

colouring from the scene around, and hallowed by the feelings of past suffering, the enjoyment of the present must have been full indeed. Oh! that it could have been as abiding.

All seemed to promise fairly for an average passage. The Cape had been doubled and after a favourable run for a few days with a fair wind, one of those terrific tornados so common in those latitudes set in, and after enduring its violence for two days, in spite of all the precautions which the most skilful seamanship could devise, seconded by untiring exertions of sailors and soldiers, their fine vessel became a total wreck. The terrors of that scene appeared to tax her fortitude to its utmost. Fortunately within a few days they were discovered by one of H. M. cruisers and with the assistance of the united crews, she was soon put in such a condition as to be enabled to prosecute her voyage to its completion.

The regiment was stationed on the frontier of the disturbed districts. Indeed hostilities had already commenced, and it was not improbable that on reaching his destination her husband would speedily be engaged in action. No very pleasurable prospect this for the young wife. Her very worst fears were realized. On arriving at head quarters, he found himself under orders to proceed at once with a detachment in charge of ammunition to the seat of war. They who had shared together the risk of disease, and the perils of shipwreck, must now be separated—he, to encounter the chances of war, she to endure the trial of suspense and undergo the agony of childbirth. One can scarcely imagine an accumulation of equal misfortune. She became a mother; and for a brief season had the gratification of enjoying the society of the father and infant together. How little can those who instigate and promote warfare, reflect upon the ceaseless grief, the mental torture they occasion. The peace of home, disturbed; the heart broken—the bright hopes, crushed—the noble creatures destroyed. And after all, where is the recompense. National pride. Territorial possession. What are these to one single image of the creator mutilated by the death-dispensing ball—one forlorn and hopeless widow sighing over the lifeless form of him who was all in all to her—one helpless orphan left to grapple with the cold, cold world!

The circumstances attending Major Grundy's death after returning to duty were of a very peculiar and harrowing nature, and form a complete episode in this eventful narrative, but as I hear preparations for the evening's repast perhaps you will prefer my postponing its recital to a future occasion, rather than that it should be interrupted.

Mr. M.—Willingly. And while we discuss our Bohea, we may descant upon the topics more immediately connected with our respective

vocations, you as a maker, I as a vender of Books. I brought out this little volume in my pocket in order that you may notice it. It is the last of PUTNAM'S semi-monthly Library, and is entitled the Arctic Journal, or Eighteen Months in the Polar Regions.

THE MAJOR.—The republisher seems an enterprising and spirited one, it is only the other day I read a notice of this book in the English reviews as just appearing. The book shall have attention, but really what with Appleton, Putnam, to say nothing of Harper, and sundry others,—one has enough reading in the month.

Mr. M.—Putnam's selection appears to be admirably made, and probably more with a view to instructive reading than his rival, who with equally good taste, caters for his patrons amusement. The circulation of these works must be enormous to warrant the cost of production.

THE MAJOR.—Yes. But what do you think of all these republications being made, without any regard to the interest of the author in his copyright?

Mr. M.—Many English authors dispose of the privilege of reproduction to the American publisher, well knowing that it were better to reap such an advantage than to suffer by absolute piracy, or otherwise limit the circulation of their works. This of course is done with due regard to the interest of the home publisher, where he is the beneficiary of the copyright. But, after all, the system of piracy is much to be regretted, and it is to be hoped that ere long a good system of international legislation will be adopted on this point, for it would be a great reproach on the age that so many thousands of English readers should be deprived of the advantage of perusing the writings of the authors of both countries except at a high cost, to many amounting to a prohibition.

THE MAJOR.—I hear approaching footsteps and doubt not they are those of our now renowned shantysts. Let us welcome them.

THE LAIRD, (reciting) enters—

"The chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty Lakes,
From Venachar in silver breaks."

THE MAJOR.—Why Laird, have you been poring over your favourite lately, that you should come sounding his verse in such a jaunty style as that.

THE LAIRD.—A truce to your joking, Major. It's very true that the words are Sir Walter's, but it was in nae buik o' his that I read them last; nor after a' do I think that the application o' them is sae much out o' the way. Here I am a great chief in my ane way, "Nascimus Princeps"—but I forgot a' my humanity whilk the old dominie at the schule skelped into me down? the Gallowgate, so I must beg for a dictionary, to astonish you anither time, but as I was saying, we'll premise I'm the chief, and who can gainsay that? Well