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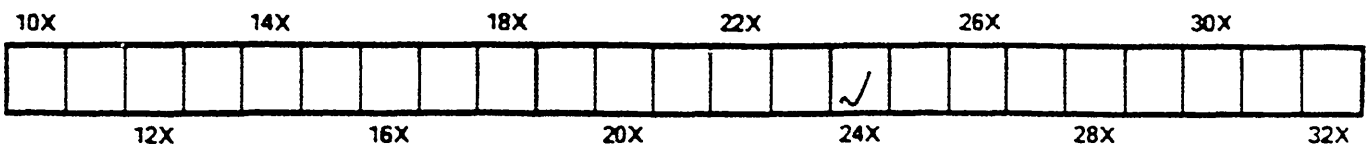

THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN

MAGAZINE.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1855.

VOL. VI.

TORONTO:
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THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL VI.—TORONTO: JANUARY, 1855.—No. 1.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC CELEBRITIES.

No. I.

W. E. AYTOUN.

W. E. Aytoun is a member of the Scottish bar, though we believe that the briefs which he has perused, and the fees which have "tickled his palm," have been sparse as the visits of angels. Addicted, from his "green and salad days," to what Crook-in-the-Lot Boston termed "the vain and unprofitable art of verse-making," he, at an early period, adopted literature as a profession, and, when hardly out of his teens, became a successful contributor to Tait's Edinburgh Magazine and other periodicals of repute.

Becoming the son-in-law of the glorious and immortal Christopher North, Aytoun was admitted into the ranks of the brotherhood who replenished the pages of Blackwood, and, after ancient Kit was gathered to the tomb of his fathers, he succeeded to the curatorship of that famous serial.

We exhaust our slender stock of biographical information regarding our author when we state, that he now enjoys the status and stipend of Professor of Belles-lettres in the University of Edinburgh, a position which he fills with credit to himself and profit to his disciples. Though not profound, his prelections are characterised by correct taste and sound criticism, and, like his distinguished "legal sire," he invests them with an interest which never fails to arrest the attention.

It was in Tait's periodical, above referred to, that Aytoun first demonstrated his claim to citizenship of the Republic of Letters, by the production of the "Ballads of Bon Gaultier."

These lyrics consist mainly of parodies of poets and rhymsters of the present century, and are marked by much of the quaint and caustic humour which characterised the "Rejected Addresses," and Canning's metrical contributions to the "Anti-Jacobin."

As "Bon Gaultier," we believe, has not as yet been reprinted on this continent, a few specimens thereof may be acceptable to many of our readers.

There is infinite fun in the following description of a "scene in the circle" at Astley's Amphitheatre, supposed to be from the pen of Alfred Tennyson. In Woolfordinez, Widdicombinez, and Gomersalez, the initiated will have no difficulty in recognizing three well-known "saw-dust" performers:—

THE COURTSHIP OF OUR CID.

What a pang of sweet emotion
  Thrilled the Master of the Ring,
When he first beheld the lady,
  Through the stabled portal spring!
Midway in his wild grimacing
  Stopped the piebald-visaged Clown;
And the thunders of the audience
  Nearly brought the gallery down.

Donna Inez Woolfordinez!
  Saw ye ever such a maid,
With the feathers swaling o'er her,
  And her spangled rich brocade?

In her fairy hand a horsewhip,
On her foot a buskin small;
So she stepped, the stately damsel,
Trough the scarlet grooms and all.

And she beckoned for her courser,
And they brought a milk-white mare;
Proud, I ween, was that Arabian,
Such a gentle freight to bear;
And the Master moved towards her
With a proud and stately walk;
And, in reverential homage,
Rubbed her soles with virgin chalk.

Round she flew, as Flora flying
Spans the circle of the year;
And the youth of London, sighing,
Half forgot the ginger beer—
Quite forgot the maids beside them;
As they surely well might do,
When she raised two Roman candles,
Shooting fireballs red and blue!

Swifter than the Tartar's arrow,
Lighter than the lark in flight,
On the left foot now she bounded,
Now she stood upon the right.
Like a beautiful Bacchante,
Here she soars, and there she kneels;
While amid her flowing tresses,
Flash two whirling Catherine wheels!

Hark! the blare of yonder trumpet!
See, the gates are open wide!
Room, there, room for Gomersalez—
Gomersalez in his pride!
Rose the shouts of exultation,
Rose the cat's triumphant call,
As he bounded man and courser,
Over Master, Clown, and all!

Donna Inez Woolfordinez!
Why those blushes on thy cheek?
Doth thy trembling bosom tell thee,
He hath come thy love to seek?
Fleet thy Arab—but behind thee
He is rushing, like a gale;
One foot on his coal black's shoulders,
And the other on his tail!

Onward, onward, panting maiden!
He is faint and fails—for now,
By the feet he hangs suspended
From his glistening saddle-bow.
Down are gone both cap and feather,
Lance and gonfalon are down!
Trunks, and cloak, and vest of velvet,
He has flung them to the Clown.

Faint and failing! Up he vaulteth,
Fresh as when he first began;
All in coat of bright vermillion,
'Quipped as Shaw the Life-guardsman,
Right and left his whizzing broadsword,
Like a sturdy flail, he throws;
Cutting out a path unto thee,
Through imaginary foes.

Woolfordinez! speed thee onward!
He is hard upon thy track—
Paralyzed is Widdicombez,
Nor his whip can longer crack!
He has flung away his broadsword,
'Tis to clasp thee to his breast.
Onward! see he bares his bosom,
Tears away his scarlet vest.

Leaps from out his nether garments,
And his leathern stock unties—
As the flower of London's dustmen,
Now in swift pursuit he flies.
Nimbly now he cuts and shuffles,
O'er the buckle, heel, and toe!
And with hands deep in his pockets,
Winks to all the throng below!

Onward, onward, rush the coursers,
Woolfordinez, peerless girl,
O'er the garters lightly bounding
From her steed with airy whirl!
Gomersalez, wild with passion,
Danger—all but her—forgets;
Wheresoe'er she flies, pursues her,
Casting clouds of somersets!

Onward, onward, rush the coursers;
Bright is Gomersalez's eye;
Saints protect thee, Woolfordinez,
For his triumph, sure, is nigh!
Now his courser's flanks he lashes,
O'er his shoulder flings the rein,
And his feet aloft he tosses,
Holding stoutly by the mane!

Then, his feet once more regaining,
Doffs his jacket, doffs his smalls;
And in graceful folds around him
A bespangled tunic falls.
Pinions from his heels are bursting,
His bright locks have pinions o'er them;
And the public sees with rapture,
Maia's nimble son before them.

Speed thee, speed thee, Woolfordinez!
For a panting god pursues;
And the chalk is very nearly
Rubbed from thy white satin shoes!

Every bosom throbs with terror,
You might hear a pin to drop;
All was hushed, save where a starting
Cork gave out a casual pop.

One smart lash across his courser,
One tremendous bound and stride,
And our noble Cid was standing
By his Woolfordinez' side!
With a god's embrace he clasped her,
Raised her in his manly arms;
And the stables' closing barriers
Hid his valour and her charms!

John Gibson Lockhart and Thomas Babington Macaulay might toss up for the paternity of the subjoined chivalric ballad. It narrates a "passage at arms" by no means uncommon in the Congress of the contiguous Democracy:—

THE DEATH OF JABEZ DOLLAR.

The Congress met, the day was wet, Van Buren took the chair,
On either side, the statesman pride of far Kentuck was there.
With moody frown, there sat Calhoun, and slowly in his cheek
His quid he thrust, and slaked the dust, as Webster rose to speak.

Upon that day, near gifted Clay, a youthful member sat,
And like a free American upon the floor he spat;
Then turning round to Clay, he said, and wiped his manly chin,
"What kind of Locofoco's that, as wears the painter's skin?"

"Young man," quoth Clay, "avoid the way of Slick of Tennessee;
Of gougers fierce, the eyes that pierce, the fiercest gouger he.
He chews and spits as there he sits, and whittles at the chairs,
And in his hand, for deadly strife, a bowie-knife he bears.

"Avoid that knife! In frequent strife its blade, so long and thin,
Has found itself a resting-place his rival's ribs within."
But coward fear came never near young Jabez Dollar's heart,
"Were he an alligator, I would rile him pretty smart!"

Then up he rose, and cleared his nose, and looked toward the chair,
He saw the stately stripes and stars—our country's flag was there!
His heart beat high, with savage cry upon the floor he sprang,
Then raised his wrist, and shook his fist, and spoke his first harangue:

"Who sold the nutmegs made of wood—the clocks that wouldn't figure?
Who grinned the bark off gum trees dark—the everlasting nigger?
For twenty cents, ye Congress gents, through 'tarnity I'll kick
That man, I guess, though nothing less than 'coon-faced Colonel Slick!"

The colonel smiled, with frenzy wild, his very beard waxed blue,
His shirt it could not hold him, so wrathy riled he grew;
He foams and frets, his knife he whets upon seat below—
He sharpens it on either side, and whittles at his toe.

"Oh! waken, snakes, and walk your chalks!" he cried, with ire irate;
"Darn my old mother, but I will in wild cats whip my weight!
Oh! 'tarnal death, I'll spoil your breath, young Dollar, and your chaffing,
Look to your ribs, for here is that will tickle them without laughing!"

His knife he raised, with fury crazed, he sprang across the hall—
He cut a caper in the air, he stood before them all;
He never stopped to look or think if he the deed should do,
But spinning sent the President, and on young Dollar flew.

They met, they closed, they sunk, they rose, in vain young Dollar strove—
For, like a streak of lightning greased, the infuriate colonel drove
His bowie blade deep in his side, and to the ground they rolled,
And drenched in gore, wheeled o'er and o'er, locked in each other's hold.

With fury dumb, with nail and thumb, they struggled and they thrust;
The red blood ran from Dollar's side, like rain upon the dust;

He nerved his might for one last spring, and as he sunk and died,
Reft of an eye, his enemy fell groaning at his side.

Thus did he fall within the hall of Congress, that brave youth;
The bowie-knife hath quenched his life of valor and of truth;
And still among the statesmen throng at Washington they tell
How nobly Dollar gouged his man—how gallantly he fell!

Very wicked, but consumedly clever is this imitation of our friend Robert Montgomery:—

THE DEATH OF SPACE.

Eternity shall raise her funeral pile
In the vast dungeon of the extinguish'd sky,
And, clothed in dim barbaric splendour, smile,
And murmur shouts of elegiac joy.

While those that dwell beyond the realms of space,
And those that people all that dreary void,
When old Time's endless heir hath run his race,
Shall live for aye, enjoying and enjoyed.

And 'mid the agony of unsullied bliss,
Her Demogorgon's doom shall Sin bewail,
The undying serpent at the spheres shall hiss,
And lash the empyrean with his tail.

And Hell, inflated with supernal wrath,
Shall open wide her thunder-bolted jaws,
And shout into the dull cold ear of Death,
That he must pay his debt to Nature's laws.

And when the King of Terrors breathes his last,
Infinity shall creep into her shell,
Cause and effect shall from their thrones be cast,
And end their strife with suicidal yell.

While from their ashes, burnt with pomp of Kings
'Mid incense floating to the evanished skies,
Nonentity, on circumambient wings,
An everlasting Phœnix shall arise.

For the especial delectation of our Celtic clients, we transfer to our pages the following North British lay. It professes to be a translation from the vernacular of Ossian, and we make no question but that it is as authentic as any of the fragments of the Erse muse, which James Macpherson rescued from oblivion:—

THE MASSACRE OF THE MACPHERSON.

I.

Fhairshon swore a feud
Against the clan Mactavish;
Marched into their land,
To murder and to rafish;
For he did resolve
To extirpate the vipers,
With four-and-twenty men
And five-and-thirty pipers.

II.

But when he had gone
Half way down Strath Canaan,
Of his fighting tail
Just three were remaining.
They were all he had,
To back him in ta battle;
All the rest had gone
Off, to drive ta cattle.

III.

"Fery goot!" cried Fhairshon,
"So my clan disgraced is;
Lads, we'll need to fight
Pefore we touch the peasties.
Here's Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
Coming wi' his fassals,
Gillies seventy-three,
And sixty Dhuinéwassails!"

IV.

"Coot tay to you, sir;
Are you not ta Fhairshon?
Was you coming here
To visit any person?
You are a plackguard, sir!
It is now six hundred
Coot long years, and more,
Since my glen was plundered."

V.

"Fat is tat you say?
Dare you cock your peaver?
I will teach you, sir,
Fat is coot pehaviour!
You shall not exist
For another day more;
I will shoot you, sir.
Or stap you with my claymore!"

VI.

"I am fery glad
To learn what you mention,
Since I can prevent
Any such intention."

So Mhic-Mac-Methusalch
Gave some warlike howls,
Trew his skhian-dhu,
An' stuck it in his powels.

VII.

In this fery way
Tied ta faliant Fhairshon,
Who was always thought
A superior person.
Fhairshon had a son,
Who married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spoiled ta Flood,
By trinking up ta water.

VIII.

Which he would have done,
I at least believe it.
Had ta mixture peen
Only half Glenlivet.
This is all my tale:
Sirs, I hope 'tis new t'ye!
Here's your fery good healths,
And tamn ta whusky tuty!

Passing over for the present the "Dunshunner Papers" and the soul-thrilling "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," we come to Aytoun's latest work, viz., "Firmilian, a Spasmodic Tragedy. By T. Percy Jones."

There is every reason to conclude that for "Jones" we should read Alexander Smith, the young Scottish poet, who so recently burst like a meteor upon the literary horizon of England. It may safely be assumed, likewise, that the aforesaid Smith's "Life Tragedy" suggested the idea of the present "composure" to our mad wag.

"Firmilian," however, is intended to "take off" more members of the "irritable race" than the bard with the Vulcanic name The Laureate, Thomas Carlyle, the "gifted Gilfillan," and Massy, are all complimented with stunning smitations under the fifth rib.

Without attempting any analysis of the "Spasmodic Tragedy," we may simply state that its hero, Firmilian, is a student of Badajoz, whose great ambition is not merely to become a thorough-paced villain, but to experience the luxurious sensation of remorse! The latter part of his aspiration this amiable youth fails to realize! He perpetrates all the crimes embraced in the Newgate calendar, from petty larceny up to murder, but does not succeed in putting his conscience one jot out of sorts. It remains cool as an iced cucumber, and easy as a gouty shoe!

Having poisoned three of his companions in a tavern, Firmilian meditates upon the deed, after the following fashion:—

How is this? My mind
Is light and jocund. Yesternight I deemed
When the dull passing-bell announced the fate
Of those insensate and presumptuous fools,
That, as a vulture lights on carrion flesh
With a shrill scream and flapping of its wings,
Keen-beaked remorse would settle on my soul,
And fix her talons there. She did not come;
Nay, stranger still, methought the passing bell
Was but the prelude to a rapturous strain
Of highest music, that entranced me quite.
For sleep descended on me, as it falls
Upon an infant in its mother's arms,
And all night long I dreamed of Indiana.
What! is remorse a fable after all—
A mere invention, as the Harpies were,
Or crazed Orestes' furies? Or have I
Mista'en the ready way to lure her down?
There are no beads of sweat upon my brow,
My clustering hair maintains its wonted curl,
Nor rises horrent, as a murderer's should.
I do not shudder, start, nor scream aloud,
Tremble at every sound, grow ghastly pale
When a leaf falls, or when a lizard stirs.
I do not wring my fingers from their joints,
Or madly thrust them quite in my ears
To bar the echo of a dying groan.

Being determined to try his hand at the blowing up of a cathedral, the worthy student conveys a due modicum of gunpowder to the vaults thereof, and, having laid a train, proceeds to the exterior of the devoted structure with ignited match in hand. At this crisis a "spasm pervades" him, and he half resolves to abandon his inchoate lark. Unfortunately, however, for the clergy and congregation, he hears the choir chaunting a hymn which does not accord with his notions of orthodoxy. We give the canticle and the upshot thereof:—

ORGAN AND CHOIR.
A defunctis suscitatur
Furtum qui commiserat;
Et Judæus baptizatur
Furtum qui recuperat:
Illi vita restauratur.
Hic ad fidem properat.

FIRMILIAN.

No more was needed to confirm my mind!
That stanza blows all thoughts of pity off,
As empty straws are scattered by the wind!
For I have been the victim of the Jews,
Who, by vile barter, have absorbed my means.
Did I not pawn—for that same flagrant stuff,
Which only waits a spark to be dissolved,
And, having done its mission, must disperse
As a thin smoke into the ambient air—
My diamond cross, my goblet, and my books?
What! would they venture to baptize the Jew?
The cause assumes a holier aspect, then;
And, as a faithful son of Rome, I dare
To merge my darling passion in the wrong
That is projected against Christendom!
Pity, avaunt! I may not longer stay.

[*Exit into the vaults. A short pause, after which he reappears.*

'Tis done! I vanish like the lightning bolt.

ORGAN AND CHOIR.

Nicholai sacerdotum
Decus, honor, gloria;
Plebem omnem, clerum totum—

[*The Cathedral is blown up.*

Haverillo, a vapid but popular poet, has lent Firmilian certain ducats, for the re-payment whereof he waxeth importunate. The student, who is both envious of the bard's fame, and unable to answer his demand, makes an appointment to meet him on "the summit of the pillar of St. Simeon Stylites." Poor Haverillo joins his debtor accordingly at the dizzy trysting-place, but the latter begins ere long to play such unwholesome antics, that the creditor wishes himself safely on the bosom of mother earth again. The parties shall now speak for themselves:

HAVERILLO.

Firmillian!
You carry this too far. Farewell. We'll meet
When you're in better humour.

FIRMILIAN.

Tarry, sir!
I have you here, and thus we shall not part.
I know your meaning well. For that same dross,
That paltry ore of Mammons' mean device
Which I, to honour you, stooped to receive,
You'd set the Alguazils on my heels!
What, have I read your thought? Nay, never shrink,
Nor edge towards the doorway! You're a scholar!
How was't with Phœton?

HAVERILLO.

Alas! he's mad.
Hear me, Firmilian. Here is the receipt.
Take it. I grudge it not. If ten times more,
It were at your sweet service.

FIRMILIAN.

Would you do
This kindness unto me?

HAVERILLO.

Most willingly.

FIRMILIAN.

Liar and slave! There's falsehood in thine eye,
I read as clearly there, as in a book,
That, if I did allow you to escape,
In fifteen minutes you would seek the judge.
Therefore prepare thee, for thou needs must die.

HAVERILLO.

Madman, stand off!

FIRMILIAN.

There's but four feet of Space
To spare between us, I'm not hasty, I!
Swans sing before their death, and it may be
That dying poets feel that impulse too;
Then, prythee, be canorous. You may sing
One of those ditties which have won you gold,
And my meek audience of the vapid strain
Shall count with Phœbus as a full discharge
For all your ducats. Will you not begin?

HAVERILLO.

Leave off this horrid jest, Firmilian!

FIRMILIAN.

Jest! 'Tis no jest! This pillars' very high;
Shout, and no one can hear you from the square.
Wilt sing, I say?

HAVERILLO.

Listen, Firmilian!
I have a third edition in the press,
Whereof the proceeds shall be wholly thine.
Spare me!

FIRMILIAN.

A third edition! Atropos!
Forgive me that I tarried!

HAVERILLO.

Mercy! Ah!—

[*Firmilian hurls him from the column.*

The scene changes to the square below the pillar, and we are introduced to "Apollodorus, a Critic," *alias* "the gifted Gilfillan," the most unmitigated empiric of our quack-teeming age. This flatulated gent thus soliloquizes:—

Why do men call me a presumptuous cur,
A vapouring blockhead, and a turgid fool,

A common nuisance, and a charlatan?
I've dashed into the sea of metaphor
With as strong paddles as the sturdiest ship
That churns Medusæ into liquid light,
And hashed at every object in my way.
My ends are public. I have talked of men
As my familiars, whom I never saw,
Nay, more to raise my credit, I have penned
Epistles to the great ones of the land,
When some attack might make them slightly sore,
Assuring them, in faith, it was not I.
What was their answer? Marry, shortly this:
"Who, in the name of Zernebock, are you?"
I have reviewed myself incessantly,
Yea, made a contract with a kindred soul
For mutual interchange of puffery.
Gods, how we blew each other! But 'tis past,
Those halcyon days are gone; and I suspect.
That, in some fit of loathing or disgust,
As Samuel turned from Eli's coarser son,
Mine ancient playmate hath deserted me.
And yet I am Apollodorus still;
I search for genius, having it myself,
With keen and earnest longings. I survive
To disentangle, from the limping wings
Of our young poets, their crustaceous slough.
I watch them, as the watcher on the brook
Sees the young salmon wrestling from its egg,
And revels in its future bright career.

Gilfillan's course is destined to be abruptly terminated. Being sorely in want of some fresh author to puff and butter up, he exclaims:—

Pythian Apollo!
Hear me—O hear! Towards the firmament
I gaze with longing eyes: and, in the name
Of millions thirsting for poetic draughts,
I do beseech thee, send a poet down!
Let him descend, e'en as a meteor falls,
Rushing at noonday—

[*He is crushed by the fall of the body of Haverillo.*

With one other quotation we must dismiss "Firmilian" and the author thereof.

An "act of faith" takes place in Badajoz, at which a brace of heretics are grilled after a godly manner. One of the culprits is thus described by a gentleman who was present at the "cookery:"—

There was a fellow, too, an Anabaptist,
Or something of the sort, from the Low Countries.
Rejoicing in the name of Teufelsdrockh.
I do not know for what particular sin
He stood condemned; but it was noised abroad
That in all ways he was a heretic.
Six times the Inquisition held debate
Upon his tenets, and vouchsafed him speech,
Whereof he largely did avail himself.
But they could coin no meaning from his words,
Further than this, that he most earnestly
Denounced all systems, human and divine.
And so, because the weaker sort of men
Are oft misled by babbling, as the bees
Hive at the clash of cymbals, it was deemed
A duty to remove him. He, too, spoke;
But never in your life, sir, did you hear
Such hideous jargon! The distracting screech
Of wagon-wheel ungreased was music to it;
And, as for meaning—wiser heads than mine
Could find no trace of it. 'Twas a tirade
About fire-horses, jotuns, windbags, owls,
Choctaws and horse-hair, shams and fiunkeyism,
Unwisdoms, Tithes, and Unveracities.
'Faith, when I heard him railing in crank terms.
And dislocating language in his howl
At Phantasm Captains, Hair-and-leather Popes,
Terrestrial Law-words, Lords, and Law-bringers
I almost wished the Graduate back again:
His style of cursing had some flavour in't;
The other's was most tedious. By and by
The crowd grew restive; and no wonder, sir;
For the effect of his discourse was such,
That one poor wench miscarried in affright.
I did not tarry longer.

It is hardly necessary to say that by the luckless Anabaptist, Teufelsdrockh, is figured forth Thomas Carlyle. There is no mistaking his "windbags," "owls," "unveracities," "Phantasm Captains," and "hair-and-leather Popes?" Cognate atrocities were never eructated by any other child of Adam!

Professor Aytoun, we may observe in conclusion, has not as yet done anything worthy of the powers which he unquestionably possesses. With abilities adequate to the production of a first-class historical picture, he has hitherto contented himself with dashing off caricatures and sketches, which, though presenting features of unquestionable merit, will hardly "keep his name sweet" beyond the currency of the present century.

NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I.

Old Catharine, the watchman's wife, at nine o'clock on New Year's eve, opened her little window, and put out her hand to see if it was fair. The snow was falling in silent heavy flakes upon the street. She observed crowds of persons hurrying to and fro, pouring out of the various inns, and coffee-houses, and going to the dances and other entertainments with which it is customary to welcome in the year. But when a huge flake or two had lighted on her nose she drew back her head, closed the window, and said to her good man, "Gottlieb, stay at home, and let Philip watch for you to-night; for the snow will be a foot deep ere long, and you know the cold does your old bones no good. The streets will be alive all night.—There seems dancing and feasting in every house, masqueraders are going about, and Philip will enjoy the fun."

Old Gottlieb nodded his assent.

"My barometer," he said, "the old wound above my knee, has given me warning all day of a change of weather. It is only right that the son should help me in the duty, since he is to be my successor in it."

We must give the reader to understand that old Gottlieb had been a gallant servant of his king and country; had been the first to mount the wall of a hostile fort, and had been wounded by a musket-bullet in the thigh. The officer who commanded the attack gained rank and honours in consequence of its success; while Gottlieb was fain to creep homewards on a pair of crutches. After supporting himself by keeping a school, he had been promoted to the post of watchman, with the reversion of it to his son Philip, who had in the mean-time bound himself to a gardener. It was only the good housewifery of Catharine, and the extreme moderation of old Gottlieb, that enabled them to live on the scanty pittance they possessed. Philip gave his services to the gardener for his board and lodging, and had nothing but what he occasionally received when he carried home flowers to the rich people of the town. He was a fresh, handsome young fellow, of five-and-twenty, and perhaps it was on account of his good looks, as well as his taking manners, that he received sundry extra dollars from ladies of a botanical turn of mind. The good old mother had already put on her cloak to go to the gardener's house to fetch her son, when he entered the little apartment.

"Father," said the young man, giving a hand each to the old couple, "'tis snowing, and the snow won't do much good to your rheumatism. I'll take the watch to-night, and you can get comfortably to bed."

"You're a good boy," said old Gottlieb.

"And then I've been thinking," continued Philip, "that as to-morrow is New-year's day, I may come and spend it with you.—Mother, perhaps has no joint in the larder, and so,"—

"No," interrupted the mother, "we've not exactly any joint, but then we have the rest of that pound of venison; and that, let me tell you, with roast potatoes for a relish, and a little rice (with laurel leaves, by way of an ornament), will make a very comfortable meal. Next week we may do better, for the New-year's gifts will be coming in, and Gottlieb's share will be something; but still, venison, roast potatoes, rice"—

"Not to mention laurel-leaves, mother"—

"And a flask or two of beer will be entertainment fit for a prince."

"And so it will, dear mother," said Philip; "but have you paid the rent of the cottage yet?"

Old Gottlieb shrugged his shoulders.

Philip laid a purse upon the table.

"There are two-and-twenty dollars that I have gathered. I can do very well without them; take them for a New-year's gift, and then we can all three enter on the new year without a debt or a care. God grant you may both be happy in this year, and see many more. For everything else we must trust to the goodness of heaven!"

Tears came into the mother's eyes as she kissed her son; old Gottlieb said solemnly, "Philip, you are the prop and stay of our old age, God will reward you. Continue to be honest and good, and to love your parents, so will a blessing rest on you. I can give you nothing for a New-year's gift, but a prayer that you may keep your heart pure

and true—then you will be rich enough—for a clear conscience is the only wealth worth having."

So said old Gottlieb, with his hand laid on the head of Philip, who had bent down to receive his blessing;—and then he wrote down in an account-book that lay by his side, the sum of two-and-twenty dollars that his son had given him.

"All the cost of your keep and education is now nearly paid up. Your savings amount to three hundred and seventeen dollars, for which I have given you my receipt."

"Three hundred and seventeen dollars!" cried the old mother, in the extremity of amazement—and then turning to Philip with a voice full of tenderness, "Ah, Philip, she said. "you grieve me. Yes, indeed you do. If you had saved that money for yourself, you might have bought some land with it, and started as gardener on your own account, and married Rose. *Now* that is impossible. But take comfort, Philip. We are old and feeble, and you will not have to support us long."

"Mother!" exclaimed Philip, and he frowned a little; "what are you thinking of? Rose is dear to me as my life, but I would give up a hundred Roses rather than desert you and my father, or wish your lives shortened by an hour."

"You are right, Philip," said Gottlieb; loving and marrying are not in the commandments—but to honour your father and mother is a duty enjoined on you by God. To give up your own wishes to your parents is the truest gratitude of a son. It will gain you the blessing from above—it will make you rich in your own heart."

"If it were only not too long for Rose to wait," said Catharine sadly; "or if you could give up the engagement altogether!—For Rose is a pretty girl, that can't be denied; and though she be poor, there would be no want of wooers. She is as good as beautiful, and understands housekeeping as well as"——

"Never fear, mother," replied Philip; "Rose has solemnly sworn to marry no man but me; and that is sufficient. Her mother has nothing to object to me. And if I had money enough to keep a wife with, Rose would be mine to-morrow. The only hardship is that her mother will not let us meet so often as we wish. She says frequent meetings do no good; but I differ from her, and so does Rose—for we think meeting often does us both a great deal of good. And so we have agreed to meet to-night, at twelve o'clock, at the great door of St. Gregory's church, for Rose is bringing in the year at a friend's house in the neighbourhood; and then I will take her home."

In the midst of such conversation the clock struck three quarters, and Philip took his father's great coat from the warm corner where Catharine had carefully hung it, wrapt himself in it, and taking the lanthorn and staff, and wishing his parents good night, proceeded to his post.

II.

Philip stalked majestically through the snow-covered streets, where as many people were still visible as in the middle of the day. Carriages were rattling in all directions, the houses were all brilliantly lighted.—Philip enjoyed the scene, he sang his verses at ten o'clock, and blew his horn lustily in the neighbourhood of St. Gregory's church, with many a thought on Rose. "Now she hears me," he said to himself; "Now she thinks on me, and forgets the scene around her. She won't fail me at twelve o'clock at the church door." And when he had gone his round, he always returned to the house again, and looked at the window. Sometimes he saw female figures at it, and his heart beat quick at the sight; sometimes he fancied he saw Rose herself; and sometimes he studied the shadows thrown on the window-blind, to discover which of them was Rose's, and to fancy what she was doing. It was certainly not a very pleasant employment to stand in frost and snow and look up at a window-curtain; but what care lovers for frost and snow? And watchmen are as fiery and romantic lovers as ever were the knights and paladins of ancient ballads.

He only felt the effects of the cold when, at eleven o'clock, he had to set out upon his round. His teeth chattered; he could scarcely call the hour or sound his horn.—He would fain have slipped into some tavern

to have warmed himself at the fire. As he was pacing through a lonely by-street, an extraordinary figure met him; a man with a black half-mask on his face, enveloped in a fire-cloured silken mantle, and wearing on his head a magnificent hat turned up at one side, and ornamented with a number of high and waving plumes.

Philip endeavoured to escape the mask, but in vain. The stranger blocked up his path, and said—"Ha! you're a jolly fellow; you are, my buck, and I like your phizim—phizmig—confound the word!—I like your phizihominy amazingly. Where are you going, eh?"

"To Mary Street," replied Philip, "I am going to call the hour there.

"Good!" answered the mask, "I'll hear you do it; I'll go with you. Calling hours must be capital fun—no such jolly luck in the daytime. Come, tip us the stave, and do it well; for, mark you, I'm a judge of music. Do you sing well?"

Philip saw that his companion was in humor for a joke, and answered—"I sing better over a cup of ale in a chimney corner, than up to the knees in snow."

They had now reached Mary Street, and Philip sang, and blew the horn.

"Ha! that's but a poor performance," exclaimed the mask. Give me the horn! I'll witch you with such a stave! you'll half die with delight."

Philip yielded to the mask's wishes, and let him sing the verses and blow. For four or five times all was done as if the stranger had been a watchman all his life. He dilated most eloquently on the joys of such an occupation, and made Philip laugh at the extravagance of his praises. His spirits had evidently owed no small share of their elevation to an extra quantity of champagne and Philip was hardly surprised at his next proposal.

"I'll tell you what, my friend, I've a great fancy to be a watchman myself for an hour or two. Give me your great-coat and wide-brimmed hat, and take my domino. Go into an inn and take a bottle at my expense; and when you have finished it, come again, and give me back my masking-gear. You shall have a couple of dollars for your trouble. Come."

But Philip would not consent. At last, however at the solicitations of the mask, he entered into terms. He agreed for one half-hour to give up his watchmanship, which would be till half-past eleven.—Exactly at that time the stranger was to come to the great door of St. Gregory's and give back the great-coat, horn, and staff, taking back his own silk mantle, hat, and domino. Philip also told him the streets in which he was to call the hour. And in a dark part of the town the exchange was effected. The mask looked a watchman to the life, while Philip was completely disguised with the half-mask tied over his face, the bonnet ornamented with a buckle of brilliants, on his head, and the red silk mantle thrown gracefully around him.—When he saw his companion commence his walk he began to fear he had gone too far in consenting to his wish. He therefore addressed him once more.

"I hope, sir, you'll be very steady while you fill my place, for if you go beyond my bounds, or misbehave in any way, it may cost me the situation."

"Hallo!" answered the stranger. "What's the meaning of that? Do you think I do not know my duty? Off with you this moment, or I'll put you into the cage. Pretty fellow, giving advice to a watchman—Off, I say!"

The new guardian of the streets walked onward with all the dignity becoming his office, while Philip pursued his way to a tavern, where he intended to regale himself, and thaw his half-frozen limbs over a glass of ale.

III.

As he was passing the door of a splendid palace, he was laid hold of by a person in a mask who had alighted from a carriage.—Philip turned round, and in a low whispering voice asked what the stranger wanted.

"My gracious lord'" answered the mask, in your reverie you have passed the door.—Will your royal highness"——

"What? royal highness?" said Philip, laughing, "I am no highness. You are mistaken!"

The mask bowed respectfully, and pointed to the brilliant buckle in Philip's hat. "I ask your pardon if I trench on your disguise.—But, in whatever character you assume, your noble bearing will betray you. Will you condescend to lead the way into the palace? Does your highness intend to dance?

"I? To dance?" replied Philip, somewhat bewildered. "No—you see I have boots on."

"To play, then?" inquired the mask.

"Still less. I have brought no money with me," said the assistant watchman.

"My heaven!" exclaimed the stranger.—"Command my purse—all that I possess is at your service!" Saying this, he forced a full purse into Philip's hand.

"But do you know who I am?" inquired Philip, and rejected the purse.

The mask whispered, with a bow of profound obeisance—"Your Royal Highness, there is no mistaking Prince Julian."

At this moment, Philip heard his deputy in an adjoining street calling the hour, and he became aware of his metamorphosis.—Prince Julian, who was well known in the capital as a lively, wild, and good-hearted young man, had been the person with whom he had changed his clothes. "Now then," thought Philip, "as he enacts the watchman so well, I'll see if, for one half hour, I can't be the prince. If I make any mistake, he has himself to blame for it." He wrapped the red silken mantle closer around him, took the offered purse, put it into his pocket, and said,—"Who are you, mask? I will return your gold to-morrow."

"I am the Chamberlain Pilzou."

"Good—lead the way—I'll follow." The chamberlain obeyed, and tript up the marble stairs, Philip coming close behind him.—They entered a magnificent hall, illuminated with a thousand candles and dazzling chandeliers. A confused crowd of maskers jostled each other, sultans, Bavarian broom-girls, knights in armor, nuns, magicians, goddesses, satyrs, monks, Jews, Medes, and Persians. Philip for a while was abashed and blinded. Such splendor he never dreamt of. In the middle of the hall, the dance was carried on by those who preferred that amusement, to the music of a full band.—Philip, whom the heat of the apartment recovered from his frozen state, was so bewildered with the scene that he could do little more than nod his head to the various addresses made to him.

"Will you go the hazard table," whispered the Chamberlain, who stood beside him, and whom Philip now saw to be dressed as a Brahmin.

"Let me get unthawed first," answered Philip; "I am an icicle at present."

"A glass of mulled claret?" inquired the Chamberlain, and led him into the refreshment room. The psuedo-prince did justice to the invitation. One glass after another was emptied. The wine was splendid, and spread its genial warmth through Philip's veins.

"How is it you don't dance to-night, Chamberlain?" he asked of his companion, when they returned into the hall. The Brahmin sighed, and shrugged his shoulders.

"I have no pleasure now in the dance.—Gaiety is distasteful to me. The only pleasure I cared for—the Countess Bonau—I thought she loved me; our families offered no objection—but all at once she broke with me." His voice trembled as he spoke.

"How?" said Philip, "I never heard of such a thing."

"You never heard of it?" repeated the other, "the whole city rings with it. The quarrel happened a fortnight ago—she has never given me the least explanation. She is a declared enemy of the Baroness Reizenthal, and made me promise to drop her acquaintance. But think how unfortunate it was! When the Queen-mother made the hunting party to Freudenwald, she appointed me cavalier to the Baroness. What could I do? It was impossible to refuse. On the very birthday of the adorable Bonau I was forced to set out. She only heard who was my companion—but she did not know my heart!"

"Well, then," said Philip, touched with the Chamberlain's distress, "take advantage of the present joyous season. The new year makes up all quarrels. Is the Countess here?"

"That is she," replied the Brahmin; "the

Carmelite on the left of the third pillar beside the two black dominos. She has laid aside her mask. Ah, Prince! your Highness' intercession would"——

Philip gave him no time to finish the sentence—the claret had inspired him. He walked directly to the Carmelite. The Countess Bonau looked at him for some time with a cold eye and flushed cheek, when he placed himself beside her. She was a beautiful creature; yet Philip remained persuaded that Rose was a thousand times more beautiful.

"Countess," he said,—and became embarrassed when he met her clear bright eye fixed on him.

"Prince," said the Countess, "an hour ago you were somewhat too bold."

"Fair Countess, I am therefore at this present moment the more quiet."

"So much the better, then. I shall be safe from your attacks."

"Fair lady, allow me to ask one question. Have you put on this Carmelite mantle to do penance for your sins?"

"I have nothing to do penance for."

"What, Countess!—your cruelties—your injustice to the poor Brahmin yonder, who seems neglected by all the world?"

The beautiful Carmelite cast down her eyes and appeared uneasy.

"And do you know, fair Countess, that in the Freudenwald affair the Chamberlain is as innocent as I am?"

"As you, Prince?" said the Countess, and bent her brows a little—"why did you not tell me that an hour ago?"

"You are right, dear Countess, I was too bold. You yourself have said so. But now I declare to you the Chamberlain was *forced* to go to Freudenwald by command of the Queen—against his will was *forced* to be cavalier to the hated Reizenthal"—

"Hated—by him?"—interrupted the Countess with a bitter laugh—"well—go on."

"Yes—he hates,—he despises the Baroness. He has given up all acquaintance with her—and treated her with marked neglect—and all this for your sake. You are the only person he loves—to you he offers his hand—his heart—and you—you reject them!"

"How comes it, Prince, that you intercede so warmly for Pilzou? You did not do so once."

"That was because I did not know him, and still less the wretchedness your behaviour caused him. I swear to you he is innocent—you have nothing to forgive in him—he has much to forgive in you."

"Hush!" whispered the Carmelite, "we are watched here; come from this." She replaced her mask and stood up. Placing her arm within Philip's, they crossed the hall and entered a side-room. The Countess uttered many complaints against the Chamberlain, but they were the complaints of jealous love. The Brahmin soon after came timidly into the apartment.—There was a deep silence among the three, and the Countess dashed away the tears that had gathered in her eyes. Philip, not knowing how to conclude his intercession better, led the Brahmin to the Carmelite, and joined their hands together, without saying a word, and left them to themselves He himself returned into the hall.

IV.

Here he was addressed hastily by a Mameluke—"I'm glad I have met you, Domino.—Is the Rose-girl in the side-room?" Without waiting for an answer, the Mameluke rushed into it, but returned, evidently disappointed.

"One word with you, Domino," he said, and led Philip into a retired window in a recess of a hall.

"What do you want?" asked Philip, surprised.

"I beseech you," replied the Mameluke with subdued yet resolute voice, "where is the Rose-girl?"

"What is the Rose-girl to me?"

"But to me she is every thing!" answered the other, whose suppressed voice and agitated demeanour showed that a fearful struggle was carrying on within. "To me she is every thing. She is my wife. You will make me wretched, Prince! I conjure you drive me not to madness. Think of my wife no more?"

"With all my heart," answered Philip, drily; "what have I to do with your wife?"

"Oh, Prince, Prince?" exclaimed the Mameluke, "I am resolved on my conduct,

if it should cost me my life. Dissemble with me no longer. I have discovered every thing. Here! look at this! 'tis the letter my false wife slipt into your hand. Without having had time to open it, you dropt it in the crowd."

Philip took the note. 'Twas written in pencil—"Change your mask. Everybody knows you. My husband watches you. He does not know me. If you obey me, you know your reward."

"Hem!" muttered Philip. "As I live, this was not written to me. I don't trouble my head about your wife."

"Hell and fury, Prince! drive me not mad! Do you know who it is that speaks to you? I am the Marshal Blankensword.—Your advances to my wife are not unknown to me, ever since the last rout at the palace."

"My Lord Marshal," answered Philip quietly, "excuse me for saying that jealousy has blinded you. If you knew me well, you would never suspect me of such proceedings. I give you my word of honour I will never trouble your wife."

"Are you in earnest, Prince?"

"Entirely."

"Will you give me a proof?"

"Whatever you require."

"You have hindered her up to this time from going to visit her relations in Poland. Will you recommend her to do so now?"

"Delighted; if you desire it."

"Do it! do it, your Royal Highness! you will prevent incalculable misery."

The Mameluke continued for some time, sometimes begging and praying, and sometimes threatening so furiously, that Philip feared he might lay violent hands on him before the whole assembly. He therefore took an opportunity of quitting him as soon as he could. Scarcely had he lost himself in the crowd, when a female, closely enveloped in widow's weeds, tapped him familiarly on the arm, and said—

"Butterfly, whither away? Have you not one word of consolation for the disconsolate Widow?"

Philip answered very politely, "Beautiful widows find no lack of comforters. May I venture to include myself among the number."

"Why are you so disobedient? and why haven't you changed your mask?" said the Widow, while she led him aside from the crowd. "Do you really fancy, Prince, that every one here does not know who you are?"

"They are very much mistaken in me, I assure you," replied Philip.

"Not at all," answered the Widow, "they know you very well, and if you don't instantly change your mask, I shan't speak to you again the whole evening: I have no desire to give my husband an opportunity of making a scene."

By this Philip discovered who his companion was. "You were the beautiful Rose-girl; are your roses withered so soon?"

"What is there that does not wither? not the constancy of man? I saw you when you slipt off with the Carmelite. Confess your inconstancy—you can deceive no longer."

"Hem," answered Philip coldly, "accuse me as you will, I can return the accusation."

"How,—in what respect?"

"Why, for instance there is not a more constant man alive than the Marshal."

"There is not indeed!—and I am wrong, very wrong to have listened to you so long. But my remorse is unavailing, he has discovered our flirtation."

"Since the last rout at the palace, fair Widow"—

"Where you were so unguarded and particular—wicked Prince!"

"Let us repair the mischief. Let us part. I honor the Marshal, and for my part should be ashamed to do him wrong."

The Widow looked at him for some time in speechless amazement.

"If you have indeed any regard for me," continued Philip, "you will go instantly into Poland, to visit your relations. 'Tis better that we do not meet. A beautiful woman is beautiful—but a pure and virtuous woman is more beautiful still."

"Prince!" cried the astonished Widow, "are you really in earnest? Have you ever loved me, or have you all along deceived?"

"Look you," answered Philip, "I am a tempter of a peculiar kind. I search constantly amongst women to find truth and virtue, and, alas 'tis but seldom I encounter them. Only the true and virtuous can keep

me constant—therefore I am true to none; but no!—there is one that keeps me in her chains—I am sorry, fair Widow, that that one is—not you!"

"You are in a strange mood to-night, Prince," answered the Widow, and the trembling of her voice and heaving of her bosom showed the effect the conversation had on her.

"No," answered Philip, "I am in as rational a mood to-night as I ever was in my life. I wish only to repair an injury; I have promised to your husband to do so."

"How?" exclaimed the Widow in a voice of terror, "you have told every thing to the Marshal?"

"Not every thing," answered Philip, "only what I knew."

The Widow wrung her hands in the extremity of agitation, and at last said, "Where is my husband!"

Philip pointed to the Mameluke, who at this moment approached them.

"Prince," said the Widow, in a tone of inexpressible rage and hatred,—"Prince,—but you are unworthy of a thought, I never dreamt that any one could be capable of such ungentlemanly, such unmanly behavior—you are an impostor! My husband in the dress of a barbarian is a prince; you in the dress of a prince are a barbarian. In this world you see me no more—go sir!"

With these words she turned proudly away from him, and going up to the Mameluke, accompanied him from the hall in deep and earnest conversation. Philip laughed quietly at the result of his advice, and said to himself, "My substitute, the watchman, will be somewhat astonished at all this; as for me, I think I make a very decent sort of a prince; I only hope when he returns he will proceed as I have begun,"

He went up to the dancers, and was delighted to see the beautiful Carmelite stand up in a set with the Brahmin. No sooner did the latter perceive him, than he kissed his hand to him, and in dumb show gave him to understand that the reconciliation was complete. Philip thought, 'tis a pity I am not to be a prince all my life-time. How the people would rejoice: to be a prince is the easiest thing in the world. He can do more with a single word than a barrister with a three hours' speech. Yes! if I were a prince, my beautiful Rose would be—lost to me for ever. After all, I don't wish to be a prince." He now looked at the clock, and saw 'twas half-past eleven. The Mameluke hurried up to him and gave him a paper. "Prince," he exclaimed, I could fall at your feet and thank you on my knees; I am reconciled to my wife. You have broken her heart; but she will yet learn to thank you for it. We travel to Poland this very night, and there we shall fix our home. Farewell, Prince." I shall be ready whenever your Royal Highness requires me, to pour out my last drop of blood in your service. My gratitude is eternal. Farewell!"

"Stay!" said Philip, "what am I to do with this paper?"

"Oh, that,—tis the amount of my loss to your Highness last week at hazard. I had nearly forgotten it; but before my departure, I must clear my debts of honour. Again and again Heaven bless you, and farewell." With these words the Marshal disappeared.

V.

Philip opened the paper, and read in it an order for five thousand dollars. He put it in his pocket, and thought, "Well, 'twould be very pleasant to be a prince." While musing on the difference between five thousand dollars at play, and his own board and lodging at the gardener's, a voice whispered in his ear—

"Please Your Royal Highness, we are both discovered; I shall blow my brains out."

Philip turned round in amazement, and saw a Negro at his side.

"What do you want, my friend?" he asked, in an unconcerned tone.

"I am Colonel Kalt," whispered the Negro. "The Marshal's wife has been chattering to Duke Herman, and he has been breathing fire and fury against us both."

"He is quite welcome," answered Philip.

"But the King knows all," sighed the Negro. "This very night I may be arrested and carried to the castle; I'll sooner hang myself."

"No need of that said Philip."

"What! am I to be made infamous for my whole life? I am lost, I tell you. The

Duke will demand satisfaction. His back is black and blue yet with the marks of the cudgelling I gave him. I am lost, and the baker's daughter too! I'll jump from the bridge and drown myself at once!"

"God forbid!" answered Philip; what have you and the baker's daughter to do with it?"

"Your Royal Highness banters me, and I am in despair!—I humbly beseech you to give me two minutes' private conversation."

Philip followed the Negro into a small boudoir, imperfectly lighted, the Negro threw himself on a sofa, and sighed and groaned aloud. Philip found some sandwiches and wine on the table, and helped himself with the utmost composure.

"I wonder your Royal Highness can be so hard and apathetic at what I have told you. If the Neapolitan that acted the conjurer were here, he might save us by some contrivance. As it is, he has slipt out of the scrape, and left us to"——

"So much the better," interrupted Philip, replenishing his glass; "since he has got out of the way, we can throw all the blame on his shoulders."

"How can we do that? The Duke, I tell you, knows that you, and I, and the Marshal's wife, and the baker's daughter, were all in the plot together, to take advantage of his superstition. He knows that it was you who engaged Salmoni to play the conjurer, that it was I that instructed the baker's daughter (with whom he is in love) how to inveigle him into the snare; that it was I that enacted the ghost, that knocked him down, and cudgelled him till he roared again. If I had only not carried the joke too far, but I wished to cool his love a little for my sweetheart. 'Twas an infernal business. I'll swallow a pound of arsenic."

"Rather swallow a glass of wine—'tis delicious tipple," said Philip, and filled up a bumper at the same time, by way of good example. "For to tell you the truth, my friend, I think you are rather a faint-hearted sort of fellow for a colonel, to think of hanging, drowning, shooting, and poisoning yourself about such a ridiculous story as that. One of them would be too much, but as to all the four—poh,—man—nonsense—fill your glass. I tell you that at this moment I don't know what to make of your account."

"Your Royal Highness, have pity on me, my brain is turned. The Duke's page, a particular friend of mine, has told me this very moment, that the Marshal's wife, inspired by the devil, went up to the Duke, and told him that the trick played on him at the baker's house was planned by Prince Julian, who opposed his marriage with his sister; that the spirit he saw was myself, sent by the Princess to be a witness of his superstition; that your Highness has the written promise that we got from him; to make the baker's daughter his mistress immediately after the marriage; and that these were the reasons his suit had failed;—and now your Royal Highness is in possession of every thing."

"And a pretty story it is," said Philip; "why behavior like that would be a disgrace to the meanest and vulgarest of the people."

"It would indeed. 'Tis impossible to behave more meanly and vulgarly than the Marshal's lady. The woman must be a fury. My gracious Prince, you must save me from destruction."

"Where is the Duke?" asked Philip.

"The page told me he started up on hearing the story, and only asked where the King was,"

"Is the King here, then?"

"Oh, yes, he is at play in the next room with the Archbishop and the Minister of Police."

Philip walked with long steps through the boudoir. The case required consideration.

"Please your Royal Highness to protect me. Your own honor is at stake. You can easily make all straight; otherwise I am all prepared at the first intimation of danger to fly across the border. To-morrow I shall expect your commands as to what I have to look for."

With these words the Negro took his leave.

VI.

"It is high time I were watchman again," thought Philip. "I am getting both myself and my substitute into scrapes he will find hard to get out of. But lord, lord, what a lot of things are done in courts and palaces

that never enter into one's head with a lanthorn and staff, or working with spade and hoe." But his reverie was interrupted by a whisper.

"So lonely, Prince! I feel happy to have an opportunity of a minute's conversation with your royal Highness."

Philip looked at the speaker; he was a miner covered over with gold and jewels.

"But one instant," said the mask. "The business is pressing, and deeply concerns you."

"Who are you?" inquired Philip.

"Count Bodenlos, the Minister of Finance, at your Highness's service," answered the miner, and lifted his mask.

"Well then, my lord, what are your commads?"

"May I speak openly? I waited on your Royal Highness thrice, and was never admitted to the honour of an audience; and yet, Heaven is my witness, no man in all this court has a deeper interest in your Royal Highness than I have."

"I am greatly obliged to you," replied Philip; "but what is your business just now? Be as short as you can."

"May I venture to speak of the house of Abraham Levi?"

"As much as you like."

"They have applied to me about the fifty thousand dollars they advanced to your Royal Highness, and threaten to apply to the King. And you remember your promise to his Majesty when last he paid your debts,"

"Can't the people wait?" asked Philip.

"No more than the Brothers, goldsmiths, who demanded their seventy-five thousand dollars."

"It is all one to me. If the people won't wait for their money, I must"——

"No hasty resolution, I beg. I have it in my power to make every thing comfortable, if"——

"Well if what?"

"If you will honour me by listening to me one moment. I hope to have no difficulty in covering all your debts. The house of Abraham Levi has bought up immense quantities of corn, so that the price is very much raised. A decree against importation will raise it three or four times higher. By giving Abraham Levi the monopoly, the business will be arranged. The house erases your debt, and pays off your seventy-five thousand dollars to the goldsmiths, and I give you over the receipts. But every thing depends on my continuing for another year at the head of the finance. If Baron Griefensack succeeds in ejecting me from the Ministry. I am incapacitated from serving your Royal Highness as I could wish. If your Highness will leave the party of Griefensack, our point is gained. For me, it is a matter of perfect indifference whether I remain in office or not. I sigh for repose. But for your Royal Highness, it is a matter of great moment. If I have not the mixing of the pack, I lose the game."

Philip for some time did not know what answer to make to the proposal. At last, while the Finance Minister, in expectation of his reply, took a pinch out of his snuff-box set with jewels, Philip said,

"If I rightly understand you, Count, you would starve the country a little in order to pay my debts. Consider, sir, what misery you will cause. And will the King consent to it?"

"If I remain in office, I will answer for all. When the price of corn rises, the King will, of course, think of permitting importation. The permission to do so is given to the house of Abraham Levi, and they introduce as little as they choose. But as I said before, all this depends on my remaining in office. If Griefensack came into power, for the first year he would be obliged to attend strictly to his duty, in order to be able afterwards to feather his nest at the expense both of King and country. He must first make sure of his ground."

"A pretty project," answered Philip; "and how long do you think a finance minister must be in office before he can lay his shears on the flock to get wool enough for himself and me?"

"O, if he has his wits about him, he may manage it in a year."

"Then the King ought to change his finance minister every twelve months, if he wishes to be faithfully and honourably served."

"I hope, please your Royal Highness, that since I have had the Exchequer, the King and court have been faithfully and honourably served."

"I believe you, Count, and the poor people believe you still more. Even already they scarcely know how to pay their rates and taxes. You should treat us with a little more consideration, Count."

"Us!—Your Royal Highness—don't I do everything for the Court?"

"The people, I mean. You should have a little more consideration for the people."

"Your Royal Highness speaks in ignorance of your own rights. This is no limited monarchy, with houses of Lords and Commons. The people I serve is the King and the court. The country is his private property, and the people are only useful to him as increasing the value of his land. But this is no time to discuss the interest of the people. I beg your Royal Highness's answer to my propositions. Shall I have the honour to discharge your Royal Highness's debts on the above specified conditions?"

"Answer,—no—never, never! at the expense of hundreds and thousands of starving families."

"But your Royal Highness, if in addition to the clearance of your debts, the house of Abraham Levi presents you with fifty thousand dollars in hard cash? I think it may afford you that sum. The house will gain so much by the operation, that—

"Perhaps it may be able to give *you* also a mark of its regard."

"Your Highness is pleased to jest with me. I gain nothing by the affair. My whole object is to obtain the protection of your Royal Highness."

"You are very polite."

"I may hope then, Prince?"

"Count I will do my duty, do you yours."

"My duty is to be of service to you. To-morrow I shall send for Abraham, and conclude the arrangement with him. I shall have the honour to present your Royal Highness with the receipt for all your debts, besides the small gift of fifty thousand dollars."

"Go—I can't hear of it."

"And your Royal Highness will honour me with your favour? For unless I am in the Ministry it is impossible for me to deal with Abraham Levi so as"—

"I wish to Heaven you and your ministry and Abraham Levi were all three at the devil! I tell you what, unless you lower the price of corn,—take away the monopoly from that infernal Jew, and add no new burdens to the people, I'll go this moment and reveal your villany to the King, and get you and Abraham Levi banished from the country. Go, see to it—I'll keep my word!" Philip turned away in a rage, and proceeded into the dancing-room, leaving the Minister of Finance motionless as a mummy and petrified with amazement.

VII.

"When does your Royal Highness require the carriage?" These words were addressed to Philip as he threaded his way through the crowd, by a punchy little figure dressed as a Dutchman.

"Not at all," answered Philip.

"'Tis half-past eleven, and the beautiful singer expects you. She will tire of waiting."

"Let her sing something to cheer her."

"How, Prince? Have you changed your mind? Would you leave the captivating Rollina in the lurch, and throw away the golden opportunity you have been sighing for, for months? The letter you sent to day, enclosing the diamond bauble, did its work marvellously. She surrenders at such a summons. Then why are you now so cold? What is the cause of the change?"

"That is my business, not yours," said Philip.

"But I had your orders to join you at half-past eleven. Perhaps you have other engagements?"

"Perhaps."

"A *petit souper* with the Countess Born? She is not present here; at least among all the masks I can't trace her out. I should know her among a thousand by her graceful walk, and the bend—just so—so pensive and elegant, you know—of her head—eh, Prince?"

"Well, but if it were so, there would be

no necessity for making you my confident, would there?"

"Oh, blows the wind in that quarter? I take the hint. Mum!—But won't you at any rate send to the Signora to let her know you are not coming?"

"If I have sighed for her for two months, she had better sigh a month or two for herself. I shan't go near her."

"Will you break with her entirely?"

"There is nothing between us to break that I know of."

"Well, then, since you speak so plainly, I may tell you something. Your love to the Signora has hitherto kept me silent, but now that you have altered your mind about her, I can no longer keep the secret from you. You are deceived."

"By whom?"

"By the artful singer. She divides her heart between your Royal Highness and a Jew."

"A Jew?"

"The son of Abraham Levi. I only regret to think it."

"O, don't mention that. I don't regret it at all."

"The jade deserves the tread-mill," said the Dutchman.

"Few people meet their deserts," answered Philip.

"Too true, too true, your Royal Highness. For instance, I have discovered a girl—oh Prince, there is not such another in the world! She is totally unknown—beautiful as an angel—eyes like stars—hair like sunbeams—in short, the sweetest creature I ever beheld. A Venus condemned to the obscurity of a cottage—a peasant girl—Your Highness, we must give her chase."

"A peasant girl?"—

"A mere grisette; but then you must see her yourself, description can do nothing. What words could describe her artlessness, her untaught grace, her bashful innocence? But the difficulty is to catch sight of her. She never leaves her mother for a moment. I know her seat in church, and have watched her for many Sundays past. I have seen a young fellow, a gardener, he is making court to her. He can't marry her, they are both so poor. The mother is a widow of a poor weaver—a simple, honest woman, who,"—

"And the mother's name is?"

"Widow Bittsier, in Milk Street, and the daughter, fairest of flowers, is called Rose."

At sound of the one-loved name Philip started back. His first inclination was to knock the communicative Dutchman down. He restrained himself, however, and only asked,

"Are you the devil himself?"

"Your Highness flatters me. I have taken some steps in the matter already, but you must see her first. But perhaps such a pearl of price has not altogether escaped your Royal observation? Do you know her?"

"Intimately."

"So much the better. Have I been too lavish of my praises? You confess their truth? She shan't escape us. We must go together to the widow; you must be the mild philanthropist, the man of goodness and charity. You have heard of their distress, and must insist on relieving it. You take an interest in the poor widow; enter into her misfortunes; leave a small present at each visit, and by this means become acquainted with the daughter. The rest follows of course. The gardener is too much occupied at his trade to give us much disturbance, or perhaps a dozen or two dollars slipt quietly into his hand may"—

Philip's rage broke forth.

"I'll throttle you, you d—d"—

"Ha! If I dont keep that gardener from spoiling your sport? Leave me to settle that matter. I'll get him kidnapped and sent to the army to fight like an honest man for his king and country. In the meantime you get possession of the field, for the girl, saucy jade, is immensely attached to the rascal. However, I will take her in hand, and give her some lessons of life and manners, and then"—

"I'll knock your head off."

"Your Highness is too good. A word from you would get me the Chamberlain's key, and I shall be amply paid for my services to your Highness. May I hope for your recommendation to the post?"

"The post you deserve is the"——

"Oh, don't flatter me, your Highness. Had I only known you thought as I do about the beauty of the wench she should have been yours long ago."

"Not a word more, or"——

"You'll think me a babbler? No, there will be no more words. Deeds shall show my sincerity. I take charge of the gardener, and must manage somehow or other to get the mother out of the way, and then, your Highness—you have nothing to do but revel in the delights of love. She is certainly the sweetest creature I have ever run down for your Royal Highness."

"Sir, if you venture"——

"To speak on my own account, you'll refuse me the Chamberlain's key? Can your Highness suspect me of anything so dishonourable?"

Philip with great difficulty refrained from open violence. He clutched the arm of the Dutchman with the force of a vice, and said in a compressed voice.—

"If you venture to go near that girl, I will demolish every bone in your body."

"Good, good," screamed the Dutchman in intense pain, for Philip's grasp seemed to grow tighter and tighter. "Only let go my arm."

"If I find you within half a mile of Milk street, I'll dash your miserable brains out before you can shout for mercy."

The Dutchman stood writhing with pain.

"May it please your Highness, I could not imagine you really loved the girl as it seems you do."

"I love her! I will own it before the whole world!"

"And are loved in return?"

"That's none of your business. Never mention her name to me again. Leave her undisturbed. Now you know what I think. Be off!"

Philip twirled the unfortunate Dutchman half way round as he let go his arm, and that worthy gentleman, abashed and crestfallen, slunk noiselessly out of the hall.

VIII.

In the mean-time Philip's substitute supported his character of watchman on the snow-covered streets. For the first quarter of an hour he attended to the directions left by Philip and went his rounds, and called the hour with great decorum, except that instead of the usual watchman's verses he favoured the public with rhymes of his own. He was cogitating a new stanza with which to illuminate the people, when the door of a house beside him opened, and a well wrapped-up girl beckoned to him, and sank into the shadow of the house.

The Prince left his stanza half finished and followed the apparition. A soft hand grasped his in the darkness and a voice whispered—

"How dy'e do, dear Philip? speak low that nobody may hear us. I have only got away from the company for one moment, to speak to you as you passed. Are you happy to see me?"

"Blest as the immortal gods, my angel;—who could be otherwise than happy by the side of such a goddess?"

"Ah! I've some good news for you. Philip. You must dine at our house to-morrow. My mother has allowed me to ask you. You'll come?"

"For the whole day, and as much longer as you wish. Would we might be together till the end of the world! 'Twould be a life fit for gods!"

"Listen, Philip; in half an hour I shall be at St. Gregory's. I shall expect you there. You won't fail me? Don't keep me waiting long—we shall have a walk together. Go now—we may be discovered." She tried to go, but Julian held her back and threw his arms around her.

"What, will you leave me so coldly?" he said, and tried to press a kiss upon her lips.

Rose did not know what to think of this boldness, for Philip had never ventured such a liberty before. She struggled to free herself, but Julian held her firm, till at last she had to buy her liberty by submitting to the kiss, and begged him to go. But Julian seemed not at all inclined to move.

"What! go?—and such a creature here beside me? I'm not such an idiot—no—no."

"But then it is'nt right, Philip."

"Not right? why not my beauty? there

is nothing against kissing in the ten commandments."

"You must have been drinking, Philip. You know very well we can't marry, and"—

"Not marry? why not? I'll marry you to-morrow, to-night—this very hour!—not marry, indeed!"

"Philip! Philip!—why will you talk such folly? Ah, Philip, I had a dream last night."

"A dream—what was it?"

"You had won a prize in the lottery; we were both so happy! you had bought a beautiful garden, all filled with flowers and such famous cabbages and cauliflowers—such a fortune it would have been! And when I awoke, Philip, I felt so wretched—I wished I had not dreamed such a happy dream. You've nothing in the lottery, Philip, have you? Have you really won anything? The drawing took place to-day."

"How much must I have gained to win you too?"

"Ah, Philip if you had only gained a thousand dollars, you might buy such a pretty garden!"

"A thousand dollars? And what if it were more?"

"Ah, Philip—what? is it true? is it really? Don't deceive me! 'twill be worse than the dream. You had a ticket! and you've won! tell me, tell me!"

"All you can wish for."

Rose flung her arms around his neck in the extremity of her joy, and resisted no longer when he printed the second kiss upon her cheek.

"All that I wished for? the thousand dollars? and will they pay you the whole sum at once? Answer me, answer me!" she added, for the Prince was so astonished at the turn affairs had taken, that he scarcely knew what to say.

"Will they pay the thousand dollars all in gold, Philip?"

"They've done it already—and if it will add to your happiness, I will hand it to you this moment."

"What! have you got it with you?"

The Prince took out his purse, which he had filled with money in expectation of some play.

"Take it and weigh it, my girl," he said, placing it in her hand and kissing her again. "This then makes you mine!"

"Oh not *this*—nor all the gold in the world, if your were not my own, my dear, dear Philip!"

"And how if I had given you all this money, and yet were not your own, your dear, dear Philip?"

"I would fling the purse at your feet, and make you a curtsy as I rushed away from you," said Rose, overjoyed, and little suspecting that Philip was out of hearing.

A door now opened; the light streamed out, and the voices of the party within were heard. Rose slipt noiselessly away, whispering,

"In half an hour, dear Philip at St. Gregory's." She tript up the steps, leaving the Prince in the darkness. Disconcerted by the suddenness of the parting, and his curiosity excited by his ignorance of the name of his new acquaintance, and not even having a full view of her face, he consoled himself with the rendezvous at St. Gregory's church-door. This he resolved to keep, though it was evident that all the tenderness which had been bestowed on him was intended for his friend the watchman.

IX.

The interview with Rose, or the coldness of the night, increased the effect of the wine to such an extent, that the hilarity of the young Prince broke out in a way very unbecoming the solemnity of the office he had assumed. Standing amidst a crowd of people, in the middle of the street, he blew so lustily on his horn that the neighboring windows were soon crowded with terrified women, who expected no less than that the city had been taken by assault. He then shouted, at the full pitch of his lungs—

"The trade in our beloved city
Is at a stand-still, more's the pity.
Our very girls, both dark and pale,
Can now no longer find a sale;
They furbish up their charms with care,
But no one buys the brittle ware!"

"Shame! shame!" cried several female voices at the end of this complimentary effusion, which, however, was rewarded with a loud laugh from the men. "Bravo, watchman," cried some; "encore! encore!

shouted others. "How dare you, you insolent fellow, to insult the ladies in the open street!" growled a young lieutenant, angrily —with a young lady on his arm.

"Mr. Lieutenant," answered a jolly miller, "the watchman sings nothing but the truth—and the lady at your side is a proof of it. Ha! young minx, do you know me? do you know who I am? Is it right for a betrothed bride to be wandering o'nights about the streets with other men? To-morrow your mother shall hear of this. I'll have nothing more to do with you—and that's plump!"

"The girl hid her face, and nudged the young officer to lead her away. But the lieutenant, like a brave soldier, scorned to retreat from the miller, and determined to keep the field. With many mutual extracts from the polite vocabulary, the quarrel grew hotter and hotter. At last, however, two stout townsmen lifted their huge cudgels above the head of the wrathful son of Mars, while one of them cried—"Don't make any more fuss about the piece of goods beside you—she ain't worth it. The miller's a good fellow; and the watchman's song was as true as gospel. A plain tradesman can hardly venture to marry now; the women's heads are all turned by the soldiers. There is no chance for any of us when a red-coat comes in the way: Down with the lazy varmints." But the officer was soon joined by some of his companions, and there seemed manifest symptoms of a row. The boys, by way of a prelude to the engagement, amused themselves by firing volleys of snow-balls on both the contending parties. One of these missiles hit the irate lieutenant with the force of a twelve-pounder on the nose, and he, considering this the commencement of active operations, lost no time in bestowing a token of affection, in the shape of his doubled fist, on the right eye of the miller; and in a few momements the battle became general.

The Prince, who had laughed amazingly at the first commencement of the uproar, had betaken himself to another region before it actually come to blows. In the course of his wanderings, he came to the palace of Count Bodenlos, the Minister of Finance, with whom, as Philip had discovered at the masquerade, the Prince was not on the best terms. The Countess had a party. Julian, whose poetical fervor was still in full force, planted himself opposite the windows, and blew a peal on his horn. Several ladies and gentlemen, astonished at the noise, opened the windows, and listened to what he should say.

"Watchman," cried one of them, "troll out your Christmas verse, and a dollar is your reward."

This invitation brought a fresh accession of the Countess's party to the windows. Julian called the hour in the true watchman's voice, and sang, loud and clear enough to be distinctly heard inside—

'Ye who are sunk in poor estate,
And fear the needy bankrupt's fate,
Pray to your patron saint, St. Francis,
To make you chief of the finances;
Then may you make your country groan
And rob its purse to fill your own!'

"Intolerable!" screamed the lady of the Minister—"who is the insolent varlet that dares such an insult?"

"May it pleashe your exshellenshy," answered Julian, imitating a Jew in voice and manner, "I wash only intendsh to shing you a pretty shong. I am de Shew Abraham Levi, well known at dish court. Your ladyship knowsh me ver' well."

"How dare you tell such a lie, you villain?" exclaimed a voice, trembling with rage, at one of the windows—"how dare you say you are Abraham Levi? I am Abraham Levi! You are a cheat!"

"Call the police!" cried the Countess. "Let the ruffian be arrested!"

At these words the party confusedly withdrew from the windows. Nor did Julian remain where he was; he slipped quietly off, and effected his escape through a cross street, down which he was unpursued. A crowd of servants rushed out of the Finance Minister's palace, and laid hold of the real guardian of the night, who was carefully perambulating his beat, unconscious of any offence he had committed. In spite of all he could say, he was carried off to the head police office, and charged with causing a disturbance by singing libellous songs. The officer of the police shook his head at the

unaccountable event, and said,—"We have already one watchman in custody, whose abominable verses caused a very serious affray between the town's people and the garrison. The devil fly away with all poets."

The prisoner would confess to nothing, but swore prodigiously at the rascality of a set of footmen, headed by a butler and two fat cooks, that disturbed him in his peaceful perambulations, and accused him of singing insults against noble ladies whose names he had never heard. While the examination was going on, and one of the secretaries of the Finance Minister began to be doubtful whether the poor watchman was really in fault or not, an uproar was heard outside, and loud cries of "Watch, Watch!"

The policemen rushed out, and in a few minutes the field-Marshal entered the office, accompanied by some aides-de-camp and the captain of the guards on duty. "Bring in the scoundrel!" said the Marshal, pointing to the door,—and two soldiers brought in a watchman, whom they held close prisoner, and whom they had disarmed of his staff and horn.

"Are the watchmen gone all mad to-night?" exclaimed the chief of police.

"I'll have the rascal punished for his infamous verses," said the Marshal, stroming with anger.

"Your excellency," exclaimed the watchman, terrified at the passion of the great man, "Heaven is my witness I never made a verse in my born days."

"Silence villain," roared the Marshal. "I'll have you hanged for them! And if you contradict me again, I'll cut you to pieces on the spot."

The police officer respectfully observed, to the Field-Marshal, that there must be some poetical epidemic among the watchmen, for three had been brought before him within the last quarter of an hour, accused of the same offence.

"Gentlemen," said the Marshal to the officers who had accompanied him, "since this scoundrel refuses to confess, it will be necessary to take down, from your remembrance, the words of his atrocious libel. Let them be written down while you still recollect them. Come, who can say them?"

The officer of police wrote to the dictation of the gentlemen, who remembered the whole verses between them:—

'O'er empty head a feather swaling,
Adown the back a long cue trailing;
Slim waist and padded breast to charm ye,
These are the merits of the army!
Cards, fiddling, flirting, and so on,
By these the Marshal's staff is won.'

"Do you deny, you rascal," cried the Field-Marshal, to the terrified watchman—"Do you deny that you sang these infamous lines as I was coming out of my house?"

"I assure your worship's honor I know nothing at all about the lines."

"Why did you run away, then, when you saw me?"

"I did not run away."

"What?" said the two officers who had accompanied the Marshal—"not run away? Were you not out of breath when at last we laid hold of you?"

"Yes, but it was with fright at being so ferociously attacked. I am trembling yet in every limb."

"Lock the obstinate villain up till the morning"—said the Marshal—"he will come to his senses by that time!" With these words, the wrathful dignitary went away. These incidents had set the whole police force of the city on the watch. In the next ten minutes two more astonished watchmen were brought to the office on similar charges with the others. One was accused of singing a libel under the window of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, in which it was insinuated that there were no affairs to which he was more foreign than those of his own department. The other had sung some verses before the door of the Papal Legate, informing him that the "lights of the church" were by no means deficient in tallow, but gave a great deal more smoke than illumination. The Prince, who had wrought the poor watchmen all this woe, was always lucky enough to escape, and grew bolder and bolder with every new attempt. The affair was talked of every where. The Minister of Police, who was at cards with the King, was informed of the insurrection among the watchmen, and as a proof of it, some of the verses were given to him in writing. His Majesty laughed very heartily at the doggrel, and

ordered the new poetical watchmen who should be taken to be brought before him. He broke up the card-table, for he saw that the Minister of Police had lost his good-humor.

X.

In the dancing-hall next to the cardroom, Philip had looked at his watch, and discovered that the time of his rendezvous with Rose at St. Gregory's was nearly come. He was by no means sorry at the thoughts of giving back his silk mantle and plumned bonnet to his substitute, for he began to find high life not quite to his taste. As he was going to the door, the Negro once more came up to him, and whispered, "Please your Highness, Duke Herrman is seeking for you every where."—Philip took no notice, but hurried out, followed by the Negro. When they got into the lobby, the Negro cried out in alarm, "By heaven, here comes the Duke!"—and slipt back into the hall.

A tall black mask walked fiercely up to Philip, and said, "Stay a moment, sir—I've a word or two to say to you—I've been seeking for you long."

"Quick then," said Philip, "for I have no time to lose."

"I would not waste a moment, sir—I brook no delay; you owe me satisfaction, you have injured me infamously."

"Not that I am aware off."

"You don't know me, perhaps," said the Duke, lifting up his mask,—"now that you see me, your own conscience will save me any more words. I demand satisfaction. You and the cursed Neapolitan Salmoni have deceived me!"

"I know nothing about it," said Philip.

"You got up that shameful scene in the cellar of the baker's daughter. It was at your instigation that Colonel Kalt made an assault on me with a cudgel."

"No such thing—I deny it."

"What?—you deny it? The Lady Blankenswerd, the Marshal's lady, was an eye-witness of it all, and she has told me every circumstance."

"She has told your grace a cock and a bull story—I have had nothing to do with it—if you had ridiculous scenes in a baker's cellar, that was your own fault."

"I ask, once more, will you give me satisfaction! If not, I will expose you. Follow me instantly to the King. You shall either have to do with me, or with his Majesty."

Philip became perplexed. "Your grace," he said, "I have no wish either to fight with you, or to go to the King."

This was indeed the truth, for he was afraid he should be discovered and punished, of course for the part he had played. He therefore tried to get off by every means, and watched the door to seize a favorable moment for effecting his escape. The Duke, on the other hand, observed the uneasiness of the prince (as he believed him), and waxed more valorous every minute. At last he seized poor Philip by the arm, and was dragging him into the hall.

"What do you want with me?" said Philip, sorely frightened, and shoved off the Duke.

"You shall come with me to the King. He shall hear how shamefully you insult a stranger at his court."

"Very good," replied Philip, who saw no hope of escape, except by continuing the character of the Prince.—"Very good. Come along then. By good luck I happen to have the agreement with me between you and the baker's daughter, in which you promise."—

"Nonsense! folly!" answered the Duke, "that was only a piece of fun, that one may be allowed surely with a baker's daughter. Show it if you like, I will explain all that."

But it appeared that the Duke was not quite sure of the explanation, He pressed Philip no more to go before the King. He, however, insisted more earnestly than ever on getting into his carriage, and going that moment to decide the matter with sword and pistol. Philip pointed out the danger of such a proceeding, but the Duke overruled all objections. He had made every preparation, and there could be no chance of their being interrupted.

"If you are not the greatest coward in Europe, you will follow me to the carriage—Prince!"

"I—am—no—prince,"—at last stuttered Philip, now driven to extremities.

"You are—you are! I know you by your hat and mantle. You shan't escape me."

Philip lifted up his mask, and showed the Duke his face.

"Now, then, am I a prince?"

Duke Herrman, when he saw the countenance of a men he had never seen before, started back, and stood gazing as if he had been petrified. To have revealed his secrets to a perfect stranger! 'Twas horrible beyond conception!—But before he had recovered from his surprise, Philip had opened the door, and effected his escape.

XI.

The moment he found himself at liberty he took off his hat and feathers, and wrapping them in his silken mantle, rushed through the streets towards St. Gregory's, carrying them under his arm. There stood Rose, already, in a corner of the church door, expecting his arrival.

"Ah Philip, dear Philip," she said, "how happy you have made me! how lucky we are! I have been waiting here this quarter of an hour, but never cared for the frost and snow—my happiness was so great: I am so glad you're come back."

"And I too, dear Rose. Devil take all the trinkum-trankums of the great, say I. But I'll tell you some other time of the scenes I've had.—Tell me now, my darling, how you are, and whether you love me still!"

"Ah! Philip, you've become a great man now, and it would be better to ask if you still care any thing for me."

"And how do you know, dear Rose, that I've become a great man—eh?"

"Why you told me yourself. Ah! Philip, Philip, I only hope you won't be proud, now that you've grown so rich. I am but a poor girl, and not good enough for you now—and I have been thinking, Philip, if you forsake me, I would rather have had you continue a poor gardener. I could not survive it, dear Philip. Indeed I could not?"

"What are you talking about, Rose? 'Tis true that for one half hour I have been a prince, but that was nothing but fun. Now I am a watchman again, and as poor as ever. To be sure I have five thousand dollars in my pocket, that I got from a Mameluke—that would make us rich, no doubt—but, alas! they don't belong to me!"

"You're speaking nonsense, Philip," said Rose, giving him the purse of gold that Julian had given her—"Here, take back your money, 'tis too heavy for my pocket."

"What should I do with all this gold? Where did you get it, Rose?"

"You won it in the lottery, Philip."

"What! have I won? and they told me at the office my number was a blank! Hurrah! Hurrah! I've won! I've won! Now I'll buy old Nothman's garden, and marry you, dear, dear Rose! How much is it!"

"Are you crazy, Philip, or have you drunk too much? You must know better than I can tell you how much it is. I only looked at it quietly under the table at my friend's, and was frightened to see so many glittering coins, all of gold, Philip. Ah! then I thought, no wonder Philip was so forward—for, you know, you were very forward, Philip,—but I can't blame you for it. O, I could throw my own arms round your neck and cry for joy."

"If you insist on doing so, of course I won't object. But here's some misunderstanding here. Who was it that gave you this money, and told you it was my prize in the lottery? I have my ticket safe in the drawer at home, and nobody has asked me for it."

"Ah! Philip, don't play off your jokes on me! you yourself told me it half an hour ago, and gave me the purse with your own hand."

"Rose—try to recollect yourself. This morning I saw you at mass, and we agreed to meet here to-night but since that time I have not seen you for an instant."

"No, except half an hour ago, when I saw you at Steinman's door.—But what is that bundle under your arm? why are you without a hat? Philip! Philip! be careful. All that gold may turn your brain.—You've been in some tavern, Philip, and have drunk more than you should. But tell me, what is in the bundle? Why—here's a woman's silk gown.—Philip—Philip, where have you been?"

"Certainly not with you half an hour ago; you want to play tricks on me, I fancy;—where have you got that money, I should like to know?"

"Answer me first, Philip, where you got that woman's gown. Where have you been, sir?"

XII.

But as this was a lover's quarrel, it ended as lover's quarrels invariably do. When Rose took out her white pocket handkerchief and put it to her beautiful eyes, and wiped away her tears, that sole argument proved instantly that she was in the right, and Philip decided in the wrong. He confessed he was to blame for every thing, and told her that he had been for half an hour at a masked ball, and that his bundle was not a silk-gown, but a man's mantle and a hat and feathers. Rose at first could scarcely believe the story of the exchange between him and Prince Julian, but Philip begged her to wait, and she would see his Royal Highness come to that very place to give up his watchman's great-coat, and reclaim his own attire.

Rose, in return, related all her adventures; but when she came to the incident of the kiss—

"Hold there!" cried Philip; "I didn't kiss you, nor, I am sure, did you kiss me in return."

"I am sure 'twas *intended* for you then," replied Rose, in a tone that disarmed the jealousy of her lover.

But as she went on in her story a light seemed to break in on her, and she exclaimed, "And after all, I do believe it was Prince Julian in your coat!"

The stories he had heard at the masquerade came into Philip's head. He asked if any body had called at her mother's to offer her money—if any gentleman was much about Milk Street; if she saw any one watching her at church; but to all his questions her answers were so satisfactory, that it was impossible to doubt of her total ignorance of all the machinations of the rascally courtiers. He warned her against all the advances of philanthropical and compassionate princes—and as every thing was now forgiven, in consideration of the kiss not having been wilfully bestowed, he was on the point of claiming for himself the one of which he had been defrauded, when his operations were interrupted by an unexpected incident. A man out of breath with his rapid flight, rushed against them. By the great-coat, staff, and horn Philip recognised his deputy. He, on the other hand, snatched at the silk cloak and hat. "Ah! sir," said Philip, "here are your things. I wouldn't change places with you again; I should be no gainer by the exchange."

"Quick! quick!" cried the Prince; and in an instant the transformation was complete. Philip was again the watchman; while Rose cowered in a corner, frightened at the Prince's presence. "I promised you a tip, my boy," said the Prince, "but, by Jupiter, I haven't my purse with me."

"I've got it here," said Philip, and held it out to him. "You gave it to my bride there; but, please your Highness, I must forbid all presents in that quarter."

"My good fellow, keep what you've got, and be off as quick as you can. You are not safe here."

The Prince was flying off as he spoke, but Philip held him by the mantle.

"One thing, my Lord, we have to settle"—

"Run! run! I tell you. They're in search of you."

"I have nothing to run for. But your purse, here"—

"Keep it, I tell you. Fly! for your life!"

"And a billet of Marshal Blankenswerd's for five thousand dollars"—

"Ah! What the devil do you know about Marshal Blankenswerd?"

"He said it was a gambling debt he owed you. He and his lady start to-night for their estates in Poland."

"Are you mad? how do you know that? Who gave you the message for me?"

"And your Highness, the Minister of Finance will pay all your debts to Abraham Levi and others if you will use your influence with the king to keep him in office."

"Watchman! you've been tampering with the devil."

"But I rejected the offer."

"*You* rejected the offer of the Minister?"

"Yes, your Highness. And, moreover, I have entirely reconciled the Baroness Bonau with the Chamberlain Pilzon."

"Which of us two is mad or dreaming?"

"Another thing, your Highness, Signora Rollina is a perfect jade—I therefore thought

her not worthy of your attentions, and put off the meeting to-night at her house."

"Signora Rollina! how, in the devil's name, did you come to hear of her?"

Another thing—Duke Herrman is terribly enraged about that business in the cellar. He is going to complain of you to the King."

"The Duke! Who told you all that?"

"Himself. You are not secure yet—but I don't think he'll go to the King, for I threatened him with his agreement with the baker's daughter. But he wants to fight you; be on your guard."

"Once for all—do you know how the Duke was informed of all this?"

"Through the Marshal's wife. She told all, and confessed she had acted the witch in the ghost-raising."

The Prince took Philip by the arm. "My good fellow," he said, "you are not a watchman." He drew him close to a lamp, and started when he saw the face of a man unknown to him.

"Who are you, he enquired in a conciliatory tone, for he felt himself in the stranger's power.

"I am Philip Stark, the gardener, son of old Philip Stark, the watchman," said Philip, quietly.

XIII.

"Lay hold on him! That's the man!" cried many voices, and Philip and Rose, and Julian saw themselves surrounded by half a score of the Police. Rose screamed, and Philip took her hand, and told her not to be alarmed. The Prince laid his hand on Philip's shoulder—

"'Tis a bad business," he said, "and you should have escaped when I told you. But don't be frightened—I will answer for you. There shall no harm befall you."

"That's to be seen," said one of the captors. In the mean-time he must come along with us."

"Where to?" inquired Philip; I am doing my duty. I am watchman of this beat."

"That's the reason we take you—Come."

The Prince steped forward. "Let the man go, good people," he said, and searched in all his pockets for his purse. As he found it no where, he was going to whisper to Philip to give it him—but the police kept them separate.

"Keep them apart," shouted the sergeant of the party. "The masked fellow must go with us too—forward! March!"

"Not so," exclaimed Philip, "you are in search of the watchman. Here I am. This gentleman has nothing to do with it."

"We don't want any lessons from you in our duty," replied the sergeant; "bring them on."

"The girl too?" asked Philip, "you don't want her surely!"

"No, she may go; but we must see her face, and take down her name and residence."

"She is the daughter of widow Bittsier," said Philip; and was not a little enraged when the whole party took Rose to a lamp, and gaped and gazed at her beautiful face all covered with tears and blushes.

"Go home, Rose, and don't be alarmed on my account," said Philip, trying to comfort her, "my conscience is clear,"

But Rose sobbed so as to move even the policemen to pity her. The Prince, availing himself of the opportunity, attempted to spring out of his captors' hands, but was held fast.

"Hallo!" cried the sergeant, "this fellow's conscience is not quite clear—hold him firm—march!"

"Whither?" said the Prince.

"To the Minister of Police."

"Listen, good people," said Julian, who did not like the turn affairs were taking, as he was anxious to keep his watchman-frolic concealed. "I have nothing to do with this business. I belong to the court. If you force me against my will, you shall repent of it. I will get every one of you imprisoned, and you will do penance for your insolence on bread and water."

"For heaven's sake, let the gentleman go," cried Philip; "I give you my word he is a great lord, and will make you repent your conduct. He is"——

"Hush," interrupted Julian, "tell no human being who I am. Whatever happens, keep my name a secret."

"We do our duty," said the sergeant, "and nobody can punish us for that—we have often had fellows speak as high, and

threaten as fiercely; but such tricks won't do—forward!"

While the contest about the Prince went on, a carriage with eight horses, with outriders bearing flambeaux, drove past the church.

"Stop!" said a voice from the carriage, as it was passing the crowd of policemen, who had the Prince in custody.

The carriage stoped. The door flew open, and a gentleman jumped out, with a brilliant star on the breast of his surtout. He pushed through the party, and examined the Prince from head to foot.

"I thought," he said "I knew the bird by his feathers. Mask, who are you?"

Julian was taken by surprise, for in the inquirer he recognised Duke Herrman.

"Answer me," roared Herrman, in a voice of thunder.

Julian made signs to the Duke to desist, but he pressed the question more vigorously, being determined to find out who it was he had spoken to at the masquerade. He asked the policemen—they stood with heads uncovered and told him they had orders to bring the watchman instantly before the Minister of Police. That the person in the mask had given himself out as some great lord of the court, but that they believed that to be a false representation, and had taken him into custody.

"The man is not of the court," answered the Duke, "take my word for that. He most unjustifiably made his way into the ball, and passed himself off for Prince Julian. I forced him to unmask, and detected the impostor. I have informed the Lord Chamberlain of his audacity—off with him, he is legal prize!"

With these words the Duke stalked back to his carriage, and once more recommending them not to let the villain escape, gave orders to drive on.

The Prince saw no chance left. To reveal himself now would be to make his night's adventures the talk of the whole city. He thought it better to disclose his incognito to the Chamberlain, or the Minister of Police. "Since it must be so, come on then," he said; and the party marched forward, keeping a firm hand on the two prisoners.

XIV.

Philip was not sure whether, he was bewitched, or whether the whole business was not a dream. He had nothing to blame himself for except that he had changed clothes with the Prince, and then, whether he would or no, been forced to support his character. When they came to the palace of the Police Minister he felt more re-assured. Julian spoke a few words to a young nobleman, and immediately the policemen were sent away: the Prince ascended the stairs, and Philip had to follow.

"Fear nothing," said Julian, and left him. Philip was taken to a little anteroom, where he had to wait a good while. At last one of the royal pages came to him, and said, "Come this way, the King will see you."

Philip was distracted with fear. His knees shook so that he could hardly walk. He was led into a splended chamber. The old King was sitting at a table, and laughing long and loud; near him stood Julian without a mask. Besides these there was nobody in the room.

The King looked at Philip, who had laid off his great-coat, with a good humored expression, "Tell me all—without missing a syllable—that you have done to-night."

Philip took courage from the condescending goodness of the old King, and told the whole story from beginning to end. He had the good sense, however, to conceal all he had heard among the courtiers that could turn to the prejudice of the Prince. The King laughed again and again, and at last took two gold pieces from his pocket, and gave them to Philip; "Here, my friend, take these, but say not a word of your night's adventures. No harm shall come of it to you. Now go, my friend, and remember what I have told you."

Philip knelt down at the King's feet and kissed his hand. When he stood up and was leaving the room, Prince Julian said, "I humbly beseech your Majesty to allow the young man to wait a few minutes outside. I have some compensation to make to him for the inconvenience he has suffered."

The King nodded his smiling assent, and Philip left the apartment.

"Prince!" said the King, holding up his

fore-finger in a threatening manner to his son, "'tis well for you you told me nothing but the truth. For this time I must pardon your wildness, but if such a thing happens again you will offend me seriously. I must take Duke Herrman in hand myself. I shall not be sorry if we can get quit of him. As to the Minister of Finance and police, I must have farther proofs of what you say. Go now, and give some present to the gardener. He has shown more discretion in your character than you have in his."

The Prince took leave of the King, and having carried Philip home with him, made him go over—word for word—every thing that had occurred. When Philip had finished his narrative, the Prince clapt him on the shoulder and said,

"You've acted *my* part famously. All that you have done I highly approve of; and ratify every arrangement you have made, as if I myself had entered into it. But, on the other hand, *you* must take all the blame of my doings with the horn and staff. As a punishment for your verses, you shall lose your office of watchman. You shall be my head-gardener from this date; and have charge of my two gardens at Heimleben and Quellenthal. The money I gave your bride she shall keep as her marriage-portion,—and I give you the order of Marshal Blankenswerd for five thousand dollars as a mark of my regard. Go now; be faithful and true. The adventures of the New-year's night has made Prince Julian your friend."

A DREAM.

[The following contribution is from the pen of a Cork gentleman, whose writings have frequently graced the pages of the leading periodicals in England and Ireland.]

"Our life is two-fold—sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality—
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy.
* * * * * *
They make us what we were *not*—what they will—
* * * * * *
I would recall a vision, which I dreamed
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour."—BYRON.

One morn I woke, and rising, found
That day had not begun.
I, shivering, wrapped my mantle round,
To wait the rising sun.
I had but one short hour to rest,
And quickly slept again,
When lo, a dream came o'er my breast
Of mingled joy and pain!

I stood within an arbour fair,
A natural arch of trees;
A damsel was reclining there,
Fanned by the fragrant breeze.
One gaze upon her beauteous face
All memory from me drove,
Nor left within my heart a trace
Of former vows of love.

I thought no more of earth, beguiled
With joy such sight to see;
But, when she looked on me and smiled,
I sunk upon my knee;
I clasped her little hand in mine,
Imprinted many a kiss,
And sighing, "Angel, I am thine,"
Was overwhelmed with bliss.

Each day I visited the spot,
Where sweetest roses twine;
I won the maid, and in that grot
She said she would be mine.
I blessed, and thanked her o'er and o'er,
I kissed her snowy brow,
Forgetting former love, I swore,
"I never loved as now."

How fast the blissful hours flew on,
When, seated side by side,
We gazed in ecstacy upon
The sweetly murmuring tide.
And when we feared that bliss might tire,
And pleasure yield to pain,
At her command I tuned my lyre,
And sung this simple strain:—

"Oh! what are gems? oh! what is gold?
Oh! what can learning's lore unfold?
Oh! what are poets' 'worlds of bliss?'
Compared with rapture such as this?

"Above, around, all—all is rest,
The sun is sinking in the west,
The parting tear bedews the leaf,
How holy—heavenly is such grief.

"Oh, drop those pure and limpid tears,
Spare, spare a lover's tender fears,
For well I know, my heart with joy
Would burst, if 'twere without alloy.

"Yes! weep for that departing ray,
Weep on, and may kind heaven, I pray,
Give every o'ercharged heart relief
By such a holy, heavenly grief.

"Oh! what are gems? oh! what is gold?
Oh! what can learning's lore unfold?
Oh! what are poets' 'worlds of bliss?'
Compared with rapture such as this."

Hushed was my voice, and as the song
Was borne along the air,
Uprose the moon the hills among
Pale, mild, and sweetly fair.
Then, each encircling other's waist,
We wander far and wide;

Thus while a mutual joy we taste,
Love's ·ments onward glide.

At length the "happy day" has come;
Before the priest we stand,
And, with a voice that shook the dome,
He issued his command:—
"If any of you reason know,
Why here the church should cease,
Let him come forward boldly now,
Or henceforth hold his peace."

I said the prelate's voice was loud,
And made me quake with fear,
But now an answer far more proud
Came thundering on my ear:—
"Beware, oh priest! I say, beware,
His thoughts he dares to smother,
But he is false, who standeth there,
He's pledged unto another."

Then fear o'erwhelmed my coward heart,
And, but for those beside,
I had rushed forth with sudden dart
From presence of my bride.
A shuddering seized my pallid brow,
My brains with torture reel;
God grant, my most malignant foe
May ne'er such anguish feel.

At length, when respite from my fear
Allowed to raise my eyes,
I saw the perfumed maidens near,
In snow-white bridal guise;
The bridesmen, too, in silken stole,
Were kneeling round me there,
Why came such terrors o'er my soul?
Where's my accuser?—where?

Behold! all those, who kneeled around,
Had come but to rejoice:
Whence came that terror-striking sound?
'Twas my own inward voice.
Thus many a wild and reckless man
Is held in servile thrall;
And oh! 'tis well that "conscience can
Make cowards of us all."

Though conscience caused a moment's awe,
It quickly passed away,
And naught among our band I saw,
Save pleasure's genial ray;
And when the priest asked, "Wilt thou have
And love her all thy life?"
I spoke the words "I will," full brave,
And she became my wife.

Me lists not tell, how quick the time
At first did fly along,
But ah! enjoyment reaped from crime
Not oft endureth long.
Full soon dread meditation woke,
With its o'erwhelming force,
And bowed my soul beneath the stroke
Of merciless remorse.

When joy's deceitful veil first fell
From my enchanted sight,
I saw that deep absorbing hell,
Which follows sin's delight.

An ulcer in my breast arose,
And pains across me dart,
Until the rankling venom flows
And festers round my heart.

Ah! then my soul was racked with woe,
Whose throbs distraction move,
And gone was all my bliss below,
And all my hope above;
For I had ruthlessly foresworn
The vows of former day,
And now was justly left forlorn,
To cankering thoughts a prey.

And she, my bride, whose soul still loved,
Alas! what felt she then?
Oh! none can tell, who have not proved
The broken vows of men;
Though sedulously still I strove
To keep my wonted smile,
What can deceive a woman's love?
She saw, and wept the while.

She saw I writhed with heartfelt pain,
That could find no relief—
She saw her efforts all were vain,
To cure my hopeless grief;
And though she saw my heart grew cold,
Nor, as it promised, proved;
Still all her acts too plainly told,
That, though deceived, she loved.

Although my worthless image lay
A torment in her breast,
Though no relief she felt each day,
Each weary night no rest,
Yet still with many a choking sigh
For love's return she prayed,
And thus were coals of fire heaped high
On my devoted head.

I know not whether months or years
In sorrowing awe thus fled;
Each hour I longed, mid floods of tears,
To lay me with the dead;
But, at the thought of my dread crime,
My weary spirit sank;
Then reason left me for a time,
All life was but a blank.

At length my brother came to me,
But I knew not his face,
Though gazing on him earnestly,
No feature could I trace;
But when he raised his voice, and spoke,
The clouds of frenzy fled,
And once more reason partly broke
On my unhappy head.

I stared at first in maniac grief,
A prey to fancied fears,
Until my bosom found relief
In copious floods of tears;
And when he grasped my hand, and said,
"Why, brother, art thou sad?"
I answered, "I was foully wed,
And it has driven me mad."

"Alas!" he said, "what canst thou mean?
How wert thou foully wed?

For thoughts impure, full well I ween,
In wicked hearts are bred;
But her unsullied loving soul
Foul deeds could ne'er devise.
Oh! that these darkling mists would roll
From thy distracted eyes."

As the tall meadow disappears
Before the murderous scythe,
So sinks my soul beneath new fears,
Again in pain I writhe;
What I had said a moment past,
Remembrance scarce could reach,
My brain swam round, until at last
My pangs found vent in speech.

"If I have spoken aught unkind
Of her, who is my wife,
Of her who thought in me to find
The guardian of her life;
And who, though disappointed, ne'er
Repented she was wed,
Oh, may her every sigh and prayer
Prove curses on my head.

"For she was beauteous, blythe, and gay,
As sun in summer morn,
While I was wild as ocean spray
Amid the wintry storm;
Oh, she had charms to strike the sense,
And worth the soul to win!"
In tears my brother asked, "Then, whence
Arose thy dreadful sin?"

I answered, "Hear this heart-wrung truth;
I loved a maid of yore,
And he, who loves in early youth,
Will love for evermore;
Her image is within my soul,
And there will ever be.
While endless ages onward roll
Through dark eternity.

"But in an evil hour I saw
A form and face more fair,
I broke through love's and honor's law,
And married her——but, there!
Lo, seest thou there? the fiends come back,
My soul grows dark within,
And now their fires of frenzy rack,
And tear me from my sin.

"May that accursed star, which rose
Upon my natal day,
Drop forth from heaven, nor e'er disclose
Again its hated ray;
May those, who have been kind to me,
Be ne'er like me forlorn.
Avaunt! thou fiend of memory—
Alas that I was born!"

My voice here failed, as though in death,
I tried to speak again;
My tongue seemed parched, my gasping breath
Came short and thick with pain;
At length, in struggling hard to speak,
The spells of slumber broke,
And, starting at my own wild shriek,
In mercy I awoke.

DUCK-SHOOTING ADVENTURE UPON THE "CHESAPEAKE."

Of the two dozen species of American wild-ducks, none has a wider celebrity than that known as the canvas-back; even the eider-duck is less thought of, as the Americans care little for beds of down. But the juicy, fine-flavoured flesh of the canvas-back is esteemed by all classes of people; and epicures prize it above that of all other winged creatures, with the exception, perhaps, of the reed-bird or rice-bunting, and the prairie-hen. These last enjoy a celebrity almost, if not altogether equal. The prairie-hen, however, is the *bon morceau* of western epicures; while the canvas-back is only to be found in the great cities of the Atlantic The reed-bird—the American representative of the ortolan—is also found in the same markets with the canvas-back. The flesh of all three of these birds—although the birds themselves are of widely different families—is really of the most delicious kind: it would be hard to say which of them is the greatest favourite. The canvas-back is not a large duck, rarely exceeding three pounds in weight. Its colour is very similar to the pochard of Europe: its head is a uniform deep chesnut, its breast black; while the back and upper part of the wings present a surface of bluish-gray, so lined and mottled as to resemble—though very slightly, I think—the texture of canvas; hence the trivial name of the bird.

Like the most of the water-birds of America, the canvas-back is migratory. It proceeds in spring to the cold countries of the Hudson's Bay territory, and returns southward in October, appearing in immense flocks along the Atlantic shores. It does not spread over the fresh-water lakes of the Canadas, but confines itself to three or four well-known haunts, the principal of which is the great Chesapeake Bay. This preference for the Chesapeake Bay is easily accounted for, as here its favourite food is found in the greatest abundance. Round the mouths of the rivers that run into this bay, there are Petensive shoals of brackish water; these favour the growth of a certain plant of the genus *vallisneria* a grass-like plant, standing several feet out of the water,

with deep green leaves, and stemless, and having a white and tender root. On this root, which is of such a character as has given the plant the trivial name of wild celery, the canvas-back feeds exclusively; for wherever it is not to be found, neither does the bird makes its appearance. Diving for it, and bringing it up in its bill, the canvas-back readily breaks off the long lanceolate leaves, which float off, either to be eaten by another species—the pochard—or to form immense banks of wrack, that are thrown up against the adjacent shores. It is to the roots of the wild celery that the flesh of the canvas-back owes its esteemed flavour, causing it to be in such demand that very often a pair of these ducks will bring three dollars in the markets of New York and Philadelphia. When the finest turkey can be had for less than a third of that sum, some idea may be formed of the superior estimation in which the web-footed favourites are held.

Of course, shooting the canvas-back duck is extensively practised, not only as an amusement, but as a professional occupation. Various means are employed to slaughter these birds: decoys by means of dogs, duck-boats armed with guns that resembles infernal machines, and disguises of every possible kind. The birds themselves are extremely shy; and a shot at them is only obtained by great ingenuity and after considerable dodging. They are excellent divers; and when only wounded, almost always make good their escape. Their shyness is overcome by their curiosity. A dog placed upon the shore, near where they happen to be, and trained to run backwards and forwards, will almost always seduce them within shot. Should the dog himself not succeed, a red rag wrapped around his body, or tied to his tail, will generally bring about the desired result. There are times, however, when the ducks have been much shot at, that even this decoy fails of success.

On account of the high price the canvas-backs bring in the markets, they are pursued by the hunters with great assiduity, and are looked upon as a source of much profit. So important has this been considered, that in the international treaties between the states bordering upon the Chesapeake, there are several clauses or articles relating to them that limit the right of shooting to certain parties. An infringement of this right, some three or four years ago, led to serious collisions between the gunners of Philadelphia and Baltimore. So far was the dispute carried, that schooners armed, and filled with armed men, cruised for some time on the waters of the Chesapeake, and all the initiatory steps of a little war were taken by both parties. The interference of the general government prevented what would have proved, had it been left to itself, a very sanguinary affair.

Staying for some days at the house of a planter near the mouth of a small river that runs into the Chesapeake, I felt inclined to have a shot at the far-famed canvas-backs. I had often eaten of these birds, but had never shot one, or even seen them in their natural habitat. I was, therefore anxious to try my hand upon them, and I accordingly set out one morning for that purpose. My friend lived upon the bank of the river, some distance above tide-water. As the wild celery grows only in brackish water—that is, neither in the salt sea itself nor yet in the fresh-water rivers—I had to pass down a little stream a mile or more before I came to the proper place for finding the ducks. I went in a small skiff, with no other companion than an ill-favoured cur-dog, with which I had been furnished, and which was represented to me as one of the best duck-dogs in the country. My friend having business elsewhere, unfortunately could not upon that day give me his company; but I knew something of the place, and being *au fait* in most of the dodges of duck-hunting, I fancied I was quite able to take care of myself.

Floating and rowing by turns, I soon came in sight of the bay and the wild-celery fields, and also of flocks of water-fowl of different species, among which I could recognise the pochards, the canvas-backs, and the common American widgeon (*Anas Americana*). Seeking a convenient place near the mouth of the stream, I landed; and, tying the skiff to some weeds, proceeded in search of a cover. This was soon found—some bushes favoured me; and having taken my position, I set the dog

to his work. The brute, however, took but little notice of my words and gestures of encouragement. I fancied that he had a wild and frightened look, but I attributed this to my being partially a stranger to him; and was in hopes that, as soon as we became better acquainted, he would work in a different manner. I was disappointed, however, as, do what I might, he would not go near the water, nor would he perform the trick of running to and fro which I had been assured by my friend he would be certain to do. On the contrary, he cowered among the bushes, near where I had stationed myself, and seemed unwilling to move out of them. Two or three times when I dragged him forward, and motioned him toward the water, he rushed back again, and ran under the brushwood.

I was exceedingly provoked with this conduct of the dog, the more so that a flock of canvas-backs, consisting of several thousands, was seated upon the water not more than half a mile from the shore. Had my dog done his duty, I have no doubt they might have been brought within range; and, calculating upon this, I had made sure of a noble shot.

My expectations, however, were defeated by the waywardness of the dog, and I saw there was no hope of doing anything with him. Having arrived at this conclusion, after some hours spent to no purpose, I rose from my cover, and marched back to the skiff. I did not even motion the wretched cur to follow me; and should have rowed off without him, risking the chances of my friend's displeasure, but it pleased the animal himself to trot after me without invitation, and, on arriving at the boat, to leap voluntarily into it. I was really so provoked with the brute, that I felt much inclined to pitch him out again. My vexation, however, gradually left me; and stood up in the skiff, turning over in my mind what course I should pursue next.

I looked toward the flock of canvas-backs. It was a tantalising sight. They sat upon the water as light as cork, and as close together as sportsman could desire for a shot. A well-aimed discharge could not have failed to kill a score of them at least. Was there no way of approaching them? This question I had put to myself for the twentieth time at least, without being able to answer it to my satisfaction.

An idea at length flitted across my brain. I had often approached common mallards by concealing my boat under branches of furze, and then floating down upon them, impelled either by the wind or the current of a stream. Might not this also succeed with the canvas-backs? I resolved upon making the experiment. The flock was in a position to enable me to do so. They were to the leeward of a sedge of the *vallisneria*. The wind would carry my skiff through this; and the green bushes with which I intended to disguise it would not be distinguished from the sedge, which was also green. This was feasible. I deemed it so. I set about cutting some leafy branches that grew near, and tying them along the gunwales of my little craft. In less than half an hour I pushed her from the shore; and no one at a distance would have taken her for aught else than a floating raft of brushwood.

I now pulled quietly out until I had got exactly to windward of the ducks, at about half a mile's distance from the edge of the flock. I then took in the paddles, and permitted the skiff to glide before the wind. I took the precaution to place myself in such a manner that I was completely hidden, while through the branches I commanded a view of the surface on any side I might wish to look. The bushes acted as a sail, and I was soon drifted down among the plants of the wild celery. I feared that this might stay my progress, as the breeze was light, and might not carry me through. But the sward, contrary to what is usual, was thin at the place where the skiff had entered, and I felt, to my satisfaction, that I was moving, though slowly, in the right direction. I remember that the heat annoyed me at the time. It was the month of November; but it was that peculiar season known as the 'Indian summer,' and the heat was excessive.—not under ninety degrees, I am certain. The shrubbery that encircled me prevented a breath of air from reaching my body; and the rays of the noonday sun fell almost vertically in that southern latitude, scorching me as I lay along the bottom of

the boat. Under other circumstances, I should not have liked to undergo such a roasting; but with the prospect of a splendid shot before me, I endured it as best I could.

The skiff was nearly an hour in pushing its way through the field of *vallisneria*, and once or twice it remained for a considerable time motionless. A stronger breeze, however, would spring up, and then the sound of the reeds rubbing the sides of the boat would gratefully admonish me that I was again moving ahead. I saw, at length, to my great gratification, that I was approaching the selvage of the sedge, and, moreover, that the flock itself was moving, as it were, to meet me! Many of the birds were diving and feeding in the direction of the skiff. I lay watching them with interest. I saw that the canvas-backs were accompanied by another species of a very different colour from themselves: this was the American widgeon. It was a curious sight to witness the constant warfare that was carried on between these two species of birds. The widgeon is but a poor diver, while the canvas-back is one of the very best. The widgeon, however, is equally fond of the roots of the wild celery with his congener; but he has no means of obtaining them except by robbing the latter. Being a smaller and less powerful bird, he is not able to do this openly; and it was curious to observe the means by which he effected his purpose. It was as follows: When the canvas-back descends, he must perforce remain some moments under water. It requires time to seize hold of the plant, and pluck it up by the roots. In consequence of this, he usually reaches the surface in a state of half-blindness, holding the luscious morsel in his bill. The widgeon has observed him going down, and calculating to a nicety the spot where he will re-appear, seats himself in readiness. The moment the other emerges, and before he can recover his sight or his senses, the active spoliator makes a dash, seizes the celery in his horny mandibles, and makes off with it as fast as his webbed feet can propel him. The canvas-back, although chagrined at being plundered in this impudent manner, knows that pursuit would be idle, and, setting the root down as lost, draws a fresh breath, and dives for another. I noticed in the flock the continual occurrence of such scenes.

A third species of birds drew my attention: these were the pochards, or, as they are termed by the gunners of the Chesapeake, red-heads (*Fuligula erythrocephalus*) These creatures bear a very great resemblance to the canvas-backs, and can hardly be distinguished except by their bills: those of the former being concave along the upper surface, while the bills of the canvas-backs exhibit a nearly straight line. I saw that the pochards did not interfere with either of the other species, contenting themselves with feeding upon what neither of the others cared for—the green leaves of the *vallisneria*, which, after been stripped of their roots, were floating in quantities on the surface of the water. Yet these pochards are almost as much prized for the table as their cousins, the canvas-backs; and, indeed, they are often put off for the latter, by the poulterers of New York and Philadelphia. Those who would buy a real canvas-back should know something of natural history. The form and colour of the bill would serve as a criterion to prevent their being deceived. In the pochard, the bill is a bluish colour; that of the canvas-back is dark green: moreover, the eye of the pochard is yellow, while that of its congener is fiery red.

These thoughts were banished from my mind, on perceiving that I had at last drifted within range of a thick clump of the ducks. Nothing now remained but to poke my gun noiselessly through the bushes, set the cocks of both barrels, take aim, and fire. It was my intention to follow the usual plan—that is, fire one barrel at the birds while sitting, and give them the second as they rose upon the wing. This intention was carried out the moment after; and I had the gratification of seeing some fifteen or twenty ducks strewed over the water, at my service. The rest of the flock rose into the heavens, and the clapping of their wings filled the air with a noise that resembled thunder. I say that there appeared to have been fifteen or twenty killed; how many I never know: I never laid my hands upon a single bird of them. I became differently occupied, and

with a matter that soon drove canvas-backs, and widgeons, and pochards as clean out of my head as if no such creatures had ever existed.

While drifting through the sedge, my attention had several times been attracted by what appeared to be strange conduct on the part of my canine companion. He lay cowering in the bottom of the boat near the bow, and half covered by the bushes; but every now and then he would start to his feet, look wildly around, utter a strange whimpering, and then resume his crouching attitude. I noticed, moreover, that at intervals he trembled as if he was about to shake out his teeth. All this had caused me wonder—nothing more. I was too much occupied in watching the game, to speculate upon causes; I believed, if I formed any belief on the subject, that these manœuvres were caused by fear; that the cur had never been to sea, and that he was now either sea-sick or sea-scared. This explanation had hitherto satisfied me, and I had thought no more upon the matter. I had scarcely delivered my second barrel, however, when my attention was anew attracted to the dog; and this time was so arrested, that in one half-second I thought of nothing else. The animal had arisen, and stood within three feet of me, whining hideously. His eyes glared upon me with a wild and unnatural expression, his tongue lolled out, and saliva fell copiously from his lips. *The dog was mad!*

I saw that the dog was mad, as certainly as I saw the dog. I had seen mad dogs before, and knew the symptoms well. It was hydrophobia of the most dangerous character. Fear, quick and sudden, came over me. Fear is a tame word; horror, I should call it; and the phrase would not be too strong to express my sensations at that moment. I knew myself to be in a situation of extreme peril, and I saw not the way out of it. Death—death painful and horrible—appeared to be nigh, appeared to confront me, glaring from out the eyes of the hideous brute.

Instinct had caused me to put myself in an attitude of defence. My first instinct was a false one. I raised my gun, at the same moment manipulating the lock, with the design of cocking her. [illegible] confusion of terror, I had even forgotten that both barrels were empty, that I had just scattered their contents in the sea. I thought of reloading; but a movement of the dog towards me shewed that that would be a dangerous experiment; and a third thought or instinct directed me to turn the piece in my hand, and defend myself, if necessary with the butt. This instinct was instantly obeyed, and in a second's time I held the piece clubbed and ready to strike. I had retreated backward until I stood in the stern of the skiff. The dog had hitherto lain close up to the bow, but after the shots, he had sprung up and taken a position nearer the centre of the boat. In fact, he had been within biting distance of me before I had noticed his madness. The position, into which I had thus half involuntarily thrown myself, offered me but a trifling security.

Any one who has ever rowed a shooting skiff will remember that these little vessels are 'crank' to an extreme degree. Although boat-shaped above, they are without keels, and a rude step will turn them bottom upward in an instant. Even to stand upright in them, requires careful balancing; but to fight a mad dog in one without being bitten, would require the skill and adroitness of an acrobat. With all my caution, as I half stood, half crouched in the stern, the skiff rocked from side to side, and I was in danger of being pitched out. Should the dog spring at me, I knew that any violent exertion to fend him off would either cause me to be precipitated into the water or would upset the boat—a still more dreadful alternative. These thoughts did not occupy half the time I have taken to describe them. Short, however, as that time was in actual duration, to me it seemed long enough, for the dog still held a threatening attitude, his forepaws resting upon one of the seats, his eyes continued to glare upon me with a wild and uncertain expression.

I remained for some moments in fearful suspense. I was half paralysed with terror, and uncertain what action it would be best to take. I feared that any movement would attract the fierce animal, and be the signal for him to spring upon me. I thought of jumping out of the skiff into the water. I

could not wade in it. It was not shallow enough—not over five feet in depth, but the bottom appeared to be of soft mud. I might sink another foot in the mud. No; I could not have waded. The idea was dismissed. To swim to the shore? I glanced sideways in that direction: it was nearly half a mile distant. I could never reach it, cumbered with my clothes. To have stripped these off, would have tempted the attack. Even could I have done so, might not the dog follow, and seize me in the water? A horrible thought!

I abandoned all hope of escape, at least that might arise from any active measures on my part. I could do nothing to save myself; my only hope lay in passively awaiting the result. Impressed with this idea, I remained motionless as a statue; I moved neither hand nor foot from the attitude I had first assumed; I scarcely permitted myself to breathe, so much did I dread attracting the further attention of my terrible companion, and interrupting the neutrality that existed.

For some minutes—they seemed hours—this state of affairs continued. The dog still stood up, with his forepaws raised upon the bench; the oars were among his feet. In this position he remained, gazing wildly, though it did not appear to me steadily, in my face. Several times I thought he was about to spring on me; and, although I carefully avoided making any movement, I instinctively grasped my gun with a firmer hold. To add to my embarrassment, I saw that I was fast drifting *seaward!* The wind was from the shore; it was impelling the boat with considerable velocity, in consequence of the mass of bushes acting as sails. Already it had cleared the sedge, and was floating out in open water. To my dismay, at less than a mile's distance, *I descried a line of breakers!* A side glance was sufficient to convince me, that unless the skiff was checked, she would drift upon those in the space of ten minutes. A fearful alternative now presented itself: I must either drive the dog from the oars, or allow the skiff to be swamped among the breakers. The latter would be certain death, the former offered a chance for life; and nerving myself with the palpable necessity for action, I instantly resolved to make the attack.

Whether the dog had read my intention in my eyes, or observed my fingers taking a firmer clutch of my gun, I know not, but at this moment he seemed to evince sudden fear, and, dropping down from the seat, he ran backward to the bow, and cowered down as before. My first impulse was to get hold of the oars, for the roar of the breakers already filled my ears. A better idea suggested itself immediately after, and that was to load my gun. This was a delicate business, but I set about it with all the caution I could command. I kept my eyes fixed upon the animal, and *felt* the powder, the wadding, and the shot, into the muzzle. I succeeded in loading one barrel, and fixing the cap. As I had now something upon which I could rely, I proceeded with more confidence, and loaded the second barrel with greater care, the dog eyeing me all the while. Had madness not obscured his intelligence, he would no doubt have interrupted my manipulations; as it was, he remained still until both barrels were loaded, capped, and cocked. I had no time to spare; the breakers were nigh; their hoarse 'sough' warned me of their perilous proximity: a minute more and the little skiff would be dancing among them like a shell, or sunk for ever. Not a moment was to be lost, and yet I had to proceed with caution. I dared not raise the gun to my shoulder—I dared not glance along the barrels: the manœuvre might rouse the dangerous brute. I held the piece low, slanting along my thighs, I *guided the barrels with my mind*, and, *feeling* the direction to be true, I fired. I scarcely heard the report, on account of the roaring of the sea; but I saw the dog roll over, kicking violently. I saw a livid patch over his ribs, where the shot had entered in a clump. This would no doubt have proved sufficient; but to make sure, I raised the gun to my shoulder, took aim, and sent the contents of the second barrel through the ribs of the miserable brute. His kicking ended almost instantly, and he lay dead in the bottom of the boat.

I dropped my gun and flew to the oars; it was a close 'shave;' the skiff was already

in white water, and dancing like a feather; but with a few strokes I succeeded in backing her out, and then heading her away from the breakers, I pulled in a direct line for the shore. I thought not of my canvass-backs—they had floated, by this time, I neither knew nor cared whither; the sharks might have them for me. My only care was to get away from the scene as quickly as possible, determined never again to go duck-shooting with a cur for my companion.

TO THE MOON.—IN DESPONDENCY.

BY PERSOLUS.

Oh shroud thy face, and part thy light,
And hide thy track amid the spheres,
Nor try to cheer the darksome night,
The night of tears.

For thy pale beams, however pure,
Tinge all things with a ghastly hue;
And make the garden as the moor,
A painful view.

Why dost thou thus still silent beam
A hated light amid the gloom,
That gilds with ashy, sickly gleam,
The leaden tomb.

Come hide thyself, shut from my view,
All that of earth thou thinkest fair;
Thou too art false and all untrue,
Thy mildest care.

To-night you shine from me to wile,
The sadness of the day that's past;
To-morrow night, perchance, that smile,
Is overcast.

Then leave me, and let darkness rest
In its own drear chaotic home,
For from within this lonely breast,
Hath gladness flown.

Montreal, 1854.

"POOR CHARLEY!"

THE IDIOT BOY OF TORONTO.

Say fair lady—you who have shed bitter tears, the bitterest that the girl-wife *can* shed—when the sweetest spot of innocent sunshine that lit up your young mother's grief-untried heart was snatched away from your embrace by the first cloud that darkened the door of your happy new home, and settled down over the tiny grave, sinking with the grass clods as they lightly seemed to fall on the miniature coffin, and vanished as the last unburied letter of '*Charley's* name upon the lid, was forever hid from sight—for over an infant's sepulchre, no cloud hovers, it is all bright there if any where on earth brightness reposes—say, have you not sometimes to yourself in after years, heavy years, pondered, *what might not my Charley—my firstling have become, had he waxed in years and manly strength—such as was his Father?*

And a pang unutterable, which you fondly believed had long since fled with the many others which your sorely-tried heart had so patiently been schooled to bear, as the prattling of other elfs made you smile afresh as you were wont, would dart athwart the widow'd bosom and be scarcely lost in the flood of kisses that your lips rained on the rosy dimpled cheek of your *lastling* as it slumbered in the cradle by your side.

And you old man, so elastic in the pride of your Father's heart, when you hear the heavy tread and clear, ringing voice of *my boy Charles*—who, indeed was a *boy* such as *other people's boys*, some score of years ago—yet to you his boyhood has never changed—"and the fellow is the same roguish, light soul'd imp as ever,"—"*that boy Charles—where is he?*" Ah! when you totter back as steadily as your Diary, that undecaying staff to the perishing memory of old age, will permit you, over the rugged road of some three score years pilgrimage and pause for breath as you scan those joy-jotting milestones, and those many other *sad* chroniclers of the vicissitudes of life, how *doth that old heart beat*—both loud and strong, and that spectacled eye fire afresh and *the old man renew his youth*,' when he sees as of yore, *that boy Charles*,' climbing his strong knee to get the kiss, *unenvied kiss*—for the mother died—and recalls to mind *when* he *helped to fly the lad's kite*—bless him!

And you, young maiden, with hope and happiness so unsullied by the thousand vulgar griefs and perturbations of other less favoured women—with friends and future wide, unbounded;—you, whose greatest idol is that clever, handsome fellow, dashing up the street—'*Brother Charley*' full of exulting importance from recent college laurels, "*carried everything before him, double-first class*

man." What, my brow-unwrinkled lady, if Charley had been somebody else's Charley, and not what he is, the pride of your heart—the stay of his name—the beloved of his fellows;—ah! say, did such a question ever clog the current of your felicity as it was poured forth in a gushing stream of admiration and love for that talented gentlemanly brother?

And thou, poor struggling man, with your large family and scanty means, with billows ahead, who, unless there was an honest hopeful spirit and an unshaken trust in a power higher than those billows, often would fall palsied in your obscure toil for the bread which your thin-cheeked offspring sometimes wait for uncomplainingly, self-sacrificing, for the sake of that bright star to them, who trudges off at break of day to get *book-wisdom*,—do you repine at *your Charley's dullness*, for such you think it surely is, when the teacher so gruffly yesterday dismissed him home with stripe-marks on his hands, and round tear-drops in his eyes, which a fond mother's cheer can scarcely dry, and grow, oh! so downcast as you look at your neighbour's boy, who is loaded with laudation and favour. So Charley tells it. And yet it seems queer, his mother says, that Charley figures out his sums *alone*, and twice as quickly as the neighbours gentleman's son does, but Latin and Greek Charley says he don't like, and cannot master.

Ah! poor struggling fellow mortal,—you old man, thou young maiden and widowed mother—have you ever in your walks to your homes, sparkling with comfort and luxury, thoughtlessly happy or thoughtfully sorrowful, whilst bustling to your duties, to the Counting House, or tripping to the milliner and the '*modiste*,' or eager in quest of dissipation and amusement, or longing after health and peacefulness—in the morning, at mid-day, in the evening, in this busy city, seen *that poor friendless Charley*, whose bare uncovered head—whose unmeaning eye—and expressionless countenance — whose senseless jabber, and halting tottering walk, should arrest the attention and excite the sympathy of any but those whose fountains of pity have been frozen up by the chill formalities and heartlessness of pelf, pomp, and vanity; and, when perchance, the outstretched cap tempted your kindliness, or your shame-facedness, or your christian charity, to give an alms to the poor half clothed, loathsome beggar idiot; did you, oh! aged sire, youthful virgin, mourning mother, buffeting father, ever lift your hearts heavenwardin solemn adoration, to the same mighty Being who fashioned and *breathed life into the nostrils of your own beloved Charley;* and offer up the incense—ah! not of selfish wordly thanfulness, such as was the Pharisees, but of heartfelt gratitude for unmerited favour—that '*your Charley*' is *not as he!* And, do you, oh! struggling man, never even take *selfish* consolation in your own querulousness and trouble, that such an affliction was not amongst your myriad others, as you think them, visited upon you? And you lonely widow, has thy soul not throbbed in ecstacy with a pure-minded resignation and belief, even from out those keen pangs of bereavement, as you wander back to your first-born—like the sun's rays from out the rain cloud—that heaven was wise doubtless in its taking unto itself the first fruits of your earliest love, and perchance, so spared your shattered heart, the grievous burden of an idiot child.

And thou, hale old man—so elate with pride and pleasure—what niche in your feelings do you accord the *poor Charley*, who, perhaps, obstructs your progress on the sidewalk, as you daily breathe the same sky, which even he does untainted, or did you never in your thoughtless heartlessness, bestow a pitying glance or sigh on the poor mendicant outcast—or would you not when your shilling did chink against the few half-pence in his shaking unclean hand; ah! rare shilling! take flattering unction for your benevolence, and commune in self complacency, "I am indeed, not as other men."

Ah! answer old age—would that buoyant step have been yours' now,—say, would not the narrow cell rather have long since been your resting-place, had *your man boy Charles* waxed up into a senseless stock, such as the poor idiot whose very existence sometimes you think cumbersome to the earth.

And thou, bright-eyed maiden, how would

the sheen of your life's felicity have been dimmed, had the premature anxiety of your youth and comfortless fruition of old age, been centred upon a speechless senseless creation—instead of the idol brother you well-nigh worship.

Say, has your innocent *spirit* ever risen beyond the frivolties of youth and fashion, and besieged, yea *besieged* the mercy-seat with hallelujahs, that you are so signalized above the poor being who gave birth to that poor pauper idiot; ah! does it not often shrink in terror rather at the thought of such a fate? but, no, you cannot conceive so unwished for, so inconceivable an affliction.

And yet you know that the mother, humble as she may have been, whose solicitude yearned towards her idiot offspring with as much anxiety as the lady-mother brooded over her dying firstling, loved the rag-clad babe, helpless in her arms, with love as undying as the princess nourishes for her ermine robed progeny, and yet, although, the hopes of her prayers have long since perished, as her ever ready ear listened for month after month, and frequently conceited that she heard it, the long sought yet never come sound, dearest to a mother's ear,—MOTHER!

Nay, that hope-crushed mother, may have *long since mouldered with the dust, but poor* Charley has not known, and never will, the treasure, and the love of a mother. Perhaps heaven is *kind* even to him.

And say ye cold hearted careless one, why is it that the Being, whom the *sea and winds* obey, when the great and the mighty, the lovely and favoured of earth, the wise and the wealthy, perish as withered leaves before the blast of the scourging tempest—Death—can look from out his majesty, and hedge about the wretched idiot boy with the arm of his might, and bring him scatheless through the fury of the Destroyer?

As to the fair lady, and struggling mortal, the venerable sire, and the happy maiden, the question comes with treble force as they survey the mysterious directions of Jehovah, towards the meanest of His creatures.

Is it, think ye, to speak a silent lesson, which the tongue of the idiot cannot utter, and no human tongue can better convey, that his *charmed* life, as it were, melts up the sympathies of your bosom, and warms the coldness of a lukewarm charity, to share your hoard with others, and to open anew the fountains of your fickle gratitude?

Is it, think ye, to show to others, as well as yourself, that although, *in the midst of life, we are in death*, yet that the bared arm of Heaven is mightier than the fell Destroyer, and can cause the humblest, homliest *image* of itself, to stand unshaken as a monument of his power and goodness, whilst the greatest are cut down as the grass of the field?*

Say not, sneering Cynic, that *useless* is the life of such as "poor Charley."

If it teaches you for a moments' space to think that man is mortal here, it has accomplished some good.

If it makes your pride of soul grow humble sometimes, lest you grow superior to your end, and scorn to look up higher, it has done some good.

If it kindles afresh the ashes of the natural man, with all his kindly impulses which the world and its vanities may have well-nigh deadened, as years and years of toil and care encrusted their freshness, thank Heaven for infinite goodness in waking up your lethargy, even by so humble an instrument.

And every city has "a Charley"—blessings on the charity which is practical.—And may God bless "*poor Charley,*" *the idiot boy* of Toronto.

PIERRE.

BEARDED LIKE THE PARD.

BEING A PARD'S CONFIDENTIAL CONFESSION TO THE FAIR.

Aaron's beard, and why not *my* beard, imitating, emulating, though not sufficiently intrepid to surpass the longitude and copiousness of our patriarchal exemplar—the great father of beards. Quixotic I am not; hence the stiff upper lip is not impaired in the slightest by any downy dependency *sub naso*.

In the plenitude of my facial exuberance, I confess myself somewhat of a snob, but one of that genus whom Thackeray in his Σνοββῶν κατάλογος has inadvertently omitted

* Alluding to the late visitation of Cholera, which "poor Charley" escaped.—ED.

to depict—the Bearded Snob—has escaped signalization from the laconic wit of the author of Pendennis and the Confessions of Major Gahagan. For the yellow-tufted upper lip of a medical student down to the ambitious dissector of vest patterns with his pyramidical goatee, I have but little pity, though still somewhat of respectful sympathy; between pards, different though their degrees of beardhood may be, it subsists as by magnetic impulse. I am proud of my beard, which I ought not to be though Mahmoud himself, therefore am snobbish in this respect. Allah il Allah! I stroke my budding prospects, and dream of the future, when tenths of inches will be quadrupled, and a fist full reward my perseverance, where, indeed, once only patient microscopic investigation comfortably scanned the outline of anything like a beard.

I am neither a French refugee, an expatriated Pole, nor a Naphegyian propagator of beetroots, but an Autochthon, whose fertility of fancy, however personally unprofitable at the present moment, is solely referable to the fertility of his πώγων.

"Why," may the admiring curiosity of a city miss inquire, "do you cultivate ornamental appendages so annihilating to the equanimity of the sex?" and, on the other hand, or rather to turn the other cheek to the country maiden, as she asks, "and why, Mr. Whiskerando, do you make such a fool of yourself?" Now, ye questioning querists, as you are by your peaceful hearthstones housed,

> "The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
> Roaring up the chimney wide:"

or, as your bright eyes rival the cheerfulness of the glowing coal-grate, lounging in front of them with this confession in your hand, hear me for my cause—

Firstly—I am bold of spirit, *alias* plucky, or smiles, inuendo and commiserations, would long ago have plucked out by the very root the healthful crop which so luxuriantly waves upon my visage. Not being one of the minions of ruthless Plutus, and this being a very free country, I possess birthright advantages of which the automata of the Bank of England lately seem to have been disinherited; so that, regarding this, and frequently led by the natural contemplativeness of my disposition into meditation upon the uncertainty of all sublunary enjoyments, the tenure of life, the increasing cost of alkalies and oleine, the muddy impurity of city water, the rise in strop-leather, not mentioning the severe competition between our two city grinders, who, like Orestes and Pylades of old, vie with each other near the "St. Lawrence" in professional amity—the distant possibility of enhancing personal attractions under the most unfavourable circumstances, prepossessing, and the economy in tears, which had better be reserved for some of those future joys and ills which Benedictine flesh is traditionally heir to; regarding all this, I say, oh ye discriminative fair! the excruciating razor was one bright morning consigned to the vault of its gloomy case, there to repose like another Delilah Capulet, until reason, comfort, leisure, or opulence, metamorphosing themselves into their opposites, should induce me to be shorn of my face's strength; and now I ask you to pronounce upon my sanity before going further. "Beatus ille, ter quater," who has the temerity (if you will) for three months to let nature have her perfect work, to prove to the caviller the glory of being unhacked and unbarbarized; muddy impurity, scraped chins, tearful eyes, wasted hours, costly strops and bristle brushes, imprecations—pardon, oh ye divine arbitresses!—what day would be long enough out of the whole calendar, for their thawing, were they here, as in some northern air, congealed? A long farewell to these, happy, thrice happy being, married or unmarried, who can say, "Vos omnes renunciari!"

And you, ye wedded matrons, what losers are you not in good nature and temper, though the sorry equivalent of sleek-faced, hen-pecked husbands is every morning yours? When I was a lad, not many years since either, I well recollect the doubled severity which invariably followed on the day when Dominie Birch had shaved; the flagellations were tripled on these dark days.

> "Full well the busy whisper circling round,
> Conveyed the dismal tidings that he'd shaved."

I may say that our thorough familiarity with the philosophy of causes and effects is

clearly traceable to this no small beginning.

If I were to draw aside to its fullest extent the curtain which veils the mystery of the beardless youth's progress into a Mussulman's full bearded estate, I dread that the manes of departed facial appendages would rise up in paralyzing judgment against the struggling efforts of my own; but a shadow of the truth may create in the sympathetic bosoms of the confidential secret-keeping fair a feeling of kindly respect for the sagacious man who braves to wear a beard, and may create in them a wish to influence others to "go and do likewise."

My mind, as before, resolved from mature excogitation—the first great effort was in crossing the Rubicon—omitting one week's shaving! This accomplished, I felt fully nerved for the future. For several days, indeed, I felt what the thorough-paced shaving world would denominate "dirty enough," and was rather timid in facing it, doing so with considerable discomfort and discomposure. I confess that I eyed askance the investigating glance of fogydom and puerility. Multitudes seemed to say, as they gazed—"Poor devil, crazed with care or crossed in hopeless love," or "Can't afford it, probably," or else, "What a pity, slightly *non compos*;" "Good looking fellow, too," a sly jade would whisper, "but poor fellow!" The deuce take ye all, I felt; but I persevered under Virgil's consoling influence—

"Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves,"

and endured all as patiently as could have done any wounded Zouave or Briton after Alma.

To the unprejudiced scrutinizer, the niveine purity of my shirt collar and unexceptionable nobby-tie ought successfully to have redeemed the singularity, comparatively speaking of my appearance. Yet here a lacerating suspicion darted across my vision, to upset the soul's flattering unction of clean linen—they think, doubtless, "poor devil probably has some kind-hearted aunt to take care of him," and myriad other conjured conceits stalked before me, until in desperation, lest, by harbouring them, they might suddenly assassinate and subvert my darling project. I uncompromisingly turned them, like so many dangerous Greeks, out of the Balaklava of my mind, and then for the first time felt independent and cared for nothing and nobody, excepting myself and that *αὐτος ἐγω*, let me allude to her, as Anastasia.

Nobles' hair gloss I aver that I never applied, nor did I ever permit, as some may prefer, feline osculation to advance the growth of my beard; but alone and unassisted it grew up, after one month's uninterrupted advancement, into something under an eighth of an inch upon my unscraped chin and cheek, assured, since "all things from chaos sprung," that my hopes would brighten gradually as time grew on, an increase of fifty-fold in three months was manifest to every envious son of the tonsorial profession. Ah! what jealous grudging looks the pallid tonsor cast as he passed me by, no doubt soliloquising on the evanescence of his occupation, when such admonitions flitted unwelcomingly past him. A very modest pair of whiskers and comfortable weather-averting chin undergrowth of hair, lend lustre to the light of my countenance—not that they are red—the gods forefend us from such an imputation—but a good dark hue, sufficiently black to redeem them from vulgarity. Being precluded from benefit of clergy in this confession, and so caring not overmuch for entire absolution, lest I feel more than human, I do not aver that more than one hair brush was superannuated in the nurture of the downy product. Suffice it, that the quantity bears no comparison, nor the cost, to the numberless martyrdoms, grievances, vexations, and annoyances which every man, woman, and child undergo, who shave or are shaved. And why, may I deferentially ask, do the fair revel in the furry magnificence of stone-martin boas, unless it be because as a weak substitute for man's natural throat-muffler which I am rich in the possession of—requiring no putting on or taking off. Colds, sore throats, bronchitis, phthisis all! avaunt such unholy maladies from my vocabulary of primitive ailments.

Anastasia insists that my good looks are bettered, if anything could meliorate them by the change. Living, as she does, in the rural districts of this great progressive Province, and my return thither being occasional, the transition from infant-sleekness

to the beardiness of the pard being unanticipated, she denominated it *change*, no less surprising to her than agreeable and every way for the better. A mirror's reflection, if I were prone to self-admiration, may or may not substantiate her divine dictum. I am content, however.

Finally—It is a singular fact, and to what to attribute it I cannot clearly expiscate, perhaps my fair confessors may explain it, that my equanimity of disposition is incalculably improved of late; for I can listen, as I never did before, to a shoal of cradled babies tuning their respiratories, and, believe it sweet discord, with a little stretch of imagination as I stroke my beard. With commended praise, co-operating with maternal anxiety in settling the ruffled pinions of infant melody, dandling and quieting, with nursery snatches of "Rockaby baby upon the tree top," and the like, the innocent scions whom I hope to see some day bearded like unto me.

If I feel so charitably disposed, I can win dust enough in a year's time once wasted in the endless system of abrasion, to buy a poor boy a pair of Christmas boots and shoes, drop a quarter every Sunday into the plate, buy knicknacks and Philopœnas for Anastasia, the *Anglo* for her mother, and above all, pay the printer. I feel more like a man in my boots, and though some feeble cynic who "can't come it," may say you look more like a monkey, yet Anastasia's approval is sufficient consolation for the difference of opinion, not to say how much of the censure is justly due at the tent door of Aaron and the swan-quill of good Will Shakspeare, for so enticingly pourtraying the dignity of man—an honest man—unclipped by razored fashion; which persuades some of the fair—but none of those who listen in judgment upon my tale—into wasp-waists and street-sweeping dresses; and some of the ruder sex, — would that female influence would revolutionize the system, refusing hot water and soap, destroying the shaving-box, and cutting pound cake for the children—into the endless misery of patronizing scraped chins and cheeks, muddy impurity, pigs' bristles, and soft soap.

THE OLD HIGHLAND PIPER.

BY ALEX. M'LACHLAN.

Afar from the land of the mountain and heather
An old Highland Piper look'd sad o'er the sea,
And thought of the time when the sound of his chanter
Was known from the isles to the banks of the Dee;
And thus while the shades of the gloomy night gather'd,
And day was forsaking the weary pine plains,
He sang of the hills of the dark purple heather,
The hills that so often re-echo'd his strains.

O! sad was the heart of the old Highland Piper,
When forced from the hills of Lochaber away,
Ah! ne'er more to look on the mighty Ben Lomond,
Nor wander again on the banks of the Tay;
And still as sleep comes to my lone weary pillow,
I hear Corybrechtan again in my dreams,
I see the blue peaks of the lone cliffs of Jura,
And wander again by her wild dashing streams.

Tho' here I must roam in the land of the stranger,
My heart's 'mong the braes of Lochaber the while,
Tho' welcom'd, ah! 'tis in the tongue of the Saxon!
'Tis not the heart welcome they gie in Argyle;
They know not the heart o' the old Highland Piper,
And little they think that it bleeds to the core,
When weary with mirth and the dance they invite me,
To play them the wail of Lochaber no more.

Ah, little they know of the weight of affection!
The scatter'd descendants of mighty Lochiel
Still bear in their bosoms to aught which reminds them
Of the dark purple heather, and land of the Geal.
They ne'er saw the tempest in Glenavin gather,
Nor heard the storm shriek around Colansay's shore,
Nor felt the cliffs quake 'neath the tramp of the thunder,
Nor heard the hills join in the mighty uproar.

Ah, little they know of the tie which still binds us,
A tie which the stranger; no! never can feel,
The love which we bear to the land left behind us,
Or the wounds of our parting which never can heal.
And still as day fades o'er the weary Pacific,
To brighten the hills that look'd lovely of yore;
I seek this lone sea beach, and play till the waters
And pine forests ring wi' Lochaber no more.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER.

A BROTHER OF THE BRUSH.

I am a portrait painter, and strictly speaking, *only* a portrait painter. It has very

seldom been my choice to employ my pencil on any subject excepting the "human face divine," to me the most interesting of all studies. Landscape and animals I have never painted, save as adjuncts to some principal figure; and fancy groups I have never attempted, unless all the faces introduced were portraits. But whilst confining myself almost entirely to one branch of art, be it known to you gentle reader, that I am fully capable of enjoying and appreciating the triumphs of genius in other paths than mine, and my taste has not been unfrequently appealed to, when my more wealthy friends have been desirous of enriching their mansions with pictures. These may seem unimportant matters to descant upon; but slight circumstances often lead to great results, and by their means I once met with an adventure so full of the romance of real life, that I deem it worthy of a place amongst the records of the past.

My friend, Sir Philip Borrodaile, shortly after his union with the fair Eleanor Armstrong, called upon me one morning, to request that I would accompany him to the —— street gallery, to assist him in the selection of two or three pictures, which were wanted to complete the furniture of his splendid dining room.

"I know but little of pictures myself," said he, "but Eleanor dotes on them, and I am sure I owe it to the company of painters to encourage them by every means in my power."

To the gallery we proceeded accordingly, and commenced a search for such pictures as my friend wished to purchase. Three were soon fixed upon—*my* share in the choice being rather a negative thing; for clever as they certainly were, they were not quite what I should have selected, if left to my own judgment. "A Scotch terrier," by one of the first animal painters of the day, Sir Philip fell in love with at first sight, because of the resemblance it bore to a favourite dog of his own, which had died a few weeks before. "A party of Dutch boors" were purchased, because they were so amusing; and a large fruit piece concluded the trio, because, as Sir Philip remarked, "nothing could be more suitable for a dining-room." But still a fourth was wanting to complete the required number, as I saw my friend casting an eye towards the representation of some nameless battle, simply because it accorded in size with those already chosen, I drew him away towards a picture which had all along attracted my attention, and which, whilst it was nearly of the proper dimensions, was far more tasteful in the design than the battle aforesaid.

On examination I found that this work was not particularly well finished; but I was pleased with the poetical light and warmth, the freedom of outline, the stamp of *natural genius* that pervaded it. There could be no question but the artist, whoever he was, had the root of excellence strong within him, though it might lack sufficient cultivation. The subject was an "Italian vintage scene," as we found by reference to the catalogue; and certainly the painting told its own story without words. A beautiful peasant girl had just reached her cottage door, and was reclining in a languid attitude on the turf before it. A large basket of grapes rested on the ground beside her, and an infant slumbered on her knees. Behind her leaned a youth of eighteen or twenty, who was twisting a few vine leaves amongst her dark curls. She was raising one hand as if to put up aside those tresses, and her eyes were uplifted with an expression of the deepest and most overflowing tenderness I ever saw in or out of a picture. But the most striking feature of the whole was the appearance of the young man, whose features and dress were genuinely and evidently English. I felt that the picture had a history. Perhaps the very thing that fixed my attention so lovingly upon it was the conviction that at once entered my mind that *here were portraits.* Sir Philip did not seem particularly taken with the object of my admiration. I assured him that Lady Borrodaile would be delighted with it; but still his eyes wandered towards the battle piece. At last he consented to suspend his choice till his lady's opinion could be taken; and directions were given, that while "sold" should be marked on the three positively chosen, the "Italian vintage scene," and its gaudy rival should not be

disposed of, without due notice being given to me or my friend.

I had observed that an elderly man, of very prepossessing appearance, had several times lingered near us during our perambulations of the rooms, and though there was not the least of impertinent curiosity or obtrusiveness in his manner, I could but see that he was in some way interested in our decision. He always kept in the neighbourhood of the "Italian scene"' and though as we came near it again and again he withdrew his eyes from us, and seemed totally absorbed in the perusal of a catalogue, I was sure he wished to hear what we said—sure that our choice was a matter of moment to him. Once, when I was advising that my favourite should be at any rate purchased, I caught his clear blue eye fixed on me with the most intense eagerness; but the moment that he perceived that I noticed it, he turned very red, and rolling up his catalogue, retreated to the farther end of the room. He came near us no more, but we passed him as we were leaving the gallery, and as the door closed, a heavy sigh reached my ears. I was sure it came from the old man behind us.

All day that old man haunted my memory —his tall, slight figure, his thin grey hair, his threadbare garments, his one eager look of prying interest. I could not account for this unless he were the painter of the picture. If he were he must be in great need: his pale face, his emaciated form, his shabby habiliments, all gave colour to the supposition; and if he *were* in distress —— "I must find this out," thought I: "my means are but small, but whether Sir Philip buys his picture or not, a *brother of the brush* must not starve."

The next day, accompanied by Lady Borrodaile, we re-visited the gallery.—Our fair companion was pleased with the picture, yet she wished the purchase delayed for a day or two.

"I should wish to visit some other exhibition first, Philip," said she, "and see if there be anything I like better, for you know this last chosen picture is to be *mine*. I may seem very capricious, Mr. Ashley," she continued, turning to me, "but I really cannot relinquish my womanly privilege of turning over a whole warehouse of goods before I buy."

She laughed lightly as she spoke, and I could not blame her, but yet my thoughts turned involuntarily to the poor painter. I made some excuse to part with my friends at the door of the gallery, and returned again when they had left me, for there was a strange restless curiosity awakened in my mind about the picture and its master. I inquired from the attendants if they knew any thing about Mr. Hamilton—such was his name—but the only information I could obtain was, that he had no other picture there —that he was exceedingly anxious about the sale of this, and was in the habit of coming almost daily to know if it were disposed of. Before I had concluded my questions, the object of them entered, and on seeing me, cast a hasty glance towards his solitary picture. Alas! it did not yet bear the ticket announcing its sale, and turning away, he sank rather than sat down on one of the benches, where, resting his elbows on his knees, he buried his face in his hands. I was certain that he had tears of disappointment to hide at that moment.

I left the gallery and proceeded slowly along the streets my mind full of my poor brother artist, who I felt certain was labouring under some heavy distress. I blamed myself that I had not overcome the paltry scruples of caution and custom, and at once addressed him as one who could sympathise in his sorrows and who was ready to afford him what small aid my means would allow.

"It is not too late, even now," said I, half aloud, and I began to retrace my steps. At that moment my attention was attracted by a loud cry—I raised my eyes, and saw the people running towards the end of the street, where a crowd had collected by the time I reached it. With almost a prophetic knowledge of the truth, I forced my way into the centre of the mob, and there extended on the ground in a deep swoon, lay the unfortunate Hamilton. Putting aside the throng as I best could, and repelling the assiduties of one very busy gentleman of doubtful aspect, who was anxious to search the pockets of the sufferer,

for a card of address, I directed a coach to be called, and having placed Mr. Hamilton therein, I conveyed him to my own residence, which was at no great distance. He speedily gave signs of returning animation, and when he was established on the sofa in my apartment, a glass of wine and water soon restored him so far as to enable him to raise his head and thank me for my care.

"I am better now, I shall be quite able to walk presently," he feebly reiterated; but the attempt was vain, and he sunk down again.

"Do not try to move yet, sir," said I, "you are much too weak to leave your seat at present: rest here awhile, and believe me you are most welcome to any little kindness that it is in my power to shew you."

He pressed my hand gratefully, and then, leaning his head on the sofa, burst into tears, and wept like a child. A few words did not suffice to tell his story, but they were enough to enlist all my pity on his side, and to make me anxious to do him service. He was old and feeble—he lived in a poor street about half a mile off—he was in the extremity of poverty, and had a sick grandchild—he had looked forward to the sale of the picture, so often named, as his only remaining hope of succour. Hitherto he had been disappointed, and on returning home that day, had fainted—I strongly suspected more from want of sustenance than fatigue.

All this I gathered in a few minutes, and as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, I accompanied him to his lodgings. We ascended two or three flights of stairs, each narrower and dirtier than the one below it, and there in a garret, I found, was the painter's home. Scraps of canvass, half finished drawings, (very inferior, as I saw at a glance to the picture in the exhibition), were scattered about the room. An old tent bedstead, entirely despoiled of its hangings, and furnished only with a wretched mattrass, stood on one side, and a bundle of straw, partly covered with a small coarse rug occupied a corner. But there was one jewel—one glorious feature in that wretched scene, which shed a halo of beauty and romance even over that poor chamber, and made it seem a fit abode for the spirit of poetry. This was a young girl of about fifteen years old, who, reclining on a wooden settle near the small window—slept!—Yes—amidst all the desolation of the scene—amidst the pressure of her sorrows, (for the tears might still be traced where they had dried on her cheeks), she slept!—the beautiful image of Christian peace in the midst of a cold and persecuting world. Her lips were slightly parted, and her breathing short and quick; her brow was pale and pure as marble, but one little crimson spot on each cheek told of "the foe that worked within," and her white, shrunken hand hung powerless by her side, almost transparent in its exceeding thinness. But her hair! Never have I seen such masses, such wreaths of deep golden hair as those which hung, half uncurled, in heavy, damp waves round her face and shoulders! The string that should have confined it had evidently been unfastened as she stirred in her slumbers, and all that ocean of hair was falling around her, bright, rich, unsheathed, by the illness that was evidently consuming her life. I have known *one* other instance in which the hair of a consumptive patient seemed to grow more luxuriantly than in health—probably drawing its strength from the very vitals of the sufferer—and never but one. All this was impressed on my mind in a few moments, and Hamilton going up to the side of the invalid she awakened. With a low, sweet voice, and somewhat of a foreign accent, she inquired, "Why had he been away so long, and if the picture" —— She paused, for she saw a stranger, and fixed on me a look so sweet, so plaintive, that it clung to my mind for days after.

"You are faint, my Madeline," said Hamilton, as he assisted her to rise—"faint and weak, but God has helped us, see here"—and he showed her a certain coin which I had just deposited in his hand. "You shall have nourishment—medicine, dearest—soon, very soon."

This was half-whispered, as if for her ear alone, but I caught every word. "I have not wanted," said the poor girl; "I was weak, and faint, and sinfully sad an hour but I have slept, and angels have come

to me with pleasant dreams, and I am quite strong and well."

And she smiled, such a smile as a ministering spirit might wear when assuming the office of a comforter to some sorrowing mortal. Then followed a scene of temporary joy and relief, which gladdened my very soul to witness. Oh, ye who have more wealth at your disposal in a single year than I ever possessed in my whole life, and who yet are in want of an excitement and emotion, seek out the abodes of the sick, the poor, and the wretched, and see how much happiness to others, and above all, to yourselves, may be purchased for a single sovereign!

The story of Hamilton's life was now told. He was the son of a country artist, a struggling man, who had never risen to any eminence in his profession, but who had managed to "make a living," as the phrase goes, for himself and his family by pourtraying the effigies of the boors who surrounded him, occasionally copying a picture for the squire, touching up and remodelling the sign-posts for a dozen miles round. To his son he bequeathed little, except a talent for painting, some degrees superior to his own, but still not of the kind that is likely to bring its possessor much fame or profit. He married early and somewhat imprudently, but his wife died a few years after their union, leaving him one only child, a son. That son was, *indeed* a genius. The light which in descending, had passed by his ancestors, leaving them but a faint reflection of its glories, seemed to settle in full and perfect lustre on the forehead of George Hamilton. Even in early childhood its emanations were apparent in the bold and beautiful sketches that were the produce of his untaught pencil. In like manner was the love and pride of the father's heart concentrated on him. Once he had felt some faint aspiration for fame on his account, but this was all merged in an absorbing thirst for the glory of his son. Poor as he was, he resolved to submit to every possible sacrifice that might promote the cultivation of his child's talent, and converting his little property into money, he departed for Italy, resolved, by privation, and toil, and self-devotion, to procure for the youth those advantages which a residence on the continent alone affords. One trait of this mighty love and unselfish ambition must be told:—He actually bound himself to grind colours, and perform the most menial offices for a celebrated painter in Rome, in return for lessons bestowed upon his gifted son. He who so loved his art himself—who had once even hoped to attain some excellence in it, gave up *all*, and became a very servant for the sake of that son of his heart.

Years rolled on, and found the father contentedly labouring in the very drudgeries of his profession, and the son still promising to excel in its highest walk. He designed and executed several small pictures, which were advantageously disposed of, and the father began to see the reward of his self-denying love in the growing excellence of his son. But George Hamilton, unfortunately, was not of a temperament to persevere patiently in a course of steady, pains-taking improvement. He had submitted to the trammels of a tutor so long, because mighty and glorious creations were swelling in his soul, which he lacked the power of pouring forth on canvass. No sooner did he attain this power to a moderate degree, than with the self-confidence which is so often the attendant upon high talent, he imagined he had no more to learn, and that genius, rich and vivid as his own, could need no further training. At nineteen he married an orphan Italian girl, without any dower but her beauty and her virtues; and dearly as father and son both loved her, she could not but be a serious burden on finances so slender as theirs. Another year saw a farther addition to their cares, in the shape of a little girl, who was named "Madeline" after her mother. Young Hamilton continued to paint, but, alas! *not* to improve. The few English at Rome, who had purchased his pictures at first as an encouragement to rising genius, either left the city, or were attracted to the studio of some newer artist. He was naturally of a roving and restless disposition, and he now imagined that if he were in England, the land of his birth, he should more than realize his dreams of fame and fortune. He left his family in Italy, and came to England, where, before he had time

to make trial of his success, a violent fever hurried him to the grave.

For weeks his relatives remained in ignorance of his death. They learned it at last through the medium of an English paper, which found its way into Mr. Hamilton's hands. His daughter-in-law was near her confinement and the shock of the tidings proved too much for her. She gave birth to a still-born child, and expired in a few hours afterwards.

Poor Hamilton was now utterly desolate. The loss of his son had crushed his pride and hope for ever, but the death of his beloved daughter was almost a more distressing stroke. He was left a stranger in a strange land, without resources, and with an infant grand-daughter dependent on him for support.—He gathered together his few remaining effects, and was on the eve of leaving Italy, determining to make his way, if possible, to England, and consigning his little charge to the care of some public charity, lay down his lonely head and die. But circumstances occurred which changed his plans.

On the very day before that on which he intended to leave his residence, the carriage of the Marchesa di V—— broke down before his door. Its fair inmate sought refuge beneath his roof—was charmed with the beauty of his grand-child—drew from him the outline of his story—and, with the quick decision of a rich, young, and self-willed woman, determined on taking his future fortunes into her own keeping. On the day which was to have witnessed the beginning of their pilgrimage to England, Hamilton and his Madeline were rolling in the carriage towards her splendid villa near Florence.

And for ten years Madeline's life was like a dream in a fairy land. The Marchesa was married to a man of calm, almost stern manners, who, whilst he allowed his lovely wife to do pretty much as she pleased, never troubled himself to make any extraordinary manifestations of attachment to her.—She was, moreover, childless, and she made this little orphan the recipient of the overflowings of her warm and passionate nature, her liberal gifts, her pent up affections. Strange that one so affectionate should have been scarcely amiable! She loved Madeline because she was beautiful and returned her love; and, moreover, early showed herself the possessor of a brilliancy and diversity of talent most remarkable in a child. Of Hamilton she soon got tired. He had not depth enough or genius enough to interest her long; she had taken him as a *pendant* to her "little cherub," as she called Madeline, and soon began to account him an incumbrance. Not like a happy dream did *his* ten years pass away, but in the endurance of slights and neglect that amounted to insult. In Madeline's presence, indeed, open unkindness was forborne, and *to* her he never complained—with her he tried to seem cheerful and happy, and for her dear sake he bore all that was to be borne, for she was the last tie of earth around his heart, and he felt he could not voluntarily leave her.

Ten years of loving dependence and nearly unruffled happiness to the one; ten years of smiling but bitter endurance to the other, and they were once more nearly destitute. The Marchesa died suddenly, and before she had time to make permanent provision for her protegé. The Marchese bemoaned her loss for three months, endured the presence of her dependance for three months more, and then brought home another bride with a tribe of relations. A few days afterwards he placed a small purse of gold in Hamilton's hand, and politely intimated that he must seek a residence elsewhere. Madeline had permission to remain if she pleased, but she felt it was impossible to do so if she were to be separated from her grandfather. For the Marchese she had never felt any affection. His second wife was a cruel, proud piece of still life, and Madeline had sense enough to see the misery of such a position as her's must be if she staid. They left Florence, therefore—like our first parents, "the world was all before them where to choose," and they naturally chose to go to England. They bent their course towards Hamilton's native town, for there he trusted he might yet obtain a subsistence by the exercise of his long neglected art. He was doomed to be disappointed. Twenty years had raised his birth-place from an insignificant to a wealthy town, the seat of a thriving manufacture. His old connexions were dead or

dispersed, and other painters had arisen, enough not only to fill *his* place, but to starve in their own. He quitted H—— in despair, and went to London, for he felt in that great mart he was most likely to obtain a living by the exercise of some humble branch of his calling. Moreover, *there* Madeline, skilled as she was in all pretty works and womanly accomplishments, might be able to contribute something towards their support. For two years longer they struggled on. Hamilton obtained humble but constant employment as repairer to a picture dealer, and Madeline, flying to the usual resources of lady-like females in distress, made some little additions to their finances, by the sale of embroidery, &c.—But her health began to fail—she could no longer bend much over her work—there were sickly mists in her eyes when she gazed intently on muslin or canvass—there was a dull constant aching at her chest, and frequent stiches in her side—there were faintings that made her suddenly drop her needle, and fall back exhausted. Anon she grew pale, and there and then came the short gasping cough, and the daily recurring hectic of the cheek, and the drenching night prespiration. How could Hamilton doubt with what fiend her constitution was silently wrestling, with the certainty of being finally the conquered? Their main resource, the employment furnished by the picture dealer, was at this time suspended, in consequence of some embarrassment in his affairs, and they were almost penniless. Hamilton declared that this was by far the most trying time of his life. He had barely the means of procuring bread for their daily sustenance, and poor Madeline's case called not only for this, but for comforts and luxuries which it was impossible to obtain for her.

How often had the poor painter stood by the shop where were stored the delicacies of daily purchase by the rich, and felt the bitterness of his poverty in full, when he thought of her who had been reared in a palace, and for whom he was now unable to procure one morsel of that tempting food that might have stimulated her sickly appetite! How, especially, the sight of piles of costly fruit, exposed for sale in windows or markets, almost drove him mad, when he thought of his inability to procure one handful to cool her feverish lips! How the warm garments and rich furs in the fashionable shops made him think of her thin clothing, and the coming on of the winter.

One resource was left, and only one. Amidst the changes of their fortune Hamilton had still preserved a painting by his son—one of his master-pieces. It was the "vintage scene" spoken of in the early part of this narrative, and was peculiarly dear to the old man, as containing portraits of his son, his son's wife and their infant daughter. Through the interest of an artist with whom he made slight acquaintance, a place was procured for it in the gallery where I first saw it; and day after day did poor Hamilton attend there in the vain hope that *it might sell*. The result has been seen; it led to my introduction to Hamilton, and I trust to much more comfort than the mere price of his picture could have purchased.

When Lady Borrodaile heard this tale of distress, (which my readers may be assured reached her only on the next day), her self-reproach for having unconsciously caused the artist a continuance of suspense and anxiety, was beyond all bounds. She instantly sent to secure the picture: and in less than two hours from her acquaintance with Hamilton's history, she was seated beside the suffering Madeline, and with the care of a mother, and the tenderness of a dear sister, was inquiring into her wants, and making arrangements for their ample supply. She would not allow the invalid to remain another night in an unwholesome and comfortless lodging, but removed her to her own house, and procured instant medical attendance for her. In a few days more she established Madeline at a small villa near Richmond, the property of Sir Philip, deeming that quietness and fresh air might do much for her. Here she visited her almost daily; and surrounded by every comfort, tended constantly by her grandfather, and watched over by her benefactress, the poor patient appeared for a while to revive. She certainly grew stronger, and the painter and Lady Borrodaile flattered themselves she would recover. But there was still the

hollow cough and the often flushed cheek; and I, who had anxiously watched over a similar case before, knew too well there was nothing to hope.

It was a lovely day in the early spring—one of the first warm days of the season. The roots of the old trees were tufted with primroses, and the river, bankful from recent rains, glided brightly and majestically on in the pure sunshine—the whole face of nature was full of life and gladness. Lady Borrodaile and myself had driven down to the villa, as we frequently did, and found our gentle patient enjoying the sweet spring air and sunshine. She was sitting on a bench placed on the sunny side of the lawn, and her grandfather was beside her. He was reading to her from a small volume, which, as we drew nearer, we found was the New Testament. He paused as we approached, but she did not perceive us. "Read that again," said she, in her low, sweet voice—"for, oh! it does me good!" We motioned to him not to mention our presence, and softly drew nearer to listen. Suddenly he stopped—an exclamation of terror burst from his lips—Lady Borrodaile sprung forward and caught Madeline on her arm just as she was sliding from her seat. There was a deadly paleness on her brow, but a sweet smile on her lips. She closed her eyes—her hand fell powerless by her side—she shivered slightly, and all was over!

Never, in life, or in death, have I looked on anything so lovely as Madeline Hamilton, immediately after her spirit had departed. There was not yet the rigidity and chilliness which so soon follows in the track of death, and converts the dearest and the loveliest to a thing for awe and wonder. Never shall I forget the perfect repose, the ineffable grace of her attitude, as she lay for a few minutes on the rustic bench—her small hand dropping by her side—her lips slightly open—her forehead so smooth and still! Long did that form and face haunt me with their solemn quiet beauty; and even yet they oftentimes arise before me, with a vividness and reality which few memories possess.

Hamilton was a lonely man from that hour. All that could be done to alleviate his sorrow was done by kind and sympathising friends. But it was too late—"his occupation was gone." In six months we laid the poor painter by the side of Madeline.

BESSIE.

We were both young—I her elder
Was by just a year and day;
Yet we seemed like twins together,
As we wandered forth to play,
Every day,
Healthy, active, young, and gay.

I was taller,—features darker,—
Curling hair of chestnut hue,
She was fairer, gentler, softer,
Eyes of heaven's own lovely blue,
Liquid blue,
Soft as violets wet with dew.

I was fond of running, romping,
Chasing butterflies away;
She would gather buds and flowers
As we gladly went to play,
Every day,
When the summer sun was gay.

Years went by, I had departed
From my youth's remembered scenes,
But their unforgotten beauties
Often haunted in my dreams;
Pleasant dreams,
I who had enjoyed their beams.

And the playmate of my childhood,
She in dreams was present too,
Her light form and glossy ringlets,
And her eyes of beaming blue,
Heavenly blue,
They were ever present too.

Twice five seasons of bright flowers,
Twice five too of storm and rain,
And the bye paths and the bowers
Of my youthful home again,
Home again,
Listened I to song bird's strain.

Soon I found her lov'd in childhood,
Sharer of each joy and tear,
Playmate in the field and wild wood,
Ever thought of, ever dear;
Joyous tear,
Mingled with my welcome here.

As in childhood's hours we wandered,
So we wandered, wandered more,
But less playful more we pondered,
More of thought upon her brow,
Fair white brow,
None I see seems like it now.

Angels might have heard the whisper,
As I heard it soft and low,
Gentle music's breathing murmur,
Music seldom thrilleth so.
Sweet and low,
Telling all I sought to know.

PLAN

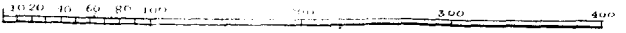
of the *OPERATIONS* of the

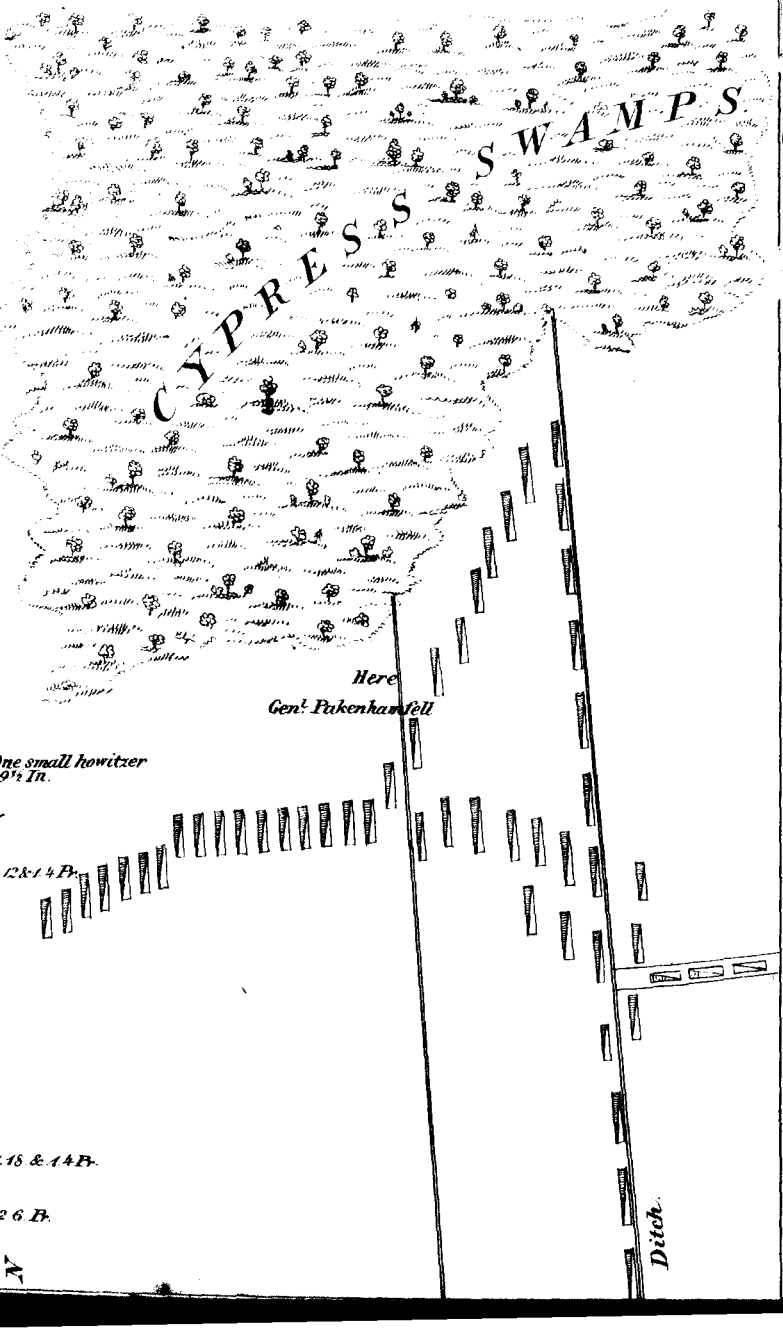
BRITISH & AMERICAN FORCES

below *NEW ORLEANS*, on the 8th of January 1815.

The position of both Armies on the left bank, by Major A Lacarriere Latour principal Engineer 7th Military District, U.S. Army, and on the right bank as taken from Eaton's Life of General Jackson.

Scale of Yards





HAND TO TAKE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

You're rich, and yet you are not proud;
You are not selfish, hard, or vain;
You look upon the common crowd
With sympathy, and not disdain.
You'd travel far to share your gold
With humble sorrow unconsol'd:
You'd raise the orphan from the dust,
And help the sad and widowed mother;
Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
I love you as a brother!

You're poor, and yet you do not scorn
Or hate the wealthy for their wealth;
You toil, contented, night and morn,
And prize the gifts of strength and health;
You'd share your little with a friend,
And what you cannot give you'll lend;
You take humanity on trust,
And see some merit in another;
Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
I love you as a brother!

And what care I how rich you be?
I love you if your thoughts are pure;
What signifies your poverty,
If you can struggle and endure?
'Tis not the birds that make the spring;
'Tis not the crown that makes the king,
If you are wise, and good and just,
You've riches better than all other.
Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
I love you as a brother.

HISTORY OF THE WAR
BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
DURING THE YEARS, 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The attack on Plattsburg, its failure, and its consequences.

The unfortunate commander of the British forces, in the expedition against Plattsburg, has been almost universally made the target against which the most envenomed arrows have been directed. Peace be to his ashes, as his death was occasioned by over anxiety to hasten home in order to clear his character from the imputations cast on it, and we would that justice permitted us to pass over in silence the last act of the drama. This, however, may not be, and did not even impartiality demand a faithful narration of the unfortunate result of the most important expedition undertaken during the three years war, the loud boastings of the Americans would impose on us the necessity of showing that it was not to the men that the defeat at Plattsburg was attributable, but that to the commander alone was the disgraceful termination of the expedition due.

Sir James Yeo has been accused of regarding Sir George Provost with a jealous eye, we therefore make no use of his dispatch to Mr. John Wilson Croker; that however of Captain Pring contains some passages which render it very difficult to understand Sir George Provost's subsequent conduct. Captain Pring says, "in consequence of the earnest solicitation of his excellency Sir George Provost for the cooperation of the naval force on this lake (Champlain) to attack that of the enemy, who were placed for the support of their works at Plattsburg, which it was proposed should be stormed by the troops, at the same moment the naval action should commence in the bay; every possible exertion was used to accelerate the armament of the new ship, that the military movements might not be postponed at such an advanced season of the year, longer than was absolutely necessary." Sir George Provost's dispatches all tend to prove the correctness of Captain Pring's statement, that the attacks were to be simultaneous; and so confident of this was poor Captain Downie, that he addressed his men to this effect before going into action: "My lads we shall be immediately assisted by the army on shore, let us show them that our part of the duty is well done." This presumption on the part of Downie was fully warranted by Sir George's plans; and it is therefore a most extraordinary fact, that a General, who had on previous occasions proved himself a brave and energetic officer, should have on this occasion by his indecision and timidity have cast a lasting slur on himself and the army under his command. We

particularly mention the army as we do not consider that any discredit attached to Downie, his brother officers or men of the fleet; and when it is taken into consideration that, sixteen days before the action, the Confiance was on the stocks; had an unorganized crew, composed of different drafts of men from Quebec, many of whom only joined the day before; and were totally unknown either to the officers or to each other; was in want of gunlocks, as well as other necessary appointments not to be procured in the country, the decided advantage possessed by the enemy both in tonnage, guns and men, will be so apparent, that instead of a stain resting on the fleet the conviction will be forced on all, taking into consideration what was done, that, properly assisted by Sir G. Provost, the capture of both the American fleet and army was inevitable. Nay, so impressed with this fact was the American commander that he hesitated for some time to take possession of the British vessels that had struck their colours, as he was busily engaged in getting his own vessels out of reach of the fire which he momentarily expected would be opened on him from the captured shore batteries.

It must not be supposed that in the attempt to vindicate the conduct of the sailors, we intend to cast any reflection whatsoever on the troops. No, the men who had braved danger in many a well fought field in the Peninsula, and who had shared in the perils of Burgos, Badajoz, and St. Sebastian, were not likely to be daunted by the feeble opposition offered by fifteen hundred of the refuse of the American army, and three thousand raw militia; and had they but been properly commanded the boasting paragraphs of Messrs. Ingersol, Thompson, Smith and O'Connor would not have been forthcoming to feed the national taste for boasting.

Of all the American writers we must certainly select Ingersol as the one who has made most capital out of the defeat at Plattsburg, and although there is the most undoubted evidence to the contrary, he boldly states that Captain Downie's vessel, the Confiance, was manned with "three hundred picked seamen." Forgetful, however, of this assertion, on the next page he states that the Americans remained at anchor in "perfect quiet and order, characteristic of American naval discipline, in contrast with the clamorous defiance of British sea fights."

Now we deny Mr. Ingersol's statements as to American discipline point blank, and we confidently appeal to any one who may have had an opportunity of comparing the two services. In his anxiety to prove that nothing was wanting to complete the preparations on the part of the Americans, Ingersol treats us even to the prayer that was poured forth by McDonough on this occasion, and by way of proving that Heaven itself was auspicious, he adds, that "a cock flew upon a gun slide, clapped his wings and crowed," a signal which "Napoleon or Cæsar would have hailed with delight." As a sequitur to this auspicious omen, we are told further that on land "the renowned veterans of Wellington fled, leaving their sick and wounded," and that they were pursued by militia not one-fourth of their number. This statement hardly tallies with McComb's version. We can, however, in view of the brilliant achievements in the west, permit a thorough Yankee historian for once to indulge his desire to satisfy his fellow-countrymen with highly-coloured narratives. There is, however, one assertion put forth by Ingersol so atrocious that it must not be passed over,—it is that Sir George Provost, in order to cover his retreat "sent an officer to General Moir's house to inform his son, left in charge of it, that preliminaries of peace were signed at Ghent. This Ingersol affects to believe was a stratagem of Sir George's, but as he does not venture to adduce a single proof in support of his assertion, we can well afford to rank the statement as about equally worthy of belief with most other deductions of the same writer.

In his own anxiety to prove how perfect everything American must be, Ingersol furnishes some very conclusive evidence as to the strength of the American position. He says, "to explain the cause of this strange defeat of the British army it will be necessary to state that the Village of Plattsburg is situated on the west side of Lake Champlain; and a river called Saranac, on its way easterly, passes through this village, dividing it into two parts, and empties its waters into

the bay, being a part of Lake Champlain. This stream, for the distance of four miles, or more, in consequence of its rocky shores and bottom is rendered impassable by fording, and at that time there were but two places where they crossed it on bridges. On the south side of this stream, a short distance from the lower bridge was the place selected for the forts, it being on an eminence commanding a view of the whole village. * * * * The inhabitants, together with the troops, on finding the enemy were near, threw down the upper bridge and took the plank off from the lower one, and made every other arrangement to prevent the enemy from reaching the fort.

All this shows that Provost had some difficulties to contend with, but taking them all into consideration it is yet too apparent that nothing but the military imbecility of the commander occasioned the disgrace that attached to the nation by the disastrous catastrophe of Plattsburg. It is evident that Sir George Provost did not evince on this occasion the smallest combination of plan, or sign of execution; "nor was," as Veritas observes, "any object of the expedition visible unless through its effect, that of bringing on the destruction of our fleet, without making an effort to save it, or to rescue the army from the disgrace of being tame spectators of that destruction."

Enough, however, has been said of an expedition, which we would could be blotted from the page of English history, and which must ever be a proof that, no matter what the high spirits and gallantry of troops may be, unless they are properly commanded, reverses such as that of Plattsburg must be expected, instead of the brilliant deeds of former days in the Peninsula, or the later deeds of daring at Alma, Balaclava, or Inkermann.

Passing from the north to the south, we find a task imposed on us nearly as painful as the record of British disasters at Plattsburg, viz., the attack on New Orleans.

Expedition to New Orleans.

There is little doubt that the British government originated the expedition to New Orleans under the impression that they would receive material assistance from the Spanish portion of the population, and that from the French little or no opposition might be expected. Precisely the same arguments were brought to bear on the declaration of war by the United States against Great Britain, by those who believed, or affected to believe, that Canadians desired nothing so much as to be freed from the intolerable weight of the British yoke. One conjecture proved as fallacious as the other, and the expedition against New Orleans terminated about as disastrously as any of the various invasions of Canadian territory by vapouring or gasconading militia generals.

The gain to be expected from the expedition.

The expedition was not, however, undertaken entirely without some probability of its paying for its expenses. For three years the cotton and sugar crops of Louisiana and Mississippi had been accumulating in the warehouses of the queen city of the South, and the promoters of the scheme anticipated that at least fifteen million of dollars must reward the invading force.

Lafitte, the chief of the Banatarian privates.

The first steps taken by the British commanders in this expedition were ill-advised, for without reflecting that a traitor to his country will most probably be one also to his new friends, the British commanders were most signally over-reached in their attempts to secure the assistance of Lafitte and his men (most noted pirates and the scourge of the Gulf of Mexico) both as pilots and as active agents in the proposed descent. The chief of these freebooters, however, played a most artful game with the British commanders, and while affecting to betray his country, he was in reality forwarding all their plans to the Governor of the State, and organising a vigorous defence of the important post of which he and his followers had possessed themselves. For this, (we cannot call it treachery,) good service, Lafitte, his brother and his band received full pardon from the President of the United States, for their previous misdeeds.

The British, deceived by Lafitte's representations, directed their first attack against Fort Bowyer, situated on Mobile Point, and forming the extremity of a peninsula which

is joined to the continent by a narrow isthmus, which divides Bonsecours bay from that of Perdid.

Attack on Fort Bowyer, and defeat of the British.

This attack on Fort Bowyer was a very ill-conceived, badly planned, and worse executed manœuvre, and the result of the attack was the loss of the Hermes, twenty-two gun corvette, very great injury inflicted on the Sophia, eighteen guns, and the loss in killed and wounded of seventy-two men. The Hermes grounded within musket shot of a heavy battery, and Captain Perry, her commander, finding every effort to get her off unavailing, removed his wounded and set his vessel on fire. It is needless to add that the attack on the fort was a most signal failure.

Unfortunate, however, as this affair was in loss of vessels and life, it proved equally so in the opportunity afforded to the enemy of putting forward the most outrageous assertions. One writer, Latour, in his "war in Louisiana," converts the twenty-two, and eighteen gun corvettes, the Hermes and Sophia into frigates, and states the British force at ninety-two guns and thirteen hundred and thirty men, modestly giving his own countrymen eight guns and one hundred and thirty men. Fortunately Fort Bowyer was afterwards taken and four hundred and fourteen men captured in it. The Americans acknowledge a loss of only four killed and four wounded, estimating that of the British, (ascertained from what source it is impossible to say,) at one hundred and sixty-two killed and seventy-two wounded.

Preparations for the attack and defence of New Orleans.

After the failure of the attack on Fort Bowyer the American naval commander, Commodore Patterson, turned his attention to obstructing the passage of the British flotilla, which was then preparing, with a large body of troops on board, for the attack on New Orleans, which stands on the left bank of the Mississippi, one hundred and five miles from its mouth.

Defence of the gun boats.

For this purpose he constructed a formidable force of gun-boats and men, but the defence made by them was about as effective as the British attack on Fort Bowyer, and resulted in the capture or destruction of the whole flotilla, and although Lieutenant Ap Jones, whose despatch will be found below,* has endeavoured to make the best of the affair, there can be no doubt but that Captain Lockyier very soon convinced Lieut. Ap Jones of the difference between British and American seamen when fairly matched.

Discrepancies in account of the gun-boat action.

It is not only remarkable, but amusing to note how the American commanders and historians, in their attempts to soften down everything which might offend the national vanity have contradicted each other. Captain Jones, in his despatch, speaks of the British barges "as almost as large as the gun-boats themselves." Latour, in his anxiety to account for the bad firing of the Americans, speaks of them as "objects of so small a size, &c."

In order to test the truth of Lieut. Ap. Jones' statement, we give the size of one of the gun-boats under his command, and contrast it with that of the Hunter, styled by the Americans a British brig of war:—

	United States Boat.	Hunter.
Weight of broadside in lbs.	59	28
Crew - - - -	41	39
Tonnage - - -	112	74

This misrepresentation was not confined to Lieutenant Jones. Commodore M'Donough, although fully aware that the smallest gun-boat was seventy-five tons, describes two

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* *From Lieutenant Jones to Com. Patterson.*

New Orleans, 12th March, 1815.

Sir,

Having sufficiently recovered my strength, I do myself the honour of reporting to you the particulars of the capture of the division of United States' gun-boats late under my command.

On the 12th of December, 1814, the enemy's fleet off Ship Island increased to such a force as to render it no longer safe or prudent for me to continue on that part of the lakes with the small force which I commanded. I therefore determined to gain a station near the Malheureux islands as soon as possible, which situation would better enable me to oppose a further penetration of the enemy up the lakes, and at the same time afford me an opportunity of retreating to the Petites Coquilles if necessary.

At 10, a.m., on the 13th, I discovered a large

British vessels, some two tons smaller than this, as "sloops of war."

Do not these statements clearly convict Messrs. M'Donough and Jones of wilful misrepresentation on their face? Who ever heard of a ship's launch measuring one hundred and twelve, or even seventy-five tons, even at the present time, when the size of boats have nearly increased in the same ratio as ships? Let the reader fancy a frigate measuring one thousand and fifty tons, having to hoist up, either on deck or a the stern, boats of one hundred and twelve tons!

Again, Mr. Latour makes the British launches objects of so small a size, that it was impossible to hit them; yet he very complacently dwells on the precision of the American fire against the larger vessels—these larger vessels being actually much smaller than the American gun-boats.

Another trifling mistake on the part of Lieut. Jones is the omission of twelve guns (four and six pounders) and two five-and-a half-inch howitzers, which were found in the captured vessels, and not included in his force, although it was evident that they had been recently used. We have, however, said enough to show how much value may be placed on the statements of either Lieut. Jones or Mr. Latour. Had we, too, not brought sufficient proofs forward, it is only necessary to add,

flotilla of barges had left the fleet, (shaping their course towards the Pas Chretien,) which I supposed to be a disembarkation of troops intended to land at that place. About 2, p.m. the enemy's flotilla having gained the Pas Chretien, and continuing their course to the westward, convinced me that an attack on the gun-boats was designed. At this time the water in the Lakes was uncommonly low, owing to the westerly wind which had prevailed for a number of days previous, and which still continued from the same quarter. Nos. 150, 162 and 163, although in the best channel, were in 12 or 18 inches less water than their draught. Every effort was made to get them afloat by throwing overboard all articles of weight that could be dispensed with. At 3. 30, the flood-tide had commenced; got under weigh, making the best of my way towards the Petites Coquilles. At 3. 45, the enemy despatched three boats to cut out the schooner Seahorse, which had been sent into the bay St. Louis that morning to assist in the removal of the public stores, which I had previously ordered. There finding a removal impracticable, I ordered preparations to be made for their destruction, least they should fall into the enemy's hands. A few discharges of grape-shot from the Seahorse compelled the three boats, which had attacked her, to retire out of reach of her guns, until they were joined by four others, when the attack was recommenced by the seven boats.—Mr. Johnson having chosen an advantageous position near the two 6-pounders mounted on the bank, maintained a sharp action for near 30 minutes, when the enemy hauled off, having one boat apparently much injured, and with the loss of several men killed and wounded. At 7. 30, an explosion at the bay, and soon after a large fire, induced me to believe the Seahorse was blown up and the public store-house set on fire, which was proved to be the fact.

About 1 a.m. on the 14th, the wind having entirely died away, and our vessels become unmanageable, came to anchor in the west-end of Malheureux island's passage. At daylight next morning, still a perfect calm, the enemy's flotilla was about nine miles from us at anchor, but soon got in motion and rapidly advanced on us. The want of wind, and the strong ebb-tide which was setting through the pass, left me but one alternative, which was, to put myself in the most advantageous position, to give the enemy as warm a reception as possible. The commanders were all called on board and made acquainted with my intentions, and the position which each vessel was to take, the whole to form a close line abreast across the channel, anchored by the stern with springs on the cable, &c. &c., thus we remained anxiously awaiting an attack from the advancing foe, whose force I now clearly distinguished to be composed of 42 heavy launches and gun-barges, with three light gigs, manned with upwards of 1000 men and officers. About 9. 30, the Alligator (tender) which was to the southward and eastward, and endeavouring to join the division, was captured by several of the enemy's barges, when the whole flotilla came-to, with their grapnels a little out of reach of our shot, apparently making arrangements for the attack. At 10. 30, the enemy weighed, forming a line abreast in open order, and steering direct for our line, which was unfortunately in some degree broken by the force of the current, driving Nos. 156 and 163 about 100 yards in advance. As soon as the enemy came within reach of our shot, a deliberate fire from our long guns was opened upon him, but without much effect the objects being of so small a size. At 10 minutes before 11, the enemy opened a fire from the whole of his line, when the action became general and destructive on both sides. About 11. 19, the advance boats of the enemy, three in number, attempted to board No. 156, but were repulsed with the loss of nearly every officer killed or wounded, and two boats sunk. A second attempt to board was then made by four other boats, which shared almost a similar fate. At this moment I received a severe wound in my left shoulder, which compelled me to quit the deck, leaving it in charge of Mr. George

that Major Latour asserts that several barges were sunk, and that "one hundred and eighty men went down in one." Of this statement we can at once declare that it was false. No boat was sunk except the Tonnant's launch, and, moreover, no barge had on board more than thirty-one men, and further, every man was saved from the Tonnant's launch.

Commodore Patterson's attempt to gain information by spies.

An attempt made by Commodore Patterson afforded fine scope for renewed abuse of Britain and the acts of her commanders. This officer under pretence of ascertaining the fate of the prisoners on board the gun boats dispatched two officers, one of them a Doctor, (to make it appear we presume that the wounded would be neglected by their captors), to obtain the desired information. These officers Admiral Cochrane detained, informing them that they must not consider themselves as prisoners in the full sense of the word, but that as their visit was unseasonable, he could not permit them to return until it would be impossible for them to profit by what they had seen, and put General Jackson *au fait* as to the proposed attack on New Orleans. The attack over, they were at once released, yet this did not prevent the vilest libels being levelled against the British Commander.

In order that the causes which led to the failure of the attack on New Orleans may be better understood we make a short extract from James' description of the natural and artificial features of the country:—

"As the country around New Orleans possesses very peculiar features, a slight digression may be necessary. The bayou Bienvenu is the creek through which all the waters of a large basin, or swamp, about 80 miles in extent, bounded on the north by the Mississippi, on the west by New Orleans, on the north-west, by bayou Sauvage, or Chefmenteur, and on the east by Lake Borgne, into which it empties. It receives the streams of several other bayous, formed by the waters of the surrounding cypress swamps and prairies, as well as of innumerable little streams from the low grounds along the river. It is navigable for vessels of 100 tons, 12 miles from its mouth. Its breadth is from 110 to 150 yards, and it has six feet water on the bar, at common tides, and nine feet at spring tides. Its principal branch is that which is called bayou Mazant, which runs towards the south-west, and receives the waters of the canals of the plantations of Villeré, Lacoste, and Laronde, upon which the British afterwards established their principal encampment. The level of the great basin, on the bank of the principal bayou, is usually 12 feet below the banks of the Mississippi. The overflowing of the waters of all those bayous and canals, occasioned by the tide of the sea, or by the winds raising the waters in the lake, forms, on all their banks, deposits of slime, which are continually raising them above the rest of the soil; so that the interval between two bayous is below the level of their banks, and the soil is generally covered with water and mud, in which aquatic plants, or large reeds, of the height of from six to eight feet, grow in abundance. It sometimes happens that the rains, or the filtrated waters, collected in these intervals, or basins, not finding a vent, form what are called *trembling prairies*; which are at all times impassable to men

Parker, master's mate, who gallantly defended the vessel until he was severely wounded, when the enemy by his superior number, succeeded in gaining possession of the deck about 10 minutes past 12 o'clock. The enemy immediately turned the guns of his prize on the other gun-boats, and fired several shot previous to striking the American colours. The action continued with unabating severity until 40 minutes past 12 o'clock, when it terminated with the surrender of No. 23, all the other vessels having previously fallen into the hands of the enemy.

In this unequal contest our loss in killed and wounded has been trifling compared to that of the enemy.

Enclosed you will receive a list of the killed and wounded, and a correct statement of the force which I had the honour to command at the commencement of the action, together with an estimate of the force I had to contend against, as acknowledged by the enemy, which will enable you to decide how far the honour of our country's flag has been supported in this conflict.

I have the honour to be, &c.

THOMAS AP CATESBY JONES.

American force,	- -	25 guns—204 men.
British do.	- -	42 guns—1200 men.
British loss,	-	17 killed—77 wounded.

and domestic animals. The land in Lower Louisiana slopes in the inverse direction of the soil of other countries, being most elevated on the sides of the rivers, and sinking as it recedes from them. The Mississippi, at New Orleans, periodically swells 14 or 15 feet; and is then from three to four feet above the level of its banks. To confine its waters within its bed, dikes or ramparts, called in Louisiana *levées*, have been raised on its banks, from the highlands towards its mouth, a little above the level of the highest swells; without which precaution, the lands would be entirely overflowed, from four to five months in the year. The reader will now be better able to appreciate the difficulties our troops and seamen had to encounter in transporting themselves, their baggage, provisions, and artillery, to the scene of operations on the left bank of the Mississippi."

Advance of the British.

After the capture of the gun boats the British were enabled to advance to within about six miles of the city, and here, unfortunately, in place of pressing on, the success of the enterprise was considered so certain that a halt was called to recruit the men, and allow the reinforcements to come up. Had the British despised the American soldiers less, and not made so sure of their game, the capital of the Southern Provinces with its millions must have fallen into their hands. To the halt and the advance by the bayou Bienvenu, instead of approaching by Lake Pontchartrain, so as to take the city in the rear, may be ascribed General Jackson's success and the repulse of the British.

Fighting on the 23rd. and 24th.

On the halting of the British General Jackson determined to endeavour to arrest their further progress, and during those days some sharp skirmishing ensued, a good many being killed and wounded on both sides, and the Caroline, American schooner, blown up. This vessel in concert with the Louisiana sloop had effected a powerful diversion on the British flank.

The loss of the British may be estimated on those days at two hundred and seventy-five killed and wounded, that of the Americans, according to their own account, at two hundred and thirteen.

Arrival of reinforcements.

On the evening of the 25th Sir Edward Pakenham arrived to take the command, bringing with him reinforcements which brought up the number of his troops to five thousand and forty. The Americans received also considerable reinforcements, making General Jackson's force at least fourteen thousand men.

From this date till the 8th of January a series of conflicts took place, the nature of which will be best explained by the following extract from a work written by a subaltern in the British army.

"During the 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, strong detachments from the different corps were employed in bringing a train of heavy ordnance from the boats, with ample supply of powder and ball. The labor and difficulty of accomplishing it were beyond calculation. Nor was it the only irksome duty in which we engaged. The piquets were never mounted without suffering, sooner or latter, an attack. Sometime the enemy contented themselves with cannonading the outposts; sometimes they advanced large corps in the day, who amused themselves and us with long unprofitable skirmishes. But their more usual system was to steal forward in sections, after dark, and to harass us with a desultory and troublesome fire of musketry till morning. . . .

"As yet, neither I nor the men had ventured to light a fire. . . . But the day was piercing cold. A heavy shower fell from time to time, and the absolute discomfort of our situation proved too much for the whispers of prudence. Two fires were made to blaze up —one for the men, the other for myself and my companion. It seemed as if the American artillerymen had waited for some such object to direct their aim, for the smoke had hardly begun to ascend, when they played upon us, from a battery of five guns, as perfect a storm of grape-shot as ever whistled past the ears of men so situated, and in five minutes the fires were abandoned. But with this the enemy were not contented; under cover of the cannonade, a body of some two or three hundred infantry advanced, in extended order, from the line. . . . A most uninteresting skirmish ensued. The

Americans, it was perfectly manifest, were raw troops. They made no determined efforts; probably it was not intended they should make efforts to drive us in. But they pressed forward from time to time, creeping along the ground, and running from ditch to ditch, and retreating again as soon as they had discharged their pieces. On our side no movement whatever was made. The men lay down, as I directed, behind a row of bushes, which served at least to conceal them from their opponents, and each file regularly shifting its ground, a pace or two to the right or left, as soon as it had fired. By this means many lives were saved, for the Americans regularly returned our fire, and they never failed to direct their aim to the spots from whence our smoke ascended. The affair having lasted four or five hours, the enemy at length saw fit to withdraw, and we returned to our ditch, with trifling loss of only two wounded. . . Their cannon continued to annoy us to the last, insomuch that the very sentinels were under the necessity of hiding themselves. . . . It was now about midnight, and the darkness had become, almost without a metaphor, such as might be felt. . Worn out with fatigue, I had returned to the ditch, not to seat myself beside a comfortable blaze—for no fire had been lighted, and it would have been madness to think of lighting one—but to rest my limbs a little, and to smoke a cigar. . . The enemy, finding that their heavy artillery hardly reached our camp, had moved two field-pieces and a mortar without their lines, and, advancing them as near to the sentries as a regard for their own safety would allow, were now cannonading, not the outpost, but the main body of the British army. It was easy to perceive that the balls fell not short of their mark, Looking back towards the position, I saw that the fires were hastily covered up, and the murmur of voices which arose gave testimony that they were not thus stifled before it was necessary."

During this time the British acknowledge a loss of fifty-five killed and wounded, the Americans of fifty one.

The grand struggle which was to decide the fate of New Orleans did not, however, take place until the 8th, on the morning of which day the final attack was made by General Pakenham on General Jackson's position.

The extracts from General Lambert's despatch will enable the reader, with the assistance of the respective positions of the two armies, to understand the plan of attack and defence pretty clearly. Gen. Lambert says:

Extract of Despatch from Major General Lambert to Earl Bathurst.

"In order to give your lordship as clear a view as I can, I shall state the position of the enemy. On the left bank of the river it was simply a straight line of about a front of 1000 yards with a parapet, the right resting on the river, and the left on a wood which had been made impracticable for any body of troops to pass. This line was strengthened by flank works, and had a canal of about four feet deep generally, but not altogether of an equal width; it was supposed to narrow towards their left: about eight heavy guns were in position on this line. The Mississippi is here about 800 yards across; and they had on the right bank a heavy battery of 12 guns, which enfiladed the whole front of the position on the left bank.

"Preparations were made on our side, by very considerable labor, to clear out and widen a canal that communicated with a stream by which the boats had passed up to the place of disembarkation, to open it into the Mississippi, by which means troops could be got over to the right bank, and the co-operation of armed boats could be secured.

"The disposition of the attack was as follows:—a corps, consisting of the 85th light infantry, 200 seamen, and 400 marines, the 5th West India Regiment, and four pieces of artillery, under the command of Colonel Thornton, of the 85th, was to pass over during the night, and move along the right bank towards New Orleans, clearing its front until it reached the flanking battery of the enemy on that side, which it had orders to carry.

"The assailing of the enemy's line in front of us, was to be made by the brigade composed of the 4th, 21st, and 44th regiments, with three companies of the 95th, under Major General Gibbs, and by the 3d brigade, consisting of the 93d, two companies of the 95th, and two companies of the fusiliers and

43d, under Major General Keane: some black troops were destined to skirmish in the wood on the right; the principal attack was to be made by Major General Gibbs; the 1st brigade, consisting of the fusiliers and 43d, formed the reserve; the attacking columns were to be provided with fascines, scaling-ladders, and rafts; the whole to be at their stations before day-light. An advanced battery in our front, of six 18-pounders, was thrown up during the night, about 800 yards from the enemy's line. The attack was to be made at the earliest hour. Unlooked-for difficulties, increased by the falling of the river, occasioned considerable delay in the entrance of the armed boats, and those destined to land Colonel Thornton's corps, by which four or five hours were lost, and it was not until past five in the morning, that the 1st division, consisting of 500 men, were over. The *ensemble* of the general movement was lost, and in a point which was of the last importance to the attack on the left bank of the river, although Colonel Thornton, as your lordship will see in his report, which I enclose, ably executed in every particular his instructions, and fully justified the confidence the commander of the forces placed in his abilities. The delay attending that corps occasioned some on the left bank, and the attack did not take place until the columns were discernible from the enemy's lines at more than 200 yards distance; as they advanced, a continued and most galling fire was opened from every part of their line, and from the battery on the right bank.

"The brave commander of the forces, who never in his life could refrain from being at the post of honor, and sharing the dangers to which the troops were exposed, as soon as from his station he had made the signal for the troops to advance, galloped on to the front to animate them by his presence, and he was seen, with his hat off, encouraging them on the crest of the glacis; it was there (almost at the same time) he received two wounds, one in his knee, and another, which was almost instantly fatal, in his body; he fell in the arms of Major M'Dougall, his Aide-de-camp. The effect of this in the sight of the troops, together with Major General Gibbs and Major General Keane being both borne off wounded at the same time, with many other commanding officers, and further, the preparations to aid in crossing the ditch not being so forward as they ought to have been, from, perhaps, the men being wounded who were carrying them, caused a wavering in the column, which in such a situation became irreparable; and as I advanced with the reserve, at about 250 yards from the line, I had the mortification to observe the whole falling back upon me in the greatest confusion.

"In this situation, finding that no impression had been made, that though many men had reached the ditch, and were either drowned or obliged to surrender, and that it was impossible to restore order in the regiments where they were, I placed the reserve in position, until I could obtain such information as to determine me how to act to the best of my judgment, and whether or not I should resume the attack, and if so, I felt it could be done only by the reserve. The confidence I have in the corps composing it would have encouraged me greatly, though not without loss, which might have made the attempt of serious consequence, as I know it was the opinion of the late distinguished commander of the forces, that the carrying of the first line would not be the least arduous service. After making the best reflections I was capable of, I kept the ground the troops then held, and went to meet Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, and to tell him, that under all the circumstances I did not think it prudent to renew the attack that day. At about 10 o'clock, I learnt of the success of Colonel Thornton's corps on the right bank. I sent the commanding officer of the artillery, Colonel Dickson, to examine the situation of the battery, and to report if it was tenable; but informing me that he did not think it could be held with security by a smaller corps than 2000 men, I consequently ordered Lieutenant Colonel Gubbins, on whom the command had devolved, (Colonel Thornton being wounded), to retire.

"The army remained in position until night, in order to gain time to destroy the 18-pounder battery we had constructed the preceding night in advance. I then gave orders for the troops resuming the ground they occupied previous to the attack.

"Our loss has been very severe, but I trust it will not be considered, notwithstanding the failure, that this army has suffered its military character to be tarnished. I am satisfied, had I thought it right to renew the attack, that the troops would have advanced with cheerfulness. The services of both army and navy, since their landing on this coast, have been arduous beyond anything I have ever witnessed, and difficulties have been got over, with an assiduity and perseverance beyond all example, by all ranks, and the most hearty co-operation has existed between the two services.

"It is not necessary for me to expatiate to you upon the loss the army has sustained in Major General the Honorable Sir E. Pakenham, Commander-in-chief of this force, nor could I do so in adequate terms. His services and merits are so well known, that I have only, in common with the whole army, to express my sincere regret, which may be supposed at this moment to come particularly home to me.

"Major General Gibbs, who died of his wounds the following day, and Major General Keane, who were both carried off the field within 20 yards of the glacis, at the head of their brigades, sufficiently speak at such a moment how they were conducting themselves. I am happy to say Major General Keane is doing well."

Major Latour makes the total British forces on the 8th amount to close on seventeen thousand men. From the official returns, however, we find that the British forces really consisted of seven thousand three hundred men, just ten thousand less than Major Latour represents. If, as we have usually found it to be, the American return of their own force was diminished in the same ratio that that of the British was increased, then the revelations contained in Mr. O'Connor's history would warrant the belief that a very large force was under General Jackson's command. According to O'Connor the total force amounted to six thousand one hundred and ninety-eight men.

Comparative strength of the Armies.

Considering then the national failing it is reasonable to conclude that the American force was at least as large as that of the British, while it must not be lost sight of that the returns of killed and wounded show how securely entrenched they must have been. The British loss in killed and wounded amounted to two thousand and thirty-six, that of the Americans to but seventy-one. The total loss of the British in this unfortunate expedition was two thousand four hundred and ninety-two, while the American loss did not exceed three hundred and thirty-three.

On the morning after the battle General Lambert communicated with Sir A. Cochrane, and as the imprudence of making a further attack on an enemy so securely posted was obvious, it was determined that a retreat should be commenced. Accordingly on the night of the 18th instant the movement was made, and the army retired fourteen miles from their former position, and remained in bivouac until the 27th, when the whole were re-embarked.

Retreat of the British.

However unfortunate the termination of this expedition might have been, still we cannot find that discredit in any manner attaches to the troops. The fatigue they had undergone had been incessant, and the list of casualties shows that they were not chary of exposing their lives. Taking all these circumstances into consideration, and making due allowance for the damp that must have been cast on the troops at seeing three of their Generals killed and wounded, we can only ascribe the failure at New Orleans to the same cause which saved Baltimore, the premature death of a British General.

Behaviour of the troops.

After the embarkation of the troops, the departure of the fleet was delayed till the 5th of February, when they sailed, arriving on the 7th at Dauphine Island, and disembarking there.

In the following despatches will be found a full account of the investment and surrender of Fort Bowyer on the 12th :—

Extracts from Major General Lambert's Despatch to Earl Bathurst.

"It being agreed between Vice Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane and myself that operations should be carried towards Mobile, it was decided that a force should be sent against Fort-Bowyer, situated on the eastern

point of the entrance of the bay, and from every information that could be obtained, it was considered a brigade would be sufficient for this object, with a respectable force of artillery. I ordered the 2d brigade, composed of the 4th, 21st, and 44th regiments, for this service, together with such means in the engineer and artillery departments as the chief and commanding officer of the royal artillery might think expedient. The remainder of the force had orders to disembark on Isle Dauphine and encamp; and Major-General Keane, whom I am truly happy to say has returned to his duty, superintended their arrangement.

"The weather being favourable on the 7th for the landing to the eastward of Mobile point, the ships destined to move on that service sailed under the command of Captain Ricketts, of the Vengeur, but did not arrive in sufficient time that evening to do more than determine the place of disembarkation, which was about three miles from Fort-Bowyer.

"At daylight the next morning the troops got into the boats, and 600 men were landed under Lieutenant-Colonel Debbeig, of the 44th, without opposition, who immediately threw out the light companies under Lieutenant Bennett of the 4th regiment, to cover the landing of the brigade. Upon the whole being disembarked, a disposition was made to move on towards the fort, covered by the light companies. The enemy was not seen until about 1000 yards in front of their works; they gradually fell back, and no firing took place until the whole had retired into the fort, and our advance had pushed on nearly to within 300 yards.—Having reconnoitred the forts with Lieutenant-colonels Burgoyne and Dickson, we were decidedly of opinion, that the work was formidable only against an assault; that batteries being once established, it must speedily fall. Every exertion was made by the navy to land provisions, and the necessary equipment of the battering train and engineer stores. We broke ground on the night of the 8th, and advanced a firing party to within 100 yards of the fort during the night. The position of the batteries being decided upon the next day, they were ready to receive their guns on the night of the 10th, and on the morning of the 11th the fire of a battery of four 18-pounders on the left, and two 8-inch howitzers on the right, each about 100 yards distance, two 6-pounders at about 300 yards, and eight small cohorns advantageously placed on the right, with intervals of between 100 and 200 yards, all furnished to keep up an incessant fire for two days, were prepared to open. Preparatory to commencing, I summoned the fort, allowing the commanding officer half an hour for decision upon such terms as were proposed. Finding he was inclined to consider them, I prolonged the period, at his request, and at three o'clock the fort was given up to a British guard, and British colours hoisted; the terms being signed by Major Smith, military secretary, and Captain Ricketts, R. N., and finally approved of by the Vice-admiral and myself, I am happy to say our loss was not great; and we are indebted for this, in a great measure, to the efficient means attached to this force. Had we been obliged to resort to any other mode of attack, the fall could not have been looked for under such favourable circumstances.

We have certain information of a force having been sent from Mobile, and disembarked about 12 miles off, in the night of the 10th, to attempt its relief; two schooners with provisions, and an intercepted letter, fell into our hands, taken by Captain Price, R.N., stationed in the bay.

Return of ordnance, ammunition, and stores, captured from the enemy in this place, on the 12th instant.

Fort-Bowyer, Feb. 14, 1815.

21 guns, 1 8-inch mortar; 1 5¾-inch howitzer, and a large quantity of ammunition.

Lawrences' despatch to General Jackson, found below in our notes,* does not appear to have impressed the American commander

Lawrence's despatch to General Jackson.

Letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence to General Jackson.

Fort Bowyer, February 12, 1815.

Sir,—Imperious necessity has compelled me to enter into articles of capitulation with Major General John Lambert, commanding his Britannic Majesty's forces in front of Fort Bowyer, a

with a very exalted opinion of the bravery of the defence, as he observes in a letter to the Secretary at War, of the 24th February:—"I received the sad intelligence of Fort Bowyer; this is an event I little expected to happen, but after the most gallant resistance; that it should have taken place, without even a fire from the enemy's batteries, is as astonishing as it is mortifying."

With this expedition the war by land may be said to have terminated, as we find, leaving the British army at Mobile and Cumberland island, and passing to the Canadas, that before the reinforcements which had been sent out under General Murray, had had time afforded them to wipe away the stain left on the national honor by Plattsburg, peace sent him and them home again. Before, however, entering on the merits of the treaty or the considerations of the events we have been chronicling, we must return to the naval operations, in order to bring them down to the same date.

Concluding naval events of the war.

The concluding naval events of the war were of a very mixed aspect, and the manner in which the capture of the President was effected, not only furnished Commodore Dicatur with various apparently well-grounded causes for his capture, but, at the same time, it did not by its importance, overshadow the loss of the Cyane and Levant, both captured by the Constitution. To begin, however, with the President. We find that this vessel left New York on the 14th January for a cruise in the Bay of Bengal, and after touching the ground on a mud bank, pursued her course in company with the armed brig Macedonian. Discovered on the morning of the 15th by the fleet, then off New York; the President made every effort to escape, and would without doubt have effected that purpose, had it not been for the superior sailing of the Endymion, Captain Hope, who succeeded in bringing his bulky adversary to action. Captain Hayes' despatch to Admiral Hotham, will, however, taken in connection with extracts from Commodore Dicatur's, afford an opportunity of judging the respective claims of the commanders:

From Captain Hayes to Rear-admiral Hotham.

Majesty, at sea, January 17, 1815.

"Sir,—I have the honour to acquaint you, that notwithstanding my utmost endeavours to keep the squadron committed to my charge close in with Sandy Hook, agreeably to your directions, for the purpose of preventing the escape of the U. S., ship President, and other vessels ready for sea at Staten Island, we were repeatedly blown off by frequent gales; but the very great attention paid to my orders and instructions by the respective captains, in situations difficult to keep company, prevented separation; and, whenever the wind did force us from the coast, I invariably, on the gale moderating, placed the squadron on that point of bearing from the Hook I judged it likely from existing circumstances, would be the enemy's track; and it is with great pleasure I have now to inform you of the success of the squadron in the capture of the U. S. ship President, Commodore Decatur, on Sunday night, after an anxious chase of 18 hours.

"On Friday the Tenedos joined me, with your order to take Captain Parker, in that ship, under my command. We were then in company with the Endymion and Ponome, off the Hook, and in sight of the enemy's ships; but that night the squadron was blown off again in a severe snow-storm. On Saturday the wind and weather became favourable for the enemy, and I had no doubt but he would attempt his escape that night. It was impossible, from the direction of the wind, to get in with the Hook;

copy of which I forward you for the purpose of effecting an immediate exchange of prisoners. Nothing but the want of provisions, and finding myself completely surrounded by thousands—batteries erected on the sand-mounds, which completely commanded the fort—and the enemy having advanced, by regular approaches, within 30 yards of the ditches, and the utter impossibility of getting any assistance or supplies, would have induced me to adopt this measure. Feeling confident, and it being the unanimous opinion of the officers, that we could not retain the post, and that the lives of many valuable officers and soldiers would have been uselessly sacrificed, I thought it most desirable to adopt this plan. A full and correct statement will be furnished you as early as possible.

Captain Chamberlin, who bears this to E Livingston, Esq., will relate to him every particular, which will, I hope, be satisfactory.

I am, with respect, &c.,

W. LAWRENCE, Lieut-Col. Com.

and, as before stated, (in preference to closing the land to the southward,) we stood away to the northward and eastward, till the squadron reached the supposed track of the enemy; and, what is a little singular, at the very instant of arriving at that point, an hour before day-light, Sandy Hook bearing W.N.W. 15 leagues, we were made happy by the sight of a ship and brig standing to the southward and eastward, and not more than two miles on the Majestic's weather-bow; the night-signal for a general chase was made, and promptly obeyed by all the ships. *

"In the course of the day the chase became extremely interesting, from the endeavours of the enemy to escape, and the exertions (of the British commanders) to get their respective ships alongside of him: the former, by cutting away his anchors, and throwing over-board every moveable article, with a great quantity of provisions; and the latter, by trimming their ships in every way possible to effect their purpose. As the day advanced, the wind declined, giving the Endymion an evident advantage in sailing; and Captain Hope's exertions enabled him to get his ship alongside of the enemy, and com-

* *From Commodore Decatur to the American secretary of the navy.*

H. B. M. ship Endymion, at sea, January 18, 1815.

Sir,—At day-light we discovered four ships in chase: one on each quarter, and two a-stern, the leading ship of the enemy a razee; she commenced a fire upon us, but without effect. At meridian, the wind became light and baffling; we had increased our distance from the razee, but the next ship a-stern which was also a large ship, had gained, and continued to gain upon us considerably. We immediately occupied all hands to lighten ship, by starting water, cutting away the anchors, throwing over-board provisons, cables, spare spars, boats, and every article that could be got at, keeping the sails wet, from the royals down. At 3, we had the wind quite light; the enemy, who had now been joined by a brig, had a strong breeze, and were coming up with us rapidly.

The Endymion (mounting 50 guns, 24 pounders on the main-deck) had now approached us within gun-shot, and had commenced a fire with her bow-guns, which we returned from our stern. At five o'clock she had obtained a position on our starboard-quarter, within half point-blank shot, on which neither our stern nor quarter-guns would bear; we were now steering E. by N. the wind N.W. I remained with her in this position for half an hour, in the hope that she would close with us on our broadside, in which case I had prepared my crew to board; but from his continuing to yaw his ship to maintain his position, it became evident, that to close was not his intention. Every fire now cut some of our sails or rigging. To have continued our course under these circumstances, would have been placing it in his power to cripple us, without being subject to injury himself; and to have hauled up more to the northward to bring our stern guns to bear, would have exposed us to his raking fire. It was now dusk, when I determined to alter my course south, for the purpose of bringing the enemy a-beam; and, although their ships a-stern were drawing up fast, I felt satisfied I should be enabled to throw him out of the combat before they could come up, and was not without hopes, if the night proved dark, (of which there was every appearance,) that I might still be enabled to effect my escape. Our opponent kept off at the same instant we did, and our fire commenced at the same time. We continued engaged, steering south, and studding-sails set, two hours and a half, when we completely succeeded in dismantling her. Previously to her dropping entirely out of the action, there were intervals of minutes, when the ships were broadside, in which she did not fire a gun. At this period, (half-past 8 o'clock,) although dark, the other ships of the squadron were in sight, and almost within gun-shot. We were of course compelled to abandon her. In re-assuming our former course for the purpose of avoiding the squadron, we were compelled to present our stern to our antagonist; but such was his state, though we were thus exposed and within range of his guns for half an hour, that he did not avail himself of this favourable opportunity of raking us. We continued this course until eleven o'clock, when two fresh ships of the enemy (the Pomone and Tenedos) had come up. The Pomone had opened her fire on the larboard bow, within musket-shot; the other, about two cables' length a-stern, taking a raking position on our quarter; and the rest (with the exception of the Endymion) within gun-shot. Thus situated, with about one fifth of my crew killed and wounded, my ship crippled, and a more than four-fold force opposed to me, without a chance of escape left, I deemed it my duty to surrender.

It is with emotions of pride I bear testimony to the gallantry and steadiness of every officer and man I had the honour to command on this occasion; and I feel satisfied that the fact of their having beaten a force equal to themselves, in the presence, and almost under the guns, of so vastly a superior force, when, too, it was almost self-evident that whatever their exertions might be, they must ultimately be captured, will be taken as evidence of what they would have performed, had the force opposed to them been in any degree equal.

Of our loss in killed and wounded, I am unable, at present, to give you a correct state-

mence close action, at half an hour past 5 o'clock in the evening, which was continued with great gallantry and spirit, on both sides for two hours and a half, when the Endymion's sails being cut from the yards, the enemy got a-head: Captain Hope taking this opportunity to bend new sails, to enable him to get his ship alongside again, the action ceased; till the Pomone, getting up at half-past 11 at night, and firing a few shots, the enemy hailed to say she had already surrendered.

"The ship, on being taken possession of, proved to be the President, as above stated, commanded by Commodore Decatur.

"The vessel in company with her was the Macedonian brig, a merchant-ship, laden with provisions, which made her escape by very superior sailing.

"And now, sir, a very pleasing part of my duty is, the bearing testimony to the able and masterly manner in which the Endymion was conducted, and the gallantry with which she was fought; and when the effect produced by her well-directed fire upon the President is witnesed, it cannot be doubted but that Captain Hope would have succeeded either in capturing or sinking her, had none of the squadron been in sight.

"I have not yet been able to ascertain the loss of the President, but I believe it to be much greater than the Endymion's, and she had six feet water in the hold when taken possession of. Both ships were very much cut in masts and rigging; and, had the present most severe gale commenced twelve hours sooner the prize would undoubtedly have sunk.

I have the honour to be, &c.

JOHN HAYES, captain.

Rear-admiral the Hon Sir H. Hotham."

Number of persons of all descriptions on board the President, previous to the action, about 490.

Number of her guns 59.

Commodore Decatur has made the most he could of this affair, and in his attempts to make the best of a bad cause, he appears to have been ably supported by his chaplain, who seems to have been ready to swear to anything, as in the case of the chaplain of the Essex frigate. Unfortunately, however, the schoolmaster on board the President, Mr. Bowie, gave directly contrary evidence to that of the chaplain, and the circumstance of only one shot having entered the President's larboard side, the one opposed to the Pomone, affords corroborative evidence of the truth of Mr. Bowie's statement, "that no man had been hurt by the Pomone's fire," in disproof of Dicatur's assertion contained in note.* Previous to the capture of

ment; the attention of the surgeon being so entirely occupied with the wounded, that he was unable to make out a correct return when I left the President; nor shall I be able to make it until our arrival in port, we having parted company with the squadron yesterday. The enclosed list, with the exception, I fear, of its being short of the number, will be found correct.

For 24 hours after the action it was nearly calm, and the squadron were occupied in repairing the crippled ships. Such of the crew of the President as were not badly wounded, were put on board the different ships; myself and a part of my crew were put on board this ship. On the 17th we had a gale from the eastward, when this ship lost her bowsprit, fore and main-masts, and mizen-top-mast, all of which were badly wounded; and was, in consequence of her disabled condition, obliged to throw overboard all her upper-deck guns: her loss in killed and wounded must have been very great. I have not been able to ascertain the extent. Ten were buried after I came on board; (36 hours after the action:) the badly wounded, such as were obliged to keep their cots, occupy the starboard side of the gun-deck, from the cabin-bulk-head to the main-mast. From the crippled state of the President's spars, I feel satisfied she could not have saved her masts, and I feel serious apprehensions for the safety of our wounded left on board.

It is due to Captain Hope to state, that every attention has been paid by him to myself and officers that have been placed on board his ship, that delicacy and humanity could dictate.

I have the honour to be, &c.

STEPHEN DECATUR.

The Hon. Ben. W. Crowninshield,
Secretary of the navy.

British squadron referred to in the letter.

Majestic razee, Endymion, Pomone, Tenedos, Despatch brig.

[*Here follow the names of 24 killed; 55 wounded.*]

* *Extract of a letter from Commodore Decatur to the American secretary of the navy.*

New York, March 6, 1815.

"In my official letter of the 18th of January, I omitted to state, that a considerable number of my killed and wounded was from the fire of the Pomone, and that the Endymion had

the President, Commodore Decatur had expressed an earnest desire to fall in with the Endymion, openly avowing his capability to capture an English line of battle ship with his frigate. Let us compare the respective sizes of the line of battle ship and the frigate:—

	Endymion.	President.
Weight of broadside, lbs.	676	916
Crew—Men	319	472
Boys	27	5
Tonnage	1277	1533

We have heard it stated by an old inhabitant of Bermuda, who saw the vessels a few days after the action, that the President, alongside of the Endymion, was "like a quart alongside of a pint bottle," and this difference in their size reflects the greater credit on Captain Hope, to whom it is a pity the opportunity was afforded of lowering, single-handed, the American mania for boasting.

Taking Commodore Decatur's whole mystification and false stating of this affair into consideration, and comparing his statements with extracts from logs of the British evidence, the conviction is forced upon us that the American commander resorted to subterfuges and misstatements to cover his defeat, unworthy both an officer and gentleman.

The next affair that comes before us for consideration is the capture, by the Constitution, of the Cyane, mounting thirty, and the Levant eighteen guns—the one manned by one hundred and fifty-six men and twenty-six boys; the other by one hundred and fifteen men and sixteen boys. The weight of metal thrown by the Constitution's broadside equalled that of her two antagonists put together, while the British vessels only mounted carronades, and the Constitution showed on her broadside seventeen long twenty-fours. Again, the Constitution had four hundred and seventy-two men, her antagonists two hundred and sixty-one, exclusive of boys. The particulars of the action will be found in the appendix,* and we need only remark further that the officers and crews were honourably acquitted by a Court Martial, and applauded for the gallant defence offered.

The commander of the Constitution laid claim to great credit for having captured two vessels, contending that "a divided force is better for action," the vain-glorious commander forgot, however, that, on a previous occasion, he had declared "that three large frigates, placed in the most favorable position would be compelled to yield to a seventy-four gun ship, owing to the latter being stronger in scantling and thicker in sides."

The Constitution was as strong in scantling and as thick in the sides as the President, and on the capture of that vessel it was found that she differed in no respect from the stoutest seventy-four in the British service, it is not wonderful then that her two pigmy opponents were compelled to yield to such decided superiority.

The Constitution with her two prizes arrived at Porto Praya, in the island of St. Jago on the 7th March, but on the 8th were compelled to stand out to sea to avoid capture by a British squadron. In the chase that ensued the Levant was recaptured, but strange to say the other two escaped unpursued. And we agree with James that, as this circumstance afforded the Americans grounds for asserting that the British vessels were unwilling to come to close quarters, although two of them threw a much heavier broadside than the Constitution, the suffering the larger vessels to escape reflected much discredit on the judgment of the British commanders.

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an board, in addition to her own crew, one lieutenant, one master's mate, and fifty men belonging to the Saturn, and when the action ceased, was left motionless and unmanageable, until she bent new sails, rove new rigging, and fished her spars; nor did she rejoin the squadron for six hours after the action, and three hours after the surrender of the President. My sword was delivered to Captain Hayes, of the Majestic, the senior officer of the squadron, on his quarter-deck; which he, with great politeness, immediately returned. I have the honor to enclose you my parole, by which you will perceive the British admit the President was captured by the squadron. I should have deemed it unnecessary to have drawn your attention to this document, had not the fact been stated differently in the Bermuda Gazette, on our arrival there; which statement, however, the editor was compelled to retract, through the interference of the governor, and some of the British officers of the squadron."

* See Appendix A and B. (in next No.).

Another nautical romance connected with this vessel was the assertion that every effort was made by Capt. Stewart to bring the British frigate La Pique to action, but that she escaped in the night after a long chase; the best answer to this boast will be found in appendix*, and it will then be for the readers to judge on which side the disinclination to come to close quarters really existed.

The only affairs which took place after this, were the capture of the St. Lawrence, mail schooner, proceeding with tidings of peace from the Admiral at Bermuda to the United States; of the Penguin, brig, by the U. S. ship Hornet; and that of the East India Company's armed vessel, Nautilus by the ship Peacock. A statement of the comparative force easily enables us to account for the capture of both the Penguin and Nautilus. The Penguin mounted sixteen carronades, thirty-twos, and two six-pounders; and had a complement of one hundred and twenty two, of whom seventeen were boys; it may also be added that out of the entire ships' crew, only twelve had been ever in action.

The Hornet carried eighteen carronades, of same weight as those of the Penguin, two long eighteens, swivels in her tops, throwing fifty shot at a discharge, and upon her quarters two similar swivels. The complement of the Hornet was one hundred and seventy-three men. The last affair between the Nautilus and Peacock was one that reflected the crowning disgrace on the American character for veracity and honour, and a glance at the annexed notes in the appendix† will prove how unworthy captain Warrington was to be considered a man. His excuses are so transparently false, and the impudent assertion that only one broadside was fired, made we presume to show what execution one American broadside could do, so clearly disproved, that the only conclusion to be arrived at is that the doughty American Hero seeing how diminutive an opponent was before him determined to acquire laurels at an easy rate.

* See Appendix C, (in next No.).

† See Appendix D. (in next No.).

Our task is ended, and all that remains for us is to record the signing of a treaty at Ghent,* on the 24th day of December, 1814. Every one who reads the ninth article of this treaty, and reflects on the conduct of successive American Governments to the Indians, will see how false to every promise then made the nation has been. Not contented, too, with acquiring the lands of the red men, Americans do not hesitate to assert the necessity of destroying every Indian on the American continent. That by the sword and the introduction of ardent spirits they have also too well succeeded, is a subject of deep regret to those who still cherish an interest in the fate and fortunes of the aboriginal possessors of the soil.

Treaty of peace.

In what a proud position, now, did the Canadians stand at the declaration of peace, and in what a ridiculous light the American Government! Ignorant of the undying love of their country that animated every Canadian, and nerved their arms for the contest, the United States Government had boastingly announced that Canada must be conquered, as it was a rod held over their heads, a fortress which frowned haughtily on their country. What was the result of all their expeditions and proclamations, that two of their fortresses were in our possession at the time of the peace, and that, seeing a seventy-four and large frigate had been launched at Kingston, it would have been utterly impossible for them, having lost the command of the Lake, to have prevented the fall of Sackett's harbour early in 1815.

* Treaty of Peace, Appendix, &c. (in next No.).

Wedding Rings.—We learn, from old records, that the providing rings for the bridal ceremony was at one time very chargeable. Formerly rings were given away at weddings. Anthony Wood relates of Edward Kelly, a "famous philosopher" in Queen Elizabeth's days, that "Kelly, who was openly profuse beyond the limits of a sober philosopher, did give away in gold rings (or rings twisted with three gold wires), at the marriage of one of his maid-servants, to the value of £4000."

Lieutenant General

SIR JOHN COPE SHERBROOKE.

Maclear & Co. Lith. Toronto

ASHTAHALE;

A NORTH-AMERICAN TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The night was dark and tempestuous; the wind swept in wild gusts through the neighbouring woods, mingled, at intervals, with the child-like cry of the panther, and the long howl of the wolves, as they followed, in ravening packs, the terrified and flying deer. In a solitary house, at the foot of one of the most rugged of the Alleghany mountains, sat the young and lovely wife of Edward Howard, listening, with anxiety and fear, to every passing sound without. Her husband was the son of a wealthy trader, residing in South Carolina, and had frequently accompanied his father in his trading journeys, among the tribes of native Indians, which were at that time thickly spread over the interior of the extensive continent of North America. In one of these excursions he had met with Ashtahale, the only daughter of Nassooba, (or the Wolf,) a red warrior, highly celebrated for his bravery; and, without the consent of his father, had contracted an indissoluble alliance with her. From that period, the doors of the parent had been closed against the son, who fixed his residence in this secluded spot, and carried on the same system of trading with the savages, to which he had been accustomed with his father. Sequestered as his dwelling was, it resembled a rose blooming in the wilderness; for his faithful Ashtahale (whose name signified the solar light) was truly like the light of the sun to him. Cleanliness and comfort were ever around him; and health and contentment hovered over his domestic hearth. At the time our tale commences, he had been absent, on a trading journey, for a considerable period, and his young wife was anxiously looking for his return each passing hour. She shuddered as she listened to the roaring of the mountain-torrents, and the howl of the voracious beasts of prey, and breathed a prayer for the safety of the idolized companion of her heart, who might even then be exposed to dangers which she could neither see nor share. At the moment a wild and terrific shout struck upon her ear, which she well knew to be the war-cry of her tribe! The door was thrown open and an Indian chief (whose countenance at all time expressing malice and ferocity, was now rendered still more appalling by the addition of the war-paint) strode into the apartment.

Ashtahale knew him well; his numerous acts of cunning, and his talent for stratagem, had procured him the name of Scente, or the snake. He was followed by a dozen dark-looking Indians, who ranged themselves in silence round the room, scowling gloomingly on every side, as if unable to discover somewhat of which they where in search. At length the chief thus spoke:—"Where, daughter of the great Wolf! where is the son of the pale-faced craven? he whose forked tongue deluded, and won thee "solar light" of her tribe? Where hast thou concealed his coward heart from the just revenge of thy red brethren?" The lips of Ashtahale trembled as she replied,—"My Edward was never a coward; never did he turn his back on the foe;—has he not fought by my father's side? and did not your great Wolf praise his deeds? Has not his frown been ever upon your enemies, and his hand open and overflowing towards your tribe? What have you then, to revenge? Which of you has he ever injured?"—"Daughter of Nassooba! it is not *he* that hath injured us; but it is those of his nation. Wherever the British pale faces appear, the goods, the wives, the daughters of the poor red men are no more their own; the accursed people vanquish by their wiles, those whom they dare not meet in war. But the bloody hatchet is dug up, the chiefs of the mighty have awakened from their sleep, the false white men shall yield their scalps to do honour to the wigwams of the brave, and the Great Spirit shall see his beloved children the only lords of the hunting grounds of their fathers!" Struggling to conceal her agitation, and in fear lest her husband might, unknowingly, return whilst these remorseless savages were still in his home, Ashtahale had yet sufficient presence of mind to answer that he had gone upon the trading path, and it might be long before he again returned.

The savages, after searching every part of the house, with Indian minuteness, appeared

satisfied with the truth of this statement, and departed, leaving the wife to plan the best method for preventing her husband falling into their hands, an event which she well knew would be fatal to him. She passed the night in anxious thought, and with the first beam of morning, issued forth and pursued the path by which she expected her Edward's return.

The storm had subsided, but the weather was still dull and heavy, rendering objects difficult to be distinguished even at a short distance; still she proceeded, fearlessly, along the path which she had frequently trodden with her husband, in her unwillingness to part with him even for his sporting excursions: listening to every leaf, she hurried on until she distinguished the sound of a horse's foot, and, in a few moments, felt herself clasped to the faithful breast of her Edward. A short explanation of the impending danger was instantly given, and as all the neighboring country would most probably be swarming with the hostile savages, the most private, unfrequented paths through the woods were to be sought, to afford even a possibility of evading their almost supernatural cunning in pursuit. The horse was led to the brow of the hill, and lashed along a path in the contrary direction to that which Edward pursued. For some distance their way was through thick and tangled copsewood, and unattended with any sight or sound of alarm; but, as they passed on, the bushes became more open, and their persons, consequently, more exposed to observation; it was then that, a considerable way up the hill, they first heard a sound resembling the whine of a young panther, which was immediately repeated from many different parts of the woods. Well accustomed to the wily signals of the savages, the fugitives rightly conjectured that they had been discovered, and fled down the mountain with the utmost speed they could exert, followed by the wild war-whoop of a hundred Indians:—through the thickest bushes and brambles they forced a swift passage, (though scarcely with a hope of outstripping pursuers whose speed was rapid as the mountain winds,) until their course was, on a sudden, stopped by a yawning chasm in the rock, through which a deep stream rolled its turbid and now overflowed waters:—the inspection of a few moments served to show a large tree which had fallen across the ravine somewhat lower down, forming a broad and secure bridge over the troubled flood. A plan was instantly arranged for Edward to plunge from this tree into the stream, and for his wife to continue her flight beyond it, in the hope of beguiling the enemy as far as possible from the place of his concealment, which was to be the first cavern he could discover in this passage down the stream.

Ashtahale was herself in no danger, as her near relationship to a highly-esteemed chief was certain to protect her from any injury from his tribe. An imitation of the cooing of a dove was to be the signal by which she was to discover the cavern, as soon as it appeared safe to attempt a return to that neighborhood.

In less time than it required to relate them, were these plans concerted and executed, for, though the war-whoop had ceased, there was not a doubt that the savages were following up the pursuit with all the eagerness of blood-thirsty revenge. From the centre of the rude bridge, Edward plunged amid the turbid waves, whilst his anxious wife waited only to see his head again rise above the liquid element before she fled across the chasm, and pressed on, making as wide a track through the bushes as her haste would allow, to give the followers an idea that more than one had passed. She had almost reached the foot of the hill where her dwelling stood when two dark savages were seen gliding along her path with the silence and rapidity of serpents, and, in another moment, she felt herself in their powerful grasp. The rocks and woods echoed to their yell of disappointed rage when they discovered that she was alone, and promises and threats were both employed by them and all their associates to obtain a clue to the retreat of their intended prey, but both menaces and entreaties failed to obtain the slightest advantage over the faithful caution of this constant partner, until, at length, they left her alone, ill concealing the rage to which the dread of offending her powerful father suffered them not to yield.

In silent melancholy was that day passed by Ashtahale, until the moon ascended the azure arch of heaven in unclouded splendor; by its silver light she retraced the path towards the fallen tree. Scarce had she given the appointed signal ere it was answered from the bed of the torrent, and, a few moments afterwards, her husband descended from the beach by a rough and well-concealed path, and clasped her in his arms. Together they descended this secret road, and gained a secure shelter beneath the overhanging banks. Seated upon a large fragment of a rock, Ashtahale produced her supply of food; and, whilst her husband appeased the calls of hunger, they endeavoured to form some plan by which he might elude the wrath of his insidious enemies. It was at length agreed that Ashtahale should immediately, on leaving the cavern, attempt to proceed towards the nearest town inhabited by English settlers, and give information of the perilous state in which their countrymen then were, when they would, doubtless, send a force sufficient to disperse the enraged savages, or a deputation to persuade them to pacific measures. Accordingly, when the first streak of light began to tinge the eastern firmament with gray, the fond and faithful wife departed upon her toilsome mission undaunted by the probability of danger, unchecked by the certainty of fatigue. Such is the heart of a women: it may seem frivolous and fickle in the hour of prosperity; it may melt and yield in the time of woe; but, when danger and adversity hang over its dearest ties, it is firm as the oak of the forest, and true as the breatsplate of steel.

Slowly and anxiously passed the hours of Howard in his solitary retirement, until he saw the fifth day's sun sinking behind the glowing woods: silently and thoughtfully his eyes are fixed on the refulgent orb, when a light rustling of bushes on the further bank of the stream disturbed him, and on following the sound, with his eye he encounters the fixed gaze of the savage, Seente, lighted up with the exultation of triumphant malice. Howard remained with his eyes riveted upon his enemy, as if spell-bound, until he saw the rifle, which the Indian carried, gradually raised, and pointed in the direction where he sat; then, shaking off his lethargy, with a sudden spring he concealed himself behind a projecting rock, which effectually preserved him from the threatened bullet. The disappointed chief lowered his rifle, and moved along the bank in the direction of the fallen tree which formed a bridge over the stream; doubtless the woods were filled with his tribe, and where remained a hope of safety to their destined victim? As a last resource, he plunged into the torrent, swimming with all his strength, aided by the waves of the rapid flood.

The red warrior had by this time gained the centre of the rude bridge, from whence he caught a glimpse of the head of Edward. Again is his rifle raised and levelled; a shot is heard,—but it comes not from his rifle, for, with a yell of agony, the slain Indian falls head-long amid the boiling waters.

His fall was instantly followed by the shout of a hundred British voices, as a large body of soldiery were seen issuing from the woods on one side of the current, and by the wild war-whoop of a number of savages from the other, who began to show their fierce and painted countenances amongst the thick brushwood, and to pour in a scattered fire upon the advancing troops.

An immediate charge was ordered by the British commander, and the Indians were speedily dislodged from their concealment, and the greater part of them slain; the scattered remnant who escaped fled far from the victorious soldiers, who soon after joined by the rescued Edward, who, being unarmed and at a considerable distance from the scene of warfare before he could obtain a landing-place, had necessarily been excluded from the conflict.

The first to greet his safe arrival was his faithful wife; the second a fine-looking man, rather above the middle age, who opened his arms to receive him, and he sank astonished and delighted on the breast of his father.

Ashtahale on leaving her husband, had repaired to the nearest town held by the English, where she found the council sitting and debating on the necessity of sending a body of men to attack the Indians; but so vague had been the rumours they had re-

ceived respecting the out-breaking of the red men, that they felt rather unwilling to commence a war which might prove totally uncalled for.

At the moment Ashtahale rushed into the hall, her feet torn and bruised by the rough paths she had trodden, and with all the ardour of fear and affection supplicated the assembled elders to rescue her husband from the fate of which so many had already fallen victims.

All felt interested in her recital and admiration at the ardour with which she besought them to hasten ere it was too late to save; but one present experienced these sensations in tenfold force,—this was her Edward's father. All the disobedience of former times were forgotten; he felt but the anxiety to fly and save his only son: he saw but virtue and ardent affection in that son's adopted choice; and prejudice fell at once, defeated by the invincible arm of Faith and Truth. G. W.

ON THE ORIGIN OF PRINTING.

BY JAMES M'CARROLL.

The past—that poor, blind, mutilated, old soldier—sits by the wayside of the present, crying out incessantly, "*date obolum Belisario:*"—but all to no purpose. We pass by, unheedingly. No friendly hand is extended with a sous, a cent, a stiver, or even one single farthing. Modern nations, in their vanity, have, with wide distended jaws, swallowed up all antiquity. Within the last few centuries, everything appears to have leaped into existence. Old thoughts, old inventions and old usages have become new—have become perfectly original—have become identified, solely, with individuals of but yesterday. Printing, means, Guttenburg. —Astronomy, *means Nicholas Copernicus.* —Gunpowder, means, Roger Bacon.—Heraldry, means, Louis VII.—and, everything else, from a needle to an anchor, appears—to a certain class of gentlemen who are afflicted with a sort of literary and scientific nostalgia—to mean, England,—and that, too, without the slight addition of her colonial legs, or the trifling appendage of her two brawny arms, Scotland and Ireland.

However it may be in isolated cases, the great masses who enjoy the privileges of the year of grace, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, seem to entertain but circumscribed ideas of the true date and origin of many of the grand systems and inventions so familiar to the age. This, may, in a great degree, be attributed to the fact, that but a few, broken, historic links lie between us and the days beyond the flood, and, that we have, consequently, been betrayed into the recognition of a chronology so contemptible as that which glimmers through a space of but five or six thousand years only. Had it been orthodox to have examined the alleged void beyond the precincts of this insignificant cycle, the mind would have had more ample food for contemplation; but, unfortunately, we are, even still, influenced, to a great extent, by the opinions of those who crowd the material world into a period so brief; from the fact, that those opinions have been thrust upon us, from the cradle, with a pertinacity so overwhelming as to incorporate them with our very existence, and leave them as much a matter of belief as that existence itself.—Geology, however, has done much to destroy the influences brought to bear upon us in this respect, and to strengthen the claims of chronology of less glib human computation, which, like that of Chaldæa, embraces a term more in accordance with the sublime facts constantly before our eyes; and renders it somewhat more difficult to "take the levels" between the present era and the first, grand epoch of our race.

Although, in connexion with Printing, Germany may be justly proud of her laurels, yet, there is no evidence, whatever before the world that she has given unequivocal birth to that mighty art: on the contrary, there are many well authenticated facts and circumstances, that run directly counter to this idea; and which, at the same time, reflect in no slight measure, upon the prejudice or apathy of the antiquarian and scholar of the present day.—The bricks of Babylon were printed. A wooden stamp used for pictorial or typographical illustrations was found in one of the tombs of the Theban kings. Printed slabs and vessels were dug up at Pompeii and Herculaneum

Pliny, states that stamps, under the name, *typi* were used in his day. The whole East teems with similar relics of the past. Dr. Watts, in his late work on Japan, observes that the natives of that country assume to have invented the art of printing. The Chinese, in their annals, lay strong claims to the same honour. Father Amiot—a learned French Missionary—declares that those annals "are preferable to the historical monuments of all other nations, because they are the most free from fables."—M. Pauthier, asserts, that "no nation, possesses, or ever posessed a body of history so complete and authentic as the people of China." *Blackwood* seems to entertain a similar opinion; as do all those who are acquainted with the literary usages of that people. Mr. Mitchell, in his *World*, remarks that the Chinese are excellent printers, and their ink is of a superior quality. When China became known to Europe generally, it was found that the art of printing with engraved wooden blocks, was understood by the inhabitants; but no mention is made by travellers, as to the precise period at which this practice was introduced into the empire,—a circumstance which would seem to argue its great antiquity. To this, however, it has been objected, that no mention of Chinese typography is made by Marco Polo—an astute traveller who visited the "Flowery Land," in the fourteenth century—and, that, consequently, it may be fairly inferred, that the natives were completely ignorant of the art, at that period. This is a deduction which ought to be received with great caution, as the conformation of the scriptory and typographical characters of the Chinese are identical—from the fact that the language possesses no alphabet to experiment on—and, as foreigners may easily confound the one with the other. Again, printing has never superseded manuscript making in the celestial empire. In 1834, all the numbers of the *Pekin Gazette*, that reached Canton, were in manuscript; and the public writers of that city, multiplied copies of them, and sold them to the populace, at a round sum. From this it would appear, that the line of demarcation between the printer and the amanuensis, has never been so strongly marked in China as it has been in Europe, and that manuscript and print have circulated in common throughout the empire, from a remote date. Consequently, it may be presumed that, under these circumstances, the existence of the art among the inhabitants, may have escaped the vigilant eye of this traveller; and more particularly so, when we are aware that he had no previous knowledge of the invention himself, to stimulate him to any enquiries on the subject.

From the acknowledged antiquity, and wonderful inventive genius of the Chinese, it would be a matter of surprise, indeed, if an art so suggestive of itself, as that under consideration, had escaped their notice, wholly, during a long cycle of peace and refinement, to make its *debut* in Europe, under auspices so unfavourable as those which characterized the close of the fourteenth century. From the days of their great philosopher down to those of Henry V. of England, no nation, on the face of the whole globe, was more happily circumstanced regarding the tendencies to originate such an art. Greece, Rome, and all classic antiquity were from the earliest moment of their existence, red with blood, and drunk with conquest.—The mighty amphitheatre of modern Europe, too,—outrivalling its great Flavian prototype—has been choked with carnage from the days of Charlemagne down to almost the present moment. China, alone, with the exception of Japan, perhaps, appears to have escaped the dreadful commotions which destroy races and deprive nations of their individuality. A stranger to aggression, she wisely turned her attention, at an early period of her history, to the improvement of her own internal resources, and the cultivation of the arts of peace. The inference, then, appears reasonable, that she was more impressible, and susceptible of originating an idea so palpably utilitarian, at the commencement of the *Tang* dynasty, than Germany was in the days of Sigismund of Luxembourg. Again, her incentives to the invention of such an art, were in other respects, infinitely stronger than those of Europe at any period of its existence, as she ever made worth and learning, the unerring passport to official

wealth and honour.—Deeply imbued with a philosophy so ennobling, the multiplication of manuscripts, and the facilities of mental intercourse, were as great a desideratum to her, in the eighth century, as the multiplication of bibles and gambling cards was to Europe in the fourteenth. Consequently, however, the invention may have been trammelled by Imperial interference, or conflicting interests, the necessity of its existence must have been felt at an earlier period by this people, than by any other within the range of historical observation.

Long prior to the Christian era, the Chinese were thoroughly conversant with all the lore and usages of the East. In the second century, Rome sought to cultivate amicable relations with the empire. Christian missionaries, from the Holy Land visited it at an early date. In 1625, a sculptured slab, commemorating the progress of the gospel among the natives, and bearing date A.D. 718, was dug up by some workmen, near the city of Sangan. A volume of conjecture lies *open here, as to whether the* art of printing, were known in this region, from the earliest ages, and transferred, when in its rudimental state, to other parts of the East, or whether those pioneers of christianity gave some crude idea of it to the natives who were in an advanced state of mental culture, and prepared to turn to account the slightest hint, regarding the rude state of the art, in the Babylonish age, and adopt any further information to be gleaned from foreign typographical usages nearer their own times. In the former case those travellers might have borne away some knowledge of the art, to the shores of the Mediterranean where learning was then dead, and where no incentive to practice the invention existed; while in the latter case, the position of China respecting the art, was, at this period, infinitely superior to that of Europe, at the time of Faust or Guttenburg.

It is worthy of observation that the first printed works that appeared in Europe, were the block-books of Lawrence Koster, at the commencement of the fifteenth century. These publications, were printed with the same description of type as that used in China at the present moment; for no alteration has been made in the typography of that country, since our earliest acquaintance with it. Sometime afterwards, Guttenburg and Faust appeared, and made a grand improvement in the art, by the invention of *moveable* types. Such was the benefit of this invention, that it completely revolutionized the trade as it was then known, by doing away with the tedious and expensive process of taking impressions from engraved wooden blocks, after the manner of the Chinese. In addition to this, it created great dissatisfaction among the wood engravers of the day, and led to difficulties regarding pictorial illustrations, which were felt for some years afterwards. The art outlived the struggle, however, and saw itself crowned immortal when Peter Schoeffer, in 1454, substituted metal for wood, and cast types in moulds something similar to those used at the present time.

From our first acquaintance, then, with the mode in which this art was practiced in China, down to this hour, the natives of that country have not improved it in any degree whatever. As it was found among them, by the earliest European travellers, so is it found to day. This fact is all important; for, had the invention been introduced into that empire from Europe, it would have been in its improved state, as its first appearance in Germany, may be said to be simultaneous with that of *moveable* types. This intractableness on the part of the celestials, in still persisting in the use of immoveable typographical characters, is, doubtless, owing to their supreme contempt of foreign innovations, and their strange and unaccountable habit of occasionally letting some invention, which meets but in a restricted degree the necessities that led to its origin, remain *in statu quo*, when it might be improved with the greatest possible advantage.

In connection with these remarks it may be observed, that printing was unknown to Europe, until after the Crusades, and the inhabitants had in a great measure, become acquainted with the East. Papilon asserts, that engraving in wood, was practiced at Ravenna, about the close of the thirteenth century, by a twin brother and sister—Alberica and Isabella Cunio. If the art

were introduced into Europe, this is highly probable, from the fact that Italy, from its contiguity to the oldest civilisations, has been the geographical channel through which knowledge flowed early northward. From this, it would appear probable, that some idea of this branch of the art found its way into that part of the continent, at the time of the Crusades, or when Rome was sending out her missionaries all over the face of the globe. Be this as it may, the fact is indubitable, that Europeans visited the Chinese, before the art of printing was known to the former and the reverse is not the case.

There is something about the first appearance of this art in Germany which is, in my opinion, very suspicious. Even to the present day the honour of the invention is divided among three or four individuals, and different cities claim the credit of having given it birth. In addition to this, there seems to have been a second suggestion from without, before the importance of the art became thoroughly understood there. In 1268, it was practiced, for pastime, in a rudimentary state, at Ravenna. One hundred years afterwards it was brought into requisition by the card-makers, for the purpose of meeting the great demands of the trade at that period. After this, came Koster with his block books—when China was just becoming known—and then, to cap the climax, came "Guttenburg" Faust and Schoeffer, to whom, strange as it may appear, the sole origin of the art is, almost, universally, although somewhat confusedly attributed.

In a famous French work of the last century, we find Guttenburg at Strasbourg, in 1430, passing "un acte avec trois bourgeois de cette ville, pour mettre œuvre plusieurs arts et secrets merveilleux, qui tiennent du prodige." From this extract, it has been conjectured, that although printing is not mentioned, specifically, it may be fairly ranked among the different arts alluded to: but from the evidence before us in other respects, I don't see how we can arrive at any such conclusion. If Guttenburg had any reference to this art—and doubtless he had—it must have been to the invention of *moveable types* "qui tiennent du prodige" at the period, infinitely more than printing did *per se*. With Koster's publications before his eyes, I cannot conceive how he could apply such language to the naked art itself, or assume it to be a secret. The mistake of attributing the invention to him, has, I am confident, originated in the fact, that he was the first who gave anything like facilities to the propagation of the art, and identified his name with it throughout the whole of Europe; and to the additional circumstances that all the printers of Mayence—his native city—were scattered over the entire continent, during his day, in consequence of a revolution which occurred there, when Adolphus Count of Nassau, sustained by Pius II., seized upon the place and deprived it of its liberties.—Udalric,—Han. Suvenheim and Arnold Pannerts went to Rome, where, in 1467, they published a Latin bible and some other works. In 1468, the Press of England is said to have put forth its first exertions although there are conflicting opinions on this subject. In 1471, Jean de Spire, and Vandeleim published the epistles of St. Cyprian, at Venice. In the same year, Sixtus Rufinger printed some pious works, at Naples. Suetonius, was published at Milan, in 1475, by Philip de Lavagnac. About this latter period, Ulrice Gering, Martin Grantz and Michael Fribulger commenced printing at Paris; and Jean de Cologne and John Mentheim made great improvements in the art, at Strasbourg. At Lyons and Geneva, the first printed works appeared in 1478, A single publication, and the only one for years afterwards, was issued at Abbeville, in 1486. In 1489 John of Westphalia practiced the art at Louvain, as did Gerard Leeuw, at Anvers. In 1491 "Paul de Cologne," and his associate commenced operations in Seville; and, thus, through the instrumentality of those individuals, who were mostly all Germans, the art became known throughout the length and breadth of the land. The first books published were of a religious character and gave no account of the art itself; and all enquiry as to its origin, appears to have been swallowed up, at the period, in the novelty and magnitude of its effects,—or else the manners of its introduction was so well under-

stood, as to preclude the necessity of any elaborate explanations on the subject.

It will be seen, then, from this brief sketch, that the claims of Germany to the sole origin of this great art, admit of serious doubt, and that those of the Chinese, stand upon a better basis. The immoveable engraved blocks of this people, were, as already observed, first in the field. Moveable types followed immediately after; but at an interval sufficiently well marked to preclude the possibility of any mistake. If then the art had been introduced into China from Europe its appearance in that Empire would have been inseparable from *moveable* type. And as to the evidence adduced from the silence of Marco Polo, I may remark simply, that he had no knowledge of the existence of such an art and could consequently make no enquiry regarding it; and further, that if a foreigner—unacquainted with the language, arts manners and customs of the Chinese had, even in 1834 visited Canton and seen the scribes at work on the Pekin Gazette, he would have at once come to the conclusion that the nation was totally ignorant of the art of printing.—"*Date obolum Belisario.*"

THE PLANTER'S BIRTHDAY.

BY THEODORE HOOK.

The following narrative in its leading facts I belive to be true. I am not so certain that it has never been given to the public, although I never have seen it in print.

One of the most respectable as well as opulent planters in a French West India colony, was Monsieur Philogene Dupres; he was benevolent and humane, and together with his wife, constantly endeavouring to improve the condition of his slaves, at a period long antecedent to that in which our "black brethern" became the objects of a more exalted and extended philanthropy.

At his death, which was soon succeeded by that of his wife, the estate devolved upon his only son, Louis Dupres, whose aim in the outset of his career appeared to be to tread in the steps of his lamented sire, and maintain the principles and system upon which he had so successfully conducted the estate.

But Louis Depres, with all his just intentions, was young, and although goodnatured in an eminent degree, was not good-tempered;—he was kind and generous, but not having quite so favourable an opinion of the race of whose good qualities his father was so ardent an admirer, *he began to find out that although much* had been done with his paternal acres by fair means and sweet words, a little more might be done by a more steady perseverance in the exaction of labour; and although he was too happy to excite his blacks to that labour by encouragement and rewards, still, if he found *that his attempts at persuasion were not* altogether successful, he had recourse to more frequent punishments than had been inflicted during his father's lifetime.

This alteration of discipline made for some time but little change in the feelings of the slaves; they knew their master was resolved to have the work done—happy to reward with extra comforts or luxuries, the efforts of the industrious; but, on the other hand, equally quick to correct or chaster negligence and idleness. The negroes soon found out what they had to expect and accordingly applied themselves to work with even greater assiduity than they had done in "old massa's time," well pleased that his successor did not trouble them quite so much upon the subject of their mental improvement as his venerated predecessor, and perfectly happy when the day's work was over, to find themselves well housed, well fed, and well clothed.

Amongst these slaves, or rather at the head of them, was one called after his young master, Louis; he had been the favourite of old Dupres, he was born upon the estate, on the same day with his present master, and they became until they advanced in life, up to the period when the difference of rank and station necessarily parted them, associates and playfellows. Young master Louis, and piccaninny Louis, were always to be seen diverting themselves in all sorts of games and frolics, under the fostering care of Monsieur and Madame Dupres, while the black Louis's mother acted as nurse to both—the attachment was mutual, the boys were never happy apart, and the kind hearted planter used to instance the engaging manners and graceful playfulness of the young slave as striking proofs of the justice of his theory, that nothing but enlightenment and an association with whites, was want-

ing to equalize their claims upon the regard and respect of the world.

Louis, then, and his young master, grew up together, till at eight years of age the young master was sent to France for education, and his companion Louis became merely the young slave. But during the previous course of his life, being infinitely quicker than the generality of his race, he had availed himself of the advantages derivable from the initiatory lessons which were given to the heir-apparent, and when he joined his brethren in the field, the black boys of his own age used to listen to his "reading his book" with wonder and surprise.

It cannot be denied that the intercourse which had been permitted to Louis with young master, had interested both old master and old mistress in his progress through life, and accordingly as he grew up he was always put forward, and excited to industry by the promise of future promotion, with the prospective view of being head man on the estate. Emancipating him never entered M. Dupres' head, he would have considered such a course as the most injurious he could pursue—as depriving him of a home, of food, and of clothing, so long as his health and strength remained, and of an asylum in which he might pass the closing years of his life in peace and security. M. Dupres in his most romantic flights as to the civilization of his blacks, never went the length of emancipation.

After an absence of nine years, during which he had completed the education which he considered adequate to his intellectual wants, Monsieur Louis Dupres returned to his home. His surprise at seeing the change which, during his absence time had wrought in the personal appearance of his parents, was exceedingly strong, but even that was less than that which affected him at the sight of his sable namesake. The little playful urchin fancifully dressed up to make him look like the associate of "Buckra man," rolling and tumbling about, and playing all the antics of a monkey, had grown into a fine, manly youth, a head and a shoulder taller than his young master. Their interview was most embarrassing. The white Louis as a child had loved the black child Louis, he was *then* all the world to him, and he parted from him with tears in his eyes. But he had been enlightened in France—he had been made fully aware of his importance as a West India proprietor, the value of whose property was proportionably increased by the number of his slaves, of whom this Louis was one, who were catalogued, described, and spoken of in conversation, as if they were no more than the brute beasts which formed the rest of the "stock" amongst which they were classed.

Before he saw Louis, on his return, all his recollections were of a little playfellow, in whom, until this knowledge of the world had brought him to a sense of his own position, and of the wide difference which existed between them, he knew only an equal. But when they met, and the affectionate slave, grown into manhood, addressed his "massa," Louis Dupres started back. Nature, however, for the moment, overcome pride and prejudice, and the young Frenchman shook his former companion heartily by the hand, to the infinite amazement of a lady and gentleman whose estate adjoined that of Dupres', and who were perfectly scandalized at such an outrageous breach of decorum. The expressions of their countenance betrayed their emotions, and young Dupres, although unable to repress his feeling at the surprise of first seeing Louis, felt himself blush at the solecism he had committed.

Louis saw the sudden change in his master's look, and fixed his eyes on his features steadily for a few moments, M. Dupres turned to the lady to say something complimentary to her bonnet, and Louis shaking his head sorrowfully, went his way to his work.

We have already told the reader the sort of master the young Dupres made when at length he came into possession, which he did when he and the black Louis were twenty-seven years of age. Louis, however, was first and foremost amongst the best men on the property, and on the anniversary of his master's birth, and of his own, was always called forward and given an extra glass of rum, and made the bearer of any *largess* to his brethern, and their wives and piccaninnies.

Perhaps, if it be admitted by naturalists, that the higher passions and feelings of humanity may inhabit the negro breast, no human being could be more devotedly attached to another, than Louis was to his master. His instinct—if it were not sense—taught him, very soon after Dupres' return, to understand the difference of their station, and to regulate his affection for him accordingly. But he loved him—watched his looks—basked in his smiles, and trembled at his frowns; which, however, unfrequently lowered over his brow.

During the nine years which succeeded the return of young Dupres from France, he made several voyages backwards and forwards, to and from Europe, in order to increase his connexions, and enlighten his mind. At the end of that period the death of his father placed him in possession of the estate, and he settled down as a regularly established planter, resolved to put every means within reach, in requisition to accelerate the process of money-making, so that he might, while yet in the prime of life, be enabled to retire from business, dispose of his plantation, and retiring to Paris, set up as a man of fortune, and if possible, of fashion.

It may readily be imagined that with this desire and dispositions, the whip became gradually more in use on Bellevue property than it had been in other days, and that the punishments were more frequent than heretofore; in fact, Dupres grew by degrees to be a severe master, always doubting that his serfs exerted themselves to the utmost, and most particularly anthematizing them if, in his hearing, the elder ones ventured to express a grateful recollection of what they called "the good old times of poor old massa." The effect produced upon these seniors by this alteration of system was any thing but beneficial; and seldom did a week pass without the report of two or three runaways, who, after a few days, were either, caught, or tired of starvation, returned to the certainty, of a flogging, and perhaps the discipline of the block.

One evening Dupres was returning on foot from a visit to a neighboring plantation, when he heard footsteps following him; he stopped —so did his pursuers—it was quiet dark—all was as silent as the grave—the next moment he heard the sound of some one running towards him, from a different quarter.

"Who's there?" said Dupres.

The answer was a shot from a musket. Dupres stood unarmed—but a heavy fall and a deep groan announced that somboly was wounded.

"Is massa safe?" cried or rather sobbed the man who had fallen.

"I *am* safe?" said Dupres; "what does it mean?"

"Massa safe," replied the same voice, "me die happy."

The noise of the shot instantly brought one or two of the guardians to the spot with lanterns—a gleam of light sufficed to show Dupres the faithful playmate of his early youth on the ground, bleeding profusely. Dupres and one of the guardians raised him up—he was scarcely sensible, but he pressed his master's hand to his heart and kissed it fervently, while tears *rather of joy for his deliverance than of pain* for his own suffering fell from his eyes.

"What is all this?" again asked Dupres, who could not imagine it possible that any body could entertain sufficient ill will towards him to attempt his life. Such, however, was the case; two slaves who had marooned some days before, had been seen by Louis lurking about the plantation; he thought, as was not unfrequently the case that they were two of Dupres' blacks, that they had repented, and were *trying to sneak back to their huts under* cover of the darkness, intending to get him, Louis, or some other influential comrade, to plead their cause with the master; but this not having occurred, Louis did not relax in his observation of the strangers, and finding them still loitering on the path by which his master was to return from his social sangaree and "conversation talk," resolved to keep near in case of need, although not choosing to accost them. His suspicions were eventually realized, and at the moment Dupres stopped, Louis, who was within a few yards of the path, distinctly heard the well-known "click," produced by the cocking of a gun, and satisfied as to what was to follow, rushed forward just in time to strike down the weapon levelled at his master's head, and to receive the charge in his own leg.

"Who was the villain who fired the shot?" said Dupres.

"Ah, me don't know, massa, me don't know," said Louis; "he do me no harm—me shall be well two or three day, and massa him safe and well now."

"Lift him up gently," said Dupres to the bystanders, who had by that time increased in number; "carry him home. I will go call up M. Duplaye, the surgeon, and we will have him looked to directly—remember," added he, "I owe my life to *him*—I shall not forget it."

All this time, Louis wholly regardless of the pain he was suffering, was clasping his hands if in prayer, thanking Heaven that he had been the means of preserving his master.

This incident produced a marked change in the conduct of Dupres. The manifestation of

hostile feeling towards him on the part of his slaves—for that the shot was fired by some of his own people he had no doubt, although Louis even if he had identified them kept his council upon that point, satisfied with having preserved his master, and not daring to be the criminator of even his guilty comrades— induced Dupres to reflect upon the course he was pursuing, and instead of attributing the hostillity of the culprits for whose detection he made every seasonable preparation, to the increased severity of his discipline, wrought himself up into the belief that these serious symptoms of revolt against authority had their origin in the laxness of the system observed upon his property. He recollected that the largest sugar-plantation on the plain at St. Domingo was that of M. Gallifet situated about eight miles from town. "The negroes belonging to which," says Mr. Edwardes in his History, "had been always treated with such kindness and liberality, and possessed so many advantages that it became a proverbial expression amongst the lower white people in speaking of any man's good fortune to say, '*il est heureux comme un negre de Gallifet.*'" M. Odeluc, the attorney or agent for this plantation, was a member of the general assembly, and being fully persuaded that the negroes belonging to it would remain firm to their obedience, at the outbreak of the insurrection determined to repair thither to encourage them in opposing the insurgents; to which end he desired the assistance of a few soldiers from the town-guard who were ordered to his support.

He proceeded accordingly, but on approaching the estate, to his grief and surprise, he found all the negroes in arms on the side of the rebels, and horrid to tell, *their standard was the body of a white infant which they had recently impaled upon a stake.* M. Odeluc had advanced too far to retreat undiscovered, and he and a friend who accompanied him, together with most of the soldiers, were killed without mercy. Two or three only of the patrol escaped by flight, and conveyed the dreadful tidings, to the inhabitants of the town."

Dupres saw in the attempt made on his life, a warning for the future; and having read M. Laboric's observations upon that revolt of Gallifet's slaves, in St. Domingo, in which he imputes their rebellion, not to the wise and indulgent treatment which they met with, but to the excessive laxity of their discipline, and their extravagant wealth, became rather doubtful of the wisdom of the "soothing system" on his own. "The plantation," says Laboric, "was a perpetual scene of feasting and merriment." On which, Lord Brougham remarks, "If we should take this as the whole account of the fact, it would be sufficient to account for the prevalence of licentiousness, riot, and a rebellious spirit amongst Gallifet's slaves, for surely the possession of so much property, perhaps the enjoyment of so great indulgence, is inconsistent with the condition of bondage."

Dupres accordingly resolved to tighten the reigns of control, and to prove, even if the assassins were not discovered, nor of his own gangs, that he was not at any rate to be frigtenened from his purpose, or forced from the rules he had laid down for the government of his property by foul or violent means.

But something more than this general inducement to an alteration of his policy preyed upon his spirits. He had taken it into his head that his preserver, Louis, who had received in his own person the ball intended for his master, was somehow connected with the plot of assassination. His being on the spot at the time, a circumstance which arose out of his carefulness, and watchful anxiety, Dupres considered as corroborative of his suspicions, the entertaining of which, in any degree, would appear marvellous, if the reader were not to be made aware of an under current of events which was flowing at the same period.

Colonial morality is not perhaps, the most rigid in the world; and the master of slaves, whatever may be his course of conduct towards the male portion of his subjects, not unfrequently selects some of the exceedingly smart, pretty, well figured slave-girls to be about his house. Some one—at least for a time—is specially chosen "to take care of his things," and to act in some sort in the capacity of housekeeper, to whom it is his pleasure for a season —to be exceedingly kind and humane, sometimes condescending even to playful conversation, and always ready to afford her any little indulgence consistent with her position in his establishment.

It so happened that an olive-cheeked, girl, called Adele, had been promoted by Dupres from amongst the "herd," for these domestic purposes; and Adele was dressed better than any slave on the estate; and Adele could read and write, and even "talk conversation," an

expression which to some of our readers might not be quite intelligible unless we were to add that the *acme* of a coloured girl's ambition, if elevated from a low station to what she considers the enviable distinction of being a white man's mistress, is to be able to sit all day, "talk conversation, and comb dog."

Adele was, of her class, exceedingly handsome, with fine intelligent eyes, and a manner much above her station; indeed, her good looks, and inherent gracefulness, were generally considered hereditary gifts from her father, who, it was supposed, had before her birth formed an attachment to her mother similar, in most of its points, and features, to that which M. Dupres unluckly had formed for *her*.

That M. Dupres should do exactly as he pleased in his own *habitation* and with his own slaves, might be all quite right, and certainly it is not our wish or intention to peep or pry into the arcana of any gentleman's establishment, unless we are driven to it of a necessity. As for the feeling, whatever its nature or character, entertained by M. Dupres for Adele, *it* never should have been noticed here, were it not for the fact: that Adele did not reciprocate the admiration expressed for her qualities by her master, and that she was fondly attached to Louis, his former playmate, and recent preserver.

Dupres was conscious of his attachment, but still could not conquer the partiality he felt for the girl. The cruelty of his conduct in endeavouring to alienate her affection from the man whose devotion to him and his interests were—or would have been to any body else—unquestionable, was so obvious, even to himself, that he could not but suspect his humble rival of harbouring in his breast, the feelings of a just vengence so likely to result from jealousy.

Dupres did his faithful slave injustice. Conscious and satisfied of the truth and goodness of Adele, every mark of favour conferred on her by their master afforded him pride and pleasure, and he anxiously looked forward to the "Planter's birthday" to ask her hand in marriage, satisfied that on that anniversary the master would not hesitate to crown his happiness with his consent.

While Louis was recovering from the wound which he had received, the attentions of Dupres were constant; but if he found that Adele had paid him a visit of kindness, and soothed his sufferings by her lively talk, his feelings of jealously overcame his gratitude, and if truth were to be to told, his hopes were rather that his preserver might die than recover.

Recover, however, he did, and was openly rewarded for his gallantry and affection by the master; not but that all the slaves upon the estate became fully aware of a vast difference in their treatment after the attempt had been made on his life. Scarcely a day now passsed in which the discipline of the whip was not administered, and *that* in many instances where the crimes of the sufferers were so comparatively trifling, that in former days a slight rebuke or a gentle remonstrance would have been the extremest punishment. Knowing the favour in which Louis was or ought to be held by M. Dupres, the other slaves always made their appeals to *him*—begged him to intercede for them, sure that an influence secured as his had been at the risk of his life, would be successfully exerted in behalf of any one of them doomed to the lash for a trifling fault; and Louis presuming or rather relying, upon the indulgent consideration of his master sometimes did plead the cause of his brethern whose faults appeared sufficiently venial to justify the petition, and had earlier in the progress of the system, not unfrequently succeeded.

But in the newly excited temper of Dupres' mind, these applications harassed and incensed him, for it was at this period of our little history, that his rage against his preserver had been inflamed to its highest pitch, by the artless admission of Adele to her master of the mutual affection which existed between her and Louis, and of his intention to ask his consent to their union on the approaching birthday, which besides being a "regular holiday" on the estate—at least it had been so for five-and thirty years, before the present master came into possession—was always considered a day of grace, on which boons were conferred, indulgences granted, faults forgiven, and punishments remitted.

Poor Adele—little did she think how important to her, and to him she loved, would be this ingenuous confession. Dupres had all along fancied the girl could not, would not, dare not, refuse his advances. He knew that Louis was attached to *her*—he saw them always walking and talking together, in leisure hours, and Louis, when he found his master kind to her, would seem pleased and delighted; but, till

her unfortunate declaration of his intentions towards her, he was not satisfied that Adele loved *him*, and that their love had been confessed, admitted, and declared.

"His birthday"—one little month would only elapse before that day arrived—the day when he was to yield up all hopes of triumphing over innocence and virtue—when he was to consent to abandon, what in his heated imagination he believed to be the object nearest his heart, to another. Could he refuse the man who had saved his life? But how saved it? Was it not a plot?—a scheme?—whereon to found this very claim. Could this man, if he valued and esteemed him, persist in gaining and securing the affections of Adele, to whom he must know from circumstances, his master was attached? or was he really blind enough to imagine that he was loading the girl with favours and presents literally and merely because she was a good servant!

In the midst of these contending feelings Dupres formed the desperate resolution of getting rid of Louis—not as many who knew the real character of the man might suppose, by means such as had been adopted against himself; but by degrading him, lowering his high spirit, and at the first plausible opportunity subjecting him to the punishment from which he had frequently endeavoured, even so successfully, to save others He was convinced, from all he knew of his character, that this infliction would either drive him from the estate, or break his heart: and he was moreover convinced that such a display of his impartiality would have a great effect upon the other slaves, who, it must be admitted, were a little jealous of Louis: and more than all it would debase him in the eyes of Adele, whose affection for him after all, might be in some degree connected with the position he held amongst his brethern.

Barbarous as this determination may seem, Dupres was base and vile enough to form, it, and the opportunity for putting his dreadful resolve into execution presented itself most aptly for his purpose on the day but one before the "Birthday."

It had been customary upon this occasion to commence the preparation for the celebration of the anniversary, on the previous day—flagstaffs were erected on the "brown green" in front of the house, a sort of rustic orchestra was built for the piper, the fiddler, and the tambourine-player and another temporary kind of booth, where the supper and rum were distributed, and these were decorated with flowers and leaves, and occasionally a *mat de cocagne* was erected for the display of the agility and powers of climbing, for which our black brethern are so famous.

Doubtful from the recent alteration in the policy of Dupres' government of his estate, whether the good old custom was to be observed, and not being able to obtain any information from the overseer, who had quarelled with the master six months before, and exceedingly apprehensive of making any application at headquarters, the negroes resolved upon sending up their old negotiator Louis, to inquire the "will and pleasure" of the petty sovereign.

As this address did not involve the interdicted subject of commutation of punishment, the kind hearted Louis made no scruple to become the spokesman; but things turned out unluckily. He waited till the evening, when work was over, and came into the verandah, just at the moment Adele was entering it at the other end. The master was smoking and drinking his sangaree in the middle room, and hearing Adele's voice, raised himself in his chair and saw, what certainly was nothing sinful in an affianced pair, but which was gall and worm-wood to a jealous rival—Louis taking, not stealing, for it was freely given, a kiss from the lips of the gentle Adele.

Knowing all he did of their attachment and proposed marriage, this sight should not have excited the feelings of the master in the manner it did—had he been left alone five minutes, the ebullition would in all probability have subsided, but unluckly for himself as well as others, the moment Louis saw Dupres, unconscious of having done anything unworthy an accepted and acknowledged lover, he stepped forward and stood before his master prepared to prefer his petition.

He did so, and in a few words explained the object of his visit, and the wish of his brethern.

No sooner were the words out of his mouth, than Dupres, dashing down the glass which he held in his hand, with a force that shivered it into a thousand pieces, exclaimed,

"Scoundrel!—slave!—haven't I warned you of thus thrusting yourself in to my presence with petitions and messages from your fellows—why are *you* sent? because they think I favour

you—because you, let your faults be what they may, are never punished—get out of my sight—I hate to look at you—to-morrow, at daylight, *you* shall be punished—yes, sir, punished," repeated he, seeing that Louis started back with surprise and horror at the thought. "Flogged, that's the word, sir for your insolence, which is the cause of all the insubordination on the estate."

"Massa," said Louis, "pardon, massa, pardon—twenty-six years me live here—me love you—me work for you—never, never have me felt the lash. No, massa, my skin smooth, smooth all over, 'xcept where my wound is, which was meant for massa."

—"Hold your tongue, sir," said Dupres; "I know perfectly well how to value that wound; your skin has been smooth too long—get out of my sight, I say—and mark me, if I don't do what I say to-morrow—go—"

"What, flog Louis, massa," said the slave; the tears running down his bronzed cheeks.

"Yes; flog *you*, sir," said Dupres, "and take your revenge, if you like it—go sir—"

"God help poor Louis," said the slave; "never did me think to see this day." And he went; — and while his master watched his departure, and heard his deep sobs as he passed through the verandah—he was pleased. Yes: pleased! and pleased more than all, by the assurance that the anxious Adele must also have heard his denunciation of her beloved.

Tyrants are mostly cowards: and although Dupres, like the rest of his countrymen, possessed a full share of animal courage, when oposed to danger in the field; and although his course of proceeding since the assassin's weapon had been levelled at his breast, gave ample evidence that he was not to be intimidated into a change of conduct; still, when the ardour of his passion cooled, and his lip ceased to quiver with the rage which the intrusion of Louis had excited, he felt some compunctious visitations, caused by the violence of his manner, and the severity of his language. There might—we hope there was—something like remorse mingling with his other feelings, for having so spoken, and so conducted himself to the particular individual who had just quitted him; but let the sentiment have sprung whence it might, there is *no* doubt but that he regretted—not deeply, but violently—what he had so precipitately said and done, tempered as it might and should have been by the recollection of past days and bygone circumstances. The main-spring of this repentance was selfishness—he fancied that in his passion he had overreached himself, that his harshness to Louis, instead of debasing him in the opinion of Adele, might give him the increased claims upon her affection, of martyrdom for her sake; and that as fear and love are not usually considered compatible, the arbitrary power he had threatened to exercise, might make her hate *him*, instead of conducing to a contempt for her lover.

And there was more than this to be considered—Louis, however occasionally envied by his brethern, possessed unquestionable influence over them; Dupres thought he had heard the word "revenge" muttered amidst the sobs which stifled the agonized slave's voice as he departed from his presence, upon which, he had replied. Dupres cared not, as we have seen, for the "assassin's blow," he despised clamour, and would oppose to the last, an interference with what he held to be his right; but Louis, of his class, was a powerful opponent—the recollection of M. Gallifet's slaves again flitted across his mind, and by the same perverse and perverted mode of reasoning which led him to associate his preserver with his intended murderer, he became first apprehensive, and in less than half an hour, certain that Louis would incite the slaves on the estate to revolt, and that instead of a joyful anniversary as here tofore, "The Planters's Birthday" would be a day of blood.

It had not been long before the period of which we are now speaking, that a circumstance had occurred in a neighbouring island, which flashed into the memory of Dupres, in the midst of his reflections and considerations as to the precipitancy and injudiciousness of his conduct towards Louis. A slave-woman who belonged to proverbially the kindest master in the colony, in consequence of having been spoken to by him harshly, resolved to have her revenge—for a considerable length of time the determination rested in her mind, but its execution was delayed only because she could not decide upon the most efficacious way of putting it into practice.

At length, having considered every means in her power to do the benevolent man, who in one hasty moment had offended her, some serious mischief, she came to the conclusion, that nothing, except taking his life, which she feared to do, could injure him so much as

destroying his slaves; and in pursuance of this scheme of revenge, she poisoned two of her own children, over whose existence, although the master's property, she fancied she had a parent's control.

This little anecdote, illustrative of a negro's revenge, certainly came to Dupres' recollection at rather an inauspicious period, and growing nervous and anxious, he rose from his seat and paced the room; looked into the verandah, half fearing, half hoping, to see Louis still lingering near. But no—he was gone—so was Adele. Dupres became more restless; nay, to do him justice he began to repent of his rashness and violence, even upon better grounds than apprehension or self love; but to send for Louis, to recal his violent language, or revoke his hard decree, would have been degrading to a white man, especially one who had received a polished education, and proposed to figure in the salons of Paris.

No! that was impossible; what he *would* do was this; when Adele came as was her wont to inquire about his supper, and what he would like and what she should do, he would tell *her* that he did not mean all that he said to Louis—that he was vexed at the time—that the slaves deserved no indulgence, and that Louis should not have permitted himself to be persuaded to come to him, and interrupt him in his privacy by such absurd requests—that he did not care about the celebration of his birthday—that he had no reason to rejoice in having been born, and that the anniversary brought with it no pleasant recollections nor the excitement of any hopes of future happiness.

This he thought would sooth his early playmate—this he hoped would please Adele; but then—the birthday—whether celebrated gaily or not, under his sanction, would be celebrated by the slaves, who would as ever heretofore avail themselves of the privilege looked upon almost as a matter of right, of asking grace and favour, and especially in respect to the marriages of any of the young couples who were attached to each other, and were sufficiently moral to desire to be united by the rites of the church before they "paired off;" for much as it may shock the ears of the black-loving philanthropist, true it is that the prejudice is, or at least was in those days, not universally strong in favour of any particular ceremony, by way of prelude to the establishment of a slave *menage*.

Endeavour as he might to avoid and evade the gaieties which seemed to him, in his present state of mind, only so many mockeries, he could not steer clear of these established rites, and therefore he determined not to prohibit, although he resolved not to appear to countenance the festivity.

Adele came as usual to attend her master, to inquire what were his commands; but the bright eye and the light step were wanting. She had been crying, and crept rather than bounded as usual into his presence. When he saw her thus, he was at first undecided how to act whether as he had proposed to himself to humble his haughty spirit, and admit to her his regret for the intemperance of the language, and the violence of the threat which he had fulminated against Louis, and so by soothing her sorrows, perhaps, render her less obdurate? but no—that hope was past—he knew that they were affianced—the struggle was but short in his mind, his love had turned to hate—he loathed her for her constancy and affection, and the sight of her thus sad and sorrowing, confirmed him after a moment's struggle in the determination to wreak his vengeance at all hazards upon Louis in the morning. He dismissed her with a sharp answer to her gentle questions, and she stole silently from his presence to her bed to ponder with grief and anguish on the approaching events of the morrow.

The morrow came—Dupres visited different parts of the plantation—spoke on business to the overseer—it may be recollected they never spoke except on business—complained of a laxity of discipline, a boldness of manner and insolence of speech on the part of some of the slaves, which he was determined to check; and having harangued upon various points in a tone of magisterial discontent, instanced Louis as one of those who appeared spoiled by good usage, and as presuming too much upon an excess of favour which had been shown him.

The overseer, who had grown old in the service, and who remembered the infant days of Louis, his association with the master, and who was well aware of his devoted attachment to him, of which, as every body knew, he so recently given so striken a proof, did not venture to argue the point, but contented himself with the delivery of a fact.

"Louis, sir," said he "is gone."

"Gone whither?" asked Dupres.

"That, sir, I cannot tell you," replied the

overseer; "he was not to be found at the morning muster, nor has he made his appearance since."

"He can't have marooned?" said Dupres.

"I should think not," was the overseer's reply.

A thousand thoughts rushed into the mind of Dupres, Was he really gone? Was he dead?

"But," added the overseer, "there are five or six others absent this morning."

"Five or six," repeated the master.

He was convinced that the influence of Louis had been exerted to stir up revolt against him, in consequence of the occurences of the previous evening. All the visions of St. Domingo were again conjured up before him, and again he fancied himself a second M. Gallifet.

"What have they gone for?"

"I know of no particular reason for their going," said the overseer, rather drily, and with a somewhat peculiarly marked emphasis on the word "particular."

"They must be pursued," said Dupres, "overtaken, brought back, and punished. This must be crushed in the outset."

"There have been a good many of them who have run off to escape flogging," said the overseer, "but you know, sir, they have come back again."

"Yes," replied Dupres, "and have escaped their just punishment through the intervention of this very Louis who has now gone off at the head of a whole gang. This case must be met with extreme severity, or discipline will be at an end."

Now it was that Dupres felt satisfied he might wreak his vengence upon the unhappy object of his jealousy—a jealousy which raged with equal fierceness, even though his love of Adele had curled into hate. It was not jealousy of her affection for Louis; it was the pure envious jealousy of his success with *her* that actuated Dupres, and he hurried back to his house, in order to obtain the assistance of the police stationed at the Bureau de Marronage, to hunt down his runaways, while too anxious for the fulfilment of his revenge to wait patiently the result of the search, and too much agitated to remain inactive at a moment of such excitement, he hastily quitted the verandah, up and down which he had been, for the previous half-hour pacing, and struck across the open plain, towards a small grove of tamarind-trees, in which it was no uncommon thing for idle slaves to conceal themselves, if they could, during the day, contriving, if possible to steal back unobserved to their homes at night; for generally speaking they are of

"A truant disp- tion, good my Lord,'

and Dupres resolved upon "hunting" this little tope, as it would have been called in the East Indies, in the hope of finding the deserters located there: a circumstance which, involving no organized design of any serious plot against himself and his property, but rather indicating the stolen enjoyment of a day's idleness, would have greatly relieved his mind from the apprehensions which filled it, and which, to say truth, were still strengthened by his consciousness of the influence Louis possessed over his slaves, and the unlooked for severity with which he had treated him the night before.

Dupres entered the grove—traversed it in various directions—no deserters were there. He passed through it, and began to ascend a gentle acclivity, from the top of which, he could command a considerable extent of open ground, and might espy some of his vagrant serfs, about whose intentions and destinations he was more especially uneasy, as he had ascertained that the absentees were some of the best men on the estate, and in no degree addicted to vagrancy for which so many of the slaves have an irresistable passion.

Mr. Barclay, in his *Practical View of Slavery*, says (p. 171), "As desertion and the punishment of it have been the subject of so much misrepresentation, and unfair inference, in England, it may not be superfluous to add a few remarks while the subject is under consideration. In some few cases no doubt, it may be occasioned by improper treatment; but nothing can be more unwarranted than to set this down as a general cause; for the best treatment often cannot prevent it. The evil has its foundation in the improvident, indolent, and wandering disposition of many of the Africans, and some few also of the creoles, which no encouragement to industry, no attention or kindness on the part of the master, can overcome.

"I," says Mr. Barclay who (resided twenty-one years in Jamaica.) "have myself the misfortune to own two Africans of this description, and cannot better illustrate my assertion than by describing them. They will do nothing

what.ver for themselves, and prefer an idle wandering life to any possible domestic comforts. Land in full cultivation has been frequently given them for their support, and as long as it continued to yield plantains and eddoes they gathered them; but, although allowed the same time as other people, they would never take a hoe in their hands, to clear it, and of course it was overrun with weeds. This not availing, desertion continuing, and their master being frequently called upon to

for the thefts and depredations they had committed on other negroes, a weekly allowance of provisions was given them in addition to their land, and their regular days, that they might not be driven by hunger to commit theft or desert. Yet all this has not reclaimed them; they will sometimes come and take their weekly allowance on Monday morning, but instead of going to work, start off to the woods, and will not be seen again for a month. Instead of giving them, like the others, their annual allowance of clothes at once, they are supplied at need; and they have been known to sell a new jacket for a quarter-dollar, that had cost their master four dollars. If a second shirt is given them it is readily bartered for a bottle of rum, and washing is entirely out of the question."

Of such as these M. Dupres was blest with his fair proportion, increased as has been already observed, since his assumption of the government, and if it had been half-a-dozen of this class who had disappeared, he would have been prepared for the event, and not altogether solicitous as to their eventual return; but *that* was not the case.

As he was slowly ascending the hill, pondering these things, and in, perhaps, the worst possible humour man ever enjoyed—as the phrase goes—he approached a small tuft of stunted foliage, which, as he neared it, was somewhat rudely and suddenly shaken—he stopped short.

"Who's there?" cried he.

No answer was given—but as he advanced three steps nearer the bush, a black man sprang from his bidding-place, and bounded away before him—it was Louis himself—Dupres called to him to stop—Louis instigated by some undefinable feeling, still ran. Dupres followed him at the top of his speed, but he would not have caught him had not the foot of the slave tripped over a stone, which brought him to the ground. Dupres was up with him in a moment.

"Rascal!" said Dupres, "ungrateful rascal:—how dare you fly from me! rebel, traitor, runaway that you are."

"No, massa—no," said Louis; "me no traitor, no rebel, no!"

"It's false scoundrel!" cried Dupres in a phrensy of rage; "you have carried off my slaves—you are in a conspiracy, a league against me, with the miscreants whom you have so often begged off, before."

"No, massa—no," said Louis.

"Do I lie, sirrah?" exclaimed the planter, striking him in the face. The blow (so wholly unexpected) brought Louis to the earth; but he was on his feet in an instant again, and again his master struck him—the blow was returned, and Dupres measured his length in the dust; he attempted to rise, but Louis throwing himself upon him, placed one of his knees on his chest so as to prevent his moving.

"It's all too late now, massa, the blow has been struck. Hear me, massa, hear me—me have loved you dearly, massa, dearly, like my broder—me work for you, me do all me can for you, me save your life, massa—but no good, no—massa bid me go, massa, say me should be flog—six and twenty years have I lived—no lash ever touch me; but no, him too late now, all is over."

"Let me get up," said Dupres, vainly struggling with his powerful opponent.

"No, massa, not yet, massa," said Louis, drawing from his pocket a sharp-pointed two-edged knife.

Dupres struggled again, but in vain.

"Louis," said he, "forgive me, forgive me, I have been wrong."

"No, massa, no," said Louis, "me forgive you, massa, but you will never forgive me. Oh, massa, massa! you do not know my heart! Poor Adele massa,—poor, poor Adele!"

"She shall be yours," said Dupres.

"Look, massa, me no runaway—me could not bear to be flogged, least of all by your order, massa—me hide away to-day, to-morrow your birthday, and mine, massa—me thought you would forgive me then, then me should have come back and beg pardon; but no! no! him too late—me have struck my massa—massa hates poor Louis! No—no—him past now."

Saying which, the faithful Louis raising his right hand above his head, struck the glitter-

ing blade which it grasped, with all his force into his heart, and instantly fell dead upon his master's bosom.

Let not the reader ask what befel Adele—let him be satisfied by knowing that, that year's celebration of the "PLANTERS' BIRTHDAY" is remembered in the island to this hour.

THE MAGIC GLOBE; OR THE BOTTLE IMP.

The following extract is from the Magic Globe, or Bottle Imp, a work published many years ago in England.

"If I had not formed a favourable opinion of your taste and judgment, (said Asmodeus,) I might commence my story in the phraseology of the Minerva press, as thus:—Night, with a lowering scowl, was putting on her mantle of the deepest sable; or, in more ordinary parlance, night was coming on apace; a piercing east wind wildly scattered before it the thick flakes of snow, which were descending in such profusion as completely to obliterate all traces of the intricate and lonely path through a dreary moor over which a benighted traveller was journeying, with the forlorn hope of reaching a distant village, where he intended to remain for the night. He was an entire stranger in those parts, and such was the nature of the country, that, under the most favorable circumstances, he would have experienced some difficulty in threading the mazes of the wild district he had to traverse. In this dilemma, as his only resource, he committed himself to the guidance of his horse, concluding that the instinct of the noble animal was much better adapted to the emergency than his own reason, bewildered as it was. The faithful and sagacious creature fully justified the confidence reposed in him; he pursued his course steadily, but cautiously, and in a few hours the traveller, to his indescribable joy, discerned a faint glimmering light in the horizon, in the direction he was pursuing. By this time he was almost an icicle, and was frozen so fast to the saddle that horse and rider, like the fabled Centaur, formed one body. Had you seen him covered, as he was, a foot thick with the snow, which had congealed around him as t fell, you would have been reminded of the description of the polar bear by one of your favorite poets:—

'Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn,
Slow paced and sourer as the storms increase.'

The noble brute, to whose superior sagacity a 'lord of the creation' on this occasion was indebted for his safety, continued to pursue his course, until at length the traveller, more dead than alive, arrived at a venerable looking and spacious mansion, which appeared to have been in former days a castle, as some of the battlements, the deep moat, and the ponderous Gothic gateway were still remaining. However, as lights appeared in the windows, and sounds of mirth and revelry were heard from within, the stranger did not hesitate to avail himself of the ponderous knocker to announce his arrival; and after a short interval, the massive door was opened to him. Judge of his surprise and satisfaction on finding himself ushered into a spacious area, the scene, probably, *in ancient days, of tilts and* tournaments, but which had by modern improvements been converted into a stable yard, for the accommodation of horses. Some parts of the castle itself, for such it had been, were transformed into comfortable accommodations for travellers, many of whom were now safely housed, secure from the pelting of the pitiless storm. Our traveller was with difficulty detached from his horse; and was shewn into the spacious kitchen, in the ingle nook of which he became gradually thawed down to his natural shape and dimensions, but not before his grotesque appearance had afforded ample merriment to the guests who were carousing there. As our traveller was a wag and a humorist, he vowed to himself that he would be even with them for their mistimed jokes; and he was as good as his word, as you will presently find. The landlady had by this time accommodated him with some good warm clothing belonging to mine host of the castle, and, as our traveller was a light-hearted blade, he soon lost all recollection of his late pitiable plight, and began to make as merry as the best of them. After paying a visit to his trusty steed, and seeing him well fed and foddered, he inquired from the landlady whether he could be accommodated with a bed for himself; but what was his vexation on hearing that all the rooms were engaged, except one apartment which no traveller ever chose to enter, as it was reputed to be haunted by the spirit of an unfortunate barber, who had there cut his throat some weeks ago; since which catastrophe the room had been regarded with so much dread, that not a servant in the house could be persuaded to enter it. Our traveller was not a man to be terrified by idle fears of ghosts, and as it was out of the question to budge that night, he expressed his determina-

tion to sleep in this haunted chamber; and a thought which crossed his mind at the moment confirmed his resolution. The difficulty was to prevail upon the servants to venture into the room to make a fire and to prepare the bed; but by dint of a certain argument, the traveller persuaded them to enter in a body, heading and encouraging them himself, and at length everything was arranged for the accommodation of this rash and presumptuous stranger, as he was considered by every one in the house, from the landlord to the boots. Our traveller, after partaking of a hearty supper, ordered his bottle and pipe to be carried up stairs, observing that it was his intention to sit up awhile to await the coming of the spirit, and to question him about the dreadful secret which preyed upon his mind, and prevented him from resting quietly in his grave. The landlady, who admired the courage of her guest, while she regretted his rashness, bade him 'Good night,' with 'Heaven bless you, Sir;' which she uttered in a tone rather of misgiving than of hope, as if she doubted whether she should ever see him more. Our traveller, although quite at his ease on the score of the ghost, suspecting that some trick might be played off to alarm him, placed his pistols before him on the table, lighted his pipe, and awaited the issue, very composedly, as, like Tam O'Shanter,

'Fair play,—he car'd no deils a boddle.'

"The clock struck twelve, the high-change hour of ghosts, but no spirit appeared; and, as that in his bottle was getting low, and as he was not a little fatigued with his day's adventure, he retired to his bed, without taking off his clothes, in order to be better prepared for action. The company had supped in an upper room, only separated from his chamber by a light partition wall, through which he could distinctly hear all that was going forwards. The storm had by this time increased to a perfect urricane and the guests seemed resolved to sit it out, as they had formed themselves into a party at hazard. Our traveller had during the course of the night, heard frequent allusions made to himself, some of the company, to use their own phrascology, wondering what would become of the poor devil in the haunted chamber, when the castle bell should toll one, which was the signal for the ghost to make its appearance. This for our traveller was news, which he did not fail to turn to immediate advantage, by setting about the execution of his preconceived design of acting the part of ghost himself. With this view he contrived to convert one of his sheets into a very appropriate spectral robe; round his neck he tied a red garter, to represent the ghastly wound inflicted by the deceased barber on his own throat. A piece of burnt cork enabled him to disguise his face and render it sufficiently hideous; and, to crown all, a night cap with a large tassel, with death's head and cross bones represented in front by means of the aforesaid burnt cork, made up a *tout-ensemble* altogether irresistable. It was now on the stroke of one; and as if to second his views, the company were just then eagerly intent on their game;—there was not a minute to be lost; something, however, still remained to be done to complete his costume;—the spiri of the barber could not, he thought, be more appropriately equipped than with a razor in one hand and the shaving-box in the other. His portmanteau soon supplied these requisite appendages, when it suddenly occurred to him that it would greatly heighten the effect if burning spirit were substituted for the ordinary lather. As the remnant in the bottle was not what is called 'parliamentary whiskey,' it readily furnished him with the inflammable lather. Conceive him now ready for action, awaiting the awful signal from the castle turret. It sounded at length, and our ghost having lighted up the ethereal contents of his lather-box, stalked out of the room with a heavy tread, like that of the spirit in Don Juan. The strange sound and the ominous toll of the bell instantly put an end to all noise and revelry amongst the terrified gamblers. With one stroke of his foot the spectre force open the door, and presented himself to the horror-struck company.

'The guests, as they view'd him, shrunk back in affright,
And the lights in the chamber burnt blue.'

The ghost deemed it prudent not to allow them time to rally their senses, but as a climax to the scene, holding up the razor in one hand and the blazing shaving-box in the other, said, in a deep and hollow voice, 'Will you be shaved?' There is something sufficiently disagreeable in the sight of a naked razor brandished in a menacing attitude; but the idea of being shaved by a ghost, and brushed with inflammable lather from below, is too much for human nerves. The company all rose in one instant, *en masse*, and as there was fortunately in the room a back door leading to the kitchen stairs, through that

they precipitated themselves, neck and heels, never stopping until they reached the bottom, where they lay sprawling, in speechless agony. Meanwhile the ghost was not idle; his *robe de nuit* served as an apron, into which he collected all the money on the table. He then extinguished the candles, and retired to his own bed, chuckling at the complete success of his scheme. How the routed guests recovered from their fright, it would be superfluous to relate;—suffice it to say, that they at length retired in fear and trembling, to their beds, without once thinking of the money they had left behind them in the apartment, where the ghost so unexpectedly interrupted their revelry. Next morning our traveller in vain rang his bell for the waiter; not a soul in the house dare answer the summons; and when he at length made his appearance below, all seemed to shrink from his presence as if it were a second supernatural visitation. He called for his breakfast, but no breakfast was forthcoming, and he was surveyed, at a distance, with glances of suspicion and dread; at last, however, he succeeded in persuading the landlady, who was a woman of good understanding, that he was the identical stranger who had slept in the haunted chamber, and that he was really flesh and blood and no ghost, which assurance he confirmed by a cordial shake of the hand, accompanied with a good natured laugh at the fears which his appearance had occasioned. The good lady at length summoned courage to enter into conversation with him, and inquired how he had passed the night. 'Never better,' was his reply. 'Did you hear nothing?' said she, 'Nothing,' was the reply. 'Nor see any thing?' said she. 'Why, yes,' said he with an air of indifference, 'an impudent scoundrel of a barber popped his head into my room at one o'clock in the morning, and asked me if I wished to be shaved. I suppose (continued he) the fellow must have been drunk, and so I kicked him down stairs, and fell asleep again.'

"As the weather continued tempestuous, the guests remained in their quarters to dinner; and our traveller, who by this time had persuaded them he was no spectre, joined them at the table. The conversation naturally turned upon the strange occurrence of the preceding evening, and the hero of the tale was highly amused at the different accounts given of the ghost. One insisted upon it that it, was that of the barber most unquestionably, as he was very well acquainted with him. A second observed, that although he had never seen the barber while living, he had seen a capital likeness of him, painted in his usual style of excellence, by Mosses, of Liverpool, and that it was as like the ghost as two peas. Another protested that flames of fire issued from his mouth and nostrils; and that his voice, although somewhat more sepulchral, resembled that of the unfortunate man who had committed suicide in the chamber which his troubled spirit nightly revisited. At length, our traveller requesting permission to be heard, thus addressed the company —'Gentlemen, I love a joke as well as any man living; but a joke may be carried too far; and as the belief in ghosts is as absurd as it is mischievous, I shou'd be sorry that we should part without an explanation. Behold, here before you, gentlemen, the identical ghost which spread such consternation amongst you! When I entered this inn, last night, you were pleased to be very merry at my expense; and, as I always give a Roland for an Oliver, I vowed I would be revenged; and the idle report of the ghost in the haunted chamber suggested to me the scheme I practiced with such success. If you doubt my word, gentlemen, behold the money which you left behind you in your hurry, and which I bore off, with the intention of restoring it to you, as I now do.' As he said this he unfolded a hankerchief, and deposited the gold on the table. The explanation, accompanied, as it was, with the unexpected recovery of the cash, produced a universal roar of laughter. The guests shook the traveller by the hand, heartily thanking him for a lesson which they should never forget to the latest hour of their lives."

"And here (said Asdomeus) the story ends. What think you of it?"

"I have been vastly amused, (said Ferdinand,) and I am convinced, myself, that none of the ghost stories on record have any better foundation in fact than that you have just related."

CHINESE ARCHITECTURE.*

The architecture of China, unlike that of other nations, has retained its particular character during all times without any mutation. Their native historians ascribe the origin of building to their Emperor Fou-Hi, who first

* The above article on Chinese architecture is extracted from a very complete work, just pub-

taught his subjects the art about 368 B.C. In the year 246 A.D., the Emperor Tsin-Chi-Hoang-Ti demolished all the buildings of importance, so as to remove all records of the grandeur and power of his predecessors: except a few temples and tombs in the mountains, which are supposed to be of a prior date, nothing remains of a higher antiquity.

The type of all Chinese buildings, whether they are used for the purposes of religon, or as residences, is undoubtedly a tent; and the convex form of their roofs shows that they are a copy of those made of more pliant materials, sustained at different points from brackets at the top of vertical supports. The material generally employed is wood; that most in use is the nan-mon, which is said to last more than a thousand years: stone, marble, bricks, bamboo, and porcelain tiles are also used.

In China, improvement seems to have been considered an innovation and direct breach of the laws, which are looked upon as something more than human ordinances, from their supposed perfection and antiquity.

One great hindrance to any advance in architecture is caused by the construction of their private houses and public buildings being subject to the restrictions of public functionaries (who may be properly designated district surveyors), backed by most arbitrary laws; under their supervision every one is obliged to build according to his rank, and for every house a certain size as well as details are fixed. These officers seem to govern the arts in China, and the laws regulate the magnitude and arrangement of residences of the various degrees. —for a noble family, for a president of a tribune, for a mandarin, and for all classes who can afford the luxury of a house. The size of public buildings likewise comes under their management. The merchant, whatever the amount of his wealth may be, is compelled by this regulation to restrict the dimensions and decorations of his house to his exact grade or standing; this refers only to the external part of his dwelling; the interior arrangements are unfettered. According to these prohibitions (for they cannot be considered in any other light), the level of the ground floor, the length of the frontage of the building, and the height of the roofs, are in an advancing scale from the citizen to the emperor, and their limits must be attended to without appeal.

The buildings generally are only of one story; and in Pekin the shopkeepers are obliged to sleep under their pent-houses in the open air in summer. One reason perhaps justifies their houses generally being only of one story, which is the slightness of their construction, and which renders them incapable of bearing anything above them. The general character and arrangement of the Chinese houses is so well understood, that no object will be gained by enlarging on the subject. In every part, nothing is seen but a succession of combinations of frame-work and trellises painted in all the primitive colours, which has caused the impression that the Chinese houses bear a greater affinity to bird-cages than to any thing under the sun: the form of some of their doors is sometimes circular or octagonal, and tends to strengthen it, as in no other country are apertures of that form used for entrances.

The palaces resemble a number of tents united; and the highest pagodas are nothing else than a succession of them piled on one another, instead of side by side: in short, from the smallest village to the Imperial residence at Pekin, no other form but that of a permanent encampment prevails. Lord Macartney, who travelled the whole empire from the farthest part of the great wall to Canton, observed that there was but very little variation in the buildings to be seen.

Amongst the substantial works of the Chinese the most remarkable are the bridges: that at Loyan, in the province of Fod-Kien, is composed of 250 piers built with very large stones which support enormous granite lintels, or stones placed horizontally; these are crowned by a balustrade. A considerable number of bridges have been constructed in China, and they are considered to be works of great magnitude and importance. To the Chinese is attributed the earliest application of the suspension bridge, which has been so much adopted in modern times in situations where no other means of passage could have been applied.

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lised by Stringer and Townsend of New York, entitled, "*Rudiments of Architecture and Building*" containing the history and description of the style of architecture of various countries from the earliest to the present time, to which is added a glossary of architectural terms by the Editor, Mr. Bullock, author of the "American Cottage Builder,"—a work of undoubted reputation, which has enjoyed an extensive circulation. We may add that it is for sale at Maclear & Co's.

The temples of the Chinese are generally small, and consist of only one chamber, which is the sanctuary of their Idols; on the outside is a gallery: others stand in a court surrounded by corridors. In some instances the interior is spacious: that at Ho-Nang, near Canton, is 590 feet in length by 250 in width; the temple is constructed of wood, and covered with painted and varnished porcelain. It has been estimated that Pekin and its environs contain nearly 10,000 miao or idol temples, some of which are superior in decoration to those at Canton.

Amongst the buildings that are peculiar to China are the pagodas, or towers, of from six to ten stories, diminishing upwards; the projecting top of each story presents the concave form before referred to; and the plan of those buildings is generally an octagon. The most celebrated is that of Nang-King, which is called "the tower of porcelain;" it is 40 feet in diameter at the base and 200 feet in height; in the centre is a staircase connecting each stage, and which is lighted by windows on four sides; the openings do not occur over each other, but in alternate stories; the whole is cased with porcelain. The age of this pagoda is little more than three centuries.

Commemorative buildings and triumphal arches or doors are very numerous throughout China: they are placed at the entrances of streets as well as before principal buildings; the better class of which consist of a central and two side openings; the lower part is generally of stone, without any mouldings; the upper part is of wood and is supported on horizontal lintels, the constructive arch being as little known in China as in other Eastern nations.

The great wall, which extends for 1500 miles, has perhaps caused a much higher opinion to be formed of the monuments of the Chinese than a careful survey justifies. It is (with an exception in favour of their bridges) the only work of any importance that can give the Chinese any position as a constructive people.* It consists of an earthen mound faced by walks of brick and masonary; its total height is 20 feet. The platform on the top is 15 feet broad, and increases to 25 feet at the base of the wall; at intervals of 200 paces are towers of 40 feet square, which diminish to 30 feet at the top; their height in some places is 37 feet, in others 48. This wall which commences in the sea to the east of Pekin, extends along the frontiers of their provinces, over rivers, mountains, villages, and often in places that are of themselves protections from any hostle invasion: it engaged a million of persons for ten years in its erection.†

* From the architecture as well as the ornamental works, the impression is conveyed that mechanical skill and imitation are the only faculties that are possessed by the Chinese, as their arts seem to be confined to servile copies of the works of Nature, without any feeling of composition or invention. The ancient people must indeed have been widely different in their composition, as they have credit for the discovery of the magnetic compass before 121 A.D.; the art of printing in the tenth century; the earliest manufacture of silk and porcelain; and last, though not least, the compostion of gunpowder, which their descendants of the present day use to so little purpose.

† The first emperor of the Tsin dynasty caused this wall to be built as a protection against the Tartars, though it has been supposed that the employment of a large mass of people, who, were in a state of excitement at his tyranny, was the more direct cause of its erection, or it would not have been carried over places that were quite inaccessible to an enemy, and therefore in these situations useless. It has now stood nearly sixteen hundred years. He ordered all the books of the learned including the writing of Confucius, to be cast into the flames, for the same reason that caused the destruction of all the principal existing buildings.

THE PURSER'S CABIN.

YARN VII.

WHEREIN IS DEMONSTRATED THE VERACIOUSNESS OF THE PROVERB, "IT IS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD!"

The Purser has a slight favour to beg from his "very worthy and approved good masters." It is, that, ere entering upon the perusal of the following narration, they would read over the primary instalment of these veritable and unvarnished Yarns. By so doing, they will be in a fitter position to understand the circumstances which I am about to record in my autobiographical log-book.

Taking it for granted that the boon above craved has been granted, I now proceed to exhibit one of the most important scenes, which, up to this period, the drama of my chequered existence has presented.

Not many days after the termination of Fanny

Newlove's romantic and felicitous adventure, and about an hour prior to the sailing of my steam-vessel from Kingston, I was sitting on the paddle-box, solacing myself with one of Leask's transcendental Havana cigars. Though the air was balmy, considering the advanced senectitude of the year, and Sol was smiling like a new-fledged barrister at his virgin fee, my mood was melancholous enough for the anatomization of Burton.

The ungarmented truth was—(of course I am speaking in strict confidence, and on the understanding that it will not go further)—I had for some time been living a fraction beyond my means. In addition to this improvidence, I had been idiot enough to invest the bulk of my available funds in purchasing sundry lots of a Long Island El Dorado, bearing the ominous name of Lackland, and which, to my sorrow, I discovered, when too late, to be a thriftless combination of sand-banks and swamps It might reasonably have been expected that my experiences as a North American landowner would have taught me more sense, but, as the ancient adage hath it, "bray a fool in a mortar, and he will be a fool still!" All I can advance in extenuation of my folly is, the diabolical skill with which the advertisements of Lackland were drawn up. There was an aroma of blunt candour about them which might have deceived the sharpest and most suspicious speculator. The proprietor and his agents appeared to have mainly at heart the happiness of their fellow creatures, and to shuffle self as far as possible into the background.

Such being the state of matters, it is not strange that even the soothing narcotic I was discussing failed to extirpate the fever which a host of pestilently peremptory and obtrusive "little bills," recently rendered to me, had lighted up in my perplexed soul. Very gloomy was the aspect which the horizon of my prospects presented, and, in my despair, I vibrated between testing the strength of a halter, and committing matrimony with the obese and red-haired widow, whose boarding-house I lodged at when in Toronto. Of these evils, the former appeared, on due deliberation, to be the least, and in my mind's eye I already beheld the two rival coroners of Muddy Little York fighting for the privilege of holding an inquest upon the strangulated remains of the fortune-persecuted Purser!

Whilst thus "chewing the cud of bitter fancy," my attention was suddenly arrested by the apparition of a couple of personages coming down the wharf at which the vessel in which I served was moored. For a season I opined that I was under the influence of an extra-potent day dream, and vigorously did I manipulate my optics in order to test that they were not playing me false. The result demonstrated that my first impressions were correct. Cuthbert Lynch and his son Phelim stood, or rather, I should say, walked before me, beyond the shadow of a dubitation!

Ten years had elapsed since I had last beheld my uncle and cousin, but it seemed as if double of that amount of minutes had been numbered upon the dials of their existence.

My uncle presented all the characteristics of a skeleton, covered with parchment, and animated by some speculative Prometheus or Fankenstein. You would have thought that the puff of a penny trumpet would have precipitated him into the Lake, so very feeble and feckless was his materialism. Justice Shallow was a perfect Antinous compared with this locomotive anatomy!

The dress of Cuthbert Lynch was in foul harmony with the wearer thereof. For coat, vest, continuations, shirt, and shoes, the most prodigal dealer in superannuated raiment would not have given a trio of shillings. Nay, it is an open question whether he would have taken them without tax, or even with the stimulation of a premium have transferred them to his republican bag! I do not use the language of exaggeration when I assert that my uncle, if impaled in the centre of a cornfield, would have been deemed a very indifferent and discreditable scarecrow!

Matters were widely different with my cousin Phelim, so far at least as the marketable value of his costume was concerned. He was dressed in the very extreme of fashion, and utterly regardless of expense. Take one of the figures in a sartorial magazine, and add to it fifty per cent. of frippery, and you will come to form some conception of the outward man of Phelim Lynch, I mean the portion thereof that was furnished by the tailor.

My cousin's manner, corresponded harmoniously with his attire. Some of my readers may have witnessed the dandy who usually officiates in a Christmas pantomime, upon whom the clown and pantaloon play their most crudite tricks. Such persons will have no difficulty

in conjuring up the appearance and style of Phelim Lynch, as he strutted and swaggered down the Kingston wharf. He was the incarnate type of caricatured fashion, and *bon ton* run to seed.

No sooner did I become cognizant of the advent of this precious pair, than I formed a resolution to preserve a strict incognito towards them.

For this I had several motives. In the first place, I had no desire to make myself known to parties who were so intimately connected with one of the most painful and disastrous passages of my life.

Again, the externalities of my relatives were not so winning as to render a familiar intercourse with them any object.

And, lastly, I cherished a hope that by keeping in the background, I might, perchance, come to expiscate the nature of the mystery which impelled such an incongruous pair to vagabondize through life, like a couple of unloving dogs, inseparably united by one irksome chain.

Impelled by these considerations, I lost no time in seeking my cabin, and making such changes in my dress, as might tend to prevent my relatives from discovering who I was. From Count Blitzen, alias Cornelius Crooks, I had received a life-like wig, and other articles of disguise, which he had employed in the carrying out of his matrimonial plot. When I had decked myself with these "properties," so thoroughly metamorphosed did I become, that even Jonas Junk, the first mate of our craft, did not twig my identity, and demanded in the name of the chief of the fallen angels, what business I had in the Purser's Cabin.

From my earliest youth I had been noted for my powers of mimicry, and this qualification I resolved to turn to account in carrying out my scheme of concealment. Discarding my natural pronunciation, I adopted the drawl and snuffle which marks our friends of the contiguous republic, and "guessed" and "calculated" with all the nasal unction of a free and enlightened Yankee.

All things being taken into account, none will be surprised when I state that when the Lynches, *pere et fils*, entered the craft, and demanded of me to be supplied with berths, neither of them entertained the slightest inkling of my identity. So complete was my disguise that after a few minutes conference with me, Phelim observed in an audible whisper to his ancestor—"I always understood that the St. Lawrence steamers were officered and manned by British subjects, but this Purser fellow is a regular, full-blown Yankee, and no mistake. We must look sharp, by Jove; for if the cook be of the same kidney, we may find our pudding seasoned with sand for sugar, and sawdust in room of nutmeg!"

After the steamer had fairly got under weigh, I made it my business to keep a special look out upon parties, in whom I felt a lively, if not a loving interest. And truly the pair would have presented an appetizing study even to one who had been altogether ignorant of their character and antecedents.

Lynch the younger, betrayed a marked desire to make himself agreeable to his lady fellow-passengers. If one of them chanced to seat herself at the piano, (all the world knows that our vessel boasts of such a luxury) Phelim was at her side in an instant, to adjust the sheet of music, and turn over the pages thereof.—Profusely did he enunciate heaps of thistle-down compliments, and discharge fusilades of elegant nonenities, as if he had been a cadet of the families of Grandison and Chesterfield. True it is that his efforts were somewhat abortive, and slightly suggestive of the waltzing of an elephant upon a slack wire; but still, as things go in Canada, he might possibly have passed muster as a genuine Simon Pure of *fashion*, if it had not been for one blasting circumstance.

That circumstance, I need *hardly* say, was the never intermitted presence of his preposterously uncouth parent. The old *man followed* his son like a shadow, and stuck to him like a horse-leech. Cuthbert's main ambition appeared to be, that all should be aware that he was father to so brilliant a personage, as the phenomenon which sparkled before them.

"Faix, Miss," he would say to some mincing, debonair damsel, to whom Phelim had been doing the polite thing, "Faix, Miss, yeez may well be proud of having such a bachelor!—There's not such a slip av a boy betuxt this and the big hill o' Howth, though I says it that should not say it! By the Pope's piper, he has cost me a mint o' money, from beginning to end. Thim very yellow gloves that he is sportin' at this blessed minit o' time, came to five shillings, as sure as I am a provision-dealer, and a sinner! Och, many a purty pig, or at least the price o' the same, it took me to

bring him up the gintleman that he is! Look your ould father in the face, Phelim, you spalpeen, and say whether he is tellin' a hap'orth o' a lie!" Having thus delivered himself, the unkempt and grewsome senex would be sure to commit some cognate infraction of the conventional laws of polite and civilized society.

Such demonstrations had the effect of almost driving my cousin into a state of raging dementation. His visage would alternately wax white as pearl powder, and red as the sun in a frosty fog. Half-stifled sounds, unwholsome suggestions of profane swearing, would issue from his throat, and his eyes would scintillate, like those of a rattle-snake, upon whose rheumatic tail, a heavy-footed, wooden-clog-wearing bumpkin, hath unwittingly trodden. Several times I became suspicious that the ire of the son would manifest itself in a more substantial manner, and that the steam-packet would become the arena of a parricidal tragedy. It likewise occured to me, that the ex-ham curer himself was not altogether unapprehensive of such a catastrophe. Occasionally he darted at Phelim a glance in which fear seemed to predominate, over a host of other expressions, and once or twice I could detect him fingering something in his breast, which conveyed to me the idea of a dirk or pistol.

All these things whetted my curiosity to a degree that was almost painful. More firmly than ever was I convinced, that some mysterious and unloveable bond of union existed between the ill-assorted pair. And a presentiment vague and undefined, but not the less potent, impelled me to the belief that I myself had something to do with the enigma.

Before long, this theory was destined to receive a material accession of strength and plausibility.

Having occasion to enter the dining saloon in the course of the night, I found that the sole occupants thereof were Cuthbert and Phelim Lynch. A bottle of brandy stood beside them, and it was apparent that both father and son had been availing themselves copiously of the contents thereof. Their visages were flushed, and they discoursed with that impetuous lack of caution, which marks a certain stage of inebriation. Hearing my name pronounced more than once, I could not refrain from putting myself in such a position, that I could listen to the communing without being perceived by the interlocutors. This I managed to effect with little trouble, as the cabin at the time chanced to be but imperfectly lighted, and the curtains of a sleeping berth, which were unfolded for the night, affording me a covering which clearer eyes than those of the topers might have sought in vain to penetrate.

Let it not be imagined that I seek to justify eaves-dropping, as a general rule. Nothing can be more intensely snobbish, or unvirile, than such a practice; and strong indeed must be the necessity which can warrant a man of honour in resorting thereto. Events will demonstrate that I was not without excuse for becoming an unsuspected auditor on the present occasion.

I shall now proceed to detail those portions of that paternal and filial colloquy, as had a bearing upon the matter in hand:—

"I tell you, father," hissed forth Phelim, after swallowing a deep potation of the alcoholic mixture—"I tell you, once and for all, that this infernal kind of life I will put up with no longer! Rather would I be the meanest labourer, earning my crust with the sweat of my brow, than be subject, day after day, and night after night, to the blistering affronts which you pile upon me! More than a dozen times, this very evening, have you caused my face to burn with shame through your cursed and incurable vulgarity! Wherever I go I feel like a dog who is compelled to drag at his ta an old battered tin-kettle, the clink of which is constantly jingling in his crazed ears!"

The old man listened to this passionate outbreak with an air of sardonic stolidity, and returned no answer, except proposing the health of the "illoquent and accomplished spaker!"

"Why," continued my flushed and irate cousin, "will you not accept the terms which I have offered you, times without number? Again and again I have proposed to share with you my fortune, if you will only leave me to myself!"

"*Your* fortune!" yelled the senior, now bristling and tremulous with seething rage; "Ha! ha! ha! it is enough to make a foundered horse laugh to hear you spake of your fortune! Don't you know, you onnatural thaif o' the warald, that sorrow a crass have you by rights with which to bless yourself! Have you forgotten that you are standing in another man's shoes? If your cousin Dinnis had his own, where would be your fine fortune, I should like to know? Just where the snow of last winter is!"

Pale, with a commixture of anger and fear, Phelim entreated his parent to speak lower.

"I won't speak lower;" was the foaming response. "I don't care though the whole universe heard what I say! Do you think I can ever forget the slights that you put upon the father that begot you, and the father that toiled, and fagged, and slaved for you, bekase, forsooth, he was not a gintleman in your notion and esteem? Have I disremembered how, even when you were a college lad, you used to pass me by on the street in broad day light, without appearing to know me, as if I had been some ould vagabond of a beggar? No, Phelim, them things are written on my sowl as with a pen of iron, never, never to be blotted out on this side o' the grave, or even beyont the same!"

"Shut up, will you!" exclaimed my cousin, more than ever alarmed.

"If I did I would burst!" cried the frantic old man; "when the fit comes upon me I must let out all that is in my mind! Oh, how I rejoiced when the devil put it in my power to get the whip-hand of yeez! Was not Cuthbert Lynch a proud and happy man that day? Yes, here, next my heart, has the blessed, blessed charm lain ever since, cheek by jowl with a cannie revolver! It is heaven, and ten times more than heaven for me to think that I possess the manes of making you follow me like a well-trained cur, rusty, and vulgar, and onfashionable as I am! Glorious mate and drink is it to me to track yeez into grand dining rooms and scented ball rooms, and tell the companies that, dandy and buck as ye are, I, the ould pork dealer, am your father! When I see you shudder and tremble with rage at such times, how my heart bounds and exults, just like that of a new-married bridegroom at the sight of his young wife! Only in my case the rapture is greater, bekaze hatred and revenge are stronger, ten thousand times stronger than the warmest love!"

"Father! father!" cried Phelim, "it makes me shudder to look upon you in such moods! You have all the appearance of a demon incarnate!"

"And if I look like the evil one," retorted Cuthbert, "who gave me that look? The time was when even the ground which you walked upon seemed bright and blessed for your sake! The time was when I could have gone barefooted to the uttermost ends of the earth, in order to ratify your slightest wish, and thought myself richly repaid with a single smile! But that time is gone, once and for ever! You have curdled my milk of affection into gall and wormwood, and placed a stone in my breast instead of the heart that used to dance there—a stone cold as ice and hard as marble! Well do I remember the day when it was impossible for me to understand how savages could take pleasure in eating the flesh and drinking the blood of their slain foemen. Now the thing is as plain to me as daylight! I now feel that there is nothing to compare with the delight of putting your foot upon the neck of one that has mocked and injured you, and seeing him biting the earth like a crushed and mangled worm!"

"May heaven bring you to a better mind, old man!" was the son's feverish orison.

"If heaven granted your prayer, Phelim," rejoined my uncle, "who would be the gainer then? Faix and troth, not you, my fine lad, but your misfortunate and chated cousin, begorra! Should the blessed Vargin ever bestow upon me the grace of repentance, it is he that should come to his own, and sorrow a mistake about it! Oh, the thought of the harm that I have done him sometimes burns in my brain like a red-hot coal! Poor Dinnis! I wonder where upon earth the creature is wandering, and what he is doing! Ochone! If I saw him forenent me at this moment, I think I would make a clean breast of it, and thus get the chance of having the heavens for my bed, after all that has been said and done!"

Mr. Lynch the younger, doubtless considering that enough, and a trifle more than enough, had been said about family matters, proceeded to sooth down his excited sire. This experiment was, to a certain extent, crowned with success, and after a brief interval, the affectionate couple wended their way to deck, leaving me to meditate upon and digest what had come to my hearing.

The result of my reflections will be made patent during the currency of this narrative. Few readers like to be bored with such episodical breathings, as I at least, for one, can most emphatically bear witness to. The chronicler who, instead of going ahead with his task, inflicts upon his clients a string of moralization is guilty of a most priggish piece of impertinence He may be likened and compared to a garrulous and egotistical cook, who, instead of permitting you to masticate the lamb chop or rump steak which he hath placed before you, prelects upon

the mysteries of the culinary art, and of his own special proficiency therein! Orthodox enough may be the doctrines which the vagabond propoundeth, but whilst he is babbling, the viands wax frigid and your appetite suffers a pestilent deterioration! I must, however, resume the thread of my story, else cynics will be applying to me the venerable adage, which inculcates that the brats of cordwainers are always consumedly ill shod!

On the evening of which I am speaking, the sun set amidst an assemblage of gloomy and wrathful-looking clouds, and our experienced sailing-master predicted that we should have a rough night of it. Nor did his prognostications prove incorrect. Ere eleven o'clock, a high wind sprung up, almost energetic enough to claim the flatulent honours of a hurricane, and old Ontario became turbulent as a convocation of the Sodomite children of Belial! Though our good ship was sound to the core, she ere long confessed, by her convulsive heavings and spasmodic pitchings, that she had to make way against something more potent than Zephyrus, and that the strength of her ribs was about to be thoroughly tested. In one word, rude Boreas was evidently in an extra-misanthropic mood, and determined to make poor human navigators prove the violence of his virulence!

Cuthbert and Phelim Lynch, worn out by their potations and bickerings, retired early to rest, or at least to the quarters where rest is generally taken.

Following up a plan which I had mapped out in my mind, I placed Lynch the elder in a state room, immediately adjoining the one which I myself occupied. In the course of the afternoon I had bored a hole in the partition which divided the two apartments, so that, without incurring suspicion, I could make what observations I pleased.

My uncle "turned in" without extinguishing the light which swung from the roof of his berth—a circumstance which enabled me to follow out my scheme with greater ease and certainty.

For a season the old man wooed sleep in vain. He tossed and tumbled about, as if his sheets had been corrosive as the shirt of "little ease" which wrought such harm upon Dan Hercules. Ever and anon he glared around him with the anxious assiduity of one who has reason to dread that a deadly foe is lurking in near ambush. Not even the ambitious swell who supped with a sharp sword hanging over his pumpkin by the hair of "an *intire horse*," (as *modest* Jonathan would say,) could have exhibited more pregnant and significant tokens of botheration and funk. To borrow the expression of the aforesaid Jonathan, he was a "caution, and nothing else!"

At length, the conservator of swine's flesh dropped into the arms of "Murphy;" but not before he had carefully examined the working-trim of his revolver, and seen that the door of his dormitory was properly bolted. I likewise noted that he placed under his pillow, with much caution, a tin case, which had been hanging by a thong, around his neck. This metalic ark appeared to engross a plethoric per-centage of his regards, as even when slumbering, his hand would mechanically make inquisition as to whether it was lying safe and sound.

Shortly before midnight, the hurly-burly of the insubordinate elements, had apparently reached its climax. Often as I had "marched" —like the mariners of Thomas Campbell—"o'er the deep," I never experienced such a pesky spell of ill-conditioned weather. To quote with some little amplification, the words of that ingenious, but somewhat irregular-living agriculturalist of Ayrshire, Mr. Robert Burns,—"a tyro, that night, might have easily predicted that the President of the Republic of Tartarus, had business on his hand!"

The ripe season for the working out of my plot had arrived.

Just as it had struck "eight bells," an extra-tremendous sea smote our ship, causing her to reel and stagger like a drunken man.

Upon this significant hint, I rushed to the door of Mr. Cuthbert Lynch's state room, and using my shoulder as a battering ram, speedily caused the door thereof to fly open, like the covering of the cave of Ali Baba at the enunciation of the magical words "open sesame!"

In an instant my uncle became wide awake as a Yorkshire jockey, when engaged in trading off a broken-winded hack, for a sound, high mettled racer. He started up in his couch, pistol in hand, and demanded in tones tremulous with the most masterful terror, what might be the cause of my intrusion.

"Mr. Lynch"—I exclaimed—"this is no time either for ceremony or apologies! It is my painful duty to inform you, that you have not got five minutes to live!"

"What do you mean?"—faltered forth the old man, becoming grimly cadaverous, as if he had been tapped by a round dozen of Sicilian vampires.

"I mean"—was my response—"that the steamer has sprung a leak as large as the head of a tobacco hogshead, and is sinking at the rate of three inches per second, more or less!

"Nay?"—I continued, as the unhappy senex was essaying to get upon the floor,—"it is of no use to attempt to escape! The water is rushing and raging over the deck, like the Falls of Niagara, and the skipper and two-thirds of the hands have been swept away like so many corks! Indeed I question much whether at this moment there is any one remaining above, except Pat Callaghan, the stoker's mate, who has managed to lash himself to the anchor, on anticipation of the craft's going down!"

"And my son—my boy Phelim!—moaned Cuthbert—"where is he? Does he mane to let his ould father be drowned like a rat in a rain barrel?"

"Alas! alas! sir"—quoth I, holding a handkerchief to my eyes, as if overcome with emotion,—"how can I break the overwhelming tidings to you? The young gentleman's soul, I trust is beyond the reach of care and trouble! As for his body———"

Ere I could conclude the sentence, the port hole of the berth, which I had directed the steward to leave unfastened, was dashed open by a wave of surpassing magnitude and energy, and in an instant the elder Lynch was almost floated out of his crib.

"Mother of glory!"—he yelled, as soon as he could command a sufficient instalment of breath—"Mother of glory! it is indeed all up wid me! I will be at the gate of Purgatory in the twinkling of a bed post! Oh! Mister Purser, it is an awful thing to die unprepared, wid a secret on the conscience, as heavy as a prize pig! I would give all that I possess, ten times told, if I could only see a Priest for three minutes, aye, or even half of that same time!"

Here I suggested that possibly he might obtain some relief by admitting me, for lack of a better into his confidence.

"If there is any thing I can do for you,"—I added "pray command my services without hesitation. Though the vessel is unquestionably predestined to visit the locker of Mr. David Jones before cock-crow, I can swim like a bladder, and thus, in all probability, will be in a condition to execute any commission which you may intrust to me!"

The eyes of my relative glistened as I spoke these words.

"Blessings by the bushel, upon you, young man"—said he—"for these words! I now see a chance of dying with comparative ease! Take this tin case, which for years I have carried about wid me, and give it to one Dinnis Lynch, my nephew, if you should ever chance to fall in wid him. He is———"

Here Mr. Cuthbert entered upon a tolerable correct verbal portraiture of my person, and more prominent physical characteristics, which the perusers of these pages will probably thank me for omitting. If any young lady, however, under the age of twenty-five, and possessing a genteel competency in her own right, should feel disappointed at the above resolution, she may obtain a sight of my effigy, by calling at the picture gallery of the ingenious Mr. Pell. The same gentleman, I may add, will obligingly take charge of any communication of a confidential description, which may be prompted by the contemplation of the aforesaid effigy! I have spoken as plainly as the peculiarly delicate nature of the topic will permit.

No sooner had Cuthbert Lynch placed the mysterious casket in my hand, then I managed as if by pure accident, to extinguish the luminary therewith, and in one instant the berth was in total tenebrosity! At the same moment Mungo Squash, our Ethiopean steward, as previously tutored, emitted a howl of excruciating grewsomeness, prefacing the announcement that our ship was making her final dive! The darkness and the howl were too much for the worn out nerves of my uncle, and faintly muttering an *ora pro nobis*, he susbided into a death like swoon.

It is hardly necessary for me to say, that I sought my cabin with the celerity of a cento of lamplighters (a class of personages, by the way, who have become pet heroes of sentimental fiction in Dollardom). Shutting myself up, and trimming my lamp I undid the tin case with eager and anxious hand, and drew forth its kernel, which consisted of a legal-looking document.

Gentle reader can you conceive the rapture with which the owner of the Californian goose, beheld the primary aureate egg, wherewith it illuminated its nest? Or is it in your capacity to realize the joy which pervaded the soul of

Madame Bluebeard, when the time arrived that her brethren rescued her from the clutches of her bloody Satrap? If so, but not otherwise, will you be able to form some slight idea of the thrilling delight which I experienced as an inkling of the nature and drift of the aforesaid document, became developed to my pen!

To abbreviate a longitudinal narration, it was a will by the late Doctor Lynch, executed one day anterior to his decease, revoking all writings of a cognate description, and making me his sole and universal heir! * * *

By sun rise the gale had almost entirely subsided, and our good vessel was pursuing the even tenor of her way, as quietly, as if nothing particular had happened.

Ere long Cuthbert Lynch made his appearance upon deck, eagerly demanding an instant audience of your humble servant. Such an audience it was not my interest to concede, in existing state of matters, and I had arranged the things accordingly.

With faces long and lugubrious as those of undertakers, the skipper, mates, and other officials of the steamer, assured the old gentleman that I had been washed overboard, shortly after midnight. "Poor fellow!" exclaimed the boatswain, applying, by stealth, an onion to his optics.—"I think I see him, at this moment, going down, and holding a tin box in his right fist! What in the name of wonder could it be? * * * * * * *

This yarn I must bring at once to a conclusion. I am just on the eve of setting out for New York, in order to catch the first Cunard steamer. It is of great consequence that I reach Glasgow, and put matters in train for establishing my rights, before my excellent uncle and cousin discover how the land lies!

As I have promised to write Major Crabtree, from the city of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, the perusers of these Yarns, may expect to hear tidings, ere long, of the movements and success of the Purser!

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN UNEXECUTED FEMICIDE.

Extract from the last Will and Testament of the late William M——n, *Esq. of*———, *in the county of Stirling, Scotland.*

* * * * * * Further. It is my express wish, that the MS. in the lower drawer of my escritoir, entitled. "THE CONFESSIONS OF AN UNEXECUTED FEMICIDE." be published to the world, within three months after my body is laid in the earth, to the effect that others may be deterred from the commission of a similar sin, by the thought, that if they escape the punishment of the law, they are sure to meet with that of a racked and harrowed conscience. It is further my wish, that the said publication do take place in Edinburgh, Glasgow, or Stirling; and for seeing the same carried into effect, I hereby bequeath to my second cousin, ALEXANDER L——, the sum of —— pounds, sterling money. And may the blessing of God rest on all who read my book, even as it latterly descended on my benighted soul. * * * * * * * *

Twenty years—and the vision still haunts me!—yes, it is twenty years since I perpetrated that crime which has poisoned my existence, and thrown over it a cloud of unutterable sorrow. All other crimes may sleep, but iniquity like mine never can. The worm that dies not, preys upon my heart; I am the victim of remorse.

There are those who say that man is the child of circumstances, and that the evil or the good qualities he possesses are attributable to external events, and are not implanted in him by nature at his birth. There are those who impute all these things to education, and make the human mind an impassive machine, fit only for receiving impressions, and having no positive agency of its own. If there ever was a being whose progress through life gave contradiction to such ideas, it is the writer of these "Confessions." I was brought up by the hands of virtue, and its heavenly precepts were early instilled into my mind—and what has been the result of such cultivation? Despair and sorrow to my parents—shame and misery to myself. Yes: vice sprang from a stock which ought to have yielded virtue; and I who was educated so as to become an honour to human nature and my family, now stand forlorn upon the earth—a monument of desolation and of crime!

I am ashamed to confess it; but my heart was ever peculiarly wicked. I remember that, even while a boy, I possessed none of the aimable qualities which are apt to shine forth at this early age. I was vindictive, and jealous, and sordid, and, above all, gloomy. Alas! that this had been the effect of a sedate and feeling heart; but it was the result of a dark malignity, which hung like a cloud of hell over my imagination.

My stature and appearance were good, better indeed than those of the generality of men. I was well formed, strongly knit, and altogether a person who might be denominated handsome. But then my face! Had a countenance been sought for in which all the evil passions were portrayed, one would have been found in mine. And yet it was not positively an ill-formed face. On

the contrary, it had not a bad feature; at least not above one, and that was the brow, which was too narrow and too low to indicate anything intellectual or noble. It was the sullen expression with which these features were inspired, that rendered them so repulsive. My eyes were black, and deeply sunk in the forehead, and they were shaded over by bushy eyebrows of the same colour. My complexion was naturally dark, and on my cheeks there existed, as now, a patch of sullen and baleful red. As to my mouth, it was well formed, but constantly turned downed at the corners in the expression of malice, while the forehead was corrugated into a frown, which soon became as habitual as if imprinted there by the hand of nature. Such was my appearance in my younger days, and I am thus particular in mentioning it, as sorrow and years have effected no small change.

I lost my mother before my sixteenth, and my father before my twentieth year, and was left in possession of considerable property in the county of Stirling. I had ever been a harsh and undutiful son, and from my childhood gave them inconceivable distress. I was disobedient, careless, and insolent, and tyrannical. The domestics hated me, and I believe I was the cause of almost the whole of them leaving the family. None, except an old housekeeper, who had served us from the time of my grandfather, ever remained with us above twelve months. My mother was a woman of a high order of intellect. Her feelings were delicate, and her sentiments of the most virtuous and upright kind. She might, in fact, have been almost considered an authority in matters of taste She was not made for this world, either in frame or mind. She was beautifully but most delicately formed; and all who looked at her and then on me, could not help thinking what bitter fruit had sprung from so goodly a stem. I wish to extenuate nothing, but to unveil the whole of my guilt with an unsparing hand, that others may avoid the rock on which I split—and I must make the dreadful avowal that *I broke her heart.* I broke the heart of this best of parents, and she died blessing me with her latest breath. But I cared nothing about it. I never had a soul for affection, and I saw her borne to the grave with an indifference which shocked all, but astonished none, for my depraved and heartless character was universally known.

My father—but why need I speak of him? When I recal from other years his noble and manly virtues, I shrink at the sense of my own worthlessness. He did not long survive his wife. He loved her with deep affection. Indeed who, with the heart of a man, but would have loved such a woman? and when she was taken away, he found that he had parted with *that which tied him most powerfully to the earth.* I was going to say that he died broken-spirited for her departure—but no; the soul of *man is not so easily bowed down. It sustains* such losses with triumphant force, while the sensitive heart of woman sinks beneath them. Man's spirit is not less feeling than that of the other sex, but it is more vigorous and abler to rise above calamity. That of woman is like the dew of heaven upon the flower, and is melted away by the breath of misfortune. My father did not pine, and weep, and die, like a love-sick girl. He triumphed apparently over his loss, and entered into life anew, but his heart, though not crushed, was blighted—and a sad melancholy hung over him which he never got rid of, till death released him from the world and all its cares.

This, it may be supposed, melted my heart to something like sorrow; but it was likewise unaviling, and I beheld my father expire with the same indifference. I rather felt glad on the occasion, for it put into my possession that which was the deity of my worship—wealth. Nor was it for the purpose of enjoying these riches that I rejoiced in their acquisition, but for accumulating them to satisfy my inordinate and uncontrollable avarice. My house stood in the midst of a plantation of elm and pine. Its situation was considered romantic by those who had an eye for the beauties of nature, but *such I never had.* It was a large, isolated building, white and airy in its appearance, and decorated in front with a portico of four Ionic *pillars. Before the door was a plot of green* ground, bordered with flowers, and in the centre of this a fountain of clear water. Behind the mansion-house there was a spacious garden, and about fifty yards to the right flowed the little river of——, murmuring among rocks, and shaded over by bowers of the birch and chesnut tree. Few places were so retired and beautiful, and here, if my miserable tone of mind had permitted, I must have been happy. I had no companion but an only sister, and Heaven assuredly never formed two beings so

completely different as we. Poor Eliza! she was every thing that was aimable in woman. Fair, beautifully proportioned, and graceful in her movements, beyond even the most gifted of her sex—her light and airy form—her blue, deep blue eye—her lip ever crossed with smiles, and her complexion clear as heaven itself. Of all these things I could speak, but it avails not. They are gone, and nothing save their remembrance remains behind. Memory may do much to hallow even the divinest beauty, and imagination may touch with more delicate hues what the former brings up from the depths of time, but their fairy power were useless here. My sister had a form and a mind which fancy never excelled, even in her brightest dreams.

Strange to say she loved me. I say strange; for what heart but that of an angel could bear affection towards a being so malignant so horribly wicked as I? I can now recal how harshly I returned all her little acts of kindness. She would try, by every art, to bring from me some deed of tenderness. She would smile, and come out with some mirthful story. She would sit down beside me, and throw her delicate arms around my neck in a mood of gaiety and love. She would flatter me and watch over my concerns, and anticipate my wishes, but all in vain. My ungrateful heart refused to acknowledge her attentions: her fondness, became painful to me, and I repulsed her. Nor when I was stretched on a bed of sickness did her tenderness abate. When the burning fever rioted in my veins, and but a step lay between me and eternity, she attended me with more than a mother's care. Night after night she sat watching over my couch. I have seen her when she little thought I so remarked, weeping in my dimly illumined chamber, and raising her fair hands to heaven in supplication for my recovery. And when I did recover who can paint the joy that lighted up her beautiful countenance! All saw it with delight save one, and that was her wretched and ungrateful brother.

She had a friend named Mary Elliston, also a beautiful girl. Their friendship had commenced in childhood, and their souls were knit closer together, by succeeding years. Mary lived with us, for she was an orphan; and being originally of a respectable but unfortunate family, my father gladly adopted her as a companion to his daughter. She was tall and xquisitely made, and all her movements were full of female dignity. Her form wanted the richness and voluptuous swell of Eliza's, but it was more airy, and, if possible more graceful. My sister's complexion had the brightness and bloom of northern beauty. Her yellow hair waved like streaks of sunshine over her temples, and her blue eyes, deep and lucid as the sapphire, were full of animation and mirth of soul. Mary had more of the Italian cast in her countenance, which was of a darker and warmer hue. Her hair was black and shining, and her eyes, of the same complexion, were full of melancholy. Never were two lovelier beings associated together under the same roof. Eliza was all affection, and smiles, and innocence, and she showed them on every occasion. If she loved, she expressed in bright and undisguised language the emotions of her soul. Mary was not more lovely, for that was impossible, but she was evidently a being of profounder and intenser feelings. Her spirit was more full of pathos. Her fervour was not so easily excited, but, when once aroused, it flowed in deeper channels, and its influence upon all the passions was more striking and irresistible.

I know not how it was, but this pure-minded and intellectual girl conceived for me a strong affection. God knows there was little in my society to attract the love of any one, and, above all, of such as she. I never did her an act of kindness. I scarcely ever spoke to her with common civility; yet, strange to say, I unknowingly gained her heart, and she loved me at last as if I had been the most deserving object upon earth. How my groveliing soul came to be invested with such power, remains a problem which I have never been able to solve. In all other respects, the mind of Mary was pure and heavenly. That spirit, so full of poetry and romance—that mild enthusiastic spirit conversant only with lofty thoughts, and whose existence had passed in a world of fancy and feeling—how did it descend from its high estate to seek companionship with a base earth-born heart like mine! In this only she erred—in this only she showed that tinge of humanity which clings to all below. Perhaps she might have been influenced by her affection for my sister. Be that as it may, I saw her feelings, and, with the true villany of my nature, resolved to take advantage of them. It would be sickening to relate all the schemes I put in practice to ruin the virtue of this unfortunate girl. She loved

me to distraction, and I but too well succeeded. But how was my poor, hard conquest gained? By a proceeding, the iniquity of which no language can characterize. I invoked the Most High to witness that my future intentions were honourable; and swore in the name of all that is sacred, to make her my own. I never intended to keep my promise. What were oaths to me! What were broken hearts and ruined hopes to one who looked upon virtue and honour as baubles, and whose polluted soul seemed borne for the atmosphere of the blackest iniquity!

Time rolled on, and the state of Mary became apparent; but still I never felt remorse. I looked on, unmoved, at the ruin I had effected; and, when the unsuspecting victim required the performance of my vows she was answered with a contemptuous sneer. Her spirit, from this moment, faded utterly away. She felt that she had been betrayed, and saw the dreadful precipice on which she stood. Had I been any thing else than a villain, had one spark of generous feeling still animated my bosom, I must have pitied the miserable girl: but compassion was unhappily a feeling to which I had ever been a stranger; and I looked on the wreck of youth and beauty with savage indifference.

Eliza's tender heart was moved, and she saw her companion with other eyes. She did not, with the prude-like barbarity of many of her sex, cast off this erring sister.—Such saw that she had been led astray, and knew, that although in the eyes of the world she was a lost and a worthless thing, yet she was not to be abandoned to misery and neglect. So far from turning away from this object of distress, she pressed her to her bosom; nor did she consider herself dishonoured in so doing. Her pure heart told her that Mary was innocent, and that what had occurred was a misfortune rather than a crime. She solaced her in the midst of her misery, and tried to sustain her broken heart with the hope that I might one day repair the injury I had done, and restore her, blameless and unblemished, to society. Nor did she stop here; for, on her knees she conjured me, as I valued the welfare of a wretched creature, as I valued the honour of our house, as I valued my own eternal happiness, to render that tardy justice which uprightness and virtue demanded. The appeal was as eloquent as beauty and affliction could make it: but it was in vain; I heard it with contempt.

About this time a young lady of considerable fortune came to reside in our part of the country. She was rich; and I considered that now or never an opportunity had occurred of gratifying my passion for money. My situation in life was well known, and I was cordially received as a visitor into her mother's house. I endeavoured to make myself as agreeable as possible, and in a short time had the satisfaction of thinking that I was listened to with not an unfavourable ear. There was only one bar that stood in the way, and this was Mary Elliston. My faith was plighted to her in the most solemn manner; and I well knew that if this reached the ears of my new mistress, my prospects in that quarter were at an end. Besides, Mary was now in that state which rendered her misfortune palpable to all eyes. No one, as yet, knew the author of her misery, but he could not remain concealed much longer; and his name once mentioned, would sink him to infamy and degradation. I cared little for exposure, on the score of honour or virtue, but I dreaded it on that of self-interest. Let me get possession of my object, let her wealth be once fairly secured in my iron hand, and my shame, for aught I cared, might be trumpeted to the uttermost ends of the earth: but till then, till that decisive, that irrevocable moment, it behoved that all should wear the aspect of integrity, that all should run smooth as the unruffled sea. I covered my hypocrisy with the semblance of virtue, as the ashes of the dead are covered with flowers, and crawled, like the viper, under cover, the better to entrap my prey.

That no evil report might injure my reputation till that time I had Mary sent off about ten miles, to a small country house, on the banks of the Forth. There the sorrows of that unhappy girl only became more pungent—she felt the misery of loneliness. Deprived of my sister's society and mine—and this last, strange to say, she prized above all other—her heart became more desolate and broken. She wrote me a letter: the paper was stained with tears, and every word she breathed unutterable affliction. It implored me to take compassion on her wretched state, and fulfil the promises I had so solemly made:—"I know you are addressing another, but if she has the spirit of a woman, never will she listen to you after what you have done to me."

Such were the concluding lines of her letter,

and they fired me to revenge. Suspicion lowered upon my heart, and the thought came across me that they were but the prelude of a discovery. "And must my plans be thus thwarted by that wretched girl? Must a fortune be torn away from my grasp? Shall she unveil to my affianced bride what for a time must rest in darkness?—and for what? to ruin me—to blast my dearest prospects without benefiting herself." The evil passions were stirred up within me—hell boiled in my bosom, and I was wrought to an ecstacy of madness. For half a day I remained in this tumult of passion. Towards evening it ceased to exhibit itself on the outer man, but raged within more intensely than ever.

Yes, I remember it well. This day—and twenty years have rolled away.—I sat by the fire moody and distracted, and meditating, apparently, some violent deed. My sister sat opposite to me. She was employed at her needle, but while she sewed, her blue eyes streamed with tears, and ever and again she cast at me looks of the deepest affliction. "My dear brother, has any thing occurred to distress you?" I thundered out "Silence! distract me not," in a voice which made her start backward with terror; and striking my hand violently against my burning forehead, I left the room and mounted up stairs to my bed-chamber. A small Highland dirk hung over the mantelpiece. It had been in the family for ages. I put it in my pocket, almost unknowing what I did, and descended with portentuous speed. Eliza met me as I was going out. She put her slender arm in mine, and requested me, with a voice of melting tenderness, to stay at home, for that I was evidently very unwell. With brutal violence I pushed her aside and rushed into the open air. The evening was fair, beautifully fair. The sun was sinking down gloriously, and mellowing nature over with his last departing beams; but I remarked it not. I saw nothing, I heard nothing. A tumult was in my heart; my ears were stunned, and I hurried over the earth with reckless fury. Night came down, and I found myself at Mary's door. I entered, but she was not within. She had gone out to walk by the banks of the Forth.

I went to find her. Her lovely and interesting form was seated upon a rock which overlooked the stream. When I came up, she was in tears; but she threw her arms around me, and kissed me with unspeakable fondness. How romantic was the scene! O how unfit for a deed of villany! The moon was up in the vault of heaven. The firmament was silvered over with her chaste beams, and the light of the planets dissolved and lost in a flood of pale and celestial glory. One solitary star twinkled by her side. And how beautifully were the rays reflected by the stream that murmured amid its rocky channel, and gave forth a melancholy music, which was the only sound that disturbed the unbroken calm of nature! Could crime linger here? Could vice pollute such a scene with its accursed presence? Base, cruel, treacherous was the deed. Was there no bolt of heaven to consume my coward heart? While she clung to my bosom, and called me her own, while her deep melting eyes were thrown so expressively on my savage countenance—yes, the deed was then done—done at a moment when any heart but that of a demon would have been disarmed. I drew slowly the dagger from my pocket, and—my spirit shudders while I relate it—stabbed her in the back! A shriek, and she fell to the earth. "Oh! do not destory me! William, William, that was a cruel stroke. Spare me; do not kill my poor unborn babe!" She clung to my knees, but I spurned her away, and she fell again exhausted. There was no time to be lost. I laid violent hands upon her, and pitched her over the rock. I heard her rustling among the branches which opposed a feeble resistence to her fall; and then a dash among the waters, and a feeble cry—and all was silent.

I stood for a moment petrified at the deed I had done; but every instant was hazardous; and, throwing the bloody weapon into the stream, I rushed with headlong violence through the plantation, and gained the public road. From that moment horror seized upon me. The night, which had been hitherto calm and clear, became suddenly overcast with clouds. A vapour passed before the moon, as if to hide from the face of nature such consummate wickedness: the silence of creation was disturbed, and a sullen moan, like that of the angel of death, seemed to fill the air. The winds began to swell on every side, while the trees nodded mournfully to the blast that swept through them with low and melancholy murmur. A clap of thunder burst above my head like the sound of the last trumpet, and a flash of lightning followed. As I hurried distractedly along, a thousand phantoms and forms of

darkness seemed to dance before my eyes. I was pursued with unutterable despair, while a voice like that of my murdered victim rung incessantly in my ears, "Spare me—spare my unborn babe!—pity, pity, pity." I stopped them, but in vain: the same sound, the same agonizing voice pursued my footsteps wherever I went.

I reached, at last, my door; it was closed, and all the inmates had gone to rest. I knocked, and the old housekeeper opened; but, on seeing me, she started back with affright. "Goodness, Mr. William, what have you been doing? You are deadly pale, and there is blood on your hands and forehead." I mustered strength to tell her that I had been attacked on the highway, and knocked down. She brought me water, and I washed myself; but when the signs of my recent guilt were cleansed away, there was no mark of injury; I thought then I could perceive suspicion settle upon her countenance.

I went to bed, but for my eyes there was no rest. The night was horrible—inexpressibly horrible. The torments of hell took possession of me, and I rolled and tossed about in delirious agony. A vision came before me—it was the pale spirit of Mary—the same which has nightly haunted me since that awful hour. She did not come in wrath, or like an angel of vengeance to punish. No; anger never had its abode in that gentle bosom. She still wore the beauty and wild melancholy of her living hours. Her eye was soft, and rolled upon me with a look of compassion and love; and had her face been less pale, and her garments unstained with blood, I should have supposed that she inherited life. "Repent!" was the only word she uttered. It came from her lips with an aërial softness, such as we may suppose to clothe the language of spirits. Though scarcely audible, it thrilled through my soul and overcame it. I uttered a loud cry, and fell into a trance.

How long I remained in this swoon I know not. When I awoke from it, I beheld a lovely female hanging over me in an attitude of pity and affection—it was my sister. She had heard my voice, and risen to give me assisstance. Tears streamed from her beautiful eyes; but there was a shudder over her frame. I had, unknown to myself muttered something of the dreadful truth, and she had heard it.

Next day the body of Mary Elliston was found, and the news spread like a whirlwind over the country. It reached Eliza's ears, confirming the awful ideas she began to entertain. I passed the time in a state of mind which no language can depict. It was not fear of punishment which distressed me so bitterly, but the terrors of an awakened conscience. Two days passed on, but nothing was elicited to throw light on the transaction. On the third day my house was entered by the officers of justice, and I was hurried to the prison of Stirling, It were vain to attempt to relate my state of mind during my confinement in the felons' cell. I had no consolation, no comfort; I saw an ignominious death before me. I saw the gallows with all its dreadful accompaniments. I already heard, in dreams, the sentence of the judge pronounced upon my guilty head. I felt myself led out to execution amid the execrations of the multitude. In perspective I beheld my form hung in chains, like the pirate's upon the shore, and saw the passers-by point frightfully at my withered bones, saying, "*Behold the murderer!*" And to increase my horrors, the phantom would not stay away. Nightly she came before me as at first, and gazed upon me with her dark and melancholy eyes. It was in vain to try to forget her. That dreadful monitor refreshed my memory with tenfold force, and drew up anew what I would have given the universe to plunge into eternal forgetfulness. "Repent! repent! repent!"—the same words swept for ever over my imagination. They were the only sounds that came from her lips, and a thousand echoes gave them back unto my heart.

My trial came on, and the evidence adduced was most convincing. My housekeeper and one of my servants saved my life. They swore an *alibi* in my favour, declaring, in the face of irresistable facts, and I was in bed at the time the murder was alleged to have taken place. Never was perjury so grossly criminal. Poor wretches! it was love to my sister which made them guilty of so dreadful a step, and they risked their eternal souls to save one whose crimes deserved a thousand deaths!

I was discharged, but never did criminal come out of court with a blacker character. By the verdict of the jury, and the admonition of the judge, the mark of Cain was virtually set upon my forehead. The Scottish jury consists of fifteen. Of these, seven voted for a verdict of "Guilty," and eight for a verdict of "Not Proven." I thus escaped the gallows by one solitary vote; and even those who saved me

from the last punishment of the law, did not acquit me of the crime. They dismissed me to the world, to be pointed at by mankind with the finger of scorn; and the judge, from the seat of justice, denounced me in no equivocal language as a murderer, and plainly hinted, that, had he sat on the box of jurymen, his verdict would have been widely different from that delivered.

My life has been marked with desolation; and another being was soon doomed to feel the effects of its fatal career—it was my sister. My crime, discharged as I was by the laws of the country, was too evident to admit of doubt in any mind. She knew this, and her heart was convulsed, no less at the thought of my guilt, than at the loss of her friend, and the ruined honour of our family. She faded away like a flower beneath some pestilential vapour. She felt that she was kin and blood to a murderer, and shuddered at the thought. Still she did not hate me nor shun me; but as she herself drew nearer to the grave, she seemed to cling with greater ardour to the last and worthless remnant of our line. She died, and her last words to me were to seek for repentance.

Years have rolled away since that fatal parting; but it is yet fresh in my memory, and will remain uneffaced till life is extinguished within me. I sat by night in the room where her corpse was laid out in its last mournful dress. The smile which crossed her lips when the angel of heaven bore her better portion away, still lingered there. A halo of immortality seemed to float around her. Never to my eyes did death appear clothed in such beauty. I thought the expression of living nature was lurking within; but, alas! the cold lip, the icy cheek, and the soulless eye, proclaimed that the flame of existence was quenched, and that the grave had triumphed. Several flowers, such as she was wont to love, were laid upon her bosom: I plucked them with my own hands and laid them there. It was the only kind action I ever did towards poor Eliza; but my heart was now broken down, and I felt at last some sympathies with humanity. I never knew my sister's value till I had lost her; I never loved her till now. As I looked upon her form, beautiful even in death, I remembered what she had been to me, and recalled from other years the image of my mother. "Yes, poor Eliza! I shall do my last sad duty to thee at least with a sincere heart. I shall perform thy mournful wake alone. I shall weep in atonement and repentance for what I have done to thy gentle bosom.—None shall hear me, unless perchance, thy spirit, hovering nigh, may catch the tones of remorse and affliction from thy wretched brother."

Such were my thoughts, and I burst into tears—the first that had watered my eyes since childhood. I felt desolate, companionless, and hated upon earth; and the fountains of sorrow now broke forth at this sad spectacle of the only one who loved me being so bitterly taken away.

It was the fatal hour, and I remarked it not, so utterly was I occupied with my own meditations, but it passed not by undistinguished. It was the hour of ten, to me so full of sorrow and of crime. I heard it strike, and when looking intently on the body of my sister, I saw--no! it was not a phantom of imagination—I saw the pale and bleeding form of Mary, She was still the same she had hitherto appeared to my eyes; but her visit seemed not to be for me, but for the corpse of her friend. She looked with unspeakable affection over it, and kissed it again and again. I was transfixed with fear and astonishment. I tried to weep; but I could not. I tried to speak; but my tongue was tied. I tried to move; but I remained stupified and bound to my seat, as if by enchantment. Then the form threw her arms around my sister, who got up to receive her embraces. The pale cheeks of the latter became flushed with primæval beauty—her eyes were reanimated, and sparkled as bright as ever—her lips burst the silence that had enchained them—she spoke and smiled delighted, while she returned with ardor the embraces of her friend. I could endure it no longer: my heart was overwhelmed with joy, and I started up to clasp Eliza to my bosom. I threw my arms around her, and kissed her; but, horror-struck, I shrunk back. My lips were laid upon her frozen cheeks—I had laid hold of her corpse. She lay stretched out in the shroud. The candle was fading in its socket, and the chamber of death, faintly illumined by its expiring glow, was more ghastly than ever. Where was the phantom? she had fled, and left no token of her presence behind, save the cry of "Repent," the echo of which, like a knell of the dead, still rung in my ears!

My sister was interred by the side of her parents in the cemetery of the parish church. I invited all with whom we had previously been on the footing as friends to the funeral, and they all attended. I did not expect this, and flattered

myself that I would not be utterly deserted by the world. I was disappointed. They came to honour and pay their last respects to her ashes; but not to favour me. When the coffin was deposited in the earth, and the turf laid over it, each separated in silence and in sadness. None spoke to me. I was shunned like a scorpion, and returned alone and unpitied to my desolate mansion.

I raised, in the burying-ground, a monument to Eliza's memory. It was of marble and of virgin whiteness—an emblem of her own purity. I had it encircled with a railing, and planted within with flowers. It stood in the centre of the church yard, and was altogether a beautiful and affecting object. On the Sabbath, the congregated multitudes who came to worship the Lord, would assemble around it; and many a tale had they to relate of the lovely being whose ashes slept beneath. My house was not far off; and they would point to it, embosomed among its trees; and tell how I had broken her heart —how I had destroyed her friend—and how, as a memento to her worth, I had caused this sepulchral column to be raised. I have perhaps spoken of these things as events which once had existence; but they exist still. The tomb is yet visible from my parlour window, and I do nothing but sit there from morning till night, gazing upon it. Sometimes, at midnight, I have ventured out to Eliza's grave, and walked around it, and whispered *her name*. Sometimes I have even tried to pray; and if my heart is anywhere filled with the Divine Spirit of repentance, it is there.

But the spirit of Mary haunts me still. Wherever I go, she comes at the fatal hour—at all seasons, and in all places. To get rid of this nightly visitor, I have tried every scheme. I have gone to foreign lands, and plunged headlong into society. I have joined in the dance and the masquerade; but it is the same. As the destined hour approaches, lo! she appears, and the unvarying word *comes from her mouth*—"Repent!" I have remarked, however, that her aspect changes in proportion as my soul is gay or melancholy. When I mingle with mirth, and try to drown my sorrow in forgetfulness, she seems more sad and afflicted, and stands longer by me, and utters her admonition in more impassioned language. When, however, my heart is subdued with a sense of its crime, and calmly awaits the trial that attends upon it, her melancholy is tinged with a sort of placid delight—her black eyes roll more softly upon me—she lingers but a moment—and the warning, as it flows from her lips, comes upon my ear like a strain, of not unpleasant music!

But lately, and I went to my sister's tomb. I threw myself on my knees before it, and wept *at the recollection of former days, and the deeds* I had done. My heart was melted. I felt the bitterness of remorse, and raised my hands to heaven, while I entreated forgiveness in the language of agony. Suddenly the clock of the church struck ten, and Mary stood before me. I never saw her look so beautiful. She was melancholy; but a smile sat upon her lips, and she regarded me with a look of divine satisfaction. My heart leapt with joy, for I found that what I had done was good. She vanished away in the darkness of night; but the admonition with which she had hitherto charged me, followed not, and I drew from it an omen that my repentance had truly begun.

I need not pursue this subject farther. I am an altered man. The blood of a fellow-creature still cries against me; but a contrite heart may do much to silence its voice. The appearance of Mary is no longer terrible—now that the change has commenced within me. She has been my good angel since the moment of my crime till the present day. She has hovered around me; and, by appearing at short intervals, has terrified me from a commission of iniquity. She has kept my conscience awake, and at last melted its stubborn nature to virtue and repentance. Heaven did not send her to be my punishment, but to be my guide. For years I have regarded her as a demon come to torment me; but this was only while I was hardened in sin. Without her warning voice, I had travelled on in my former ways, and perished unforgiven. Even now, I feel I could not do without her. I cannot trust my own strength, and nothing but her nocturnal visits could keep my spirit in the true path to wisdom and happiness.

Emerson, the mathematician, once maintained a stout argument regarding the value of *nothing* in a mathematical sense. He was happily ridiculed in the following enunciation:—"The infinitely high power of nothing approaches infinitely near to something, and the infinitely low power of something approximates infinitely near to nothing."

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XXXI.

[*Time, Christmas Evening. Place, Bonnie Braes.*]

LAIRD.—Noo, Girzy, my braw woman, that the solids hae been disposed o', just gang ben the hoose, and see that the folk in the kitchen are a' served to their mind. I thocht I heard that crabbit, misbegotten sumph, Bauldie Stott, yammerin' and glunchin' aboot something or anither! For gude sake, lass, let us hae nae discontent for this night at least under oor roof tree!

Miss GRIZELDA.—Yes, brother.

LAIRD.—Stop a minute, my bonnie doo! Are a' things here, that should be here? Let us see! There's the Glenlivet, and the Hollands, and the Jamaica, and the sugar, and the het water! A' richt! Whaur's the box o' Leask's cigars for the Major?

DOCTOR.—Why, man, there it is at your elbow!

LAIRD.—So it is! And here are the pipes and the honey dew for uz. Aff wi' ye, then, Girzy, like a lamplighter! There's anither growl frae Bauldie, rumbling thro' the spence, like a distant broadside o' thunder!

Miss GRIZELDA.—When will you want tea?

LAIRD.—Tea! Did onybody ever hear sic an evendown idiotical question?

MAJOR.—Order, order, order!

LAIRD.—Silly tawpie that ye are, wha' puts tea in your head, when the first tumbler is no' brewed yet? Oh, it's weel seen that ye ken little aboot the way we manage matters at oor convocations? Tea, quo' she! Ye might wi' as muckle reason bother a new-made bridegroom aboot the price o' cradles, as claver anent cat-lap to folk in oor predicament!

[*Exit Grizelda in double quick time.*]

MAJOR.—Why, Laird, you are a perfect Czar in your own establishment! Our fair friend may well be called "the patient Grizelda" (vide Chaucer), for the meekness with which she receives your verbositous fusilades!

LAIRD.—Gentlemen, fill your glasses. Happy, extraordinar' happy am I, to see you at last wi' your legs below the denner table o' Bonnie Braes! The auld heathens, as Dominie 'O Squeel tells me, used to mark blythe epochs wi' white stanes; and if I can fish up a decent looking chuckie frae the Mullet Creek, I shall write thereon the date o' this sederunt, and place it upon the brace, cheek-by-jowl wi' my silver-mounted snuff-mull, there to remain as a memorial for ever and ever. Amen!

MAJOR.—In obedience to your ukase, our goblets are replenished, but for what purpose, we are still in the dark.

LAIRD.—Since wheat has got up, my memory is no' worth a bawbee.

DOCTOR (*aside*).—Truly says the old proverb, "they that get, forget!"

LAIRD. — Here's the health o' our royal leddy, the Queen, and may she soon see the muckle Russian bear crouchin' at her victorious feet!

OMNES.—The Queen! God bless her!

[*The royal anthem is played in the hall upon bagpipes.*]

MAJOR.—Truly, Bonnie Braes, you do things in a Thane-like fashion! I was not aware that your establishment comprehended a minstrel!

LAIRD.—Hoot awa' wi' your minstrels! It's only Bauldie Stott! The creature is an Islay man, and sae the pipes come as natural to him as kirn milk and sowans to a Paisley weaver! He gets saxpence, and his drap dribble o' drink every time that he officiates at a solemnity like the present. I hae left him a legacy o' five shillings, on condition o' his playing the dead march at my burial!

DOCTOR.—But supposing the illustrious Stott should have come under the hangman's manipulation before that event?

LAIRD.—My heirs will be richer by twa half crowns, that's a'! But I say, Crabtree, we maun hae a bit sang frae ye, appropriate to the year. Gie us some lilt o' the aulden time. I ken that ye hae plenty to pick and choose upon.

MAJOR.—To hear is to obey! If your friend Stott will favour me with an accompaniment, I shall do my best.

LAIRD.—What tune will I tell Bauldie to play?

MAJOR.—Let me see, Why, I daresay the words will jog along pretty harmoniously to "The Laird o' Cockpen."

LAIRD.—Fill your bags, Bauldie, and mind and keep guid time, or sorrow anither horn wets your craig this night!

MAJOR.—Here goes then:—

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Now thrice-welcome Christmas,
Which brings us good cheer,
Minced pies and plum-pudding,
Good ale and strong beer;

With pig, goose, and capon
The best that may be,
So well doth the weather
And our stomachs agree.

Observe how the chimneys
Do smoke all about,
The cooks are providing
For dinner, no doubt.

But those on whose tables
No victuals appear,
O may they keep Lent
All the rest of the year.

With holly and ivy
So green and so gay,
We deck up our houses
As fresh as the day.

With bays and rosemary,
And laurel complete,
And every one now
Is a king in conceit.

But as for curmudgeons
Who will not be free,
I wish they may die
On the three-legged tree!

LAIRD.—Mony thanks, Major, for your canticle, which has a' the genuine smack o' antiquity. Wha' may be its author, think ye?

MAJOR.—That is more than I can answer. I picked it up from Poor Robin's Almanack for 1695.

LAIRD.—What a pity it is that our neighbour Tummas did na' gie us some sangs like that in his "chronological compendium," as the dominie would say! Hech sirs! but lists o' fairs, and members o' Parliament, and huxters o' marriage leeshences, mak' unco wersh reading, when there is naething else! It is as bad as a haggis, or a mutton pie, without saut and pepper!

DOCTOR.—What racy jocosities the final page of the Belfast Almanack, used to present, in my green and salad days. Confound the prim stuck-up utilitarianism which superseded these *bon mots* by pedantic squads of facts, facts, facts!

MAJOR.—Spoken like a good, honest, sound-hearted Tory! We shall have you on the right side of the political blanket, before all is over!

LAIRD.—I am no enemy to mechanics' institutes, and debating clubs, and penny encyclopædias.

MAJOR.—Mere churns for the engenderation of froth and flatulence!

LAIRD.—But—as I was ganging to say, why should we not be merry as weel as wise? Is the world to be made happier or mair virtuous by banishing therefrom every thing that canna' be converted to the production o' pounds, shillings, and pence?

MAJOR.—Confound railroads! From the bottom of my soul I believe that these abominations constitute the root of the whole evil!

DOCTOR.—Hear the fossil!

MAJOR.—Fossil or no fossil, you never will laugh me out of my conviction! The preposterous speed with which they hurry men over the fettered surface of the globe, tends pestilently to degrade Adam's children into mere calculating machines! All the romance and sociality of travelling are over and gone. I never think without a mournful fondness upon the kindly dinners which prevailed during the stage coach dynasty. When the journey was long the pilgrims were allowed a good hour to discuss the joints and pastry provided for their sustentation, and a methodical man had always sufficient time to dispose of his sober pint of *port or sherry, as the case might be.*

LAIRD.—Vera true, and hoo dismal and dreary the state o' things which prevails in oor ain age! Three minutes and a-half is the longest furlough ye get between cock craw and sun-set, at the refreshment station. Mahoun flee awa' wi' sic' refreshment, say I! Hardly hae ye swallowed a spoonfu' o' soup, saut as brine, and desperately strong o' the water, than presto! oot comes the whustle wi' its diabolical skirl, the bell rings as if the lift were on fire, and throwing doon your twa shillings ye rin yoursel' into a fever or an apoplexy to catch the snortin', pechin' monster!

DOCTOR.—In your complaints of travelling by rail, you forget the scalding dinners brought up in times of yore for unfortunate travellers, and that a regular agreement existed between the innkeeper and the stage driver to hurry the travellers, so as to prevent their consuming too much provender. You also strangely forget, Major, that when you speak of an hour as allowed, that half an hour or twenty minutes was the maximum.

MAJOR.—Small wonder that under the operation of such a state of matters every thing is becoming tainted with the most degrading

materialism. Imagination is, day by day waxing dim as a sick man's taper at day break. The old kindly usages of our forefathers are sneered down, as being of no mercantile utility. Religion is fast becoming a more cento of rationalistic propositions, cold, lifeless, and unfructifying. And as for politics, are they not summed up and comprehended, in the single, sordid word *railroads?*

DOCTOR.—Thou Leviathan of croakers!

LAIRD.—There is ae thing to be said in favour o' Crabtree's theory, which is, that poets are deein' oot, as railroads increase. Look at the auld kintra, for instance. Sam Rogers is the only bard worthy o' the name, that's left to the fore. Doubtless, there are some cleverish verse-makers, such as the Laureate, and Massey and Sauners Smith, but will ony ane tell me that the best o' the lot is honestly entitled to the rank o' a first class poet? Na, na! Twenty years ago they would hae been looked upon as minnows—bonnie creatures I grant—but still only minnows, sporting and playing amang the saumons and pikes, and cods o' the sea o' ideality! As for Dollardom she never had any thing but rhymsters at the very best, so that her loss would na' be great if twa lines were never again jingled in her borders!

MAJOR.—Jonathan has mightily degenerated as a prose fictionist since the commencement of the *iron age.*

LAIRD.—Nacbody can deny the truth o' that, without telling a notorious lee. Charles Brockden Brown, and Washington Irving, and Fennimore Cooper furnish a striking contrast to the authors o' sic emasculated dish washings as *Uncle Tam,* and the *Lamp Lighter.* The former, may be likened and compared to substantial, appeteezin' hotch potch, and the latter to tastless, fusionless muslin kail! I mak' it a point o' conscience never to read, and far less to buy a novel that bears to be "entered, according to Act of Congress" in the "Clerks office" o' a Yankee State! Without opening a page o' the production you may safely mak' affidavit before me, or ony other o' Her Majesty's Justices o' the Peace, that it is trash to the spinal marrow!

DOCTOR.—Speaking of novels, Bonnie Braes, have you fallen in with Mrs. Grey's last story "The Young Husband?"

LAIRD.—No. Is it as guide as her "Gambler's Wife?"

DOCTOR.—Better, by several degrees, in my humble opinion.

MAJOR.—Mrs. Grey is a clever writer, but too fond of dwelling upon the darker features of our fallen humanity. She is always straining after painful effects.

DOCTOR.—Such is the distinguishing characteristic of her present work. An amiable young girl is married to a scamp who does not care two pence for her, and is continually keeping her in scalding water.

LAIRD—What is the use o' writing sic havers, I should like to ken! When a man taks up a story book it is for the purpose o' relaxation. He has been worn oot wi sewing breeks, if a tailor—or skelpin' dogged laddies, if a schoolmaster—or ploughing, if a farmer, like your humble servant—or battling for the possession o' some corpse, if a Toronto coroner—or wi' telling lees if a lawyer—or eggin on chucklehead women to squander the cash o' their misfortunate husbands in silks and lace, if a haberdasher. The creature lees down upon a sofa, lichts his pipe, and opens the volume expectin' to be enterteened and diverted. But, losh pity me, ere he has read a dizen pages he finds himsel' in a perfect bog o' misery and tribulation—up to the vera oxters in sorrow—and far mair inclined to greet than to laugh! Whaur is the relaxation there, I should like to ken? The puir man might as well apply a blister o' Spanish flees to his hinder-end, or divert himsel' by walking wi unboiled peas in his pumps!

DOCTOR.—I perfectly agree with you. There is enough, and more than enough, of cark and care in this planet of ours, without seeking to import any of the article from dream land.

MAJOR.—How does Mother Grey's romance end?

DOCTOR.—Why the scampish hero gets converted by the opera-singer with whom he elevants, and makes a "happy end!"

MAJOR.—Such a style of catastrophe is consumedly popular in the present day and generation. The ancient fallacy, which declares that "the greater sinner is the greater saint," is quite at a premium at present.

LAIRD.—Never was there a mair mischievous bouncer coined, oot o' a place that shall be nameless! I'll tak' guid care that Girzy does na' get the "*Young Husband*" into her clutches, or wha' kens but that she will be making a moon licht flittin' wi' some drucken, worthless neerdo-weel, on the calculation that he will be turn-

ing oot a perfect Nathaniel on her hauns! Na! na! Nane o your reformed rakes for me!

Doctor.—I say, Major, have you seen the "People's Edition" of Fenimore Cooper's novels now publishing by Striger and Townsend?

Major.—No. Are those some of the volumes I see at your elbow?

Doctor.—Yes; and handsomely got up are they. With a great deal of interest I have skimmed over the *Pilot* and *Bravo* again, which form the opening volumes of the series.

Laird.—Hoo often are they to appear, an' wha' is the price?

Doctor.—On the first and fifteenth of each month, at the moderate sum of five shillings per volume—the edition to consist of thirty-four.

Laird.—I must hae a set, for I think sincerely, wi' the *London Athenæum*, that he "is a'together the maist oreginal writer that America has yet produced, an' ane of whom she may weel be proud."

Major.—By the way, Bonnie Braes, here is a very clever duodecimo, which I brought out as a Christmas offering for my friend Grizelda. I must not forget to lay it at her feet.

Laird—What ca' ye the production, that ye praise sae highly.

Major—It's title is "*The lands of the Saracen; or Pictures of Palestine, Asia Minor, Sicily, and Spain. By Bayard Taylor.*

Laird.—*Taylor! Is that the lad that was* holding forth in Toronto, no' lang ago?

Major.—The same, and he writes quite as well as he lectures. In reading his pages you are under the impression, that you are listening to the chit chat of a clever, observing, well bred, unaffected man.

Doctor.—These are Bayard's veritable characteristics.

Laird.—As my pipe is venting to admiration, I am quite in the mood to listen for a blink to Maister Taylor, if ye will consent to act as his mouth-piece.

Major.—I shall do so with pleasure. Here follows our author's account of the first sight he got of Jesusalem.

Climbing out of this valley, we descended by a stony staircase, as rugged as the Ladder of Tyre, into the Wady Beit-Haninch. Here were gardens of oranges in blossom, with orchards of quince and apple, overgrown with vines, and the fragrant hawthorn tree, snowy with its bloom. A stone bridge, the only one on the road, crosses the dry bed of a winter stream, and looking up the glen, I saw the Arab village of Kuloneih, at the entrance of the valley of Elah, glorious with the memories of the shepherd boy, David. Our road turned off to the right, and commenced ascending a long dry glen between mountains which grew more sterile the further we went. It was nearly two hours past noon, the sun fiercely hot, and our horses were nigh jaded out with the rough road and our impatient spurring. I began to fancy we could see Jerusalem from the top of the pass, and tried to think of the ancient days of Judea. But it was in vain. A newer picture shut them out, and banished even the diviner images of our Saviour and His Disciples.—Heathen that I was, I could only think of Godfrey and the Crusaders, toiling up the same path, and the ringing lines of Tasso vibrated constantly in my ear:

> "Ecco apparir Gierusalemm' si vede;
> Ecco odditar Gierusalemm' si scorge;
> Ecco da mille voci unitamente,
> Gierusalemme salutar si sente!"

The Palestine of the Bible—the land of Promise to the Israelites, the land of Miracle and Sacrifice to the Apostles and their followers—still slept in the unattainable distance, under a sky of bluer and more tranquil loveliness than that to whose cloudless vault I looked up. It lay as fair and beautiful as it once seemed to the eye of childhood, and the swords of Seraphim kept profane feet from its sacred hills. But these rough rocks around me, these dry, fiery hollows, these thickets of ancient oak and ilex, had heard the trumpets of the Middle Ages, and the clang and clatter of European arms—I could feel and believe that. I entered the ranks; I followed the trumpets and the holy hymns, and waited breathlessly for the moment when every mailed knee should drop in the dust, and every bearded and sunburnt cheek be wet *with devotional tears.*

But when I climbed the last ridge, and looked ahead with a sort of painful suspense, Jerusalem did not appear. We were two thousand feet above the Mediterranean, whose blue we could dimly see far to the west, through notches in the chain of hills. To the north, the mountains were gray, desolate, and awful. Not a shrub or a tree relieved their frightful barrenness. An upland tract, covered with white volcanic rock lay before us. We met peasants with asses, who looked (to my eyes) as if they had just left Jerusalem. Still forward we urged our horses, and reached a ruined garden, surrounded with hedges of cactus, over which I saw domes and walls in the distance. I drew a long breath and looked at François. He was jogging along without turning his head; he could not have been so indifferent if that really was the city. Presently, we reached another slight rise in the rocky plain. He began to urge his panting horse, and at the same instant we both lashed the spirit into ours, dashed on at a break-neck gallop, round the corner of an *old wall on the top of the hill, and lo! the Holy* City! Our Greek jerked both pistols from his holsters, and fired them into the air, as we reined up on the steep.

From the description of travellers, I had expected to see in Jerusalem an ordinary modern Turkish town; but that before me, with

its walls, fortresses and domes, was it not still the City of David? I saw the Jerusalem of the New Testament, as I had imagined it. Long lines of walls crowned with a notched parapet and strengthened by towers; a few domes and spires above them; clusters of cypress here and there; this was all that was visible of the city, On either side the hill sloped down to the two deep valleys over which it hangs. On the east the Mount of Olives, crowned with a chapel and mosque, rose high and steep, but in front, the eye passed directly over the city, to rest far away upon the lofty mountains of Moab, beyond the Dead Sea. The scene was grand in its simplicity. The prominent colours were the purple of those distant mountains, and the hoary gray of the nearer hills. The walls were of the dull yellow of weather-stained marble, and the only trees, the dark cypress and moonlit olive. Now, indeed, for one brief moment, I knew that I was in Palestine; that I saw Mount Olivet and Mount Zion; and—I know not how it was—my sight grew weak, and all objects trembled and wavered in a watery film. Since we arrived, I have looked down upon the City from the Mount of Olives, and up to it from the Valley of Jehosaphat; but I cannot restore the illusion of that first view.

Doctor.—Very neatly done. Animated, yet devoid of the rant, and spasmodic enthusiasm, which in nine cases out of ten overload the journals of parties who, for the first time behold the holy city.

Laird.—I like the colouring o' the picture; ane would think that Taylor has the makings o' a clever landscape penter. Let us hae anither morsel.

Major.—There is something strikingly artistic in this sketch from a mosque on the summit of the Mount of Olives.

We ascended to the gallery of the minaret.—The city lay opposite, so fairly spread out to our view that almost every house might be separately distinguished. It is a mass of gray buildings, with dome-roofs, and but for the mosques of Omar and El Aksa, with the courts and galleries around them, would be exceedingly tame in appearance. The only other prominent points are the towers of the Holy Sepulchre, the citadel, enclosing Herod's Tower, and the mosque on mount Zion. The Turkish wall, with its sharp angles, its square bastions, and the long embrasured lines of its parapet, is the most striking feature of the view. Stony hills stretch away from the city on all sides, at present cheered with tracts of springing wheat, but later in the season, brown and desolate. In the south, the convent of St. Elias is visible, and part of the little town of Bethlehem. I passed to the eastern side of the gallery, and looking thence, deep down among the sterile mountains, beheld a long sheet of blue water its southern extremity vanishing in a hot, sulphury haze. The mountains of Ammon and Moab, which formed the back-ground of my first view of Jerusalem, leaned like a vast wall against the sky, beyond the mysterious sea and the broad valley of the Jordan. The great depression of this valley below the level of the Mediterranean gives it a most remarkable character. It appears even deeper than is actually the case, and resembles an enormous chasm or moat, separating two different regions of the earth. The *khamseen* was blowing from the south, from out the deserts of Edom, and threw its veil of fiery vapor over the landscape. The muezzin pointed out to me the location of Jerico, of Kerak in Moab, and Es-Salt in the country of Ammon. Ere long the shadow of the minaret denoted noon, and placing his hands on both sides of his mouth, he cried out, first on the South side, towards Mecca, and then to the West, and North, and East: "God is great: there is no God but God, and Mohammet is His Prophet! Let us prostrate ourselves before Him: and to Him alone be the glory!

Doctor.—To my notion there must be a peculiar solemnity in these human bells, if I may use the expression.

Major.—The first time I heard the Mohammedan call to prayer, was in the city of Bushire, on the Persian Gulf. I was then a younger and more thoughtless man than I am now, but the sobering, and devotional effect which that deep-toned summons, coming, apparently, as it did from the clouds, was almost overwhelming. I have listened to the chimes of some of the most famous European Cathedrals but none of them "stirred me so strangely," to use Wordsworth's expression, as did the cry of that muezzin of Bushire.

Laird.—I hae half a mind to set Bauldie upon the steeple o' oor kirk, on Sunday, to shout in the congregation! There would be a risk, however, o' his being mistaken for a bedlamite, and being carried awa' to the black hole, tied neck and crop with the bell-rope.—The denizens o' oor clachan hae but a scanty appreciation o' the picturesque, and shooblime! It's my honest opinion that if the Venus de Medici was to walk through oor main street, she would be staned to death before she got the length o' Stephen's Hotel!

Doctor.—I should not be at all astonished; especially if she manifested her wonted disregard of drapery.

Major.—As you are a devout adherent of the narcotic weed, Bonnie Braes, I shall make no apology for reading to you the following laudation thereof!

There is nothing more remarkable in history than the colonization of Tobacco over the whole Earth. Not three centuries have elapsed

since knightly Raleigh puffed its fumes into the astonished eyes of Spencer and Shakespeare; and now find me any corner of the world, from Nova Zembla to the Mountains of the Moon, where the use of the plant is unknown! Tarshish (if India was Tarshish) is less distinguished by its "apes, ivory, and peacocks," than by its Hookahs; the valleys of Luzon, beyond Ternate and Tidore, send us more cheroots than spices; the gardens of Shiraz produce more velvety *toombek* than roses, and the only fountains which bubble in Samarcand are those of the narghilehs: Lebanon is no longer "excellent with the Cedars," as in the days of Solomon, but most excellent with its fields of Jebelee and Latakiyeh. On the unvisited plains of Central Africa, the tablelands of Tartary, and in the valleys of Japan, the wonderful plant has found a home. The naked negro, "panting at the Line," inhales it under the palms, and the Lapp and Samoyed on the shores of the Frozen Sea.

It is idle for those who object to the use of Tobacco to attribute these phenomena wholly to a perverted taste. The fact that the custom was at once adopted by all the races of men, whatever their geographical position and degree of civilization, proves that there must be a reason for it in the physical constitution of man.—Its effect, when habitually used, is slightly narcotic, and sedative, not stimulating—or if so, at times, it stimulates only the imagination and the social faculties. It lulls to sleep the combative and destructive propensities, and hence—so far as a material agent may operate—it exercises a humanizing and refining influence.—A profound student of Man, whose name is well known to the world, once informed me that he saw in the eagerness with which savage tribes adopt the use of Tobacco, a spontaneous movement of Nature towards Civilization.

I will not pursue these speculations further, for the narghileh (bubbling softly at my elbow, as I write) is the promoter of repose and the begetter of agreeable reverie. As I inhale its cool, fragrant breath, and partly yield myself to the sensation of healthy rest which wraps my limbs as with a velvet mantle. I marvel how the poets and artists and scholars of olden times nursed those dreams which the world calls indolence, but which are the seeds that germinate into great achievements. How did Plato philosophize without the pipe? How did gray Homer, sitting on the temple-steps in the Grecian twilight, drive from his heart the bitterness of beggary and blindness? How did Phidias charm the Cerberus of his animal nature to sleep, while his soul entered the Elysian Fields and beheld the forms of heroes? For, in the higher world of Art, Body and Soul are sworn enemies, and the pipe holds an opiate more potent than all the drowsy syrups of the East, to drug the former into submission.—Milton knew this, as he smoked his evening pipe at Chalfont, wandering, the while, among the palms of Paradise.

But it is also our loss, that tobacco was unknown to the Greeks. They would else have given us, in verse and in marble, another divinity in their glorious Pantheon—a god less drowsy than Morpheus and Somnus, less riotous than Bacchus, less radiant than Apollo, but with something of the spirit of each: a figure, beautiful with youth, every muscle in perfect repose, and the vague expression of dreams in his half-closed eyes. His temple would have been built in a grove of Southern pines, on the borders of a land-locked gulf, sheltered from the surges that buffet without, where service would have been rendered him in the late hours of the afternoon, or in the evening twilight. From his oracular tripod words of wisdom would have been spoken, and the fanes of Delphi and Dodona would have been deserted for his.

Oh, non-smoking friends who read these lines with pain and incredulity—and you, ladies, who turn pale at the thought of a pipe—let me tell you that you are familiar only with the vulgar form of tobacco, and have never passed between the wind and its gentility. The word conveys no idea to you but that of "long-nines," and pig-tail, and cavendish. Forget these for a moment, and look upon this dark-brown cake of dried leaves and blossoms, which exhales an odour of pressed flowers. These are the tender tops of the *Jebelee*, plucked as the buds begin to expand, and carefully dried in the shade. In order to be used, it is moistened with rose-scented water, and cut to the necessary degree of fineness. The test of true Jebelee is, that it burns with a slow, hidden fire, like tinder, and causes no irritation to the eye when held under it. The smoke, drawn through a long cherry-stick pipe and amber mouth-piece, is pure, cool and sweet, with an aromatic flavor, which is very pleasant in the mouth. It excites no salivation, and leaves behind it no unpleasant, stale odour.

The narghileh (still bubbling beside me) is an institution known only in the East. It requires a peculiar kind of tobacco, which grows to perfection in the southern provinces of Persia.—The smoke, after passing through water (rose-flavoured, if you choose), is inhaled through a long, flexible tube directly into the lungs. It occasions not the slightest irritation or oppression, but in a few minutes produces a delicious sense of rest, which is felt even in the fingerends. The pure physical sensation of rest is one of strength also, and of perfect contentment. Many an impatient thought, many an angry word, have I avoided by a resort to the pipe.—Among our aborigines the pipe was the emblem of Peace, and I strongly recommend the Peace Society to print their tracts upon papers of smoking tobacco (Turkish, if possible), and distribute pipes with them.

I know of nothing more refreshing, after the fatigue of a long day's journey, than a well-prepared narghileh. That slight feverish and excitable feeling which is the result of fatigue yields at once to its potency. The blood loses its heat and the pulse its rapidity; the muscles relax, the nerves are soothed into quiet, and the frame passes into a condition similar to sleep except that the mind

is awake and active. By the time one has finished his pipe, he is refreshed for the remainder of the day, and his nightly sleep is sound and healthy. Such are some of the physical effects of the pipe, in Eastern lands. Morally and psychologically, it works still greater transformations; but to describe them now, with the mouth-piece at my lips, would require an active self-consciousness which the habit does not allow.

LAIRD.—Taylor has cut his wisdom tooth, and nae mistake! I never yet fell in wi' a sensible man that did not tak' kindly to the pipe!

MAJOR.—Being anxious for a whiff, myself, I shall only give you one other quotation. It gives the author's experiences in the Bay of Biscay.

Is there any piece of water more unreasonably, distressingly, disgustingly rough and perverse than the British Channel? Yes: there is one, and but one—the Bay of Biscay. And as the latter succeeds the former, without a pause between, and the head-winds never ceased, and the rain continually poured, I leave you to draw the climax of my misery. Four days and four nights in a berth, lying on your back, now dozing dull hour after hour, now making faint endeavours to eat, or reading the feeblest novel ever written, because the mind cannot digest stronger aliment—can there be a greater contrast to the wide-awake life, the fiery inspiration of the Orient? My blood became so sluggish, and my mind so cloudy and befogged, that I despaired of ever thinking clearly or feeling vividly again. "The winds are rude" in Biscay, Byron says. They are, indeed: very rude.—They must have been raised in some most disorderly quarter of the globe. They pitched the waves right over our bulwarks, and now and then dashed a bucketful of water down the cabin skylight, swamping the ladies' cabin, and setting scores of bandboxes afloat. Not that there was the least actual danger; but Mrs.—— would not be persuaded that we were not on the brink of destruction, and wrote to friends at home a voluminous account of her feelings.—There was an Irishman on board, bound to Italy, with his sister. It was his first tour, and when asked why he did not go direct through France, he replied, with brotherly concern, that he was anxious his sister should see the Bay of Biscay.

This youth's perceptions were of such an emerald hue, that a lot of wicked Englishmen had their own fun out of him. The other day he was trying to shave, to the great danger of slicing off his nose, as the vessel was rolling fearfully. "Why don't you have the ship headed to wind?" said one of the Englishmen, who heard his complaints; "she will then lie steady, and you can shave beautifully." Thereupon the Irishman sent one of the stewards upon deck with a polite message to the captain, begging him to put the vessel about for five minutes.

LAIRD.—I think I see Trunnion's face, when the message was delivered to him! If the puir steward did nae get an inkling o' a rape's end, he must hae been born under a lucky planet, that's a'!

DOCTOR.—You were speaking lately of the insipidity of Yankee fictions, here is a case in point. I allude to one of Harper's latest publications, entitled "Later Years."

LAIRD.—Wha is its daddy?

DOCTOR.—His name I know not, but it appears that he is the author of "*The old house by the river*," and "*The Owl Creek Letters*."

MAJOR.—Is the affair very lame?

DOCTOR.—It is *wershness* itself, as our excellent host would say. Any man, woman, or tailor, decently indoctrinated in the Anglo-Saxon tongue, could produce something quite as good on three week's notice. How passing strange it is, that your common-place gentry *will* persist in forcing their trash upon a helpless and unoffending community!

MAJOR.—There is one mercy, however, which lightens the dispensation. The aforesaid community are not obliged by any law, human or divine, to swallow the trash!

DOCTOR.—True, but how many purchase the offal, deeming that it is substantial nutrition! Puffing has reached such an altitude of audacity, and such a climax of perfection, that the most wary and knowing are liable to be taken in. Even I myself was seduced to divorce a good dollar bill, for the stuff which I hold in my hand, through the blandishments of a lying but most artful paragraph.

LAIRD.—Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! Hech, sirs, but I'll split my sides!

DOCTOR.—Somewhat strange treatment this, I must say, for a guest.

LAIRD.—I beg ten thousand pardons for the rudeness o' my guffaws! As I am an honest man, I forgot that I wasna' in the Shanty! But, oh, man, there is something preposterously ridiculous in the idea o' you, aboon a' men, being taken in by a puff! I winna' be astonished after this, to behold a trout snapping at a hook baited wi' a used-up plug o' tobacco!

MAJOR.—For my part I am not at all surprised at the mischief which has befallen our medical chum. Puffing has reached all the precision of a science, and almost defies detection. Paid laudations of books are no longer accompanied by the admonitory words "see advertisement," which used to guard the public in days of yore against imposition. They take the form of honest paragraphs and *bona fide* editorials, and journals, even of established re-

putation, scruple not to act as bibliopolic pimps!

LAIRD.—It is a black and blistering shame that sic things should be permitted in Christendom, at this advanced time o'day! Why should Legislature no' tak' the matter up? Bakers and dairy women are compelled to permit their bread and butter to be weighed by proper offishers, in order that folk may be be certain o' getting fair value for their siller. Noo, in like manner, if I were at the helm o' state, I would appoint competent critics, whose mission it should be to read every book that issued frae the press, and state their honest opinion o' the same *pro bono*———, I forget the rest o' the quotation.

MAJOR.—*Publico.*

LAIRD.—Mony thanks, Crabtree; that's the word—*Pro bono publico.* I can see nae valid reason why drunkards should be protected by Act o' Parliament, and the reading million left to shift for themselves!

MAJOR.—Let your idea be fully carried out, and we shall have a *Maine Law* for every vice and abuse under the sun!

LAIRD.—And what for no? If the Statute Book can cure one moral ulcer, it can cure twenty, or a thousand for that matter, and it should na' concoct a sauce for the goose to the exclusion o' the gander! Dinna' mistake me. I'm no' opposed to a prohibitory liquor enactment; far, very far frae it. A' that I argue for, is an extension o' the principle. Just look at the case in hand. Who will hae the assurrance to assert that bad books are no' as prejudicial to the soul, as bad whiskey is to the body? Or who wi' ony face can, threep that a trashy novel is no' as great an imposition, as a loaf lacking some ounces o' the pound which it professes to weigh? Answer me that Crabtree?

MAJOR.—Your arguments are unanswerable, but sorely do I fear that your views can only be carried out in Sir Thomas More's *Happy Republic*! Let law makers do what they will, topers will get drunk, and the simple be gulled by puffing literary mendacities till the crack of doom!

LAIRD.—At any rate there is strong consolation in the reflection that the *Anglo-American Magazine* ay speaks the truth anent new publications without fear or favour! The honest auld lass never deceives her bairns, which is mair than the majority o' her kimmers can say! Fill your glasses, lads, and drink success to the SIXTH VOLUME noo fairly commenced!

FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

OUR HORTICULTURAL ENTERPRISE.

A feeling of inferiority and dependence will commonly tend to depress the energies and debase the mind. Nor are there many things more deserving of regret, than the spectacle of a whole people tacitly acknowledging and giving evidence of its general existence among them. Certain it is, that had not such a feeling pervaded the Canadian heart, some few years since, with respect to the Americans, we should not so long have remained in ignorance of, or failed to develop the latent resources of untold wealth in our possession. No long time has fleeted by, since the dwellers in this promising land, assented to something that ought to pass unquestioned, to the assumption of superiority, which our rival neighbors were always ready to make, when it happened that Canada and its inhabitants were the subject of conversation. It is indeed surprising that any sense at all of inferiority and dependence should have been by our people suffered to oppress the mind, when we reflect upon the sturdy stock whence they sprang, or upon the fertility of the goodly heritage, in which they have cast their lot. The chief cause of so strange a feeling, was certainly the claim to enviable excellence continually made; and the sneer at us always indulged in by our rival neighbors. Indeed with such imperiousness did they assert their pretensions and so confidently jeer at our efforts, that we had almost gotten the conviction, that for Canada to enter into successful competition with the States in any article of industrial production argued a most mournful obliquity of vision. Thank God! the degrading sensation has passed for ever away. The young giant has shaken off the oppressive night-mare; and now gives promise of being foremost in the race. Not we alone, but themselves also who ever assured us that they were greatly our superior (but so only and really in their own distempered brain) begin to see and even to acknowledge that Canada may yet outstrip them in all things pertaining to the true greatness and happiness of a nation.

Nowhere was the sway of this sense of dependence greater for a time than over what we may fitly term the Horticultural mind: and hence the heavy importation of Shrubs and Trees to beautify the lawn or stock the orchard, to the scornful neglect of the growth in our own nurseries. Cheerfully will we admit that our neighbors across the water have made great strides in fruit culture, that their care and effort in it, are worthy of all praise: but we affirm that they cannot produce plants better or so well suited for us, as are grown within our limits. To uphold this assertion, we will call but one witness, but one whose testimony on this point no intelligent Horticulturist will doubt. "The lamented Downing." Writing on

the improvement of vegetable races, he urges earnestly the importance of raising the tree from seed in the country where it is to be grown, so that it may have a *constitution adapted* to that climate. "As in the man so in the plant. A race should be adapted to the soil by being produced upon it." "The best race being taken at the starting point, the highest utility and beauty will be found to spring from individuals adapted by birth and constitution and training to the country." Again, "If the races or plants were as much improved as they might be *and as much adapted* to the various soils and climates as they ought to be; we might boast of our peaches, melons, grapes, and all the other luxuries of the garden now confined to a comparatively limited range." It surely follows that what is produced on our own soil and climate, will be better fitted to them, than what we may bring from those that greatly differ. And unquestionably it is owing to this want of suitability to their new sphere, that thousands, nay, tens of thousands of imported fruit trees have been planted here only to die.

The stock of plants brought into Canada from the States has during past years been very heavy; that it is still so we may be permitted to regret. For not only will the purchasers generally be disappointed from the unfitness before spoken of: but also because they will find in many instances that they have been deceived. The old established nurseries in the States have something of a character to maintain—but the scores of others stocked for the sole purpose of sending them here, have none. With these the business is a pure speculation. Not been permanent, and having no reputation to take care of, they care not so that they grow large quantities and sell them, what the purchasers may lose or gain. Thus many have found, as our very next neighbor has, that after all the expenditure of money, the years of patient care and training, the fruit proves to be utterly worthless.

So remunerative a field for their speculations, would not be found in Canada by the Yankees, did the people at large know that immense sums of money, great skill, and untiring industry have been devoted in several places within our lines to the growing of plants of every variety that will succeed with us: and that therefore they may obtain at home with increased advantage whatever they may wish to embellish their grounds, or decorate their dwellings, or load them with luscious fruit. Our benevolent design in writing this article is, to give evidence that there really has been and is embarked in this enterprise, by our countrymen a great capital; and thus to save our readers the lamentable results which have over those who have relied upon foreign and irresponsible sources.

The nursery plantations have of late become very numerous in the Province. About Montreal there are several—of these, that of Cockburn and Brown is noted for its vast store of Gooseberry bushes, which are very fine, and we believe wholly free from mildew. At Hamilton peach trees, owing to their great success there, are very abundant. There is also a very promising establishment at London, that forest city. But not to enumerate more,—we will speak (from deference to the 'Queen City' Toronto, and from feeling that it richly merits a more extended notice) as we can do so from repeated personal observation of the nursery of Mr. Leslie, nigh to this city. The extent of these grounds is about seventy acres—and we learn from its gentlemanly and enterprising proprietor, that he has now some 250,000 apple trees, and that he grafts one hundred thousand yearly. We inspected some thirty thousand of them, as fine and thrifty trees at five years growth, and ready for sale as we have ever seen. There are sixty thousand pears, of which ten thousand are fit to be transplanted; plums, five to ten thousand; cherries sixty thousand, ten thousand at this time fit for market; an abundance of peaches and apricots, and about one hundred thousand quinces; grapes may be had there by the hundred, and minor fruits by the thousand. There are also large quantities of flowering shrubs of many sorts, and ornamental trees, and evergeens. Among these last we particularly noticed, the Norway spruce fir, which is unrivalled either as an embellishment, or as capable of forming a most useful screen. It is indeed well fitted from its great hardiness and taking the sheers kindly to trim a very efficient hedge. It is much used for this purpose in "The Ould Countrie." Nor is the culinary department forgotten, as the abundance of rhubarb and asparagas; of horse radish, sea kale and artichoke testifies. But what of 'the parterre'? ah! we must speak of that. You may store it hence to your own or your good dame's hearts content, as you may see by the untold numbers of roses, poonies, phloxes, and lillies—and of bulbous flowering plants of every description.

Now confess kind reader that we have redeemed our promise, and shown you here in this despised Canadian land, a glimpse, for it is only a glimpse that we have given you, of a glorious provision for the flower bed, the lawn, the garden, the orchard, you little throught of; well worthy of our youth, and giving earnest of great things in our mature age. This we will say, that none of us, ought to deem himself excusable, who shall still send abroad his means, unless indeed for an exceptional thing, such as a rare exotic or a new grape, when by purchasing at home he can have more worth for his outlay, not to mention the inward satisfaction, every true lover of his land enjoys in aiding its progress onward, be it mental, spiritual, or material, in all that serves to adorn, to enrich, and to enoble it.

FODDER AND FARMERS.

During the last two years, hay, through the Province generally has ranged very high, occasioned undoubtedly as much by the increased demand, as by the limited crops mown in two remarkably dry seasons. Hitherto the Cana-

dian Farmer has not much cared about the adoption of methods of economising fodder, but he now feels that the time has come when it behoves him to discover and practise them. If his farming is to continue remunerative he must increase his number of cattle, that they may manufacture manure for him; but these must be fed, and every one knows that it requires a large amount of fodder, to keep much stock through our long winters. We commend therefore the following plan to their attention. At the time of cutting grass or clover be provided with an abundance of good straw—when the field is quite dry, cut it, and carry the grass or clover at once to the barn, and there stock it and the straw in alternate layers. One ton of the former to two of the latter, will be about the right proportion. The straw will imbibe the superabundant moisture of the hay; and become as nearly acceptable to the cattle. We have practised this method with carrot tops also, that is, stacked straw and tops in layers, with great advantage. The former plan is well known, and is very commonly practised in Britain, and deserves the consideration of our agriculturists.

REED'S ANGLO-AMERICAN APPLE.

This is to say that I have a seedling Apple that will excite all fruit growers, when once brought to notice. As I am in possession of most of the leading varieties of the present time, and these in bearing, I am fully able to judge of its qualities pretty correctly, and when brought on the table with *Gravenstein, Sweet Bough, St. Lawrence*, and other leading apples of the same season, it is always consumed first, and the remark always comes out, if any are present that have not partaken of it before, O! what a splendid apple! In short, it is among Apples what the *seckel* is among Pears, —it possesses a mingling of juices that is not to be found in any other Apple. It may be called sweet, soft-fleshed, melting and rich. It is a good baking or stewing Apple. Begins to ripen in August, and last till December. The Apple has crimson stripes from the stem half way up its sides with a prominent seam from stem to blossom, which feels and looks like a thread stretched over the skin. Its great excellence caused me to graft it on large trees immediately, so that at this time I could cut a great many grafts. I have not yet let it go out abroad, but intend to do so. If you would like to propagate some four or five thousand, I could furnish you with the scions. I brought fifteen or twenty fine large Apples from the tree, on purpose to send to you, and hid them in a bed room off the kitchen, till I could go to the station; and when I brought them out to send to you, they were too ripe,—the cooking stove had spoiled them.—*Horticulturist.*

CROPS IN BRADFORD CO., PENNSYLVANIA.—"Wheat is scarce and high—at present worth $2 a bushel. Rye is $1.06—Corn, 80 cents—Oats, 40 cents. Buckwheat was an entire failure. Potatoes half a crop. Grass excellent."

MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The fashions for winter are now, to a certain extent, decided; and the quantity of new stuffs invented for Winter were is more than usually large. The old fashion of ribbed stuffs has been adopted with an eagerness amounting to exaggeration. That charming material which our grandmothers loved so well for the ease which it lent to the peculiar *mouvement de jupe* they appreciated so highly, is now being made both for *promenade* and evening wear. The manufactures have had the good sense to maintain its old fashioned name, and still call it *reps*. This stuff has been made in every colour; in check and *ecossais* it has a most beautiful effect, the softness of the material annulling the hardness of the lines. A dress of this stuff of the new colour, *vert Silistre*, striped with *grossille*, was the one chosen by the Empress, from a great number presented to her notice by the *maison Delisle*. *Popeline Pashah* is also an entirely new material. It is also ribbed, but the ribs are thrown up at wider intervals. This material is generally made of two or more colours, sometimes the ground is shot and the ribs striped of the two colours composing the ground, and recurring alternately. This stuff promises to hold a favoured place amongst the articles proposed to our fashionables. It is very becoming, and, being very expensive, cannot soon fall into the *domains du vulgaire*. It will be seen by the soft thick texture of these new tissues that the reign of flounces, which have maintained so obstinate, so exclusive a dominion for the last five years, is drawing to a close. As yet we have found nothing better to replace them than the weaving of a distinct pattern at the bottom of the dress. But this fashion, instead of increasing the fulness of the skirt, considerably diminishes its width, and has no doubt originated the necessity for the tremendous, and vulgarly exaggerated under-petticoats of crinoline which are beginning to cause the figures of our fair Parisians to swell out to dimensions bordering on caricature. We shall long regret the abolition of flounces, and, although the Empress herself has been the first to dispense with them, we still hope they may find favour a little while longer. The sliding step by which her Imperial Majesty accustoms us, as it were, by degrees to the absence of flounces, is a very pretty and graceful fashion, said to be of her own invention. Flat bands or tucks of the same material as the dress, diminishing in width towards the waist, cover the skirt entirely. These tucks are edged with lace, and form a very light and pleasant ornament. The dress in which her Majesty drove recently from the Tuileries to St. Cloud, was of silk, with broad stripes of grey and white. The *jupe* was covered with these bands *a l'Andalouse*, of alternate grey and white. The white bands edged with black lace, and the grey with white. The *corsage* was made *a revers*, edged with

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JANUARY 1865.

Maclear & Cº Lith Toronto

black, and white lace carried over the shoulder down the seems of the back on to the *basques* behind. The sleeves were made open from the shoulder, the opening edged with black and white lace to correspond, and the puffings seen through the opening were of alternate black and white net. This dress caused an immense sensation, as it was the first of the kind yet seen, and considered the harbinger of a complete revolution in the style of dress. It is said to have emanated from the *ateliers* of Madame Vignor, whose success in her celebrated *robe Mantchoul* caused so much admiration last year. Another fashion which has been adopted by the Empress, and which, while admirably adapted to her Majesty's beautiful and slender figure, can never become general, on account of its tendency to increase the size of the bust and waist, is that of ornamenting the *corsage* with *guipure*, which is laid flat over the bosom descending to the very end of the *basque*, which is edged likewise with a *revers* of the same. The sleeves are made open on the outside, with a double flat *guipure* from the shoulder, terminated by a broad cuff, *a la mousquetaire*. Sometimes the *guipure* is laid upon silk of a different colour to that of the dress. The one composed of the *pompadour* mixture the dress being of sky blue, and the *revers* of *guipure* lined with rose colour, which her Majesty wore on a visit to the Opera, was pronounced a *chef d'œuvre* by the most fastidious and refined *connisseurs*. The immense success of the *costume* worn by Mdlle. Luther in the *Fauconnier*, has given rise to an almost new style of *basquine*, which falls low over the hips, and is edged with flat bows with long ends. This fashion is exceedingly becoming, but great care must be taken neither to exaggerate nor diminish the width of the ribbon. If too broad, it increases the bulk of the figure; if too narrow, it has both a poor and tawdry effect "No 7" is the proper width, of the stoutest quality, and the bows should be made *en coquille*. The waist of his *basquine* is much longer than hitherto worn. It is cut entirely in one piece and must be adjusted with the greatest nicety. It meets in front to within about three inches from the throat to the waist, and seems to be merely confined by ribbons crossing each other, and finished by the same bows *en coquille* as those upon the *basques*, with ends increasing in length as they approach the waist. The Duchess de Dino appeared in one of these *basquines* at the morning concert given at Meudom by Prince Jerome. It was of striped *Pekin*, of the thickest quality, *rose vif* and white, and worn over a double skirt of white muslin, open on each side, and confined by bows of the same ribbon as that upon the *basquine*. The head-dress worn with this novel costume was considered the boldest innovation of all—being neither bonnet nor cap, but a *capuchon a la Graffigny* of Brussels lace, laid full and easy as a Spanish mantilla over the back of the head, and descending beneath the chin, where it crosses over, and is attached to the bast by large flat bows of the same ribbon as that upon the dress. The raven hair of the beautiful duchess was laid in double bandeaux beneath this becoming coiffure, and on either side of the temples two *coques* of ribbon served to *ecarter* the lace from the countenance —thus rendering it doubly becoming, by throwing its transparent shade over the cheeks and fore-head. It is needless to say that, worn by the Duchess de Dino, this costume met with the most complete and entire success. Had it appeared under less graceful auspices, it might have been deemed *hasarde*.

Winter bonnets have appeared, composed entirely of black lace, upon which are laid wreaths of green, or *marron* leaves of velvet, exquisitely shaped, and laid thickly one upon another—each leaf is edged with a black lace, made expressly for the purpose. These bonnets are but little ornamented, as the material of which they are made is in itself rich, and *bein fourni*. Some have been seen with a small bunch of *bouts d'aile* feathers on either side; others with a mere increase in the quantity of leaves, as the *garniture* approaches the ears. In either case these new bonnets are destined to have the vogue, being exceedingly original and becoming. In caps but little novelty has appeared. The *bonnet papillon*, being the one adopted by the Empress, has of course obtained the preference. It is set over the plaits of hair behind, and extends its wings over two round bunches of violets or myosotis, or narrow ribbon, which mingled with narrow lace hang on each side, almost away from the head, with the lightest and most elegant effect possible.

Our general observations;—The *dessons de chaprau* worn beneath every bonnet is no longer a matter of choice—*necessity* compels that it should be composed of white and black net, the black edging being next to the face. The flowers adorning these dessons are generally either coquelicot or marguerits of divers bright colours. Fruit is much worn, as is generally the case at this time of the year; and the fashion even carried to exaggeration, in the case of grapes and cherries, which are somtimes stuck in large bunches on each side of the bonnets, detracting from the lightness usually desirable, and which the vast quantities of black lace used in the *garniture* fails to restore Lingrie is decidedly undergoing revolution. whether of reform or not, time alone will prove. *Broderie Anglaise* has been manufactured in large quantities for the trousseau of Mdle. de Liminac, in colours instead of white. Even collars and sleeves are worked in *mille points* pattern, with red and violet coloured cotton. One canezou to wear with a *barege porcelain* was worked in every colour. Some change in this article of dress *must* be effected; that we feel; but we regret to observe that this change is wanting in distinction. Much has been said of a new system of *attache*, which is entirely to preclude the necessity of buttons of *agraffes* in any article of dress whatever. The article has been kept a secret until the return of the Empress, in order that it might appear first under the patronage of that august lady.

CHESS.

(To Correspondents.)

TYRO.—There is scarcely anything more improving to the young player than the study of ingenious Chess Problems, especially such as most nearly resemble positions which occur in actual play, and which are solvable in four or five moves. We give below the solutions you require.

A. M. S.—How could you have overlooked the fact that if Black advanced his P to Q 6th, the adverse rook would be played to K 5th, and mate be given next move with one or other of the Knights.

F. W. S.—1. Stale-mate is a drawn game. 2. A player may claim a Queen for every Pawn of his which reaches the 8th sq., and have all he can obtain on the board at once.

Solutions to Problem 12, by J. B., R. E. B., and J. H. R., are correct.

Solutions to Problem 13, by J. B., J. H. R., Amy, F. W. S., and Tyro are correct.

Solutions to Enigmas in our last, by Amy, F. W. S., R. E. B., Tyro, and C. C., are correct.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. XII.

White.	*Black.*
1. Q to her Kt 6th.	B takes B.
2. Q takes P (ch).	B interposes.
3. Q to her B 8th (ch).	B interposes.
4. *Kt to Q B 7th (ch).*	*K to* R 2d.
5. Q to R 6th (ch).	R takes Q.
6. Kt mates.	

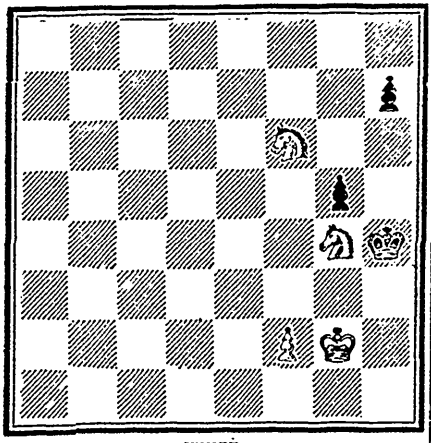
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. XIII.

White.	*Black.*
1. Kt to Q 4th.	K takes P.
2. Q takes Kt (ch).	Kt takes Q.
3. B mates.	

PROBLEM No. XIV.

By J. B. C., Toronto.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

ENIGMAS.

No. 40. By Percie.

WHITE.—K at Q B 7th; B at K B sq; Kt at Q 7th; Ps at K 2d and 4th, Q 3d, and Q R 3d.

BLACK.—K at Q Kt 4th; Ps at Q R 4th and 5th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 41. By Mr. C. E. Rankin.

WHITE.—K at Q R 4th; R at K 2d; Bs at Q 7th and Q Kt 6th; P at Q Kt 2d.

BLACK.—K at Q B 5th; Q at K Kt sq; Ps at Q 3d, Q B 2d, and Q R 2d.

White to play and mate in four moves.

No. 42. By Mr. C. E. Rankin.

WHITE.—K at K Kt 4th; B at K Kt 8th; Kts at K R 5th and K Kt 5th; P at K 6th.

BLACK.—K at his R 3d; P at K 2d.

White to play and mate in five moves.

GAME.

(King's Knight's Opening.)

White (CAPT. E.)	*Black* (M. H.).
1. P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.
2. K Kt to B 3d.	Q Kt to B 3d.
3. P to Q B 3d (*a*)	P to K B 4th.
4. P to Q 4th.	P takes Q P.
5. P to K 5th.	P takes Q B P (*b*).
6. Q Kt takes P.	K B to Q Kt 5th.
7. Q B to K Kt 5th.	K Kt to K 2d.
8. K B to Q B 4th.	P to Q 4th.
9. P tks P (in passing).	Q takes P.
10. Q to K 2d.	Q Kt to Q 5th.
11. K Kt takes Kt.	Q takes Kt.
12. Castles.	Q B to Q 2d.
13. Q Kt to Q 5th (*c*).	Castles on Q side (*d*).
14. Q B takes Kt.	B takes B.
15. Kt takes B (ch).	K to Kt sq.
16. K R to Q sq.	Q to K R 5th.
17. B to Q Kt 3d.	Q to K R 3d.
18. R to Q 2d.	P to K B 5th.
19. Q R to Q sq.	P to K B 6th.
20. Q takes P.	P to Q R 3d.
21. R takes B.	R takes R.
22. R takes R.	Q to her B 8th (ch).
23. Q to her sq.	Q takes Kt P.
24. R checks.	R takes R.
25. Q takes R (ch).	K to R 2d.
26. Kt to B 6th (ch).	P takes Kt.

And White mates in five moves.

Notes.

(*a*) We are surprised this safe and effective mode of opening the game is not more frequently adopted.

(*b*) This is ill judged: it brings a piece of the opponent's into immediate play.

(*c*) Far better than R to Q sq.

(*d*) A piece was inevitably lost, we believe, and Black did right in giving it up at once, to bring his other forces in action.

(*e*) This game is much below the average force of M. H.'s play.