



PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The above engraving is a very good likeness of the President of the United Northern, Middle and Western States of America. He was born on the 12th day of Feb 1809, and is 52 years old. His birth-place is in the State of Kentucky. For many years past he has lived at Springfield Illinois, and is personally very popular in his immediate neighborhood. In his great contest with Mr Douglas, there are many who consider he was the most able debater. The personal relations of the "Little Giant" and "Honest Old Abe," as they are generally known in the States, have always been friendly.

Physically, Mr Lincoln is not nearly so hardy a man as is generally supposed from his *soubriquet* of the "rail splitter." His profession is that of law, and his most ardent admirers have never claimed that he possessed commanding talents. Certainly, if he has them, the American revolution is well calculated to call them into exercise. If the old saying, "uneasy is the head that wears a crown" is ever true, surely the position of President of the United States of the North at this juncture is anything but desirable.

We shall give a portrait of Mr Douglas in our next.

## THE ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

BY JAMES M'CARROLL, ESQ.

IN a dark, dreary evening towards the latter end of October, 18—, I was seated alone with my family, in our residence a short distance from the Falls of Niagara, where I was then stationed, and which was at the period one of the most notorious smuggling points on the whole frontier. The wind came up the gorge of the river, from Queenston, with a violence that made the great Suspension Bridge, within a few hundred feet of us, absolutely shriek as it swung to and fro over the frightful abyss it spans so miraculously, and the eagles that were seen hovering around the far famed Whirlpool, at sunset, were—as Tennyson has it—literally blown about the skies,—preferring, as might be supposed, the gloomy and unsheltered regions of the clouds, to the uncertain refuge of the woods that were bowed to the earth before each successive sweep of the merciless blast. I had just filled a pipe, and drawn my chair a little closer to the fire, with the intention of giving a temporary quietus to the cares of this life, when one of my daughters directed my attention to a paragraph of some length, which she had at that moment been perusing in an American journal, requesting, at the same time, that I would be so good as to read it aloud for the gratification of the other members of the family. To this solicitation I acceded cheerfully, and found, as I proceeded with the subject, that the contents were of more than ordinary interest—embracing a very recent and peculiar circumstance connected with the boasted freedom of the neighboring Republic.

It appeared during the progress of the narrative, that somewhere to the southward, a young, rich, and exceedingly beautiful quadroon—who was affianced to a handsome youth of slightly mixed blood, like herself—was the object of a lawless and most ungovernable passion on the part of a disreputable though enormously wealthy planter, whom she detested, and whose estates were but a few miles distant from her abode. On finding himself baffled at every turn, by the sterling

virtue of the young girl, and the vigilance of her anxious and pure minded lover, this fiend in human shape—acting upon a blind received on a former occasion—secretly set enqui on foot regarding the parentage and antecedents of the youthful pair, when, strange as it may appear, it was ascertained beyond the slightest possibility of doubt, that, notwithstanding their pecuniary independence and estimable character, they were not free according to the laws under which they lived, but were, on the contrary, liable to be seized and sold, at any moment, as the indisputable property of a distant slave-holder, with whom he was on the most intimate terms, but who, through a strange combination of circumstances, was totally unconscious of the existence of the parties, or of having any claims upon them whatever.

On being positively assured of a fact so important, a visit was paid, post haste, to this gentleman, but, as might be anticipated, he very properly hesitated before entering into bonds affecting the liberty of two strangers. Misled, however, by the misrepresentations of his visitor—and, as a full title, at any sum, to whatever claims he might be found to possess, was all that was demanded on the occasion—a total transfer of the unfortunate orphans—for such they were—was soon effected, and Mr —, returned to his splendid inheritance, rejoicing over his nefarious triumph and the anticipated immediate possession of his long sought prize.

The very morning after his arrival, and before the sun had yet risen, this heartless wretch appeared at the residence of his intended victim, armed with legal authority and accompanied by a sufficient force to overcome all resistance, and carry both her and the youth of her heart, off into the very depths of his plantations. But what must have been his rage and disappointment, to learn, that she and her youthful protector had suddenly disappeared the day previous, and after having been married privately—as it was rumored—at the cottage of an old and tried friend, who apprised them of the calamity that threatened them, and to whom they disposed on the most advantageous terms, of all their valuable property, with the exception of a small cask of jewels, and some necessary wearing apparel.

Burning with vengeance at this mortifying intelligence, and determined to succeed at any cost, couriers were despatched in every direction, and ten thousand dollars reward offered for the apprehension of the poor fugitives. In addition to this, four or five reckless characters were hurried off, with all speed, to the frontiers between Buffalo and Fort Niagara, as it was conjectured, that the "runaways" would endeavour to reach the Canadas, as the only impregnable place of safety for them on the broad continent of America.

On the completion of these hasty arrangements, he managed, through the influence of his countless riches, to make himself thoroughly acquainted with every step of the route to be pursued by the persecuted outcasts, and to fathom all their secret hopes and designs. The result was, that, after making some hurried dispositions regarding his affairs, he was, himself, on their track, in less than twenty-four hours after their departure. Night and day he sped onward, without wearying on his journey, for a single moment, until, at last, he arrived at Buffalo, where he lost all traces of them,—although put in full possession of the fact, that they were seen at one of the Railway Stations in that City, but a few hours previously.

Here, the paragraph, closed with a statement, that gangs of desperados were now employed, on both frontiers, with the intention of kidnapping the hapless pair, should they succeed in even reaching the Canadian shore,—and further, that although the affair was hushed up in certain quarters, it was well understood, that two human beings of the most refined feelings and education, were, at that moment, hunted like wild beasts, through the land, if not already writhing in the relentless grasp of this inhuman monster.

After indulging in various comments on these heart-rending disclosures, and offering up many a fervent prayer for the safety of the poor, panting fugitives, our conversation turned, not unnaturally, on the violence of

the storm, and what might be anticipated as its sad results.—We spoke of the ocean on such a night, with "the man lashed to the helm," while the starless waves rolled over him in mountains, and left his fated bark a shapeless mass. We thought, too, of the houseless wanderer on some bleak and barren moor, with, perchance, the tear of bitter memories on his cheek, as lone he staggered o'er the cheerless waste, without a ray to light his weary feet, or show his grey hairs scattered in the wind, save that which flashed around him in blue flame, and mocked his poor, dim eyes back into ten-fold night. Nor, did the daring smuggler escape a passing observation, for well we know, that the commotion of the elements must be fearful, indeed, that could obstruct his lawless operations, and, that, possibly at that very instant, and at no great distance from where we were then assembled, he was buffeting the winds and the waves, in the pursuit of his hazardous occupation. Of all this we thought with every degree of seriousness, and were just contrasting our enviable circumstances with the condition of those who were exposed to the inclemency of the weather, when we were startled by a sharp, single knock at the outer door. Wondering who it could be that selected so strange a period for a visit, I hurried immediately into the hall—where the lamp was still burning, although we were about retiring to rest—and gave instant admission to a useful though not highly esteemed acquaintance of mine, who generally paid his respects to me, long after the sun had set, with the hope of concealing from the public, the fact, that he possessed a wonderfully keen eye and ear, which he occasionally turned to good account, at the expense of the free-traders that abounded in the neighbourhood—although, notwithstanding this laudable delicacy on his part, a more incorrigible and universally recognised informer never stepped in shoe leather.

"What's up to-night, old Ringwood?" said I, leading him into my office—"for I am totally unable, I confess, to comprehend the motives that induced you to venture out during such wild weather as this."

"There's a good deal up, sir, a good deal," he replied, while the light from the hall fell on his sinister features,—“I was on the cars this evening, at six, when they stopped at Schlosser, a very suspicious spot—and put off a large quantity of tobacco, sugar, and tea, together with a number of small parcels, which are all, I am satisfied, to be run in below Chippewa, to-night, by old Tarpaulin and his sons."

"But in the name of common sense," said I, "how can you possibly imagine for a moment, that any one, but a confirmed lunatic, would attempt to cross the river, on the very brink of the Rapids, and so short a distance above the Falls, during such a terrific night as this?"

"That, I can imagine very easily," he returned, "for the wind which is blowing a hurricane, is directly up the channel, and almost sufficient of itself, to keep a craft stationary in the current, while, as to the darkness, and the few heavy drops that are falling occasionally, they are perfect pets of Old Tarpaulin, who, as you are aware, never permits a trifle to keep his boats idle, when there is a prospect of laying his fingers on a few dollars."

"That may be," I observed, "but I must assuredly entertain strong doubts, as to the certainty of his tempting Providence, by exposing himself to the fury of the elements on the present occasion. Although, I would, myself make every rational sacrifice to teach a smuggler, so notorious, a very sharp lesson, and put a stop to his habitual boasting, and sarcastic sneers at the alleged inefficiency of the service on this side of the lines."

"Now is your time, then sir, now is your time,"—eagerly ejaculated my companion, "for I saw him at the train, eyeing the goods closely, as they were handed out, and what's more, he endeavored to get a peep at me, and make out who it was that was standing, muffled up, watching them, in the freight car from which they were taken, although, I am almost confident he did not succeed. And, as respects the fury of the elements, I have walked nearly four miles through the very

height of the storm, with this intelligence, without being, as you perceive, a single whit the worse."

"But," said I, endeavoring to throw some insurmountable obstacle in the way, "how are we to get to Chippewa, as it is now nearly nine o'clock, and, can you positively determine the precise point at which the articles may be landed?"

"The boats," he replied, "must be landed at the old spot near the church, as it is not only some distance this side of the village, but quite sheltered and secluded, and, with regard to our getting there, we must go across the road at once, and make Tom harness up his horses, and take us to the place, himself, as he is no great stranger to the service, and will be of infinite assistance to us, in case of any emergency."

The scoundrel had me in the hip at every turn, so, not wishing the impression to go abroad, that I was influenced in the disclosure of my duties, by the state of the atmosphere, or the lateness of the hour, I put the best possible face on the matter, and informed him, that as he appeared so confident of success, I would go and equip myself instantly, or the adventure, and join him without a moment's unnecessary delay.

As may be presumed, my determination to leave my dwelling, at that unseasonable hour, in company with a character so suspicious, and under circumstances so unfavorable, was not received with any great degree of satisfaction, by my family, however, my resolution being then fixed, I proceeded to make some hasty preparations, and in the course of a very few minutes, emerged into the storm—Ringwood leading the way with a dark lantern, and my wife informing me, as she closed the door behind us, that both she and the two eldest of my daughters, would sit up and anxiously await my return.

On making our intentions known to Tom, whose abode was but a few paces distant, I was not surprised to find that he expressed great astonishment at our proposed undertaking, and predicted that it would turn out "a wild goose chase," from the fact, as he observed, that the most daring smuggler, on the face of the whole globe, would not attempt a passage of the river near the church, on such a night. On my apprising him, however, that having once set out, I should proceed with the journey, and judge for myself, he reluctantly agreed to accompany us. So, after fortifying himself, both inwardly and outwardly against all contingencies, he proceeded to the stables, and soon had a suitable vehicle in readiness for our departure.

It was close upon ten o'clock, when seated in a stout waggon drawn by two powerful Bays, we all started off towards Drummondville, by the back route, not wishing to take the track across the river, leading past the Clifton, lest the lightning, which flashed around us at intervals, should startle the horses, on the verge of the frightful precipices that skirt the whole way. We had a journey of nearly five miles to perform, but were almost carried along by the tempest, wherever the wheeling was good. The roads, however, in consequence of the late rains, were exceedingly heavy in some places, until we reached the wide Common stretching out between us and the Pavilion. Here it was thought advisable to leave Drummondville to the right, and make our way across the open space, as being the shortest cut, if the best road to our place of destination. This part of the route, being accomplished without meeting with any serious obstruction, we soon passed through the first toll-gate, and, rolling along the plank at a middling brisk pace, we found ourselves, about a quarter to eleven, directly opposite the church which the lightning discovered standing in an isolated spot, a short distance to the left.

We now turned into the little avenue leading to the edifice, and driving cautiously under one of the wooden sheds we carefully secured our horses, and, by the aid of the dark lantern, which Ringwood had just relighted, examined our revolvers—for we were all well armed—while, in addition to this, I drew from one of my pockets, a powerful night-glass, and adjusted it to the proper focus, so as to have it in complete readiness, should any lights be discerned in the dis-