive towers of Windsor Castle rose over the rich expanse, her heart was so full, and yet so light, that she felt as if she could raise her voice and sing as merrily as the usual birds among the branches.

She would not, however, have so much enjoyed her ride, if she had known who was pressing in hot haste after her. Father Francis, very much discomfited by the bad success of his attempt, and not being altogether easy about the consequences, had watched the maiden more closely than she was aware of, and on her setting out for Windsor,—he had ascertained her destination through a groom,—determined, although he hardly knew for what purpose, to follow the fugitive. Suddenly recollecting, therefore, some ecclesiastical business to be settled with the prior of a monastery near Datchet, the priest provided himself with a pacing mule,—an animal generally used by the churchmen of the period, and the better breeds of which were little inferior in powers of speed and endurance to the horse—and was speedily ambling briskly along the great western road. He saw the fair country around as though he saw it not, and only looked eagerly ahead at every turn of the road, expecting momentarily to behold the fair fugitive. But he was disappointed—Mabel's palfrey carried her well, and when she drew reign at one of the postern gates of the Castle, the priest was still a good mile behind.

A yeoman of the guard was standing sentinel at the little nail-studded wicket, leaning upon his partisan, and whistling melodiously. To him she addressed herself:—

'You have a comrade named Mark Huntley,' she said; 'fair sir I would speak with him.'

The soldier looked at her with some interest, stopped his whistling, and said hastily, 'Are you Mabel Lorne, fair mistress?'

'That is my name,' said Mabel blushing.

'Then, by St. George, I am sorry for thee,' returned he of the partisan. 'Mark Huntley was a good fellow and a true—and—'

'Was I?' shrieked Mabel—'was I? He is not dead?'

'Almost as good,' replied the sentinel; 'his captain has accused him of sleeping on his watch, and that thou knowest is death—death without redemption.'

Mabel sank upon the ground. The burly yeoman cursed his own bluntness in blurring

out at once the bad news. 'But she'll soon have another mate,' he muttered, as he stooped over and endeavoured to revive her; 'by my sword hilt she is fair enough for the bride of a belted earl, let alone a poor yeoman.'

'Bring me to him—bring me to him for pity's sake,' faltered Mabel.

'Nay, that may hardly be, pretty one,' said the soldier. 'He is under watch and ward; and by St. George, I think it be near the time when he will be brought before the king.'

'Let me at least see him,' exclaimed Mabel; 'perchance soldier, there is some maiden who loves thee as I do him, and who will one day plead on her bended knees for one last look at the man for whom her heart is breaking!'

'I will see what can be done,' said the honest yeoman.

He was as good as his word—for summoning some of his comrades, with whom Mark Huntley had been a general favorite, he spoke apart to them; a few minutes Mabel found herself smuggled into a lofty arched hall, with deep gothic moulded windows, and furnished with ponderous oaken settles. Her friends the yeomen kept her in the midst of their group, enjoining upon her the necessity of preserving a perfect silence. Hardly had she looked around her, and noted a large unoccupied chair covered with crimson cloth, upon the dais at the upper end of the hall, when a priest, closely cowed, gilded in, and took his station in a corner of the place. She saw not his face, but she felt that the priest was Father Francis. All at once the groups of officers and knights, who were sauntering, gossiping, and laughing through the hall, became silent, and placed themselves round the unoccupied chair—there was a moment's pause, and a portly man with broad, stern face, decorated with a peaked beard walked into the hall. His doublet was richly adorned, and at his belt he carried a short poniard.

This was King Henry VIII.

Throwing himself carelessly into the chair prepared for him, he said in a deep stern voice, "Bring forth the prisoner, and let his accuser likewise appear."

There was a short bustle—a heavy door creaked upon its hinges, and Mabel's heart swelled within her, and her limbs trembled, as she saw Mark Huntley, bound, led before the king. But a second look partly reassured her. His cheek was pale; but there was in the firmness of his step, and the proud glance of his eye, the mighty strength of conscious innocence. Opposite to him stood Captain Wyckhamme—his eye bloodshot, and his hand trembling; and many who carefully scanned the countenance of the two, turned to each other, and whispered that the accuser looked more guilty than the accused.

'Captain Wyckhamme,' said Henry, 'this man was found asleep upon his post!'

'I deeply grieve to say it, my liege,' answered Captain Wyckhamme, bowing low, 'but such is the fact. On going my rounds last night, shortly after midnight, I surprised him in a most sound sleep, and for this I vouch, so help me God!'

"Prisoner, what sayest thou to the charge?" demanded Henry.

'That it is a foul lie, and that he who makes it knows it is a lie!' exclaimed Mark Huntley with firmness.

'How, varlet! ejaculated the king; wouldst thou put thy word against the oath of a gentleman, and thine officer?'

"Yes, said the prisoner, 'marry that would I—I say he speaks falsely, and I have proof.'

'Proof!' replied the king; 'God's my life—we will hear proof, but it must be strong to bear down the word of an approved loyal gentleman like Captain Wyckhamme. What is 'his proof of thine, sirrah?'

"This, so please your majesty," said Mark Huntley. "Last night I kept the middle watch on the Eastern tower. The air was still and calm, except that now and then a gentle breath came from the direction of London. As I mused I thought I heard a low, faint, very faint, clang as of a bell. I listened, and heard it again and again—the light breeze bore it still fresher upon mine ear—it was the great bell of St. Paul's striking midnight—and as I am a true man, *the clock rung thirteen chimes.*"

A woman's scream, loud and thrilling, rung through the hall, and Mabel bursting from the yeomen by whom she was surrounded sprang forward, and throwing herself at Henry's feet, shrieked rather than spoke.

'It is true—it is true—these hands did it—these hands rung the thirteenth chime. He is innocent—justice, my liege, I demand justice.'

'God's life, sweetheart, this is a strange matter,' replied Henry; 'but rise, thou shalt have justice—thy king promises it.'

'It was a plot—a base plot for his death and my dishonour,' exclaimed Mabel; 'but God hath overthrown it. Look at his accuser, sire—look, he changes colour, he trembles—*he is the guilty one, not Mark.*'

Henry arose and bent his keen eye upon Captain Wyckhamme. 'But how camest thou to ring this thirteenth chime, woman?' he asked.

'I will tell thee,' said Mabel eagerly. 'I was lured at midnight into the cathedral; violence was offered to me even at the shrine of the Virgin; I fled into the belfry, and there caused the thirteenth chime to sound for the purpose of raising an alarm. I did it to save myself—lo! it hath saved my lover.'

'Who pursued thee thither?' asked the king.

'A priest,' replied Mabel, 'and he is here.'

Henry looked quickly around; his eye fell upon the sombre figure of the monk, and he exclaimed, let the priest stand forward.'

The robed figure advanced, and then remained motionless.

'Throw back thy cowl,' said the king.

The priest moved not, but an officious yeoman twitched it aside, and discovered the features of Father Francis.

'It is he!' exclaimed Mabel.

Henry looked from the churchman to his captain of the guards. The face of the former was of a deadly pallid hue, and his lips convulsively compressed, but he manifested no further emotion. It was different with Wyckhamme. Physical courage he had plenty of, but of moral bravery he had none. The king looked fixedly at him—his limbs trembled—he caught hold of the oaken table for support, and gasped as if for breath. There was an awful pause.

'Mercy! mercy!' faltered Wyckhamme. 'I will confess.'

'Traitor and coward!' shouted Father Francis, 'we are lost.'

'Seize that priest,' said the king, with a voice like a trumpet.

Father Francis made a quick motion of one of his hands towards his face, and then dashing aside with a convulsive effort the brawny arms laid upon him, he exclaimed—

'Away! I am beyond your reach.'

His pale lip curled into a smile of triumph—then his face became livid and changed its expression—the eye glazed—foam appeared at the mouth, and the monk, still wearing that grim smile of defiance and contempt, fell heavily forward on the floor.

When they raised Father Francis he was dead. The monk knew the secret of many strong poisons.

'Then thy accusation was false,' said the king.

'Pardon, sire, it was; but the priest—the priest set me on—pardon—' faltered the wretched Wyckhamme, who had sunk in a quivering heap upon the ground.

'Take him away,' said Henry, 'to death! Huntley shall assume his rank; and now,' he took Mabel's hand and placed it in that of her lover, 'my faithful sentinel, receive thy bride.'

The worst extravagance is drinking. The man who drinks is sure to lose his head. Never put wine on the table, unless it is the card-table, and then it isn't for you to partake of it.

Becoming acquainted with a man in difficulties, who can always see a way to retrieve his fortune, if he had but a paltry fi' pun' note to start him.

Knowing a young lady who (not otherwise insane), keeps an album, and asks you every time she sees you, to contribute.

ASLEEP WITH THE FLOWERS.

Pictis jocari nos meminertit fabulis.—Phœdr. Prol.

"MERHINKS, if flowers had voices, they would sing a wondrous sweet music!" thought I to myself one summer's evening, as I carelessly wandered by a brook that meandered through a sweet variety of setting sun-light and shade, trees and lovely blossoms, rocky margins and interruptions, that made the little petulant water murmur its disquiet; and then, again, green velvet banks, under whose sleepy influence it seemed to sink into a motionless tranquillity—like an infant tired into slumber by its waywardness and passion!

On one of those damask cushions, as I laid me down, Thompson's beautiful lines, from his "Castle of Indolence," occurred to me, and I whispered to myself,

"A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was;
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flashing round a summer sky!"

I think it is fortune that says, "*J'ai toujours cru, et le crois encore que le sommeil est une chose invincible.* Il n'y a procès, ni affliction, ni amour qui tienne;" and I found it so on this occasion; for though I frequently endeavoured to dismiss my somnolency, that I might enjoy the sweet scene around me, it proved to be "une chose invincible," and accordingly I was fast asleep in a few moments.

But if my eyes closed upon a sweet scene of this world, they opened to one of more delicate beauty and delight in the land of vision. I thought, or dreamed, I was in a place where the flowers were the only animated beings. At first melody seemed to me to be a respirable quality of its atmosphere; for I heard soft melancholy cadences murmuring sweet echoes to my own breathings, low and gentle as they were, but which afterwards I found were the flowers' voices; and, if ever harmony "rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes, and stole upon the air," 'twas in that dream, where "the painted populace that dwell the fields" were the minstrels!

The novelty of my situation presented such a mixture of diffidence and delight, fear of intrusion yet wish to stay, that I should have sunk quite confused, had not a most gentle strain of indescribable sweetness stolen upon my senses, and completely absorbing my attention, left me quite indifferent to every other consideration.

Unused as my mortal ears were to such delicate harmonies, I listened with a rapture bordering upon insanity to a whispered *Pastorale*, that required my most breathless attention to follow up; but what was my ecstasy when, at its almost noiseless conclusion, I heard breathing distinctly, but still faintly, on every side around me, the following

CHORUS OF FLOWERS.

Hear our tiny voices, hear!

Lower than the night-wind's sighs;

'Tis we that to the sleeper's ear

Sing dreams of Heaven's melodies!

Listen to the songs of flows—

What music is there like to ours?

Look on our beauty—we were born
On a rainbow's dewy breast,*
The cradled by the noon or morn,
Or that sweet light that loves the west!
Look upon the face of flow'rs—
What beauty is there like to ours?

You think us happy while we bloom
So lovely to your mortal eyes;—
But we have hearts, and there's a tomb
Where ev'n a flow'ret's peace may lie.
Listen to the songs of flow'rs—
What melody is like to ours?

Hear our tiny voices, hear!
Lower than the night-wind's sighs—
Tis we that to the sleeper's ear
Sing dreams of heaven's melodies!
Listen to the songs of flow'rs—
What melody is like to ours?

A little emboldened, for I now began to think
I was not an unwelcome intruder, I straightway
commenced examining the fairy scene that every-
where saluted my enraptured sense. There seem-
ed to be no particular climate influencing it.
Nature had congregated her wildest varieties
into one harmonious link; the seasons forgetting
their animosities, joined hand in hand, and by
their united friendliness made all seem tempered
down into such gentle peace that acacias and fir-
trees, snow-drops and roses, myrtles and mis-
letoes, were all seen embracing each other in hap-
py oblivion of their respective times and localities.

I took a pathway that led me gently down a
sloping lawn, determined to search every cranny
of this wilderness of sweets. I had not wander-
ed far before I was riveted with new delight by a
low melancholy breathing that issued from a
thicket of sweet-smelling shrubs whose perfume
seemed to be the only difficulty that its music had
to struggle through. Here, laying myself down
upon a moss bank, I listened with astonishment
and delight to the

SONG OF THE MAY-ROSE.

Moonlight! moonlight! walking above me,
This is the hour,
This is the hour,
That a sweet one † comes to whisper, "I love
thee."

Here in my bow'r—
Here in my bow'r!

Moonlight! moonlight! bid him haste to me,
Or the rude breeze,
Or the rude breeze

In his airy flights may venture to woo me
'Mid the dark trees—
'Mid the dark trees!

Moonlight! moonlight! one of Earth's daughters,
With a wild lute,
With a wild lute,

Last ev'ning so sweet o'er the waters
My bird was mute,
My bird was mute!

* "It hath been observed by the ancients, that where
a rainbow seemeth to touch or hang over, there breath-
eth forth a sweet smell."—BACON.

† The nightingale, celebrated in many a poem as the
Ode's CHERRY AMIE.

Moonlight! moonlight! think'st thou he'd leave
me

For one so pale,
For one so pale!
Yet, dear moonlight? if he deceive me,
Tell not the tale—
Tell not the tale!

The jealous minstrel had scarcely ended her
sweet complaining, when another gentle voice,
but "less steeped in melancholy," arose from a
dark stream, that silently flowed at the foot of
my resting-place, and filled the listening air
around us with melody and joy.

SONG OF THE WATER-LILY.

The Rose has her nightingale—I have my swan,
Tho' our loves are but known to a few:
When the rose is decay'd and the nightingale
gone,

My bloom and my lover are true!
Oh! 'tis sweet, ere the ev'ning is low in the west,
To see him spread out his fair wings,
And float down the stream on his loved lily's
breast

To slumber while fondly she sings.

In the fables of old there's a story that Jove
Strew'd my leaves o'er the couch of his rest,
But 'twas only once plumed in the form of my
love,

To my bosom he ever was prest!
Oh! ne'er for a moment, with ev'n the first
Of immortals, could I be untrue

To the dear one that here from my infancy
nursed

Both my love and my loveliness too!

Then haste, dearest, haste to your lily that lies
On the waves of our shadowy stream:—
Tune the lyre of your wing* to her fond whisper'd
sighs,

And more than of Heaven she'll dream!
Though they say that the souls of the flowers
again †

May win back their paradise pride,
Here on these slow waters I'd ever remain
While you call me your loved lily-bride!

The lily ceased, and, startled by the applauded
echoes, hid her warm rising blushes in the cold
deep water, and was heard no more. In vain I
pursued the path of the streamlet, in the hope of
seeing her emerge to let me look upon her
beauty; but she came not, and I wandered on in
quest of other enjoyments, "chewing the cud of
sweet and bitter fancies!"

* The snowy swan, that like a fleecy cloud
Sails o'er the crystal of reflected heaven
(Some waveless stream,) while through his reedy
wings

The zephyr makes such distant melody,
That up we gaze upon the twilight stars.
And think it is the spherul music.—ARON.

† It is either Marmontel or Dr. Hay on Miracles, or
somebody else, who is of opinion that those angels who
stood neuter in the heavenly rebellion have been
banished from paradise to take upon them the grosser
existence of materiality in various shapes, as a punish-
ment for their indifference.—(hence our fairies, sylpha-
elves' &c., dwelling in fountains, flowers, caves, and
echoes.)—and that after a certain period passed in such
lenient exile, the gates of felicity will be again open to
them.

As I passed by a green lane, there came forth a gentle rush of soft night-wings, that seemed to have been chased by some flowers—"too rudely questioned by their breath," if I might be allowed to infer so from the sweets that followed them. They soon passed on, and once more I was stopped to listen to

THE SONG OF THE ANEMONE.

Oh! why my frail love,
Why dost thou rove,
Zephyr, why faithless and free?
You may woo in her bower
A lovelier flower,
But will she adore you like me?
No—no—
She will not adore you like me!

Remember the day,
When fainting away,
Zephyr, you whisper'd to me:
There was not a flower,
In lawn or in bower,
Would open her bosom to thee—
No—no—
Would open her bosom to thee?

Oh! then this fond breast
That loves you the best.
Zephyr, gave welcome to thee;*
Ah! rover, fly on—
When I'm dead and gone
You'll ne'er find a flower like me—
No—no—
You'll ne'er find a flower like me!

At the conclusion of this reproachful ditty, I fell into a reverie about devoted affections, and the almost invariable ingratitude that awaits them. I could not but fancy the anemone a beautiful girl that had cast away the jewel of her heart upon a worthless one, and who found even in the language of reproach a new vent for the protestation of her love and fidelity. I made several attempts to throw off my growing and constantly-attendant feeling of morbid disquiet and melancholy, till suddenly my ears were merrily assailed by a song of so totally a different character from the last, that I hailed it as a timely relief from the gloom and misanthropy I was, half-pleased, allowing to steal over me; and accordingly, though with somewhat of a struggle against "Il Penseroso," I duly attended to "L'Allegro" of the

SONG OF THE BEE-FLOWER.†

I'm the Cupid of flowers.
A merry light thing;
I'm the lord of these bowers,
And rule like a king!
There is not a leaf
Ever thrill'd with the smart
Of Love's pleasant grief,
But was shot through the heart
By me—by me—little mischievous sprite!
Kindling a love-match is all my delight!

I'm the Cupid of flowers,
And would not forego
My reign in these bowers
For more than I know:
It's so pleasant to make
A tall blossom bow,
And humbly forsake
Her rash maiden-vow,
To me—to me—little mischievous sprite!
Kindling a love-match is all my delight!

I'm the cupid of flowers;
And Venus' his son
Ne'er had in his bowers
More frolic or fun;
Like him, too, I'm arm'd
With my honey and sting;
The first till I've charm'd,
Then the last, and take wing.
Away—away—little mischievous sprite!
Kindling a love-match is all my delight!

In truth, light-hearted minstrel," said I, at the close of his tuneful merriment, "Kindling a love-match," at one time, has been a "delight" even unto me: but *tempora mutantur*, and I am now as blank a page as ever was opened in the chronicles of the heart!" So saying, I looked around me for a bed of lettuce to lie down upon, and forget my grief; thinking that if it once served as an opiate to Venus herself after the death of Adonis, it might, on the present occasion, help me to forget the painful memories that were crowding "thick and fast" upon my feverish brain. A cluster of green leaves closely entwined in each other, for a moment made me think I had found the resting-place I sought for; but on stooping down to examine them more minutely, I discovered they were "Lilies of the Valley," those nuns of the green veil, that they were preparing their evening hymn; and as I always respect the devotional exercises of every creed and clime, I stood apart in reverential silence to hear the

VESPER SONG OF THE CONVALL LILIES.

Listen! how the breezes swell,
Like fairy music wreathing
Through the windings of a shell,
(Now near, now distant breathing,) Murmurs sweet the choral hymn
Our green convent duly sends
To that hour divinely dim,
Ere night begins or daylight ends;—
When the mix'd beauty of the skies
Has that soft character of mien,
Which plays upon a girl's blue eyes
When suddenly their joy has been
Shadow'd by thinking of a stranger,
From whom, though vain and hopeless tie,
The world or friends could never change her!
The dream round which her memory
Oings close and fond, like ivy on
The ruin of some holy shrine,
Whose real life is dead and gone,
Though life seems wrapping its decline!
Listen to the breeze's swell,
Like fairy music wreathing
Through the windings of a shell,
Now near, now distant breathing!

* The flowers of the anemone expand when the wind blows upon them.

† A species of the Orchis.

Hark! deep down the silent dell,
The daughters* of the Night-Wind bear
The stream of tuneful Hydromel,
That music poured upon the air!
Faintly how it falls away,
A cascade of sweet sighs to rest,
Almost as noiseless as the day
Dies in the valleys of the west!

As they finished their hymn, the flowers closed themselves up in their "green convent," and left me once more alone with my reflections. A twilight vista through an aperture in a "bosky dell," gave me a faint view of a distant sea-shore, which seemed so lonely, grey, and desolate, that it instantly accorded with my soul's sadness. So, heedless of other temptations that saluted me by the way, I rudely trode on, trampling many a fair blossom in my eagerness to arrive at what to me is the ecstasy, both in situation and time, of all melancholy pleasure,—a lonely walk along an unfrequented shore on a windy evening, in the close of the autumn, when the deciduous trees make their shrill whistlings and complaints against the relentless blast, and the beach-wave of the "desert sea" (as Homer beautifully calls it) keeps up a constant diapason of restlessness and sighs.

The sun was fast sinking behind the glorious architecture that he had been for some time constructing with the western clouds; evening—grey evening—was coming slowly on, and I fancied I should have a delirium of enjoyment in this my most favorable solitude. But, alas! I was soon deprived of this anticipation, for a melancholy whisper soon convinced me that I was not alone in my grief; and as it breathed its sorrows in such gentle words, I stood still and heard—

THE SONG OF THE EVENING PRIMROSE.†

Hour beloved, e'en by the cold moon,
Is thy calm beauty coming soon?
Why does the sunbeam's noisy light
Linger so long o'er the mountain's height?
Hither! come hither, my vesper grey!
I've many a sweet, sad thing to say,
Evening! Evening! hasten to me;
'Tis thy own Flower that's singing to thee!
Hither! come hither!
Hither! hither!

Leave me not here to be the scorn
Of happier blossoms, and forlorn
On my lone bank—fond, foolish Flower,
To weep for the absent, unkind hour,
That told me to meet him at this cold time.‡
Thus killing me with my own sweet prime!
Evening! Evening! hasten to me;
'Tis thy own Flower that's singing to thee!
Hither! come hither!
Hither! hither!

"Pshaw!" said I, with an inward feeling of disappointment and vexation, "even a flower of the humblest class can rival me in my most sacred, and, as I thought, exclusive feelings; so turning

away, I had retraced my steps to the deepest recesses of the wood. Here, again, I imagined I should be free to ruminate; but a series of small sounds, resembling the jangling of sweet bells, awoke the moment I sat down; and though in despair of being ever again left to my own disturbed communion, I listened with a forced patience to

THE SONG OF THE HAREBELL.

List! list! my blue bells are ringing,
Ye day-flowers round me that lie;
List! list! their low sweet singing
Now tells you the evening is nigh!
Droop your fair heads, close your bright eyes,
Every young blossom that loves sunny skies;
Did not your Queen tell you last night,
Flowers of the day should not see the moonlight?
Lullaby! lullaby!

List! list! my blue bells are ringing,
Ye day-flowers, sleep o'er the plain;
At morn with low sweet singing
I'll call you from slumber again:
Have you not heard that beauty's fair sleep
Is ere the dews of the midnight can weep?
Rest then! when flowers that love the night
Look pale and wan, you'll be blooming and bright!
Lullaby! lullaby!

The singer had scarcely ceased, when a confused and hurried rustling noise of closing leaves convinced me that he had sufficient dominion over the vassals under his jurisdiction or balliwick. His bells continued to ring on with an impertinent impatience; and I was just on the point of remonstrating with him for his tyranny and oppression, when my indignation was soothed into perfect tranquillity and attention by

THE CURFEW SONG OF THE DAY-FLOWERS.

Hark! 'tis our curfew bell;—
Dew-dropping hour,
Stilly and calm,
O'er leaf and flower
Breathing balm,—
Last blush of day, farewell!
Sisters! good night!
Sweet be your dreams,
While the moonlight
Over you beams!
Good night! good night!

A haunch of venison upon credit is cheaper than a mutton-chop that you have to pay ready money for.

Borrow much, and lend little. This maxim may be called the Height of Economy. Practice it largely, and you are sure to grow rich.

Being expected at a picnic to do all the work, because everybody knows you're "such a good-natured fellow."

One should lead an upright life for very many reasons; but especially for this—that you may be able to despise your servants' tongues.

Poverty, bitter though it be, has no sharper pang than this, that it makes men ridiculous.

We are too apt to rate ourselves by our fortunes, rather than our virtues.

* the Greeks and Latins call an echo the *IMAGIS*, and the Hebrews *DAUGHTER* of the voice.

† The *Oenothera biennis* of botanists.

‡ "The rather primrose that forsaken dies," says Milton, alluding to the common *Frimula veris*.

A POLITICAL ALLEGORY.

"At the base of an extensive chain of mountains, whose summits touched the skies, once dwelt a people celebrated for wisdom, piety and valor. Time, which destroys all things, has obliterated their original name. Divided from the rest of mankind, on the one side by inaccessible mountains, and on all other sides by the ocean, it was upon that element only that they held any commerce with other nations. Their geographical position, fortified by naval defences, secured them from foreign invasion. Whilst other countries were ravaged by hostile armies, and famine and pestilence, which follow in their track, this happy people read of the calamities of war only in their gazettes. The song of triumph was often sung at their festivals, but the shout of victory was never heard in their fields. In these were seen only the traces of agriculture and abundance, whilst their cities resounded with the busy hum of industry, or the cheerful tones of amusement. Their institutions, founded in great antiquity, had been prudently accommodated to the change of circumstances, and improved gradually by time, and a constant attention to preserve their true spirit and practical advantages. They were always mending, but never reforming. In the true spirit of patriotism, they loved their laws and institutions not only for their intrinsic value, but because they had inherited them from their fathers, had been imbued with them from their infancy, and found them moulded up with, and grafted into, their language, their manners, and their habits. Ideal forms of government they treated as the amusement of conversation, not as the practical business of life. They considered them as the statesmen of Rome considered the various systems of philosophy taught by the Greeks, worthy of being studies '*disputandi causa, non ita vivendi.*' They acknowledged nothing abstract, either in virtue, or liberty, or law. Habit, practice, and experience, they looked upon as the true sources of attachment, and the surest foundations of knowledge. They were not less remarkable for devotion to their religion. Before revelation had shed its light amongst men, the constellations of the heavens were the most natural objects of wonder and veneration. This people worshipped the sun and the moon. To the first they ascribed the powers of life and fertility. To his influence they acknowledged their obligations for the blessings of corn, and wine, and oil, and all the fruits of the earth by which man is nourished, and all the flowers of the field by which his senses are delighted. Their hearts swelled with gratitude, and their lips sounded with praise, when they bent towards his rising orb as the author of these inestimable gifts. But when ascended above the horizon, he darted his beams through the misty clouds of morning and melted them from before him, they found his face too bright to be looked at; they averted their eyes from a radiance they could no longer endure and sought refuge in the temple dedicated to his worship, where they adored, in silent awe, the surpassing splendor of his meridian glory. A sense of unbounded power was mingled with their devotion; they felt conscious of an influence that could destroy as well

as preserve; and they were filled with reverence and fear when they sought to propitiate a god at once incomprehensible and unapproachable. Not with less reverence; but with less fear, they worshipped the moon. In her they contemplated chiefly the attribute of benevolence, which spread a mild lustre over her countenance, and adorned it with ineffable grace. As she rose from behind their lofty mountains, she became a signal for the cessation of labor, and the approach of pleasure. Those nights of the month, when she shone in her fullest beauty, were dedicated to social amusement, mixed with religious rites. Songs of praise and the harmony of musical instruments expressed and elevated their gratitude. The wide expanse of heavens formed the temple of the goddess, illuminated only by the chaste and silvery flood of light which she poured upon her votaries. These nights were passed in processions, in festivity, in dancing. Devotion was mingled with their amusement, and piety was a portion of their joy. They had a religious establishment which enjoined these rites, and cultivated these feelings. The rules of morality were inculcated by their preachers, and corroborated by the sanction of religion; and the habits of the youth were formed to a love of peace, order, and virtue. But neither the power nor the happiness of a nation can endure for ever. After many ages of unexampled prosperity—the admiration and envy of the world—the harmony of this people began to be disturbed by a sect of dissenters from the worship of the sun. At the first, these were but few in number, and had only declared a preference for the moon as the purest object of adoration. The unmixed delight which she gave, the habitual pleasure and gaiety that accompanied her periodical splendour, were the first allurements of these her votaries towards their new heresy. At length, by the incessant practice of extolling her superior claims, and directing their devotions to her, the religious admiration and fervour which she excited began to be extravagant and exclusive. Her beauty, her charms, her power, her virtues, were their constant themes of celebration and praise, till she began to rob the true deity of worship, and her partisans ventured openly to deny the divinity of the sun. Whilst their numbers were inconsiderable, they gave no alarm to the government or the church, and were allowed to preach their new doctrine without molestation or controversy. But as this doctrine was founded on the mixture of pleasure with devotion, and appealed for its truth to the senses, it possessed a charm for the multitude which engrossed their passions and inflamed their zeal. The proselytes increased, and their numbers encouraged the boldness of the preachers. It was in vain that the regular clergy endeavoured to call the people back from their frenzy by appealing to the past, by reminding them of all the blessings they had enjoyed for so many years under the united worship of the sun and the moon; by admonishing them that the theories of their new instructors, however specious, were not founded on experience nor capable of proof. The arguments of the church served but to kindle new zeal in her opponents. They treated her defenders as actuated by a sense of personal interest, or as governed by antiquated prejudices; they ridiculed experience as the test

of reasoning; and treated the wisdom of past ages as a mere topic to delude the present, to throw a mist of prejudice over the eye of reason, and to fetter the freedom of inquiry. They resented the aid which the government afforded to the national worship as an unjust interference with the rights of man; and they denounced as intolerance the support of one form of worship and the encouragement of one system of religious opinions. They published pamphlets, without number, to prove that all mildness, charity, and benevolence, flowed from the moon; that the sun was rather an object of terror; that his influence was malignant; that his burning rays would dry up and consume the earth, but for the kindly rain and refreshing dews, which they ascribed to the labours of the moon. They taught that between these two luminaries there was a constant struggle, in which the moon prevailed; that she was engaged, during her recess, in throwing darkness over the night, to counteract the effect of the excessive light with which he dazzled the eyes of men in the day; that when she appeared in the firmament with him, it was to mitigate the fervour of his rays; and when she beamed in her soft glories—the sovereign of the night—it was to give to the world a foretaste of the undying rapture which would attend her sole dominion. From these premises they deduced, by plain reasoning, that the safety, as well as the happiness of man, depended on the moon; and a corresponding duty on their part to worship her alone, and by sacrifice and prayer to propitiate her and encourage her to shine the brighter and the longer for their benefit. They gained many proselytes by their reasoning, but more by their eloquence in preaching. This, they practised chiefly during the full of the moon, to vast congregations assembled under the canopy of the heavens, made resplendent by the orb which the preachers invoked, to which the eyes of all the audience were turned, and from which they imbibed at once an impression of the truth and of the delight of their religion. Then the preachers triumphantly declaimed against the bigotry of the Sunnites, who persevered in their infatuated worship even at the very moment when they were driven by the fury of their god to hide their faces from his view in temples and in caverns, where his scorching beams could not penetrate. Lastly, they denounced the government, in unmeasured language, for giving countenance to the established worship, and for allowing any worship, whatever to be established. So great was the enthusiasm excited by these means, and so vast the multitude which shared it, that, for three or four nights in every month, the authorities of the state were in danger; and it became a question whether a sudden and immense revolution would not be effected by the popular fury. When the leaders of the new sect had advanced thus far, they thought it better to aim at the power they sought by more constitutional means. They gradually established their influence in the primary assemblies of the people; and finally obtained a majority in the grand council of the nation. When they had accomplished this, they no longer disguised their intention of destroying all religions and all literature but their own. They prohibited, by law, any worship but that

of the moon; they destroyed the temples erected to the sun, and made it penal to offer any homage to him, or to profess any respect for him. Those who still adhered to the ancient religion, could no longer testify their creed by their conduct: the greater part were obliged to conform to the established discipline; some were banished by public authority; and others sought freedom in voluntary exile, and became the founders of religion in other countries, where they taught the worship of the sun. No sooner had the followers of the moon thus gained the power of the state, than they in their turn were disturbed by a new sect, which improved upon their doctrine. This new sect was founded upon the admitted basis of the first,—that all true felicity was derived from the moon. But they deduced from this, as a necessary consequence, that it was the duty and the interest of all true believers to come as near to the moon as possible, and to dwell in her perpetual light. They pointed out that notwithstanding the happy change which had recently taken place in the banishment of a false worship, and the establishment of exclusive power in the true believers, yet the moon hath neither shone more brightly, nor increased the number of nights in the month when she blazed in the fulness of her majesty; that the nation was in no respect happier, nor wiser, nor richer, than before; on the contrary, they had lost certain temporal advantages in the absence of many wealthy citizens who, preferring exile to the abandonment of the worship of their ancestors, had transferred themselves and their substance to foreign countries. It was manifest, therefore, that something yet remained to be done for the attainment of true happiness, and to carry out the principles of the late revolution. They shewed to the people that, when the moon rose from behind the mountain, she always touched it; that, when she was at the full, she rested for several moments upon the summit before she ascended into the heavens; and that, during such time, her orb was dilated with apparent satisfaction, if not with reluctance to quit the mountain. From these signs, and from the principles already established they deduced, as a natural consequence, the duty of the people to sacrifice every other pursuit in life to the grand object of approaching and touching the moon. It was true that the mountain, beyond a certain height, had been deemed inaccessible, but nothing could resist enthusiasm aided by the divine influence; that when the whole nation should arrive at the summit of the mountain, the moon might very possibly resolve to remain there, and dwell with them forever: but, at all events, those who desired it would enjoy the inestimable privilege of touching her and be gainers of immortal life and felicity, whether they became absorbed in her substance, or were allowed, retaining their present forms, to accompany her eternal course in the paradise of her beams. It is incredible with what rapidity this new sect gained credit with the people. Their old attachments once broken, they yielded the more readily to the last novelty. The acknowledged disappointment of their late hope combined, with the desire of consistency, to make them adopt the new theory. The leaders of the late revolution, in order to retain their power,

were compelled to place themselves at the head of the new movement, and to increase the impetuosity with which the popular tide overwhelmed all judgment and prudence. The resolution, suggested by the new preachers, was at length adopted, after much debate and various expedients of delay. By a solemn convention and decree, the whole nation was bound to desert their dwellings and their occupations, and to assemble at the foot of the mountain at a period appointed for the purpose, being the night before the full of the moon: thence they were to proceed, in a mass, to ascend by all practicable means. An inconceivable multitude—some furnished with musical instruments, some with scaling-ladders, some with sacks and baskets of provisions—assembled accordingly, and began their march. Many, worn out and exhausted by the labour, died in their progress; many perished by falling between the clefts of the mountain: many, disappointed and disgusted, would have turned back, but were pushed forward by the multitude moving from below. Repentance came too late to save them. Their footsteps could not be retraced: they were borne upwards, till in their turn they ceased to exist. Thus this great and famous nation perished by its own frenzy. The small number, which, by incredible exertion and fanaticism, reached the summit of the mountain, were mortified and disgusted beyond expression, to find that they were no nearer to the moon than before. They cast themselves down, and wept in despair. Those who recovered wandered away from each other, and became dispersed amongst the nations of the earth, without the name which distinguished them as a people. They appeared to have lost their powers of reason, and of just perception; and gave birth to a tradition which long prevailed—that the wits of man, when lost, were to be found in the moon. The remnant of this people, scattered over the face of the earth, is still known by an appellation connected with their fate. Their number is inconsiderable, in comparison with the mass of any nation amongst whom they dwell. But it has, of late, been much on the increase; and there is reason to fear that, if they should become the majority, they would exercise the power and the might, which a majority is admitted to have, of locking up the minority in bedlams and lunatic asylums: for it is one of their most inveterate maxims—that reason resides with the multitude, and that the majority can never do wrong.”

Money lost is deplored with genuine tears.

It is dangerous for mean minds to venture themselves within the sphere of greatness.

Nothing is more irksome than the forced airiness and jocularity of a man bred to severe science and solitary meditation.

“Let not sleep,” says Pythagoras, “fall upon thine eyes till thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day. Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone that I ought to have done? Begin thus from the first act, and proceed; and in conclusion, at the ill which thou hast done be troubled, and rejoice for the good.”

THE STUDENT'S BRIDE.

‘A YEAR ago—a year ago—now will I make you confess,’ said Blanche; ‘can you remember a year ago?’

‘Perfectly,’ replied the Student.

‘This very night?’

‘This very night. I remember it more perfectly because it was my birthday.’

‘What were you doing? What were you saying? What were you thinking?’

‘Doing nothing. Saying nothing.’

‘Thinking?’

‘Yes, I was thinking. Nothing, dear Blanche could be more unlike my last birthday than the present. For a moment I had gone back to that joyless existence when your voice recalled me to my present happiness. I was alone in my solitary dwelling—alone in my quiet chamber. You do not know what it is to have a home which you enter without welcome, and leave without regret. The charities of life warmed not for me. My chamber looked into a burial ground. The very grass feeds on the mortal part of the immortal. Nay, do not shudder.’

‘I have never seen death,’ said Blanche.

‘And to me the dying and the dead are as familiar and daily things,’ said the Student. ‘Yet since I have known you, I confess that I cannot approach them with the same calm and undisturbed spirit that I was wont to carry.’

‘Do not mention them,’ exclaimed she; ‘they are but shadows over our happiness.’

‘Picture me there in my dismal chamber. My lamp burning—my books around me. Dust accumulating over my manuscripts, and my manuscripts accumulating too, for he who does not speak his thoughts must write them. I was always more lonely in the summer than the winter, because my fire is in some sense a companion, not for its comfort, but for its inscrutable origin, its mysterious existence, and its mighty power.—Well, dearest, there sat I until well nigh overcome by a sense of oppression, of suffocation, by the torment of a parched tongue, and heated brain. Oh, Blanche! believe me that I rejoice to see that smooth brow unruffled and unwrinkled by the toll of thought.’

‘Nay,’ said Blanche, ‘is not that so doubtful a compliment that I am almost bounden to let you see it ruffled by a frown?’

‘Indeed no. Men arrive at right conclusions through a long train of wearying argument—women, by an instantaneous and just conviction.—And indeed, dear Blanche, the toil of the slave beneath the torrid zone, with the lash at his back, is as nothing to the stretch of mental labour.—Through the whole of that last birthday had I been taxing this poor intellect to the uttermost. I had scarcely tasted food, nor exchanged word with any human being, when the clock of the cathedral warned me of the solemn and witching hour of night.’

‘And then you went to your pillow to dream?’

‘I did not.’

‘Then whither?’

‘Do not ask me.’

‘I must know,’ she answered with pretty waywardness.

‘Ask me some other question.’

'Yes, but first answer me this. On your allegiance.'

'I went into my dissecting room,' he said, gravely and sadly.

Blanche hastily snatched away the band that he was holding, and with an exclamation of horror turned away.

'I knew,' he said, 'that I should shock and offend you; but now, dear Blanche, exercise your reason. Throughout that day I had been pursuing a laborious investigation, and I went to illustrate and prove the truth of its results. Believe me, that I could not lightly invade the sanctity of the dead, or approach it with an irreverent hand. It was because I felt the inveteracy of death, that I strove to grapple with it in its strong holds—because I had seen the tears of the orphan and the wife that I had laboured through many days, and had made it my companion through many nights—for so I hoped to repel it in one of its boldest forms of approach. And now will you think that my touch will pollute your hand?'

Seemingly Blanche did not think so, for she suffered him to retain it.

'And the result?' asked she.

'The result,' answered he. 'Oh! the result was, that I became acquainted with you, and all other results were swallowed up in that.'

'Shall I thank you or chide you for that compliment.'

'Do not ask me. To a certain extent I ceased to think when I began to feel. The intellects and the passions can never rule conjointly. The one must triumph at the expense of the other. Man might be wholly intellectual were it not for woman, but she makes chains of our passions to bind us down to earth.'

'Another doubtful compliment.'

It wanted but a week of the Student's next birthday—that next birthday was to be his wedding day. Blanche had deferred it until then.—Women have a better tact at compliment than men after all.

They were standing at an open window, a little withdrawn from the festive group which were assembled, taking no share in the pastime of the hour, and occasionally silent even to each other. There is a deep quietness in happiness which belongs not to joy.

'You are silent?' said Blanche.

'Only because I feel the utter emptiness of words.'

'Fill them with your thoughts.'

'They may convey thoughts, but not feelings.'

'They have done for Eve and all her descendants,' said Blanche, with a smile.

'Shall I infer,' said he, 'that women feel less than men—that your feelings are less intense than mine?'

'Because I am too happy both in the present and in the future to be sad, and you are not so.'

'Sad, dear Blanche?'

'Ay, you cannot deny it. And indeed when you are in these silent moods, and I look on you, and your eyes see me not, and I watch the gatherings of thought upon your brow, and the gradual gloom that overshadows your countenance, I say to myself that you were never made for the happiness of this fair world.'

'You make me sad now in reality, because I have the fullest trust that your happiness is implicated in mine.'

'Indeed I was not selfish enough to remember that.'

'And I was selfish to have forgot it even for this little snatch of time. Perhaps it may be my own individual fault; and yet it is not a law of our common nature always to be anticipating the future rather than enjoying the present? Come, dear Blanche, we will forget the future (is it not curious to *forget* what has never been?) and be happy in the present.'

'I will not be happy now,' said Blanche, with a smile.

'And why not?'

'Because you are leaving me for a week.'

'To return for ever.'

The Student had returned—all things had gone prosperously with him. He had made the final arrangements for his expected bride—his relations had concurred in his views—everything was hopeful and happy.

Never to the Student's eye had the sun shone so brightly, nor the earth looked so gaily, nor the world appeared to be arrayed so invitingly, as on that last day of his return. Never had he felt such a buoyancy of spirit as when he entered the house where Blanche resided.

But suddenly a chill came over him—What and why was all this? The house was darkened, the domestics moved stealthily and spoke not above their breaths, a dreary stillness, a mysterious awe hung heavily over all. The Student staggered, gasped for breath, asked why these things were so, and was told—*Blanche was dead!*

They led him to her chamber, and he saw her again—saw her wan, white, motionless, wrapped in the cerements of the grave—he saw the coffin and the shroud—he was among the company of mourners, and heard that most awful of earthly sounds the rattling of the little handful of mean earth on the last tenement of the earthly frame!

It was night when the Student entered his lonely chamber. The soil of dust was over his mourning garments, but the quiet, self-collected mien betrayed neither haste nor agitation; yet, notwithstanding this external placidness, there was an expression in the depths of his eye and the compression of his lip that chilled the heart of his solitary domestic, who, after long watching and enforced silence, would gladly have heard the sound of any human voice. But words of comfort and offers of services seemed alike intrusions on the Student. 'My lamp, and leave me,' in the deep sepulchral tones of the master's voice, sent the man in sadness to his bed.

The Student was alone—*alone* in the true meaning of the word—and that is not when we are solitary in our dwellings, but when the world holds not an object of whom our thoughts can make a companion. It was the saddest and the deepest hour of night, yet that hour so mournful and solitary to him, elsewhere rang with the carousals of protracted revelry. His mind glanced for a moment over the mirthful meeting—the board crowned with plenty—the wine flowing—the charm of cheerful voices—and the night

of merry laughter;—but what were these to him, except to force on him the contrast between the festal apartment and his own dark chamber—between the hearts overflowing with gladness in all its varied channels of jest and joy, and the deep despairing hopelessness of his own soul.

'It is over!' said the Student, 'this dream of earthly happiness, this delusion of human passions and it is well that it should be so, for is not happiness another name for selfishness? Witness myself—have I not been loving, doting?—and gradually has all creation narrowed around me, until the great purposes of existence were lost or nearly so—until the world, to my blind perception, held but my treasure and myself! Ay, this is the happiness of the world—the pleasure of the passions—given to all men—the crowd, the herd—they love and are loved. It is the happiness of the earth, earthy. The passions chain us down to this lower world, but, as the links loosen, the intellect connects us with loftier spheres.'

'And yet I loved her! loved her as a miser does his gold, as a spendthrift his pleasure—ay, even as the pious love their God! Science seemed a soulless drudgery while I listened to her voice; its grave-st speculations, its noblest discoveries, were dull and stale to one cheerful word, to one glance of her laughing eye. One snatch of wild melody from her lip, one echo of her light footstep, was enough to win me from that noble philosophy which mounts the skies and marks the broad line of demarcation between the sensual and the sage.'

'I will be calm, however;—are not the faculties of the mind of higher lineage than the passions of the heart, and shall they be slaves to its wild throbbings?'

The Student laid his watch before him—melancholy thing whereby we measure life?—he laid it before him in the dim light of the lamp, his eye fixed upon its movements, and his hand pressed upon his own heart.

If the ravings of despair are sublime, surely fortitude is true nobleness. There stood the Student, calm to his utter hopelessness, the dim light reflected on his features, with his eye fixed on the silent memento of time, the noble outline of his figure and the intellectual cast of his head partially revealed. Who can tell, in the five minutes that ensued, what thoughts passed through the chambers of his mind—by what discipline the body was brought into subjection to the mental monarchy.

'I am calm,' said the student, 'calm enough to count the pulse of dying infancy. I am not yet beyond the pale of my own subjection. The tumults of the body belong solely to the tyranny of the passions, and I, who have now nothing to hope, can have little to fear.'

'And now to my task.'

The Student took the dim lamp, and passed from the dark and gloomy chamber into one still more dark and gloomy. Reader, follow not if death affright thee, for it was the chamber of death.

The student had surrendered all human passions, had immolated all human feelings—a stern pleasure took their place—he was diving into the deepest mysteries of God's creations—the myste-

ries of the human frame—that frame so 'fearfully and wonderfully made.'

'Ay, thou my body, part and parcel of myself, poor, and weak, and vain, and impotent, I am dizzy when I think of what thou art; and those powers of thought which are inhabiting within thee wonder at the strange partnership! When shall I know even as I am known!'

Beautifully does light approximate with joy and happiness, and truly is darkness the sign and symbol of woe. How undecieving is the instinct of the child, who trembles to be alone in the gloom of the night,—night, the season for evil spirits, for sadness, for sighing, and sorrow! The Student entered the deep melancholy gloom of that lowly chamber with a noiseless step; the presence of death has a greater majesty than that of living kings, though it be but a peasant's dust, for the impress of the Maker's image lies legibly engraven there. The Student entered calm, composed, subdued, with the most perfect and the clearest possession of all his faculties—but we—oh! we shudder to think that there lay a fair young girl, in the cerements of the grave, and that the Student stood with the long, sharp-pointed instrument of glittering steel, exempt from all human sympathies, all human passions, and aspiring to explore those mysteries which occupied the mind of Deity in the creation, with a lofty pleasure that seemed superior to all the happiness of this world's gladness.

But stay;—what means this emotion of the human sympathies, this softening of the heart, which passes over the features of the stern anatomist, as he stands with the glittering steel suspended over the form of that young girl? Does he think of the violated sanctity of death? does he think of the sacrilegious touch of the despoiler of the grave on the sister, the mother, the wife? does compunction and the touch of human sympathies press round his heart? No. He thinks of the dear one he had just consigned to the grave—just such a fair hand had Blanche placed within his own when last they parted; the vigour of his mind was gone, the shining blade fell from his hand and shivered into fragments, a mist gathered before his eyes—the strong man shook like the veriest infant.

But now—is it the weakness of his vision, or is it the fiction of his distempered brain?—did the white hand move?—did the faintest echo of a sigh strike upon his ear?—did some low breeze undulate those vestments of the grave?—or was it—could it be the veriest, faintest breath of mortal life?

A moment and all the noble energies of the Student's mind returned. He lifted the covering from the face, raised the drooping form, drew round her his own dark mantle to hide the dismal cere-cloths, and then, with long and patient care, and with more than the mother's trembling tenderness over the couch of her dying infant, sought to win back the trembling, the fluttering, the uncertain pulses of life. Who can tell the anguish of that hour, when, but for the brief breathing-times of hope, despair must have paralyzed his exertions. But at length—oh joy!—the blue eyes slowly opened, and, as they rested on him, the pale lips relaxed into a faint smile, and Blanche lived.

THE POLISHED SHOVEL.

"Don't use that!" exclaimed my maiden aunt, as I attempted to take the shovel to throw on a fallen coal or two. "You must be a Goth to think of using a polished shovel. It is only for ornament; and there is more time and trouble spent in keeping it so than you imagine."

I owned my *gaucherie*, and stood corrected.

Of course all our readers must have seen or heard of a polished shovel,—as ordinary an appendage of the *grate* as a six-foot show-footman,—a sort of case-hardened sinecurist, who does nothing from one year's end to the other but loit listlessly upon its supporters,—and, although neither wanting in *brightness* nor *reflection*, does *nothing*, and says *less*, as an Irishman would phrase it!

Alas! and alack a day! (or, according to the ambitious aspiration of an East Indian cadet, "a *lax* and a *lac* a-day!) there are many, very many polished shovels in society, in human form, who, albeit as ornamental, are as perfectly useless as our acquaintances of the drawing-room stove. They have many of them, probably, been bred to the *bar*; but contemptuously spurning *Coke*, and never having "taken up" a *Little-ton* in the whole course of their lives, they have no other idea of "conveyancing" than that entertained by the swell mob!

The exquisite-dandy-men of *ton*,—the "honourables," who have Chesterfield and the Book of Etiquette at their fingers' ends—who lounge in the Park, dance at Almack's, or bet at Tattersalls, are all "polished shovels" in a greater or less degree, and certainly more ornamental than useful members of the community at large, albeit many of the aforesaid are not of the community "at large," being periodically found within the unscalable walls of the Queen's Bench, the Marshal-sea, or

"All in the Downs—the Fleet!"

Among these same "polished shovels," ornithologically classed, may be discovered both "rooks" and "pigeons;" for, having literally nothing to do, they "do" one another, or—are "done." And again, ichthiologically classed, some of these stupid and utterly worthless *souls* may be termed "flats" and "gudgeons," and the more knowing ones "*shaaks*."

The polished shovels of the feminine gender are principally those young damsels who are "brought out," after having received the finished polish from some of the "refiners" of Kensington, or elsewhere, who do Berlin worsted work, touch the piano, murder the Italian, and burke the French, and whose "capers" are bare-faced imitations of the real original French, and an imposition on the British public—whose drawings are like the sketches of men without funds at their bank-

er's and are generally marked by no *effects*, or of no *account*,—and assuredly are never *honoured*,—according to the mercantile phrase being more fitted for a drawing room than a drawing academy.

In the army there are many "polished shovels" forced into a red coat and regimentals by ambitious parents, or

"Because they've nothing else to do,"

and who are "martinetts" to the men in the parks and parades, and the admiration of giggling nursery maids; but who generally prefer "home, sweet home" to travel, and always "exchange" when their regiment is ordered abroad, to the great delight of whole ranks and old "files," who are vulgar enough to think that the smell of gun is superior to violet-powder!

In all government offices the "polished shovels" are very numerous; they are generally branches of the aristocracy, or appointed by ministerial interest; their thirty-third cousin will be found, upon investigation, to be able to command a certain number of votes for a certain borough, and his peculiar interest transforms his relative into the "principal" of some office, who punctually attends from eleven till two, reads the newspaper, yawns, fatigues himself by signing his name to some important documents, and rushes away precisely as the clock strikes, like a newly-emancipated slave. Four times a year, however, he is really moved,—that is, when he receives the quarterly payment of his "hard-earned" salary. Unfortunately, with all his "polish," he is not frequently very civil to the "public." Of course there are exceptions; but they are "gentlemen born," and cannot "help it," so we must not praise them for exercising that urbanity which is so natural to that very limited class, that to be "uncivil" would be contrary to their nature and education. We have the pleasure of knowing many such.

At court, which is all *great*, the "polished shovels" are innumerable; but, alas! for pride and poor humanity, *Mora*, that great dust-contractor, and contractor of men's views, will, sooner or later, inevitably call upon the "polished shovels," and with his enormous dust-shovel, unfeeling cast them all in one common heap!

Such is the condition of human life, that something is always wanting to happiness.

Every great house is proportionably full of saucy menials.

There are very many things which men with coats worn thread-bare dare not say.

It was the wisdom of ancient times, to consider what was most useful as most illustrious.

Revenge is ever the pleasure of a paltry spirit, a weak and abject mind.



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XXIV.

(Major and Doctor.)

MAJOR.—I say Sangrado, when did you most recently lay eyes upon our socius the Laird?

DOCTOR.—Not since our last sederunt. The exigencies of seeding, I presume, have prevented him from illuminating Toronto with his presence.

MAJOR.—Hush! I hear coming footsteps!

“Open locks,
Whoever knocks!”

[Enter a personage exhibiting a frontispiece profusely embellished with grizzly hair.]

DOCTOR.—“Angels and ministers of grace defend us!” Who in the name of the peripatetic Hebrew have we got here?

MAJOR.—My good friend, the sooner that you make yourself scarce the better! We lack neither quills nor sealing wax:—and as for old clothes we always make donations of such commodities to the House of Refuge!

HAIRY GENT.—May the muckle horned Dell flee awa wi' the reprobate, for setting me doon as belonging to ane o' the lost tribes!

DOCTOR.—Can it be possible that I behold that dought of ruling elders,—the unsophisticated Thane of Bonnie Braes.

MAJOR.—The tongue is the tongue of the Laird but the face is the face of Lublin!

LAIRD.—Hech sirs, what a debasing thing, after a', is envy! Because neither o' ye can manage to raise a crap o' bristles aboot your muzzles, ye maun show your puir spite against me, who chance to be blessed wi' a mair fertile soil o' flesh!

DOCTOR.—Never were you more off your eggs, in all your life, thou most touchy of husbandmen, at least so far as your humble servant is concerned. If I chose to translate myself into a Guy, I could, during the lapsation of three weeks, exhibit a facial hirsute forest, which would shame you back into shaving!

LAIRD.—Weel! weel!—after that ony thing! Mony a blessed time hae I heard Crabtree there, sing forth the praises o' the “beard movement,” at this identical table;—and when I fa' in wi' the fashion, lo and behold, ye baith open cry against me, as if I was a skunk or a foumart! I am no' apt to tak' the pet, but I canna' conscientiously say that I relish sic treatment!

MAJOR.—Why Bonnie Braes your skin must be thinner by many degrees than I imagined! Here man, imbibe from this poculum, and be your honest, hearty self once more!

DOCTOR.—Amen say I!—always presuming that the fluid can find its way through the brushwood which encircles your mouth!

LAIRD.—(throwing down the goblet) Confound me if I wet my whistle in the company o' sic railing reprobates!

MAJOR.—For shame, oh most aggravating of medicos! Never heed him Laird, but discuss “the good the gods provide thee!”

LAIRD.—The treatment which I have received this night, is enough to mak' a saunt swear!

MAJOR.—But Laird—

LAIRD.—Just let me speak, if ye please! Hoo does the case stand? For months hae ye been singing forth the praises o' beards! According

to your tale the use o' a razor was a direct interference wi' the designs o' Providence! Ye hae been dinging in my lugs, that the mair hair a man cherished about his mou' the less risk did he run o' catching a sair craig, or becoming consumptive! Is na' this the truth?

MAJOR.—The naked truth—but—

LAIRD.—Permit me to continue! In addition to what I have just recited, did na' ye dwell upon the manly and artistic effect o' a beard and a *mouse touch*? Can ye deny that ye cited the example o' the auld patriarchs, and the worthies o' Greece and Rome, and the middle ages, in support o' your text?

MAJOR.—I frankly concede all this!

LAIRD.—Weel, taking what you said for Gospel, I resolved to regulate mysel' accordingly! For a month, neither soap nor steel has come in contact wi' my face. Nae body can conceive the trials I hae endured in acting up to my resolution. Girzy has na' bestowed upon me a sisterly look since I left aff shaving! Often hae I heard my ploughman Bauldie Stott, nichering ahint my back at the appearance I cut, when he thoct I was na' hearing him!

MAJOR.—But Laird—

LAIRD.—I'm no' done yet! When at gloamin I ventured doon to the Post Office, the laddies wha' congregate in front o' the same, to play cricket, dropped their diversion the moment I appeared and ran after me as if I had been a bedlamite, skirling like Deils' buckies, as they are—

“Hurrah for the Laird,
And his muckle grey beard!”

DOCTOR.—Somewhat teasing, I grant!

LAIRD.—Teasing quo' he! it was enough to drive a man demented!

MAJOR.—Are you done yet?

LAIRD.—Na! the warst is yet to come? On Sunday last it was my turn to herd the money plate at the Kirk door. What strange looks the auld folk bestowed upon me, when casting their bawbees into the treasury! By the way in which they touched their foreheads, they evidently opined that there was something wrang in my upper story! As for the younger portion o' the congregation, the bulk o' them guffaw'd right oot 'in my face, and continued to keckle even when they had entered the sanctuary!

MAJOR.—Poor Laird!

LAIRD.—Weel may ye say puir Laird! When I took my place in my pew, I could na' help being cognizant o' the fact, that for ane ee that was fixed on the Minister, a dozen were concentrated upon me—or rather I should say my face—fur!

The precentor glowered at me without intermission, for the better o' twenty minutes, and at length was constrained to bide his visage behind the desk. Brawly did I ken by the twitching o' his shouthern, and the way in which he kept his napkin stapped into his mouth, that he was wrestling sair wi' laughter! When obligated to stand up at the closing prayer, his cheeks were as red as the shell o' a boiled labster! As for the Minister, honest man, he managed to keep his countenance, but he never ventured to look at the side o' the Kirk whaur I sat!

DOCTOR.—I wonder that you persevered in your resolution, under such circumstances!

LAIRD.—Naething but a strong sense o' duty enabled me so to do! And yet after a' this misery and martyrdom, in what I was led to believe was a righteous cause, nae sooner do I mak' my appearance in the shanty, than lo and behold the yell o' derision is uplifted against me! Uplifted by the very men that seduced me to convert my razor into a pruning knife! Hoo ye can answer for sic heathenish conduct is mair, far mair than I can tell!

DOCTOR.—I am out of the scrape for one! From first to last I have set my face against beards. Crabtree, what have you to say to the indictment preferred against you?

MAJOR.—Lend me your ears, for a brief season, Bonnie Braes!

LAIRD.—Rather would I lend you my beard—or rather mak' you a present o' the same! I am clean skunnered at the very idea o' it!

MAJOR.—Credit me that up to this very evening I was as honest and enthusiastic an advocate of facial hirsutism, as Canada contained!

LAIRD.—And what made you change your opinion, I should like to ken?

MAJOR.—You were the cause of my *bare faced* backsliding!

LAIRD.—What does the man mean?

MAJOR.—Forgive me when I say that the most incongruous appearance which you cut, when you entered this chamber to night, completely upset all my *theoretical* predilections in favour of the beard movement. In sober seriousness I mistook you for a dealer in cast off wearing apparel!

LAIRD.—I suppose it is a duty incumbent upon me to mak' you a boo, for the left-handed complicit!

MAJOR.—Let me not be misunderstood, however! As much as ever am I convinced that it is an outrage against nature, to denude our visages of the coverings which she has provided for them. As strongly as ever do I hold that the

use of the razor paves the way for many ills and evils.

LAIRD.—Hoo then can ye say that your beard predilections hae been upset?

MAJOR.—I have long had a latent feeling that there is an insurmountable incompatibility between our pinched and unpoetical costume, and the crops which barbers reap! The figure which you present, at this moment, ripens that latent feeling into settled conviction!

DOCTOR.—Hear! hear! hear!

LAIRD.—Wha can hear, if you keep routing and roaring in that idiotical like way! Gang on Culpepper!

MAJOR.—Habit is second nature. For a period sufficiently long to establish a solid and abiding prescription, have we been accustomed to associate the beard with a style of dress altogether antipodal to that which now universally prevails among us. This association is deepened and perpetuated by the statuary, the painter, and the poet. It has obtained a footing too firm to be abrogated or shaken. We could as easily return to the usages of savage life, as accomplish such an undertaking!

LAIRD.—Div ye then gie up the beard, as a hopeless speculation?

MAJOR.—Very far from it! All that I contend for is, that co-existently with our abandonment of the razor, we must resume a more flowing and picturesque habit of dress! Instead of that abomination the round black hat, which conveys no more heroic idea than that of a superannuated chimney pot, let us have something approximating to the turban of the Turk, or the conical cap of the Armenian. Let the coat give place to a garment of the *toga* tribe, and our stiff breeches, be superseded by a habiliment of less formal character. Carry these views into effect, and I will support the beard movement heart and soul!

DOCTOR.—Most emphatically do I say *ditto*, to all that you have advanced.

LAIRD.—I'll no threep but what you are richt, Crabtree. Sae in the meantime, till the change o' dress which ye spoke o' comes round, I'll e'en re-commence the crapping o' my chin and upper lip. I hae nae ambition to be mistaken, as I was this evening, for a Hebrew huxter. By your leave, Major, I'll just step into your bed-room, and make my face smooth before Mrs. Grundy, honest woman, comes ben. [*Exit Laird.*]

MAJOR.—What have you been reading lately, Doctor?

MAJOR.—Several odds and ends, the most interesting being this prettily got-up duodecimo,

entitled, "*Autobiography of an Actress; or eight years on the Stage.*" By Anna Cora Mowatt.

MAJOR.—If Anna writes as well as she acts, the book must be worth reading. I saw her in London a few years ago, in the character of "Julia," and was much pleased with her rendering of the part. She was refreshingly devoid of the rant and nasal intonation, which too frequently characterise the female Thespians of Dollardom.

DOCTOR.—The perusal of these memoirs will not lessen your favourable estimate of the lady. They are written with much simplicity, and give a truthful and striking picture of life behind the scenes.

MAJOR.—Was Mrs. Mowatt bred to the stage?

DOCTOR.—No! Pecuniary embarrassments into which her husband fell, made her adoption of the theatrical profession almost a matter of necessity.

MAJOR.—Where did she make her first appearance?

DOCTOR.—At the Park Theatre, New York. And speaking of that, the description which she gives of her *debut* is so very graphic that I shall read it for you, if you please.

MAJOR.—I am all attention.

DOCTOR.—At the first rehearsal, Mr. Skerrett (our old Toronto acquaintance warned the debutante of the attack of "stage fright," which she was almost certain to undergo. Mrs. Mowatt laughed the prediction to scorn, and proceeded to the Theatre at night with a bold and trustful heart. She then goes on to say:

I was just dressed when there came a slight tap upon the door, accompanied by the words, "Pauline, you are called."

I opened the door. The call boy stood without—the inseparable lung strip of paper between his fingers. I inquired whom he wanted.

"You, ma'am; you are called."

"What a singular piece of familiarity!" I thought to myself. "It is I whom he is addressing as 'Pauline.'" I did not suspect that it was customary to call the performers by the names of the characters assumed.

"Called for what?" I enquired, in a manner that was intended to impress the daring offender with a sense of the respect due to me.

"For what?" he retorted, prolonging the *what* with an indescribably humorous emphasis, and thrusting his tongue against his cheek, "why, for the stage, to be sure! That's the *what*!"

"Oh!" was all I could say; and the little urchin ran down stairs smothering his laughter. Its echo, however, reached me from the green-room, where, after making his "call," he had probably related my unsophisticated inquiry.

At that moment Mr. Mowatt came to conduct me to the stage. Mrs. Vernon, who played my mother, was already seated at a small table in Madame Deschappelles' drawing room. I took my place on a sofa opposite to her, holding in

my hand a magnificent bouquet, Claude's supposed offering to Pauline.

After a few whispered words of encouragement. Mr. Mowatt left me, to witness the performance from the front of the house. Somebody spread my Pauline scarf on the chair beside me. Somebody else arranged the folds of my train symmetrically. Somebody's fingers gathered into their place a few stray curls. The stage manager gave the order of "Clear the stage, ladies and gentlemen," and I heard sound the little bell for the raising of the curtain.

Until that moment I do not think a pulse in my frame had quickened its beating. But then I was seized with a stifling sensation, as though I were choking. I could only gasp out, "Not yet I cannot!"

Of course there was general confusion. Managers, actors, prompter, all rushed on the stage; some offered water, some scent bottles, some fanned me. Every body seemed prepared to witness a fainting fit, or an attack of hysterics, or something equally ridiculous. I was arguing with myself against the absurdity of this ungovernable emotion—this humiliating exhibition—and making a desperate endeavor to regain my self-possession, when Mr. Skerrett thrust his comic face over somebody's shoulder. He looked at me with an expression of quizzical exultation, and exclaimed,—

"Didn't I tell you so? Where's all the courage, eh?"

The words recalled my boast of the morning; or rather, they recalled the recollections upon which that boast was founded. My composure returned as rapidly as it had departed. I laughed at my own weakness.

"Are you getting better?" kindly inquired the stage manager.

"Let the curtain rise!" was the satisfactory answer.

Mr. Barry clapped his hands,—a signal for the stage to be vacated,—the crowd at once disappeared. Madame Deschappelles and Pauline sat alone, as before. The tinkling bell of warning rang, and the curtain slowly ascended, disclosing first the footlights, then the ocean of heads beyond them in the pit, then the brilliant array of ladies in the boxes, tier after tier, and finally the thronged galleries. I found those footlights an invaluable aid to the necessary illusion. They formed a dazzling barrier, that separated the spectator from the ideal world in which the actor dwelt.—Their glare prevented the eye from being distracted by objects without the precincts of that luminous semicircle. They were a friendly protection, a warm comfort, an idealizing auxiliary.

The *débutante* was greeted warmly. This was but a matter-of-course compliment paid by a New York audience to the daughter of a well-known citizen.

"Bow! bow!" whispered a voice from behind the screens. And I obediently bent my head.

"Bow to your right!" said the voice, between the intervals of applause. I bowed to the right.

"Bow to the left!" I bowed to the left.

"Bow again!" I bowed again and again while the noisy welcome lasted.

The play commenced, and with the first words I uttered, I concentrated my thoughts, and tried

to forget that I had any existence save that of the scornful Lady of Lyons. When we rose from our seats and approached the footlights, Mrs. Vernon gave my hand a reassuring pressure. It was a kindness scarcely needed. I had lost all sensation of alarm. The play progressed as smoothly as it commenced. In the third act, where Pauline first discovers the treachery of Claude, the powers of the actress begin to be tested. Every point told, and was rewarded with an inspiring burst of applause. The audience had determined to blow into a flame the faintest spark of merit.

In the fourth act, I became greatly exhausted with the unusual excitement and exertion. There seemed a probability that I would not have physical strength to enable me to finish the performance. Mrs. Vernon has often laughingly reminded me how she shook and pinched me when I was lying, to all appearance, tenderly clasped in her arms. She maintains that, by these means, she constantly roused me to consciousness. I am her debtor for the friendly pinches and opportune shakes.

In the fifth act, Pauline's emotions are all of calm and abject grief—the faint, hopeless strugglings of a broken heart. My very weariness aided the personation. The pallor of excessive fatigue, the worn-out look, tottering walk, and feeble voice, suited Pauline's deep despair. The audience attributed to an actor's consummate skill that which was merely a painful and accidental reality.

The play ended, the curtain fell. It would be impossible to describe my sensations of relief as I watched that welcome screen of coarse, green baize slowly unrolling itself and dropping between the audience and the stage. Then came the call before the curtain—the crossing the stage in front of the footlights. Mr. C—— led me out. The whole house rose, even the ladies—a compliment seldom paid. I think it *rained* flowers; for bouquets, wreaths of silver, and wreaths of laurel fell in showers around us. Cheer followed cheer as they were gathered up and laid in my arms. The hats of gentlemen and handkerchiefs of ladies waved on every side. I courted my thanks, and the welcome green curtain once more shut out the brilliant assemblage. Then came the deeper, truer sense of thankfulness. The trial was over; the *débutante* had stood the test; she had not mistaken the career which had been clearly pointed out as the one for which she was destined.

MAJOR.—Pray lend me Mrs. Mowatt's work. The sample which you have given me has whetted my appetite to peruse the whole thereof.

DOCTOR.—Credit me that a substantial treat is before you. Have you any *quid* to give me for my *quo*?

MAJOR.—Yes! Here is an exceedingly appetizing tale, by Alexander Dumas, answering to the name of "*The Foresters*."

DOCTOR.—It was my impression that Alexander had written himself out.

MAJOR.—I know that you expressed such a

opinion at our last sederunt, but if you read this story, I think you will see cause to reconsider your verdict.

DOCTOR.—What is the nature of the affair? Anything in the *Three Guardsmen* line?

MAJOR.—Not at all. It is a portraiture of rural life in modern France, replete with clever delineations of character and scenery, and possessing no small degree of interest so far as the working out of the plot is concerned. If Dumas had devoted his attention to the bar, he would have made a first chop criminal lawyer, judging from the ingenuity which he displays in handling a somewhat complicated case of circumstantial evidence.

DOCTOR.—I am glad to hear that the author of *Monte Christo* has still some shots in his intellectual locker. He is one of the most agreeable, one of the most unexceptionable fictionists which France can boast of. But here comes our bucolic friend.

[Enter Laird.]

MAJOR.—Well, ancient rooster, how wags the world with you now, after scraping acquaintance with my razor?

LAIRD.—Oo, man, I am just like a new body. Noo that I hae got rid o' that wearyfu' bundle o' hair, I feel as if I could flee oot o' the window wi' even doon lightness! Only that I dinna' mind the words, I wad sing

"I'd be a butterfly!"

DOCTOR.—(Aside.) If you said a fly laden with butter, it would be nearer the mark!

LAIRD.—Rax me the jug o' yill. I can drink your healths noo, without leaving a circle of tell-tale foam aboot my visage. During the last three weeks it was a perfect day's wark for me to swallow a bowlfu' o' kirm milk. As muckle o' the beverage clung to my beard as what found its way doon my thrapple.

MAJOR.—If it be not an impertinent question, what paper is that which so obtrusively protrudeth from your vest pocket?

LAIRD.—I am glad ye put me in mind o't. It is a copy o' a queer handbill which has just been issued by my worthy neighbours, the Barbers.

DOCTOR.—And pray who may they be?

LAIRD.—You a Canadian and no ken the brithers Barber? They are second to nane in the Province as manufacturers o' woollen claiith. Ye must come oot some Saturday, noo that the weathers fine, and see their mills. A finer establishment o' the sort is no' to be met wi' in British North America.

DOCTOR.—That is a big word, Laird.

LAIRD.—Yes, but it's a true word.

MAJOR.—Weare wandering, however, from the hand-bill. Is there anything particular or out of the way about it?

LAIRD.—There it is, ye can judge for yoursel'.

MAJOR.—Why it is in blank verse, and in dramatic form. Verily "this Canada" is going a-head, when her rural sons advertise after such a classic fashion.

DOCTOR.—Be so good as to read aloud the document which has so pestilently tickled your fancy.

MAJOR.—By all means. Thus it runneth:—

HAMLET ON BARBERS' WOOLLEN FACTORY.

SCENE—*Front of Barbers' Mills, Streetsville.*

HAMLET.—Pray thee, Horatio, where didst thou acquire The cloth from which thy doublet is engendered?

HORATIO.—Crying your pardon, who on earth could weave

Such peerless stuff except the brothers Barber!

HAMLET.—What a thrice sodden ass was I to put So very needless an interrogation!

Had I but used mine eyes, I must have seen How the case stood.

HORATIO.—Know you the Barbers, Prince?

HAMLET.—I know them well, Horatio! Many an hour Have I disbursed within their factory,

Viewing the treasures which from wool they coin'd.

HORATIO.—Good, my sweet Lord, rehearse, an' so it pleases you

The names of their creations,

HAMLET.—Willingly!

Take out your tablets, and as I recite

Mark down each item.

HORATIO.—Go ahead, my Lord!

HAMLET.—Cloths of all kinds these brothers fabricate, Including TWEEDS, and glossy SATINETTS.

If rheumatism doth thy joints invade

Lo, they are ready with the healing FLANNEL!

And should the chill night wind thy couch assail,

Causing thy teeth to chatter, ague fashion

Haste thee, Horatio, to the brothers Barber,

And they will vend thee for a trifling sum

A pair of goodly BLANKETS, wrapped in which

Thou mayest snap thy fingers at John Frost himself!

HORATIO.—Blankets I lack, but ducats lack also!

HAMLET.—Hast thou no sheep?

HORATIO.—I have a score of them!

HAMLET.—Then wherefore mourn thy want of sordid ducats?

Shear off their WOOL, and take it to the Barbers.

And in exchange they'll fill thy purse with gold,

Or, should you choose it, smother you with blankets!

HORATIO.—A foolish fancy I have got, my Lord,

Balmint to wear made from my own sheep's fleece.

HAMLET.—Still say I, Barbers Brothers are your men!

Machines they've fitted up for CUSTOM CARDING,

Performing work which cannot be surpassed

On earth, or for, that matter, in the moon!

DOCTOR.—Bravo! bravissimo! Canada is, in truth becoming "some pumpkins"—as Jonathan hath it—when the poetaster of Warren, the blacking manufacturer, officiates as laureate to the Barber adelphi of Streetsville!

LAIRD.—As I cam oot o' the Hamilton steam-boat this morning I bought a book for Girzy frae a flying stationer, wha carried his wares in a basket. I wonder whether its worth the twa and saxpence I disbursed for the same!

MAJOR.—What is it called?

LAIRD.—“*The Royal Favorite; or the Mysteries of the Court of Charles II.*”

MAJOR.—I have glanced over the affair, and think it will stand one reading. The writer is evidently a man of some ability, but possessed of small imagination, and less taste. To his credit, be it said, he treats a peculiarly indelicate subject with a modesty by no means characteristic of the Reynolds school, to which he evidently belongs.

LAIRD.—It was the word “*Mysteries*” that caught my attention. My sister, like the lave o' her sex, is greedy as a gled after secrets!

MAJOR.—If Grizelda of Bonnie Braes has perused the autobiography of John Lilly, the memoirs of that clever gossip De Grammont, or the diaries of Evelyn and Pepys, she will find but few mysteries in the “*Royal Favorite*.” Indeed the work is little more than a re-hash from the writers I have enumerated.

LAIRD.—I think I may safely gang bail that the honest woman is innocent o' ony sic reading as you indicate, and consequently a' will be corn that comes to her crap.

DOCTOR.—Though I cannot exactly say with Sancho Panza that “I mightily delight in hearing love stories,” there is one entitled “*Marie Louise; or the Opposite Neighbours*,” which I have just been perusing with especial appetite.

LAIRD.—Nane o' your love stories for me! Wha cares a prin head for the mewings and cater-waulings o' a pair o' cream-faced Jockies and Jennies! I dinna believe in sic havers as broken hearts and blighted affections! If Romeo had been set to planting tatties, and Juliet to spinning thread for the fabrication o' her ain cutty sark, they might hae been to the fore this blessed day. Idleness is the cause o' a' the mischief that is laid to the door o' Dan Cupid!

MAJOR.—Why Laird you are getting to be quite as notorious a matter-of-fact anti-idealist, as old Joe Hume himself! I must really prescribe for you a course of Ovid and Boccaccio! The *Decamerone* of the latter, may, possibly, give you more orthodox notions of the tender passions!

LAIRD.—D. Cameron! Is he a brither o' Malcolm's, thinks ony body?

MAJOR.—Not exactly! But Doctor, touching *Opposite Neighbours*, who is it written by?

DOCTOR.—Emilie Carlen, the agreeable author-

ess of “*John*,” which we considered at a recent sederunt.

MAJOR.—There was much clever writing in “*John*.” Does Miss Carlen's present production come up to the mark thereof?

DOCTOR.—It exceeds it, in my opinion. An interest is thrown around the ordinary details of a courtship which would surprise you.

MAJOR.—The lady must be a true artist then. So frequently has that dish been cooked, that unless seasoned with peculiarly piquant condiments, it is hugely apt to scunner a literary epicure! Halloo Laird! what in the name of wonder are you about?

LAIRD.—Busking some troot hooks wi' my beard! I never like to see ony thing wasted!

MAJOR.—Alas poor beard! To what base uses we may come Horatio!

MAJOR.—So Christopher North, the glorious Kit of Ebony, has been gathered to the tomb of his fathers!

DOCTOR.—Yes! Full of honours he has passed away from the mountains, and tarns, and burns, and moors he loved so well, and sung with such impassioned eloquence!

LAIRD.—John Wilson is gone, see far as the body is concerned, but in Scotland, or cannie Cumberland, he will never be dead! Whenever the trout fisher sees a thunder shower sailing doon the glen—or notices an eagle soaring up into the blue lift, wi' aiblins a lamb in its talons,—or lays aside his rod, and doffs his bannet as a shepherd's funeral passes slowly by him,—or comes suddenly upon a curly-headed herd laddie, laired ahint a cairn, and reading wi' flushing cheek and flashing ee, the history o' Scotland's eternally beloved hero, Sir William Wallace; on a' sic occasions the spirit o' Christopher will be present to that angler's intellectual ken, provided always, that he possesses the sma'est portion o' heart and imagination!

MAJOR.—Heaven bless you Laird! your heart, at least, is in its right place!

DOCTOR.—There is something very touching in Lord Cockburn following so soon to the grave his old friend Wilson—for friends the pair were, though politically disunited.

LAIRD.—Lord Cockburn!—dive you mean to tell me that Harry Cockburn is dead?

DOCTOR.—It is but too true! He died at his residence, Bonally, near Edinburgh, on Wednesday 26th April.

LAIRD.—Cranstoun's awa, Jeffrey's awa, and Moncrieff's awa, and noo Cockburn has followed them to the bar o' the Eternal! Waesock! wae-

soek! pair Scotland has hardly a great lawyer left!

MAJOR.—Did you ever see Lord Cockburn, Bonnie Braes?

LAIRD.—Mony a time, but he wasna' a Lord then, or likely to be. The last time that I beheld him, he was playing a game o' bools wi' some youngsters in a retired street o' Edinburgh, and enjoying the sport as keenly as ony o' them! He was then in the climax o' his reputation as an advocate, and it made my heart loup to witness him retaining sae strongly the freshness and simplicity of youth!

MAJOR.—You have heard him speak, I presume?

LAIRD.—Aften. I mind once being present in the General Assembly when he was contending for the necessity o' repairing the Maxwelltown Kirk. "*Mr. Moderator,*" quo' Harry, "*the floor is rotten, and the sleepers are in a bad state;—I do not mean the people, sir!*" Ye never heard sic a guffaw as got up, at that saying, mair particularly as the minister, honest man, was something like a saut herring without yill, unco drv!

MAJOR.—Has his mantle fallen on his children?

DOCTOR.—I was at school with them, and I fear that, from what I remember of them, there is but faint hopes of it. Lord Moncrieff's sons were of a different stamp, and will, I think, yet be heard of.

LAIRD.—I say, Doctor, you was a graun mistake ye made aboot Professor Hincks and the brooch. Noo it is real queer that nane o' us thoct o' the improbability that an Irish Professor, hoovever gifted, should be handing forth anent a Scottish relic.

DOCTOR.—Very true, Laird, it does seem rather absurd, especially as we had the real Simon Pure, in the shape of Professor Wilson, of Toronto University, amongst us. I have since seen in the learned gentleman's work on the "*Annals of Scotland,*" a full account of the relic in question, and indeed, there is an engraving of the clasp that H. O. H. spoke about. The truth is, Mr. Hincks, the antiquarian, and decypherer of the Babylonish arrowhead inscriptions, was running in my head at the time, hence the mistake.

LAIRD.—Weel, weel, as you confess your fault, I'll forgie it this time. Major, hae ye read the bulk o' which I see ye hae twa illustrations in this number.

MAJOR.—I have, and propose to read you several extracts from it, which, I think, are highly entertaining. The first is on page 19.—(*Major reads:*)

"We had already overtaken and passed several large wagon and cattle trains from Texas and Arkansas, mostly bound to California. With them were many women and children; and it was pleasant to stroll into their camps in the evening and witness the perfect air of comfort and being-at-home that they presented. Their waggons drawn up in a circle, gave them at least an appearance of security; and within the enclosure the men either reclined around the camp-fires, or were busy in repairing their harness or cleaning their arms. The females milked the cows and prepared the supper; and we often enjoyed the hot cakes and fresh milk which they invited us to partake of. Tender infants in their cradles were seen under the shelter of the waggons, thus early inured to hard travel. Carpets and rocking-chairs were drawn out, and, what would perhaps shock some of our fine ladies, fresh-looking girls, whose rosy lips were certainly never intended to be defiled by the vile weed, sat around the fire, smoking the old-fashioned corn-cob pipe."

A little further on our explorer says:—

"Raised camp at 4.45 A. M. and travelled five miles west by south, crossing a steep and rocky hill covered with pines, and in five miles entered a small valley watered by the Rio de la Laguna (Dake Creek). This creek issues from a lake near the summit of the Sierra de la Plata (Silver Range), about twelve acres in area; we found it unfordable on account of its swollen condition from melting snows. Its current was swift and waters turbid, rolling with a loud roar over a rocky bed. It both enters and leaves this valley through narrow and rocky canons; above the upper one it flows through another valley of larger extent and of great beauty.

It became a question with us, how our packs were to be transported over the laguna without getting them wet or lost, and we at first attempted to make a bridge by felling a tall pine across the stream, but it fell partly into the water, and the current carried it away, tearing it into pieces. This plan having failed, another was adopted, suggested by what Mr. Beale had seen in his travels in Peru, and the mode of crossing the plunging torrents of the Andes, which was entirely successful.

Mr. Rogers selected a point where the stream was for some distance free from rocks, and succeeded, after a severe struggle, in swimming across; and one of the men mounting a stray Indian pony, which we found quietly grazing in the valley, dashed in after him, and also effected a landing on the opposite side. To them a light line was thrown, and having thus established a communication with the other side, a larger rope was drawn over by them, and tied firmly to a rock near the water's edge. The end of the rope on our side was made fast to the top of a pine tree; a backstay preventing it from bending to the weight of the loads sent over. An iron hook was now passed over the rope, and by means of a sling our packs were suspended to it. The hook slid freely from the top of the tree down to the rock; and when the load was taken off, we drew the hook and sling back to our side by a string made fast to it. The last load sent over was our wearing apparel, and just after parting

with it, a violent hailstorm broke over us, making us glad to seek shelter from its fury under rocks and trees. Most of the day was thus consumed, and it was not until 5 P. M. that we mounted our mules and swam them across. The water was icy cold, and some of the animals had a narrow escape from drowning. We, however, saddled up immediately, and proceeding four miles from the creek, encamped for the night in a small hollow. On leaving the Rio de la Laguna, the road ascended a high and steep hill. The country travelled over this day was abundantly grassed, the hills timbered with fir, pine, and aspens, and the streams shaded with willows. Day's travel 9 miles; total, 885 miles."

What do you think of that contrivance, Dr.?

DOCTOR.—Clever enough, but go on.

"This morning our anxieties from Indians have commenced. At ten o'clock three of them rode into camp, and shortly afterwards some dozen more.

Yesterday, after the Indians arrived, I gave them what little tobacco we could spare and some of our small stock of dried elk meat. After eating and smoking for awhile they insisted on my accompanying them to their camp, which was some ten miles off. I explained to them as well as I could who I was.

Knowing that it is best always to act boldly with Indians, as if you felt no fear whatever, I armed myself and started with them. Our road for a mile or two led over a barren plain, thickly covered with grease wood, but we soon struck the base of the mountain, where the firm rich mountain grass swept our saddle-girths as we cantered over it. We crossed a considerable mountain covered with timber and grass, and near the summit of which was quite a cluster of small, but very clear and apparently deep lakes. They were not more than an acre or two in size, and some not even that, but surrounded by luxuriant grass, and perched away up on the mountain, with fine timber quite near them. It was the most beautiful scenery in the world; it formed quite a hunter's paradise, for deer and elk bounded off from us as we approached, and then stood within rifle-shot, looking back in astonishment. A few hours' ride brought us to the Indian camp; and I wish here I could describe the beauty of the charming valley in which they lived. It was small, probably not more than five miles wide by fifteen long, but surrounded on all sides by the boldest mountains, covered to their summits with alternate patches of timber and grass, giving it the appearance of having been regularly laid off in small farms. Through the centre a fine bold stream, probably three feet deep by forty wide, watered the meadow land, and gave the last touch which the valley required to make it the most beautiful I had ever seen. Hundreds of horses and goats were feeding on the meadows and hill-sides, and the Indian lodges, with the women and children standing in front of them to look at the approaching stranger, strongly reminded me of the old patriarchal times, when flocks and herds made the wealth and happiness of the people, and a tent was as good as a palace. I was conducted to the lodge of the chief, an old and infirm man who welcomed me kindly, and told

me his young men had told him I had given of my small store to them, and to "sit in peace."

I brought out my pipe, filled it, and we smoked together. In about fifteen minutes a squaw brought in two large wooden platters, containing some very fat deer meat and some boiled corn, to which I did ample justice. After this followed a dish which one must have been two weeks without bread to have appreciated as I did. Never at the tables of the wealthiest in Washington did I find a dish which appeared to me so perfectly without a parallel. It was some cornmeal boiled in goats' milk, with a little elk fat. I think I certainly ate near half a peck of this delicious, atole, and then stopped, not because I had enough, but because I had scraped the dish dry with my fingers, and licked them as long as the smallest particle remained, which is "manners" among Indians, and also among Arabs. Eat all they give you, or get somebody to do it for you, is to honor the hospitality you receive. To leave any is a slight. I needed not the rule to make me eat all.

After this we smoked again, and when about to start I found a large bag of dried meat and a peck of corn put up for me to take to my people.

Bidding a friendly good-by to my hosts and dividing among them about a pound of tobacco and two handkerchiefs, and giving the old chief the battered remains of a small leaden picayune looking-glass, I mounted my mule to return.—The sun was just setting when I started, and before reaching the summit of the mountain it was quite dark. As there was no road, and the creeks very dark in the bottoms, I had a most toilsome time of it. At one creek, which I reached after very great difficulty in getting through the thick and almost impenetrable undergrowth, it was so dark that I could see nothing; but, trusting to luck, I jumped my mule off the bank and brought up in water nearly covering my saddle. Getting in was bad enough, but coming out was worse; for, finding the banks high on the other side, I was obliged to follow down the stream for half a mile or more, not knowing when I should be swimming, until I succeeded with great difficulty in getting out through the tangled brushwood on the opposite side. I arrived at camp late at night, and found my men very anxiously awaiting my return, having almost concluded to give me up, and to think I had lost my "hair." A little rain."

I've only two more extracts.

Started at 5 A. M., and, travelling thirty-five miles, encamped on Green River Fork of the Great Colorado at 1 P. M.

The country we traversed was stony and broken by dry watercourses. On every side, and principally to the north and northeast, extended ranges of rugged hills, bare of vegetation, and seamed with ravines. On their summits were rocks of fantastic shapes, resembling pyramids, obelisks, churches, and towers, and having all the appearances of a vast city in the distance. The only vegetation was a scanty growth of stunted wild sage and cacti, except at a point known as the Hole in the Rock, where there were willows and other plants denoting the vicin-

ity of water, but we found none on our route. The sun was exceedingly hot, and we, as well as our mules, were glad to reach the river, where we could relieve our thirst. Saw four antelopes near Green River, to which the Delaware immediately gave chase, but was unable to get within gunshot.

Green River was broader and deeper than either Grand River or the Avonkarea, but its current was neither so rapid nor so turbulent.—The scenery on its banks was grand and solemn, and we had an excellent view of it from our camping place on a high bluff."

And now for the last,—

"We procured at Parawan a settlement of the Mormons, a small supply of flour and some beef, which we *buccanée'd*.

The kind reception that we received from the inhabitants of these settlements, during our short sojourn among them, strongly contrasted with what we had been led to anticipate from the reports of the Mexicans and Indians whom we had met on the road. On our arrival, Colonel G. A. Smith sent an officer to inquire who we were, our business, destination, &c., at the same time apologizing for the inquiries, by stating that the disturbed condition of the country rendered it necessary to exercise a strict vigilance over all strangers, particularly over those who came from the direction of their enemy's territory. Mr. Beale's replies being, of course, satisfactory, we were treated as friends, and received every mark of cordiality. We spent the evening of our arrival in Parawan at the house of Col. Smith, who was in command of this portion of the territory, and was organizing a military force for its protection. He related to us the origin of these southern settlements, the many difficulties and hardships that they had to contend with, and gave us much interesting information of the geography of the surrounding country. He also stated that furnaces for smelting iron ore were already in operation in the vicinity of Paragoona and Parawan, and that the metal, which was obtained in sufficient quantity to supply any demand, was also of an excellent quality; and that veins of coal had been found near Cedar City, on Coal Creek, eighteen miles south of Parawan, one of which was fifteen feet in thickness, and apparently inexhaustible. A large force of English miners was employed in working these mines, and pronounced the coal to be equal to the best English coal. I saw it used in the forges; it is bituminous, and burns with a bright flame.

As regards the odious practice of polygamy which these people have engrafted on their religion, it is not to be supposed that we could learn much about it during our short stay, and its existence would even have been unobserved by us, had not a "Saint" voluntarily informed us that he was "one of those Mormons who believed in a plurality of wives," and added, "for my part I have six, and this is one of them," pointing to a female who was present. Taking this subject for his text, he delivered a discourse highly eulogistic of the institution of marriage, as seen in a Mormon point of view; of the antiquity of polygamy, its advantages, the evils it prevents, quoting the example of the patriarchs, and of

eastern nations, and backing his argument with statistics of the relative number of males and females born, obtained no doubt from the same source as the Book of Mormon. This discourse did not increase our respect for the tenets he advocated, but we deemed it useless to engage in a controversy with one who made use of such sophistry. From what he said, I inferred that a large number of Mormons do not entirely approve of the "spiritual wife" system, and, judging from some of the households, it was evident that the weaker vessel has in many instances here, as elsewhere, the control of the *ménage*.

This subject, "the Central Route to the Pacific," will always be of importance, even although the line of railroads farther north should in time connect with an iron-clasp the two oceans. Mr. Gwynn H. Heap's book is very readable. Doctor, have you seen a paper on "Indian Fibres fit for Textile Fabrics, or for Rope and Paper making?"

DOCTOR.—I have, and think it of great importance at a time when our differences with Russia have, in a great measure, forced us to seek our supply of hemp from other sources. Here is the paper.

INDIAN SUBSTITUTES FOR RUSSIAN HEMP.—At the last meeting of the Society of Arts Dr. Forbes Royle read a paper on "Indian Fibres fit for Textile Fabrics, or for Rope and Paper making." He stated that in the white-fibred plants, such as the bowstring hemp, the aloe, the pita-fibre, the pineapple, and, above all, the plantain, we had boundless resources of material not only for paper making, but for cordage, which would rival Manilla hemp, or the American aloe which bridged over broad rivers. The oakum of these plants might be converted into paper, and the fibres into fabrics of different qualities; and, though they might not be fitted for making knots, they would yet make ropes which were capable of bearing considerable strain. Among the malvaceous and leguminous plants, or those among which the brown hemp and "sunn" of India were found, with the jute among the linden tribe, we had a variety of cheap products, because the plants could be grown with ease and their fibres separated with facility. If we required fibres possessed of all the strength of Russian or of Polish hemp, we should find this property not only in the hemp of the Himalaya, but in the various nettles which clothe the foot of these mountains from Assam to the Sutlej. One of the latter—the rehea fibre—he felt assured would not only undersell every other fibre, but, in point of strength, would take a position second to none of all the fibres at present imported. Some of this fibre had been made into a 5-inch rope, and had been tried at Messrs. Huddart's rope manufactory, where it was found that each square inch made from the wild rehea, bore in the first experiment 844 lbs.; in the second experiment 894 lbs., and that from rehea fibre 910 lbs.; while the average strength of rope made with the best hemp, and after numerous experiments, from the year 1803 to 1808, was 805 lbs. per square inch. In December last some

experiments were made at the East India Company's military stores with fibres in equal weights and of equal lengths. The weight that each fibre broke with was ascertained to be as follows:—St. Petersburg hemp, 160lbs.; Jubbulpore hemp, 190lbs.; Wuckoonar fibre, 175lbs.; mudar, or yercum fibre (common all over India), 190lbs.; China grass, 250lbs.; rehea fibre, 320lbs.; wild rehea, from Assam, 343lbs.; and Kote Kangra hemp, no breakage at 400lbs. This hemp was the *cannabis sativa* of botanists, and was cultivated in every part of India on account of the intoxicating property of its leaves. Dr. Boyle stated, in conclusion, that the Court of Directors had ordered 20 tons of the rehea fibres, as well as of the Himalayan hems, to be sent here yearly for the purpose of having them tried. A vast number of specimens of the different fibres, and of the articles manufactured from them, have been left at the Society of Arts for a few days for inspection.

MAJOR.—It is a fortunate circumstance that we shall be able to supply the want created by the war with Russia. The price of the article has already reached a very high figure, and few can predict when the war will end. I will now read you my Colonial News. (*Major reads:*)

COLONIAL CHIT-CHAT.

The "table turnings" and "spiritual rappings" have reached such a head in Lower Canada, that the Bishop of Montreal has thought it necessary to denounce them in a pastoral letter.

Nearly all the Canadian Banks have given notice that they will apply to Parliament at its next session for an increase of their capital stock.

DISASTERS ON THE LAKES FOR THE YEAR 1853.—We find in the *Buffalo Express* a statement by G. W. Rounds, Agent for the North Western Insurance Company, in relation to the lake disasters for the last year amounting to two hundred and sixty-six. Loss of property, \$874, 143. Lives lost, 81. The following is a recapitulation:—

Amount of loss by American vessels...	\$635,525
" " British "	238,921
" " Steam "	461,800
" " Sail "	412,343
" " Collision "	55,823
" " Explosion "	77,394
" " Fire "	131,065
" " Other causes "	608,371
Amount of loss on Lake Ontario:—	
" " " Steam	188,400
" " " Sail	94,677
" " " Erie Steam	123,606
" " " sail	121,906
" " " Huron steam	88,594
" " " sail	62,744
" " " Michigan st'	23,700
" " " sail	123,616
" " " Sup'r. steam	33,500

Of the two hundred and sixty-six disasters here detailed, nineteen occurred in April, thirty in May, seventeen in June, eleven in July, twenty-eight in August, thirty in September, thirty-nine in October, eighty in November, and twelve in December. Six steamers, two propellers, and thirty sail vessels have gone out of existence entirely. The number of vessels lost during the present year exceeds those of last year by thirty-seven, while the loss of property is less by \$118,516.

ty-seven, while the loss of property is less by \$118,516.

Statistical Tables, compiled from the Criminal Registrar of the Gaol of the United Counties of York, Ontario and Peel, for the year 1853, for the information of the Grand Jury, showing the number of prisoners committed, whether male or female, their offences, countries of their birth, their ages, their education, and also the number who use ardent spirits to excess:—

For manslaughter, 2 males. Murder—males 13, females 3. Rape—3. Drunk and disorderly—males 132, females 110, boys 2. Drunk in the streets—males 104, females 19. Disorderly characters—males 14, females 37. Vagrancy—males 52, females 110, boys 15. Larceny—males 73, females 27, boys 18. Assaults—males 22, females 7, boys 2. Trespass—males 7, females 4, lunatics 2. Assaulting constables in discharge of duty—9. Arson—males 4, females 1, boys 2. Leaving employment—males 3. Drunk and fighting—males 3, females 3. Robbery—males 4. Receiving stolen goods—males 3. Passing bad money—2. Escape from prison—1. Highway robbery—1. Keeping disorderly houses—males 3, females 8. Selling spirituous liquors without license—1. Deserting seamen—4. Contempt of Court—3. Non-performance of statute labor—1. Embezzlement—1. Aggravated assault—1. Aiding soldiers to desert—1. Sheep stealing—1. Detained as witnesses—7. Threatening—males 52, females 26. Larceny and trespass—males 2. Horse stealing—10. Furious driving—1.

Total males..... 577
Total Females..... 362

Of those committed that could barely read, 3 read and write imperfectly, 49—read and write well, 19—superior education, 2. And of those who could neither read nor write, there were, males 195, females 213.

Countries to which they belonged:—

England—Males 87....	Females 37
Ireland " 354....	" 255
Scotland " 58....	" 25
Canada W. " 43....	" 2
Canada E. " 2....	" 2
U. States " 4....	" 19
Germany " 8....	" 3
France—4. Wales—2.	

G. L. ALLEN, Jailor.

LIVING IN QUEBEC.—We are informed that the four pound loaf has risen to fifteen pence, or a quarter of a dollar in Quebec; and that their cord of wood, which, according to their measurement, is but two feet and a half long, is at five dollars.

TORONTO PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

This Society has now been completely re-organized; and consists of two branches, the Vocal and Instrumental. The following is a complete list of the Officers:—

President—The Rev. J. McCaul, L. L. D.

Secretary—W. Armstrong.

Treasurer—G. B. Wyllie.

Officers appointed by the Vocal branch:—

Vice-President—Hon. Mr. Justice Draper.

Managers—Thomas Bilton and Dr. Simpson.

Ourator—James B. Davis.

Secretary and Treasurer—H. Mason.

Officers appointed by the Instrumental branch:

Vice-President—Professor Cherriman.

Managers—Professor Irving and Mr. Eccles.

Ourator—J. Ellis.

Secretary and Treasurer—A. Nordheimer.

The *Hamilton Spectator* states that the Committee appointed by the English Shareholders of the Great Western Railway Company have unanimously reported against the purchase of the Erie and Ontario Railway and the Niagara Harbor and Docks. Mr. Langsdon has been appointed as agent to proceed to this country and represent the English shareholders at the next election for Directors.

RAILWAYS IN CANADA.—We are often asked how many miles of railway are *completed*, single track in Canada. The following is near the mark: Great Western, 229 miles.—Grand Trunk, Montreal to Island Pond, 143.—Toronto to Barrie, 64.—Montreal to Lachine, 8.—Chippewa to Queenston, &c., about 9.—Rouse's Point to Montreal, 47.—Montreal to Hemmingford, 36.—Bytown to Prescott, 40.—Fort Erie to Paris, 80.—Richmond, or Melbourne to Quebec, 97. Total over 650, of which eighteen years since not any was begun.—*Transcript*.

The following list of insurances is pretty accurate:

Building —London and Liverpool	£3,000	
Globe	5,000	
		£8,000
Library —Royal	£3,400	
London and Liverpool	3,300	
Quebec	3,300	
		10,000
Furniture —Royal	2,700	
London and Liverpool	2,650	
Quebec	2,650	
		8,000
		£26,000

The Quebec papers state that on the Heights of Abraham, where the decisive battle between the English and French was fought in 1760, which decided the future nationality of Canada, the remains of several men who fell in the conflict have been lately found. The Quebec *Canadien*, a French paper, suggests that in order to mark the unanimity that now prevails between the two races in Canada, the remains should be solemnly removed under the directions of the National Societies, to some more appropriate resting place.

UNION OF THE PROVINCES.—A correspondent of the *New Brunswicker* advocates an union of the Lower Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward's Island, under their ancient name, the "Province of Acadia."

The extent and population of the three Colonies which it is thus proposed to unite under one Government, are as follows:—

	Acres.	Souls.
New Brunswick,	20,000,000	193,800
Nova Scotia & Cape Breton,	11,534,196	277,006
Prince Edward Island,	1,360,000	62,678
Total,	38,894,196	533,483

The editor of the *Daily Colonist*, suggests that pigs should be cherished as pets, instead of dogs! He thinks that they are quite as ornamental, and more useful!

The *New Brunswicker* is opposed to the suggested Federal Union of the British North American Colonies, as embracing under one government too wide a range of territory, but maintains that the three lower provinces above named would, if united, soon be in a position to take rank with Canada, and would by their combined exertions, under one system of laws and fiscal regulations, advance with far greater strides than they can possibly do, while frittering away their legislation and their labours, each by itself and often in an antagonistic manner.

A striking instance of noble disregard to self-interest in promoting the 'beard movement,' may be seen any day about the market of Toronto, in the person of an itinerant razor grinder, who is cultivating a beard to the evident danger of the craft by which he makes his living.

Capt. C. O. Ermatinger, Chief of Police of Montreal, has issued his annual report of the statistics of crime during the year 1853, in Montreal. The number of parties arrested, and for what offences is given in the report as follows:—For murder, 1; horse-stealing 1; passing counterfeit money, 5; obtaining goods under false pretences, 7; receiving stolen goods, 1; larceny 17; drunk in the streets, 2083; drunk and disorderly conduct, 125; breach of the peace, 144; vagrants, 315; protection, 645; indecent exposure, 19; impeding and incommoding, 91. Total offences, 3601. Tried and fined summarily, 35; committed to the house of correction as vagrants, for fifteen days and under, 1404; for one month and under, 168; committed for trial, 89; committed for examination, 3; discharged, 1669.

A Commission with visitatorial powers has been appointed to inquire into the state of discipline of Upper Canada College, the system of teaching adopted therein, and the general management thereof. The Hon. Chancellor Blake, the Hon. Judge Harrison and the Rev. Dr. Ryerson are the Commissioners.

The Owen Sound *Lever* states, that there is a company of Land Sharks, whose head quarters are at Barrie, banded together for the purpose of robbing the honest, industrious, hard-working, toil-worn pioneers of the County of Simcoe; their mode of procedure is to enquire into their titles: if a flaw is found they buy the land from under them, and dispossess them. This is a description of business which amounts to downright roguery. It is a pity that Courts of Justice should be made to accomplish the ends of such knaves. When a man becomes honestly possessed of land, no court of law or equity should deprive him of it, on account of a mere quibble of the law.

The Legislature of Prince Edward's Island met on the 9th February, when the Hon. Mr. Jardine was chosen Speaker. His Excellency's opening speech gave an encouraging account of the progress of the colony. The revenue of the Island is stated at £35,000. On the 11th ult., in consequence of the Government's having been in a minority, on the Address, the preceding eve-

ning, they tendered their resignations, which were forthwith accepted by Sir Alexander Bannerman.

The Legislature of Nova Scotia have passed resolutions, empowering the Government of that Province to expend £200,000 a year in the construction of railroads—the money to be raised by loans, the issue of notes from the Treasury &c.—At this rate Nova Scotia will soon be pretty well supplied with railroads.

The Quebec papers of the 11th March, state that the following Officers serving in Canada have been ordered forthwith to proceed to England to embark with the army for Constantinople:—Asst. Com. Gen. Routh, Dep. Asst. Coms. Genl. Hawkins, Webb and Downes. D. A. C. Genl. Webb has been stationed at Quebec, for the last three years, during which time he was frequently the Senior Officer of the Department.

Deer are remarkably numerous in the Township of Wallace this year. A short time ago eleven of them were seen drinking together at a spring in that township.

Four Quebeckers have just returned from Australia. They report hard times, hard luck, and hard usage; but amazingly little hard money.

An independent militia Rifle Company is about being formed at St. Catharines. The *Constitutional* understands, that the company will be furnished with arms in a short time, and believes it will be the means of supplying the town with an efficient police force in case of need.

The *Voice of the Fugitive* states, that numbers of fugitives from slavery continue to arrive in Canada from the boasted land of freedom. If they had not Canada to fly to, their fate would be sad indeed. But once here, where true freedom exists, they need have no further fear of the lash; unless, indeed, our "vitriol" friend, Mitchell's ideas of liberty should prevail among us—which heaven forefend!

The Barber Brothers, so well known for their manufacturing enterprise, are putting up a new and extensive Paper Mill on the Credit, near Georgetown. It is a stone building, 100 feet long and four stories high. They will doubtless supply a good article.

It is proposed to establish in the City of Hamilton, a company for the manufacture of knitted fabrics and hosiery.

The Trustees of the Quebec Provident and Saving's Bank made their annual report on the 28th March, in which the affairs of the Bank are favorably spoken of. The number of the new accounts opened during the past year is 634, making the total number of accounts now open 2246. The deposits have increased during the same period from £112,538. 12. 7, to £148,388. 5. 1, and the surplus fund to £9,274. 12. 9.

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

The position of affairs in the East has been so distinctly defined in the two articles in the April and May numbers, and the causes of the war so clearly explained, that it is needless to return to

the subject, and in our resumé we will at once proceed to the events of the last six months.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The principal topic after the 1st of January which engrossed public attention was the unfounded rumour, (raised as stated by some journals, by Lord Palmerston's party) respecting Prince Albert's treasonable conduct in betraying the confidence reposed in him as a Privy Counsellor, *ex-officio*. This rumour resulted in the most triumphant refutation of all the charges brought against his Royal Highness, and in establishing the fact that the Prince was deservedly the most popular personage in Her Majesty's dominions. A second point of interest has been the offensive and defensive alliance entered into between France and England and Turkey.

"Their Majesties the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Emperor of the French resolved to lend their assistance to His Majesty the Sultan Abdul Medjid, Emperor of the Ottomans, in the war which he is carrying on against the aggressions of Russia, and obliged, moreover, notwithstanding their sincere and persevering efforts to maintain peace, to become themselves belligerent parties in a war which, without their active interference, would have threatened to overthrow the balance of power in Europe, and the interests of their own Kingdoms, have, in consequence, resolved to conclude convention for the purpose of designating the object of their alliance, as well as the means to be employed in concert to carry it out, and have for this purpose named as their Plenipotentiaries:

"Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Right Honourable George William Frederic, Earl of Clarendon, &c., and Principal Secretary of State of Her Britannic Majesty for Foreign Affairs;

And His Majesty the Emperor of the French, Sieur Alexander Colonna, Count Walewski, &c., his ambassador to the court of Her Britannic Majesty;

Who, having mutually communicated their credentials in due form, have determined and signed the following articles:—

"ARTICLE I.

"The High Contracting Parties engage, as far as in their power, to bring about the re-establishment of peace between Russia and the Sublime Port on solid and lasting bases, and to guarantee Europe against a return of the lamentable complications which have just so unhappily disturbed the general peace.

"ARTICLE II.

"The integrity of the Ottoman Empire having been violated by the occupation of the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, and by other movements of Russian troops, their Majesties the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Emperor of the French have concerted and will concert the most advisable means to free the territories of the Sultan from

foreign invasion, and to attain the end specified in Article No. 1. They engage for this purpose to maintain, according to the necessities of the war, as judged by mutual agreement, a sufficient land and sea force, and whose description, numbers, and destination subsequent arrangements shall determine as occasion arises.

"ARTICLE III.

"Whatever event may happen in consequence of the execution of the present Convention, the High Contracting Parties bind themselves not to receive any overture nor any proposition tending to the cessation of hostilities, and not to enter into any arrangement with the Imperial Court of Russia without having previously deliberated together.

"ARTICLE IV.

"Animated by the desire of maintaining the balance of power in Europe, and not pursuing any interested end, they refuse beforehand to derive any individual advantage from the events which may happen.

"ARTICLE V.

"Their Majesties the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Emperor of the French will receive with pleasure into their alliance, to co-operate to the proposed end, those of the other powers of Europe who may wish to enter it.

"ARTICLE VII.

The present convention will be ratified, and the ratifications will be exchanged at London in the space of eight days.

"In pledge of which the respective Plenipotentiaries have signed and sealed it.

"Given at London the 10th April, 1854.

"CLARENDON,
"A. WALEWSKI."

About the middle of March the first detachment of the British fleet sailed for the Baltic, their first place of destination being Wengold Sound, and on the 27th war was formally declared by the Lord Chancellor's reading her Majesty's declaration.

DECLARATION.

It is with deep regret that her Majesty announces the failure of her anxious and protracted endeavours to preserve for her people and for Europe the blessings of peace.

The unprovoked aggression of the Emperor of Russia against the Sublime Porte has been persisted in with such disregard of consequences, that after the rejection by the Emperor of Russia of terms which the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of the French, and the King of Prussia, as well as her Majesty, considered just and equitable, her Majesty is compelled by a sense of what is due to the honour of her crown, to the interests of her people, and to the independence of the States of Europe, to come forward in defence of an ally whose territory is invaded, and whose dignity and independence are assailed.

Her Majesty, in justification of the course she is about to pursue, refers to the transactions in which her Majesty has been engaged.

The Emperor of Russia had some cause of complaint against the Sultan with reference to

the settlement, which his Highness had sanctioned, of the conflicting claims of the Greek and Latin Churches to a portion of the Holy Places of Jerusalem and its neighborhood. To the complaint of the Emperor of Russia on this head justice was done; and her Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople had the satisfaction of promoting an arrangement to which no exception was taken by the Russian government.

But while the Russian government repeatedly assured the government of her Majesty that the mission of Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople was exclusively directed to the settlement of the question of the Holy Places at Jerusalem, Prince Menschikoff himself pressed upon the Porte other demands of a far more serious and important character, the nature of which he, in the first instance endeavoured, as far as possible, to conceal from her Majesty's Ambassador. And these demands, thus studiously concealed, affected not the privileges of the Greek Church at Jerusalem, but the privileges of the millions of Turkish subjects in their relation to their sovereign the Sultan.

These demands were rejected by the spontaneous decision of the Sublime Porte.

Two assurances have been given to her Majesty—one, that the mission of Prince Menschikoff only regarded the Holy Places; the other, that his mission would be of a conciliatory character.

In both respects her Majesty's just expectations were disappointed.

Demands were made which, in the opinion of his majesty the Sultan, extended to the substitution of the Emperor of Russia's authority for his own over a large portion of his subjects; and those demands were enforced by a threat; and when her Majesty learned that, on announcing the termination of his mission, Prince Menschikoff declared that the refusal of his demands would impose upon the Imperial government the necessity of seeking a guarantee by its own power, her Majesty thought proper that her fleet should leave Malta, and, in co-operation with that of his majesty the Emperor of the French, take up its station in the neighborhood of the Dardanelles.

So long as the negotiation bore an amicable character her Majesty refrained from any demonstration of force. But when, in addition to the assemblage of large military forces on the frontier of Turkey, the Ambassador of Russia intimated that serious consequences would ensue from the refusal of the Sultan to comply with unwarrantable demands, her Majesty deemed it right, in conjunction with the Emperor of the French, to give an unquestionable proof of her determination to support the sovereign rights of the Sultan.

The Russian government has maintained that the determination of the Emperor to occupy the Principalities was taken in consequence of the advance of the fleets of England and France. But the menace of the invasion of the Turkish territory was conveyed in Count Nesselrode's note to Reschid Pacha, of the 19th (31st) May, and re-stated in his despatch to Baron Brunow, of the 20th May (1st June), which announced the determination of the Emperor of Russia to order his troops to occupy the Principalities, if the Porte did not within a week comply with the demands of Russia.

The despatch to her Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople authorizing him, in certain specified contingencies, to send for the British fleet, was dated the 31st May, and the order sent direct from England to her Majesty's admiral to proceed to the neighborhood of the Dardanelles was dated the 2nd of June.

The determination to occupy the Principalities was, therefore, taken before the orders for the advance of the combined squadrons were given.

The Sultan's Minister was informed that unless he signed within a week, and without the change of a word, the note proposed to the Porte by Prince Menchikoff, on the eve of his departure from Constantinople, the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia would be occupied by Russian troops. The Sultan could not accede to so insulting a demand; but when the actual occupation of the Principalities took place, the Sultan did not, as he might have done in the exercise of his undoubted right, declare war, but addressed a protest to his allies.

Her Majesty, in conjunction with the sovereigns of Austria, France, and Prussia, has made various attempts to meet any just demands of the Emperor of Russia without affecting the dignity and independence of the Sultan; and had it been the sole object of Russia to obtain security for the enjoyment by the Christian subjects of the Porte of their privileges and immunities, she would have found it in the offers that have been made by the Sultan. But as that security was not offered in the shape of a special and separate stipulation with Russia it was rejected. Twice has this offer been made by the Sultan, and recommended by the four Powers, once by a note originally prepared at Vienna, and subsequently modified by the Porte, once by the proposal of bases of negotiation agreed upon at Constantinople, on the 31st December, and approved at Vienna, on the 13th of January, as offering to the two parties the means of arriving at an understanding in a becoming and honorable manner.

It is thus manifest that a right for Russia to interfere in the ordinary relations of Turkish subjects to their sovereign, and not the happiness of Christian communities in Turkey, was the object sought for by the Russian government; to such a demand the Sultan would not submit, and his Highness, in self-defence, declared war upon Russia; but her Majesty, nevertheless, in conjunction with her allies, has not ceased her endeavors to restore peace between the contending parties.

The time has, however, now arrived when the advice and remonstrances of the four Powers having proved wholly ineffectual, and the military preparations of Russia becoming daily more extended, it is but too obvious that the Emperor of Russia has entered upon a course of policy which, if unchecked, must lead to the destruction of the Ottoman empire.

In this conjuncture her Majesty feels called upon by regard for an ally, the integrity and independence of whose empire have been recognised as essential to the peace of Europe, by the sympathies of her people with right against wrong, by a desire to avert from her dominions most injurious consequences, and to save Europe from the preponderance of a Power which has violated the faith of treaties, and defies the opinion of the

civilised world, to take up arms, in conjunction with the Emperor of the French, for the defence of the Sultan.

Her Majesty is persuaded that in so acting she will have the cordial support of her people; and that pretext of zeal for the Christian religion will be used in vain to cover an aggression undertaken in disregard of its holy precepts, and of its pure and beneficent spirit.

Her Majesty humbly trusts that her efforts may be successful, and that, by the blessing of Providence, peace may be re-established on a safe and solid foundation.

WESTMINSTER, March 28, 1854.

DECLARATION.

Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, having been compelled to take up arms in support of an ally, is desirous of rendering the war as little onerous as possible to the Powers with whom she remains at peace.

To preserve the commerce of neutrals from all unnecessary obstruction, her Majesty is willing, for the present, to waive a part of the belligerent rights appertaining to her by the law of nations.

It is impossible for her Majesty to forego the exercise of her right of seizing articles contraband of war, and of preventing neutrals from bearing the enemy's despatches; and she must maintain the right of a belligerent to prevent neutrals from breaking any effective blockade which may be established with an adequate force against the enemy's forts, harbours, or coasts.

But her Majesty will waive the right of seizing enemy's property laden on board a neutral vessel, unless it be contraband of war.

It is not her Majesty's intention to claim the confiscation of neutrals property not being contraband of war found on board enemy's ships; and her Majesty further declares, that being anxious to lessen as much as possible the evils of war, and to restrict its operations to the regularly organized forces of the country, it is not her present intention to issue letters of marque for the commissioning of privateers.

WESTMINSTER, March 28, 1854.

Independently of the former good feeling existing on the part of Great Britain towards Turkey, the annexed document roused the utmost indignation against the Emperor Nicholas. The proverb, "*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*," is fully referable to the species of insanity which could have tempted the Russian Emperor had to hazard to the mocking public so signal an instance of his duplicity:—

The "secret and confidential" correspondence on the Eastern question excluded from the Blue-books, has been laid before Parliament, and complete, we imagine, the history of the negotiations that have taken place. The documents in question are chiefly a relation by Sir Hamilton Seymour of various conversations with the Emperor, running over the first four months of the past year, viz. from Jan. 11 to April 23, with the memorandum drawn up by Count Nesselrode in June, 1844. The first conversation commenced

with the congratulations of the Emperor on the accession of the present Ministry: particularly of Lord Aberdeen, "with whom he had been acquainted for nearly forty years, and for whom he entertained equal regard and esteem." The Emperor wished that a good understanding should exist between England and Russia. "When we are agreed, I am quite without anxiety as to the West of Europe; it is immaterial what the others may think or do. As to Turkey, that is another question; that country is in a critical state, and may give us all a great deal of trouble." Sir H. Seymour pressed for some additional assurances on this point:—

"The Emperor's words and manner, although still very kind, showed that his Majesty had no intention of speaking to me of the demonstration which he is about to make in the South. He said, however, at first with a little hesitation, but, as he proceeded, in an open and unhesitating manner—'The affairs of Turkey are in a very disorganised condition; the country itself seems to be falling to pieces (*menace ruine*); the fall will be a great misfortune, and it is very important that England & Russia should come to a perfectly good understanding upon these affairs, and that neither should take any decisive step of which the other is not apprised.'

"I observed in a few words, that I rejoiced to hear that his Imperial Majesty held this language; that this was certainly the view I took of the manner in which the Turkish question was to be treated.

"'Tenez,' the Emperor said, as if proceeding with his remark, '*tenez; nous avons sur les bras un homme malade—un homme gravement malade; ce sera, je vous le dis franchement, un grand malheur si, un de ces jours, il devait nous échapper, surtout avant que toutes les dispositions nécessaires fussent en prise. Mais enfin ce n'est point le moment de vous parler de cela.*'

"It was clear that the Emperor did not intend to prolong the conversation. I therefore said, 'Votre Majesté est si gracieuse qu'elle me permettra de lui faire encore une observation. Votre Majesté dit que l'homme est malade; c'est bien vrai, mais votre Majesté daignera m'excuser si je lui fais observer, que c'est un l'homme généreux et fort de menager l'homme malade et faible.'

"The Emperor then took leave of me in a manner which conveyed the impression of my having, at least, not given offence, and again expressed his intention of sending for me on some future day."

On the 23rd of January the Emperor was more explicit.

"I found his Majesty alone; he received me with great kindness saying, that I had appeared desirous to speak to him upon Eastern affairs; that, on his side, there was no indisposition to do so, but that he must begin at a remote period.

"'You know,' his Majesty said, 'the dreams and plans in which the Empress Catharine was in the habit of indulging; these were handed down to our time; but while I inherited immense territorial possessions, I did not inherit those visions, those intentions, if you like to call them so. On the contrary, my country is so vast, so happily circumstanced in every way, that it would be unreasonable in me to desire more territory or more

power than I possess; on the contrary, I am the first to tell you that our great, perhaps our only danger, is that which would arise from an extension given to an empire already too large.

"'Close to us lies Turkey, and, in our present condition, nothing better can be desired for our interests; the times have gone by when we had anything to fear from the fanatical spirit or the military enterprise of the Turks, and yet the country is strong enough, or has hitherto been strong enough to preserve its independence, and to ensure respectful treatment from other countries.

"'Well, in that empire there are several millions of Christians whose interests I am called upon to watch over (*surveiller*), while the right of doing so is secured to me by treaty. I may truly say that I make a moderate and sparing use of my right, and I will freely confess that it is one which is attended with obligations occasionally very inconvenient; but I cannot recede from the discharge of a distinct duty. Our religion, as established in this country, came to us from the East, and there are feelings, as well as obligations, which never must be lost sight of.

"'Now, Turkey, in the condition which I have described, has by degrees fallen into such a state of decrepitude, that as I told you the other night eager as we all are for the prolonged existence of the man (and that I am as desirous as you can be for the continuance of his life, I beg you to believe), he may suddenly die upon our hands (*nous rester sur le bras*); we cannot resuscitate what is dead; if the Turkish empire falls, it falls to rise no more; and I put it to you, therefore, whether it is not better to be provided before, hand for a contingency, than to incur the chaos, confusion, and the certainty of a European war, all of which must attend the catastrophe if it should occur unexpectedly, and before some ulterior system has been sketched? This is the point to which I am desirous that you should call the attention of your Government.'

"'Sir,' I replied, 'your Majesty is so frank with me that I am sure you will have the goodness to permit me to speak with the same openness. I would then observe that, deplorable as is the condition of Turkey, it is a country which has been plunged in difficulties supposed by many to be insurmountable. With regard to contingent arrangements, Her Majesty's Government, as your Majesty is well aware, objects, as a general rule, to taking engagements upon possible eventualities, and would, perhaps, be particularly disinclined to doing so in this instance. If I may be allowed to say so, a great disinclination might be expected in England to disposing by anticipation of the succession of an old friend and ally.'

"'The rule is a good one,' the Emperor replied, 'good at all times, especially in times, of uncertainty and change, like the present; still it is of the greatest importance that we should understand one another, and not allow events to take us by surprise:

"The conversation passed to the events of the day, when the Emperor briefly recapitulated his claims upon the Holy Places—claims recognised by the firman of last February, and confirmed by a sanction to which His Majesty said he at-

tached much more importance—the word of a Sovereign.

"The execution of promises so made and so ratified the Emperor said he must insist upon, but attained by negotiation, the last advices from Constantinople being rather more satisfactory.

"I expressed my belief that negotiation, followed, as I thought it had been, by the threats of military measures, would be found sufficient to secure a compliance with the just demands of Russia. I added that I desired to state to His Majesty what I had previously read from a written paper to his Minister, viz., that what I feared for Turkey were not the intentions of His Majesty but the actual result of the measures which appeared to be in contemplation. That I would repeat, that two consequences might be anticipated from the appearance of an Imperial army on the frontiers of Turkey—the one the counter-demonstration which might be provoked on the part of France; the other, and the more serious the rising, on the part of the Christian population, against the Sultan's authority, already so much weakened by revolts and by a severe financial crisis.

"The Emperor assured me that no movement of his forces had yet taken place, and expressed his hope that no advantage would be required.

"With regard to a French expedition to the Sultan's dominions, His Majesty intimated that such a step would bring affairs to an immediate crisis; that a sense of honor would compel him to send his forces into Turkey without delay or hesitation; that if the result of such an advance should prove to be the overthrow of the Great Turk, he should regret the event, but should feel that he had acted as he was compelled to do.

"With regard to the extremely important overture to which this report relates, I will only observe that, as it is my duty to record impressions, as well as facts and statements, I am bound to say that if words, tone and manner offer any criterion by which the intentions are to be judged, the Emperor is prepared to act with perfect fairness and openness towards Her Majesty's Government. His Majesty has, no doubt, his own objects in view; and he is in my opinion, too strong a believer in the imminence of dangers in Turkey. I am, however, impressed with the belief that, in carrying out these objects, as in guarding against those dangers, His Majesty is sincerely desirous of acting in harmony with her Majesty's Government.

Lord John Russell, in a despatch dated Feb. 9, replies that it is impossible to negotiate respecting the dissolution of a power that may not take place, for 20, 50, or 150 years to come.

"In these circumstances it would hardly be consistent with the friendly feelings towards the Sultan which animate the Emperor of Russia, no less than the Queen of Great Britain, to dispose beforehand of the provinces under his dominions. Besides this consideration, however, it must be observed, that an agreement made in such a case tends very surely to hasten the contingency for which it is intended to provide. Austria and France could not, in fairness, be kept in ignorance of the transaction, nor would such concealment be consistent with the end of preventing an European war. Indeed, such concealment can-

not be intended by His Imperial Majesty. It is to be inferred that, as soon as Great Britain and Russia should have agreed on the course to be pursued, and have determined to enforce it, they should communicate their intentions to the great Powers of Europe; an agreement thus made, and thus communicated, would not be very long a secret; and while it would alarm and alienate the Sultan, the knowledge of its existence would stimulate all his enemies to increased violence and more obstinate conflict. They would fight with the conviction that they must ultimately triumph, while the Sultan's generals and troops would feel that no immediate success could save their cause from final overthrow. Thus would be produced and strengthened that very anarchy which is now feared, and the foresight of the friends of the patient would prove the cause of his death.

"Her Majesty's Government need scarcely enlarge on the dangers attendant on the execution of any similar Convention. The example of the Succession War is enough to show how little such agreements are respected when a pressing temptation urges their violation. The position of the Emperor of Russia as depositary, but not proprietor of Constantinople, would be exposed to numberless hazards, both from the long-cherished ambition of his own nation, and the jealousies of Europe. The ultimate proprietor, whoever he might be, would hardly be satisfied with the inert, supine attitude of the heirs of Mahomet II. A great influence on the affairs of Europe seems naturally to belong to the Sovereign of Constantinople, holding the gates of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea.

"That influence might be used in favor of Russia; it might be used to control and curb her power.

"His Imperial Majesty has justly and wisely said—"My country is so vast, so happily circumstanced in every way, that it would be unreasonable in me to desire more territory or more power than I possess. On the contrary," he observed, "our great, perhaps our only danger, is that which would arise from an extension given to an empire already too large." A vigorous and ambitious state, replacing the Sublime Porte, might, however, render war on the part of Russia a necessity for the Emperor or his successors.

"Thus European conflict would arise from the very means taken to prevent it; for neither England nor France, nor probably Austria, would be content to see Constantinople permanently in the hands of Russia.

"On the part of Great Britain, her Majesty's Government at once declare that they renounce all intention or wish to hold Constantinople. His Imperial Majesty may be quite secure upon this head. They are likewise ready to give an assurance that they will enter into no agreement to provide for the contingency of the fall of Turkey without previous communication with the Emperor of Russia.

"Upon the whole, then, Her Majesty's Government are persuaded that no course of policy can be adopted more wise, more disinterested, more beneficial to Europe, than that which His Imperial Majesty has long followed, and which will render his name more illustrious than that of the

most famous Sovereigns who have sought immortality by unprovoked conquest and ephemeral glory.

"With a view to the success of this policy, it is desirable that the utmost forbearance should be manifested towards Turkey; that any demands which the great Powers of Europe may have to make, should be made matter of friendly negotiation rather than of peremptory demand; that military and naval demonstrations to coerce the Sultan should, as much as possible, be avoided; that differences with respect to matters affecting Turkey, within the competence of the Sublime Porte, should be decided after mutual concert between the great Powers, and not be forced upon the weakness of the Turkish Government.

"To these cautions her Majesty's Government wish to add, that in their view it is essential that the Sultan should be advised to treat his Christian subjects in conformity with the principles of equity and religious freedom which prevail generally among the enlightened nations of Europe. The more the Turkish Government adopts the rules of impartial law and equal administration, the less will the Emperor of Russia find it necessary to apply that exceptional protection which his Imperial Majesty has found so burdensome and inconvenient, though no doubt prescribed by duty and sanctioned by treaty.

In a conversation at a party previous to the formal presentation of the note, the Emperor told Sir H. Seymour that the English Government did not understand him. All he wanted was an understanding as to what should not be done when the sick man dies. The ambassador replied that countries do not die in such a hurry.

"Then," rejoined the Emperor, "I will tell you that, if your Government has been led to believe that Turkey retains any elements of existence, your Government must have received incorrect information. I repeat to you that the sick man is dying; and we can never allow such an event to take us by surprise. We must come to some understanding; and this we would do, I am convinced, if I could hold but ten minutes conversation with your ministers—with Lord Aberdeen, for instance, who knows me so well, who has full confidence in me, as I have in him. And, remember, I do not ask for a treaty or a protocol; a general understanding is all I require—that between gentlemen is sufficient; and in this case I am certain that the confidence would be as great on the side of the Queen's Ministers as on mine. So no more for the present; you will come to me to-morrow, and you may remember that as often as you think your conversing with me will promote a good understanding upon any point, you will send word that you want to see me."

Sir H. Seymour adds his suspicion "the Emperor's object is to engage her Majesty's Government, in conjunction with his own Cabinet and that of Vienna, in some scheme for the ultimate partition of Turkey, and for the exclusion of France from the arrangement."

Upon the formal reading of Lord John Russell's despatch, the ambassador asked the Emperor to explain his negative policy.

This his Majesty for some time declined doing; he ended, however, by saying, "Well, there are several things which I will not tolerate; I will

begin by ourselves. I will not tolerate the permanent occupation of Constantinople by the Russians: having said this, I will say that it never shall be held by the English, or French, or any other great nation. Again, I never will permit an attempt at the reconstruction of a Byzantine empire, or such an extension of Greece as would render her a powerful State; still less will I permit the breaking-up of Turkey into little republics, asylums for the Kossuths and Mazzinis, and other revolutionists of Europe; rather than submit to any of these arrangements I would go to war, and as long as I had a man or a musket left would carry it on."

The Emperor argued at some length that the dissolution of Turkey was at hand, and would some day take them unawares.

"His Imperial Majesty spoke of France. 'God forbid,' he said, 'that I should accuse any one wrongfully, but there are circumstances both at Constantinople and Montenegro which are extremely suspicious; but it looks very much as if the French Government were endeavoring to embroil us all in the East, hoping in this way the better to arrive at their own objects, one of which, no doubt, is the possession of Tunis.'

Sir H. Seymour suggested that Austria would desire to be consulted.

"'Oh!' replied the Emperor, greatly to my surprise, 'but you must understand that when I speak of Russia I speak of Austria as well; what suits the one suits the other; our interests as regards Turkey are perfectly identical.'

Referring to the rising in Montenegro His Majesty said—

"'It is impossible not to feel great interest in a population warmly attached to their religion, who have so long kept their ground against the Turks;' and the Emperor continued—'It may be fair to tell you that if any attempts at exterminating those people shall be made by Omer Pacha, and should a general rising of the Christians take place in consequence, the Sultan will, in all probability, lose his throne; but in this case he falls to rise no more. I wish to support his authority, but, if he loses it, it is gone for ever. The Turkish empire is a thing to be tolerated not to be reconstructed. In such a case, I protest to you I will not allow a pistol to be fired.'

"The Emperor went on to say that, in the event of the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire, he thought it might be less difficult to arrive at a satisfactory territorial arrangement than was commonly believed. 'The Principalities are,' he said, 'in fact, an independent State under my protection; this might so continue. Servia might receive the same form of government. So again with Bulgaria. There seems to be no reason why this province should not form an independent state. As to Egypt, I quite understand the importance to England of that territory. I can then only say, that if, in the event of a distribution of the Ottoman succession upon the fall of the empire, you should take possession of Egypt, I shall have no objections to offer. I would say the same thing of Candia: that island might suit you, and I do not know why it should not become an English possession.'

"As I did not wish that the Emperor should imagine than an English public servant was

caught by this sort of overture, I simply answered that I had always understood that the English views upon Egypt did not go beyond the point of securing a safe and ready communication between British India and the mother country."

In dismissing Sir H. Seymour the Emperor said, "I have confidence in the English Government. Ce n'est point un engagement, une convention que je leur demande; c'est un libre échange d'idées, et au besoin, une parole de gentilhomme; entre nous cela suffit."

These conversations were embodied in a Russian memorandum, dated Feb. 21, which stipulated that "the result of this discussion should remain what it ought to be, a secret between the two sovereigns."

To these disclosures of the views of Russia, which reached the Foreign-office on the 8th of March, Lord Clarendon replied that, concurring as he did in the negative propositions of the Emperor Nicholas, the British Government perseveres in the belief that Turkey still possesses the elements of existence, and that the hastening or indefinite postponement of an event which every Power in Europe is concerned in averting will mainly depend on the policy of Russia herself towards the Porte: but that in any case England desires no territorial aggrandisement, and could be no party to a previous arrangement from which she was to derive any such benefit, or to any understanding, however general, which was to be kept secret from the other Powers. Seeing that no good could arise out of a further correspondence, the Foreign Secretary desires that it should cease. He previously, however, makes the following observations in respect to the instructions given to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, in regard to the Holy Places. He was told to bear in mind that Her Majesty's Government, without professing to give an opinion on the subject, were not insensible to the superior claims of Russia, both as respected the treaty obligations of Turkey, and the loss of the moral influence that the Emperor would sustain throughout his dominions, if, in the position occupied by his Imperial Majesty with reference to the Greek church, he was to yield any privileges it had hitherto enjoyed to the Latin church, of which the Emperor of the French claimed to be the protector.

The following Russian memorandum closes the correspondence:

"The Emperor has, with lively satisfaction, made himself acquainted with Lord Clarendon's despatch of the 23d of March. His Majesty congratulates himself on perceiving that his views and those of the English Cabinet entirely coincide on the subject of the political combinations which it would be chiefly necessary to avoid, in the extreme case of the contingency occurring in the East, which Russia and England have equally at heart to prevent, or, at all events, to delay as long as possible. Sharing, generally, the opinions expressed by Lord Clarendon, on the necessity of the prolonged maintenance of the existing state of things in Turkey, the Emperor, nevertheless, cannot abstain from adverting to a special point, which leads him to suppose that the information received by the British Government is not altogether in accordance with ours. It refers to the humanity and the toleration to be shewn by

Turkey in her manner of treating her Christian subjects.

"Putting aside many other examples to the contrary of an old date, it is, for all that, notorious that recently the cruelties committed by the Turks in Bosnia forced hundreds of Christian families to seek refuge in Austria. In other respects, without wishing on this occasion to enter upon a discussion as to the symptoms of decay, more or less evident, presented by the Ottoman Power, or the greater or less degree of vitality which its internal constitution may retain, the Emperor will readily agree that the best means of upholding the duration of the Turkish Government, is not to harass it by overbearing demands, supported in a manner humiliating to its independence and its dignity. His Majesty is disposed, as he has ever been, to act upon this system, with the clear understanding, however, that the same rule of conduct shall be observed, without distinction, and unanimously, by each of the great Powers, and that none of them shall take advantage of the weakness of the Porte, to obtain from it concessions which might turn to the prejudice of the others. This principle being laid down, the Emperor declares that he is ready to labour, in concert with England, at the common work of prolonging the existence of the Turkish Empire, setting aside all causes of alarm on the subject of its dissolution. He readily accepts the evidence offered by the British Cabinet, of entire confidence in the uprightness of his sentiments, and the hope that, on this basis, his alliance with England cannot fail to become stronger.

"St. Petersburg, April 3 (16), 1853."

The *Times* fairly describes Count Neesselrode's "memorandum" founded on communications received from the Emperor when in England in 1844, as a declaration on the part of the two Cabinets that they were mutually convinced that it is their common interest that Turkey should retain her independence and her existing territorial possessions; that they would unite their efforts to consolidate her existence, and to avert dangers threatening to her safety; and that for this purpose it was essential to leave the Porte alone, without uselessly harassing it by diplomatic embarrassments, and without interfering, except in cases of absolute necessity, in its internal affairs.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

During the last week of October and the month of November, military operations were commenced along the Danube, and several partial engagements took place, generally resulting in the success of the Turks. The principal of them was the movement at Oltienitz, where the Russians suffered severely. An event of much greater importance occurred, however, on the last day of November at Sinope, where the Russian fleet, in force, attacked a Turkish Squadron:—

All accounts agree in stating that the Turks suffered terribly at Sinope. The town was set on fire and destroyed, and upwards of 4000 Turks perished; and 400 guns were lost to the Turkish fleet. The Turkish squadron under Osman Bey consisted of six frigates, four corvettes, and two

steamers, and not of mere transports. The Russians attacked this flotilla as it lay at anchor in the roadstead of Sinope with an enormous disproportion of force, inasmuch as the division of the Russian fleet under the command of Nachimoff, at Sinope, consisted of four ships of the line, 120 guns each—*Tri Sviatitela*, *Grossfurst Constantin* (Admiral's ship), *Paris*, and *Zuol Apostel*; two ships of 84 guns—*Rostislav* and *Sviatoslin*; and the two steamers, *Wladimir* and *Odessa*.—Admiral Kornileff arrived in another steamer just after the close of the engagement. This Russian squadron was bound on a cruise, and had already, as far back as the middle of November, been on the chase after these Turkish vessels, and had hoped to come up with them in either Sinope, Varna, or Baltschik.

One of those fogs which are so prevalent in the Black Sea at this time of year, and which render the navigation of it so difficult, concealed the approach of the enemy, who had been blockading the port, and the land batteries appear to have been unprepared for his approach. The first object seen in the mist was the Russian fleet in overwhelming force, at a short distance, bearing down. The Turkish vessels were quietly at anchor. A Russian three-decker placed itself between a Turkish frigate, the *Minania*, and the Egyptian frigate, the *Damietta*. These two ships before the enemy could open his fire, threw in their broadsides so close, that the Russian three-decker was severely injured. In the meantime, another Russian ship of the line attacked two corvettes between which it succeeded in placing itself. The rest of the Russian fleet quickly came up, threw in their fire together on the helpless Turkish vessels; and the combat became general. The Turkish steamer, *Tair*, foreseeing the disaster that was sure to happen, got its steam up, and, not without great difficulty and much danger, succeeded in gliding between the Russian ships, hotly pursued by two corvettes and a steamer. When it had got out of the reach of fire, it was found that she had not less than seventeen cannon balls in her, and had two men killed, and four wounded. According to some accounts, the Russian fleet was composed of 18 ships—three-deckers, two-deckers, frigates, corvettes, and steamers, and that the Turkish flotilla lying at anchor consisted only of six frigates, three corvettes, and two steamers. No one denies that a complete victory was gained by the Russians. The Turkish frigates, however, received their gigantic assailants with the greatest courage and spirit. They only succumbed to the immense superiority of force, and that not without inflicting severe injury on the Russians; and they fought to the last with a degree of courage which has never been exceeded in naval warfare.

So completely were the Turks taken by surprise that, although two Russian steamers had reconnoitred the roads—which are renowned for their security even in winter—on the day preceding the attack, the boilers of the Turkish steamers were not heated when the battle began; and when the Russian vessels were pouring in their broadsides, it was found that they received the fire of their own batteries.

Before the squadron was destroyed, it had con-

veyed arms and ammunition to the coast between Gelendzhik and Souchumkaleh.

The intelligence of the affair at Sinope caused the greatest excitement both in England and France, and instructions were promptly and definitively despatched to the commanders of the allied fleets to guard against the repetition of such a disaster. The allied squadron also entered the Black Sea, and apprised the Governor of Sebastopol of their intention not to permit farther aggression. Early, too, in January, the Turks attacked the Russians at Citale and defeated them, driving them back on Krajova, with a loss of three or four thousand men.

Early in April a British vessel, carrying a flag of truce, was fired into, and it was decided by Admiral Dundas and Hamelin to punish it in the most summary manner. To have attacked Sebastopol, unless aided by a military movement in the rear, would have been premature, and perhaps unavailing. Odessa, the chief commercial city of the Russian Empire, and the emporium whence the Czar draws a large portion of the supplies necessary for the subsistence of his army in the Danubian provinces, was therefore chosen as the point of attack. Accordingly, on the 24th April, the combined fleets appeared before that city, and bombarded it for several hours, inflicting immense damage. Russia has thus felt, for the first time since it was a nation, the weight of the arm of England—and should the war entail no greater calamity, the Czar would not remain unpunished for his unprovoked aggression, the bombardment of Odessa will, however, only be the first of a series of attacks, as the combined fleet had sailed for Sebastopol, to attack, as supposed, that post. French and British troops are rapidly being landed, and accounts may be daily expected of operations undertaken on the sea coast of the Dobradja, in the Danube itself, and on the Crimea.

The greatest exertions are being made, in the meantime, by the Czar to prepare for the conflict, and he has announced his resolution to continue the contest while he has a man or a gun left. In a proclamation, dated the 23rd of April, he has declared that Russia is contending for the Christian faith of her co-religionists, oppressed by their merciless enemies, and that the real object of England and France, is not only to fight against orthodox Chris-

tianity, but to deprive Russia of her powerful position in Europe. Besides warlike preparations, which are made on the vastest scale that Russian finances will admit of, the arts of negotiation are not wanting, and Austria, Prussia, Denmark and Sweden have been in turns assailed, at one time by promises, at the next by threats. So far it is difficult to determine what the ultimate decision of these powers may be. Greece has not been lost sight of by the crafty Nicholas, and there is but too much reason to fear that the weak Otho, instigated by his wife, has become a tool in the hands of the Czar.

In the Baltic the Russians have lost a great many of their merchantmen, and the latest accounts represent the Russian fleet as having left Helsingfors, and the allied as in pursuit of them.

NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

We may almost augur from the action taken by the King of Sweden, that he is personally inclined to make common cause with Russia; this line of conduct, however, in the present excited state of feeling which pervades the Swedes, he will find it difficult to pursue. The old act which forbids more than four vessels of war to enter, at one time, his harbours, has been revived. Seven line of battle ships have been fitted out, and two camps have been formed, one at Carlscrona and the other at Stockholm.

DENMARK.

Placed between two fires, it is difficult to define the course which will be adopted by this nation. To preserve a neutrality will be difficult, and a junction with either will be almost equally fatal. There is, however, little doubt but that an adhesion to the western powers will be adopted, meanwhile great preparations for defence are being made at Copenhagen, Keningsberg, and elsewhere. A fleet which will mount upwards of three hundred guns will also be shortly ready, either for home defences, or for sea.

AUSTRIA.

With her Italian provinces ripe for revolt—with Hungary in the same state of ferment, and with Poland still cherishing the hope of independence, this unfortunate Emperor is in a most pitiable situation. As we have shewn in the secret correspondence, Nicholas in

speaking for himself, considered that he also spoke for Austria, fettered then in this way, whatever course adopted would almost appear to be suicidal. The latest accounts, however, announce that proposals have been made to Russia, and that the rejection of them will determine their neutrality. In the mean time the troops in Italy, are being gradually drawn to the North and concentrated.

PRUSSIA.

Prussia in the contest has comparatively little interest. Russia is no favorite of the King's, and the old grudge against France will prevent a hearty co operation with the western powers. Meantime by neutrality the country has every thing to gain. There is then very little doubt but that this line of action will be strictly followed.

PORTUGAL.

In consequence of the Queen of Portugal's death, in child bed, and of her son Don Pedro (only 16 years old) not being capable until 18 years of age of assuming the reins of government, his father Ferdinand was declared Regent. The deceased Queen was 54 years of age.

Space forbids our commenting on the position of other European powers, or of entering into the differences that have arisen between Spain and the United States. Suffice it to observe that the most hearty understanding exists between France and England, with respect to these differences, and that the former country is in a high state of prosperity, contented with the new order of things. It is a striking proof of the enthusiasm which animates France in the present conflict, and may be mentioned the fact that the loan necessary for carrying on the war has been raised in a great measure from small sums of from one to ten pounds. A gigantic National saving bank has thus been formed, and the war popularised.

The differences between Spain and America are likely to lead to serious results, as the Americans seem desirous to avail themselves of France and England being engaged in the Eastern war, to press their designs on Cuba. The annexation of Cuba, however, as a slave State, is not likely to be permitted by either country. Its annexation as a free state, Great Britain, considering her present relations with the Court of Spain, would most probably agree to.

CHESS.

(To Correspondents.)

BETTY MARTIN.—You have again come dreadfully near the solution of our Problem.

CLOVERFIELD.—Strangely enough, Enigma 25 can be solved in the stipulated number of moves, although by error White's R occupies Q Kt 6th, instead of K Kt 6th. We recommend you to try this enigma as amended.

M. T. H.—Totally incorrect.

CAROLUS.—Your adversary was perfectly justified in enforcing the rule "touch and move." The law regarding this question stands as follows: "A piece or pawn touched must be played, unless, at the moment of touching it, the player say "*J'adoube*," or words to that effect; but if a piece or pawn be displaced or overturned by accident, it may be restored to its place."

Solutions to Problem 6, by J. B., G. P., J. H. R., and Pawn are correct; all others are wrong.

Solutions to Enigmas in our last by Cloverfield, Amy, and Pawn are correct.

ERRATA.—Enigma 25. For "R at Q Kt 6th" read "R at K Kt 6th."

On page 543, col. 1. Blacks 26th move, for "K to his 2nd" read "K to his B 2nd";—Col. 2. Blacks 16th move, for "K to Q R sq. read "K to Q B sq."

On page 544, in not (k) to Game IV., for "Not Kt, takes Kt on account of 33, Q to K. R 8th (ch) followed by Q R to K 2nd (ch)" read "Not Kt takes Kt on account of 33, Q to K R 8th (ch) followed by K R to K sq. (ch.) &c."

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. VI.

WHITE.

BLACK.

1. R to K 8th (ch) Kt takes R or (A)
2. Q to K B 8th (ch) Q interposes
3. B to Q 4th (ch) Kt interposes
4. B mates.

(A)

- K to Kt 2nd
2. B takes P (ch) K to B 2nd or (B)
3. Q to K R 5th (ch) K to B 3rd
4. Q mates.

(B)

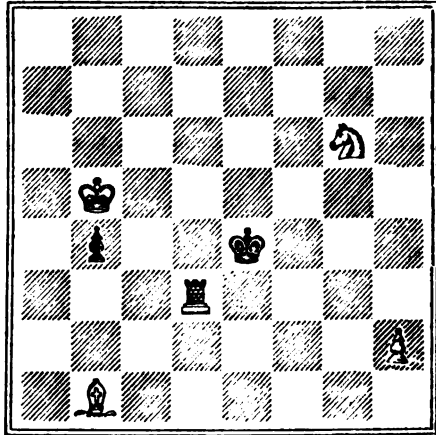
- K to Kt 3rd (a)
2. Q to K B 5th (ch) K takes B
4. Q mates.

(a) Should K take B, or move on K B 3rd, mate would ensue next move.

PROBLEM NO. VII.

By Mr. George Palmer.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

ENIGMAS.

No. 26. By Rev. H. Bolton.

WHITE.—K at Q B 8rd; R at Q Kt 7th; P at Q B 7th and Q Kt 5th.

BLACK.—K at Q B 4th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 27. From the Schachzeitung.

WHITE.—K at K B sq; Q at K R 7; Rs at K B 4th and K 5th; Bs at K Kt 6th and Q Kt 5th; Kts at Q 2nd and Q R 4th; P at K Kt 2nd.

BLACK.—K at Q B sq; Q at Q B 7th; R at Q 2nd; B at K 8rd; Kts at Q 5th and Q Kt 3rd; P at Q Kt 2nd.

White to play and mate in three moves.

TORONTO CHESS CLUB.

The first annual meeting of this society was held at the rooms of the club on the evening of the 3rd ultimo, the President (Professor Cherri-man) in the chair. The Secretary read the report for the year just ended, from which it appeared that upwards of thirty gentlemen had been enrolled as members during the year, of whom twenty-two still remained on the books, the remainder having left Toronto to reside elsewhere. A balance appeared at the credit of the club, which, for the first year of its existence, was deemed most satisfactory, and the second year commenced with the admission of several new members, so we have every reason to expect that this society will finally succeed.

We make room for the latter part of the report, complaining of the very scant attendance of mem-

bers at the weekly meetings of the club.—“ This apathy on the part of the members of the club is much to be regretted, as it must inevitably lead to the break up of the society; much disappointment has been felt at the very rare attendance in the club rooms, some few of the regular visitors of the club being among those who live at the greatest distance from it: and your committee wish some means could be devised to induce the friends of chess to attend more regularly. With this view they have turned their attention towards procuring more comfortable rooms, but hitherto unsuccessfully; however, they are now in hopes of being able shortly to announce that they have secured rooms which the subscribers of the club may, perhaps, be persuaded to visit oftener than at present.

“ Your committee take this opportunity of observing that much might be done for the benefit of the Club were the members individually to exert themselves to get further accessions to their number; and in conclusion would strongly urge upon those who feel any desire for the continuance of the Club the necessity of their making *some little exertion* to attend the weekly meetings with regularity: for it must be borne in mind that it is not to be expected that Chess Clubs are to be strongly maintained, and the spirit of chess play kept up, without some *SELF-SACRIFICE* on the part of those who advocate the progress of Chess Science.”

We have since learned that the Committee have succeeded in procuring rooms over Mr. Griffith's saddlery store, 64 King Street West, and that the Club now meets there every Thursday evening at 7 P.M.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year at the last annual meeting:—Prof. Cherriman, President; Dr. O'Brien, Mr. Robertson and Mr. Palmer, the Committee; and Mr. Chewett, Secretary and Treasurer.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

[The following game, with notes, is from the April number of the *Chess Player's Chronicle*.]

A Brilliant little Game lately played between Messrs. Drew and Harris, of the Richmond Chess Club.

(Evan's Gambit.)

BLACK (MR. D.)

WHITE (MR. H.)

1 P to K 4th.

P to K 4th.

2 K Kt to B 3rd.

Q Kt to B 3rd.

BLACK (MR. D.)

3 K B to Q B 4th.

4 P to Q Kt 4th.

5 P to Q B 3rd.

6 P to Q 4th.

7 P takes P.

8 P to Q R 4th.

9 Castles.

10 B to Q Kt 5th.

11 B to Q Kt 2nd.

12 P to K 5th.

13 R to K sq.

14 Q Kt to Q 2nd.

15 Q to Q Kt 3rd.

16 B takes Q Kt.

17 Q takes Q B.

18 P takes P.

19 Q R to Q sq.

20 Kt to K 4th.

21 P to K R 4th.

22 P to K R 5th.

23 Kt to K Kt 5th.

24 R takes R.

25 P to K 6th (c).

26 Q to K B 5th.

27 Q takes B.

28 Kt to B 7th.

29 Kt to R 6th (ch).

30 Q takes K B P.

WHITE (MR. H.)

K B to Q B 4th.

B takes Kt P.

B to Q B 4th.

P takes P.

B to Q Kt 3rd.

P to Q R 4th.

P to Q 3rd.

B to Q 2nd.

K Kt to B 3rd.

K Kt to Q 4th.

Castles.

B to K Kt 5th.

B takes Kt.

P takes B.

P takes P.

Kt to Q Kt 5th.

Q to K Kt 4th (a).

Q to K Kt 3rd.

Q R to Q sq.

Q to K 3rd (b).

Q to Q R 7th.

R takes R.

P to K B 3rd (d).

B takes K B P (ch) (e).

Q to her 4th.

R to R sq.

K to R sq.

And White resigns (f).

Notes.

(a) The Q will find her new quarters uncomfortable.
(b) If R took R at this point, Black contemplated the following variation:—

23	R takes R.	R takes R.
23	R takes R.	Q to K 3rd.
24	Kt to B 6th (ch).	P takes Kt, or (A).
25	P takes P.	K to R sq (best).
26	Q to K Kt 3rd.	R to K Kt sq
27	Q takes R (ch).	K takes Q.
28	R to Q 8th (ch) winning.	

VARIATION (A).

24	K to R sq
25	P to R 6th.
26	Q to K Kt 3rd, &c.

(c) Shutting out the Queen completely.

(d) White was mated by force in the event of his taking either Bishop or Pawn.

(e) The only move to get the Queen into play.

(f) If P takes Q it is evident that the B mates

