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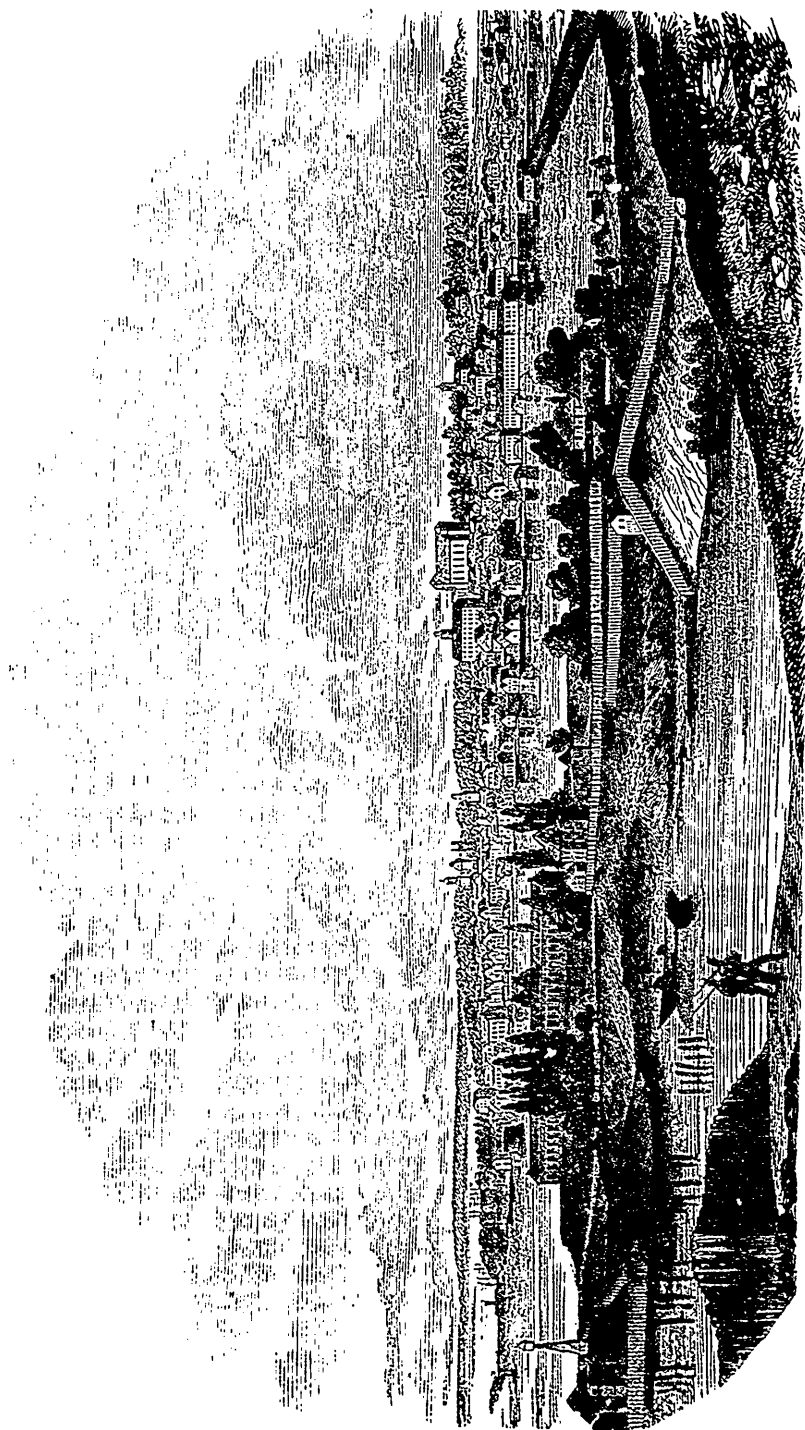
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Paris Fashions for August.





VIEW OF KINGSTON, S. W.

THE

# ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.—TORONTO: AUGUST, 1852.—No. 2.

## THE CITIES OF CANADA.

### KINGSTON.

THERE are few circumstances better calculated to convey a correct impression of the progressive condition of this colony, than an occasional journey over Lake Ontario in one of the water palaces which now float on its surface. When gliding along the coast with such speed, the mind is irresistibly led to contrast the scene with that which first met the eye, and old associations are awakened touching bateaux, schooners, head winds and the multifarious discomforts attending the primitive navigation of earlier voyagers. Fifteen hours, stoppages included, now constitute the utmost limit of time which the grumbling traveller can sanction for the performance of that journey which not very many years ago, as many are able to testify from personal experience, occupied commonly three weeks and occasionally a more extended period. Then, one dense forest clothed the landscape in unbroken line along the coast; here and there a few blackened stumps indicated the points of rest and refuge to the weary paddler and the storm-staif vessel. Now the meadow and the corn-field cover the slopes which border on the Lake. The cosy farm house is seen peeping from among clumps of wisely cherished trees, and flourishing towns with goodly harbours re-

ceive the cleaving prow. The character of the country we pass in our trip to Kingston, is in pleasing contrast to the upper part or even the opposite coast of the Lake. A rolling surface, with frequent bold and projecting cliffs, vary the monotony of flatness elsewhere seen, and something like a distance is observable in many places, the blue tinge so celebrated by the poet as adding enchantment to the scene, being rather more discernible, and at some places decidedly picturesque.

COWANS strikes the eye very forcibly from its situation, and makes us think we again look upon some of those coast-towns we were wont to admire, in our summer trips, about the eastern coast of our father-land.

The approach to the blue city offers, to the contemplation of the visitor, a landscape of singular feature and pleasing aspect. The approximating shores of the Lake indented with numerous inlets, the islands scattered about before us, among which we glide with pleasant smoothness, the river stealing its way from behind the buildings and the distant prospect up the Bay of Quinte, cannot be regarded with indifference, and impart an air of romance to the whole view, of a most agreeable nature. Standing in clear and bold relief against the sky, on a considerable elevation, the prominent buildings are at once perceived. The outline is one of peculiar tracing, at least

so it seems to the eye accustomed to the uniform frontage presented by Toronto. The height, position and the concomitant advantages resulting from these, and a few other peculiarities to which we shall presently allude, compel us to give the preference to Kingston over any other city on the Lake.

Our loyalty is not to be impugned, and therefore in wishing that the example so judiciously established in the case of Toronto in changing its name should be followed as regards Kingston, we cannot possibly be understood to imply anything but a wish to see a decided character given to the nomenclature of a country, whose history will hereafter afford so many points of interesting inquiry to the historian and antiquarian. The associations connected with the aboriginal names are so remarkable and the words themselves so euphonious and striking, that this alone would induce the desire to retain for Kingston its Indian appellative *Cataraqui*.

The geographical position of this city, clearly establishes its claim to be considered what it undoubtedly still is, the key-stone of military defence at this end of the Lake. The crumbling ruins of Frontenac mark the keen perception of the early French settlers, and the fortifications of Fort Henry, unsurpassed in America, prove how well the Government understood its superior advantage in this respect.

On first landing from the steamer, the attention of the visiter is at once arrested by the peculiar sombre hue which everything around him seems to wear. It is impossible to divest the mind of a feeling that the inhabitants have put their city into half mourning; and it is a long-time before the eye becomes familiar with this appearance, which is due to the bluish limestone, of which it is built.

But while we are startled by the uniform sobriety of colour, we cannot fail to admire the substantial character imparted to its buildings by the stone with which they are constructed. Lying on a bed of stone, the material is easily and economically obtained; indeed, in many instances, it may truthfully and literally be said, that dwellings are hewn out of the rock. The care and finish with which the abundant stone has

been wrought into form, is highly creditable to the parties concerned, and nowhere in Canada can a better piece of masonry be seen, than that exhibited by the City Hall, with the fortifications in front of it. The streets are laid out with as much regularity as the nature of the locality would permit, the situation being on a narrow and angular promontory, running out into the Lake, and forming the western bank of the *Cataraqui*.

Evidence is to be discovered of the successive checks which Kingston has received, from the external influences which have controlled its destinies, but we rejoice to think that its course is now onward, that under steadily increasing commercial relations, it will soon regain its wonted prosperity. At a time when between this point and Montreal and Albany, communication was infrequent and expensive, and scarcely a town existed to the westward, it rapidly assumed an importance which its physical advantages amply justified, and even at a later date, when the tide of emigration had set in strongly towards the west, it still retained its superiority over the other and newer cities, by becoming the place of trans-shipment for imports and exports. The war of 1812, while it disturbed, for a season, the mercantile enterprise of the place, brought with it other sources of wealth and influence. It now became the principal seat of military and naval operations, and the noble fortifications on Point Henry, with the large body of soldiery stationed there, were good reasons, one would imagine, for making it also the seat of Government of the Province. After a season this result was compassed, in spite of the outcry of its propinquity to a hostile frontier. Then it was that an impulse was given to it, which bid fair to render it the capital indeed of the West. This hope was, however, blighted—the Union of the Provinces, and the mutability of human opinion, combined to remove this cause of prosperity, and for a time the city felt severely the consequence of hasty and overstrained speculation. Nor was this the only adverse cause at work to mar its fortunes. The improvement in the navigation of both Lake and River,—the construction of the Canals on the St. Lawrence, by which vessels of considerable tonnage could pass directly through to Montreal; and latterly the discovery of the practicable navigation of the once-

dreaded Long Sault and other Rapids,—all tended to divert the stream of population and trade, and carry past its wharves and store-houses the merchandize and traffic at one time its almost prescriptive right. The want of a productive farming country in its immediate vicinity, has, doubtless had the effect of deterring emigrants from selecting this as a halting point; but a little previous information, or a pause of investigation, which it is true few can afford, and many more are unwilling to make,—would satisfy the seeker after a home, that although not close around the city, there is within a reasonable distance of it, one of the most magnificent agricultural districts in the Province. If the Canal navigation brought with it detriment to the commerce of Kingston in one direction, it has, combined with increased mercantile relations with the United States, opened up a traffic which has been gradually telling upon its progress. The great water privileges enjoyed along the course of the Rideau, the facility of transport of the vast resources of the country lying to the north, and, above all, the fact of its being the nearest and most direct route to the greatest lumber mart at present existing, must secure for it a large proportion of the trade in this particular article. Some idea may be formed of the extent of this growing business done in the neighbourhood of the city alone, by the fact that, during this season, there has been already shipped, from *one* mill two millions of feet of lumber, and that there are one million and a half feet ready for exportation. Nor do the forwarders, as they are technically termed, despair that their peculiar department of business will again revive to a considerable extent, indeed they are now enjoying an earnest of its revival. The experiment of *through* shipment would seem to be failing, in as far as the heavier goods are concerned.—The loss of time and increased expense of navigating the rivers and canals does not pay the owners of sailing vessels; they declare that they can make more by quick and rapid runs between the lake ports. Should this eventually prove to be demonstrable beyond dispute, and should the fleet of steam-propellers, capable of performing the work efficiently, not increase in proportion to the swelling importations yearly exhibited by the Customs' returns, we have no doubt that

the expectations of the Kingstonians will be realized.

We have said that evidence existed of these periodical changes in the progress of the city. It is to be found in the statistics of its population, as well as in the variations of its trade. No very satisfactory statements are obtainable of the earlier days of its existence, but about the time of the war its inhabitants are presumed to have numbered 1,100. In 1837, they were found to have increased to 3,700. At the period of its incorporation, this number was much extended by including the population of several contiguous villages or settlements, and the next census shewed 8,000 inhabitants. From the removal of the Seat of Government to the census of 1849, the fluctuation was such that no great addition was made, but the census recently taken gives the population as 11,609. Following this increase in numbers within the last three years, there has also been a corresponding stimulus given to building, and the number of large stores and dwellings now in course of erection is proportionately as great as what is observed in Toronto. There is in fact a decided aspect of awakening energy about the place, like a man who has resolutely shaken himself out of a fit of apathy or somnolence, and is now determined to go to work in earnest. We wish we could say as much for the architectural excellence of the buildings as for their substantiality. There is a laboured effort at ornamentation, and a want of due proportion about some of them which is truly painful, and not in keeping with the material employed. In the few instances in which freestone or sandstone has been used for the frontage of buildings the contrast is most marked. The city is admirably drained, and now possesses an abundant supply of excellent water, brought from the lake into every cellar by efficient works. The view from the highest point of the city looking down Princess Street is remarkably fine. The commencement of the Thousand Islands, the Fort, the distant American coast, the winding Cataract on the left, and the far stretching Bay of Quinte on the right; the broken and detached character of the city, with clumps of trees intervening, present a landscape rarely equalled.

To the great scandal of the authorities, pub-

lic auctions are permitted to be held every day in the principal business street. At one corner may be seen a collection of old stoves and decaying furniture, with the auctioneer standing on a three-legged table, shouting out the merits of some antiquated frying-pan; at another, and not very far distant, we catch sight of a piece of red calico flaunting in the breeze, and hear the stentorian lungs of the seller resounding in praise of its colour and texture, and so on along the range of vision. This taking place opposite to the doors of the principal hotel, is little calculated to convey a favourable idea of the business activity of the place—faint but distinct glimmerings come through the mind of Dickens' pictures of Bailiffs' Sales and Rag Fair.

It is somewhat singular that the most prominent object the spectator sees in approaching or entering nearly every city with which we are acquainted is its prison—as if it were a monitor put to warn the visitor against any breach of those laws, under the security of which he was moving about and enjoying himself. So it is with Kingston, on entering the bay from the westward—the Provincial Penitentiary is the principal object of interest. A large and apparently secure place it is. Horribly dismal to look at, and much more so to think of. In spite of all exertions to render this system of punishment as complete as can be, at considerable expense, statesmen are fast losing confidence in it. It is not found to be productive of that amount of moral reform which was anticipated, and daily experience shews that the confirmed offender gains no good, while the novice in crime runs a great risk of being confirmed in his evil course. In the meantime it is the only effective institution for long-continued personal restraint in the country, and is generally well filled. Indeed, it may be questioned whether it is not a happy mode of existence to many a poor creature, whose physical defects or acquired habits unfit them for obtaining a livelihood in a less constrained state of existence. Here they are provided with a sufficient amount of wholesome nourishment, and made to keep themselves in health by proper occupation and exercise. It is a premium upon laziness and waywardness; nor are instances wanting in which it can be shewn that crime has been committed for the purpose of

obtaining the shelter and comfort it bestows.

There is one advantage which Kingston possesses over Toronto, for which its inhabitants cannot be too grateful. The number of pleasant outlets for recreation which exist. An evening's row up the Cataract to Kingston Mills, is a treat in which many a Torontonion would rejoice on a sultry summer's day. It was here we saw, for the first time in Canada, the delightful river scenery so familiar to us in boyhood. The bold overhanging rocky banks covered with parasitical drapery, the cool refreshing pools, in which we will be bound thereported some of our finny friends of yore—and here too we pulled a bunch of green filberts in their long jackets. The rushes—the lilies—all, all were here. But for those stupendous piles of masonry before us with their large gates of wood, we never could have believed we were on the far famed Rideau Canal. Then there is the daily trip up the Bay of Quinté to Picton, Napanee, Belleville and Trentport, with all the varied scenery around the tortuous journey. The visit to Amherst and the cruise among the Thousand Isles which dot the waters before them. These are all resources which cannot be over-rated, where, as in this climate, retreat from the sultriness and confinement of City life is so desirable and so necessary for healthful enjoyment.

We have said that this is the easiest and quickest point of communication with the neighbouring states. Kingston is five hours nearer New York than any other point of Upper Canada, and an enterprising company is now cutting a canal through one of the Islands, which will reduce the distance between Kingston and Cape Vincent from twenty-one to twelve and a-half miles, by this means they will much facilitate the trade between the two countries and forge a link which will bind still more closely the growing bonds of union between them. The inevitable current thus given to the commerce of Western Canada, is truly unfortunate, and would seem to call loudly for some active measures to secure a more speedy and direct communication with the Mother Country. It is a matter of regret, to find individual localities directing all their energies to the furtherance of their individual interests, irrespective of the national prosperity. Until we possess fre-

quent ocean communication with Britain and more complete means of internal intercourse, we must be to a certain extent dependent upon our neighbours for trans-Atlantic commerce.

The sketch which accompanies this notice is taken from Point Henry, on which is built the Fort of that name. Overlooking Haldimand Cove and Navy Point, the arsenal of Kingston, we obtain an extensive view of the Eastern side of the City. It is placed rather too distant, it would be almost impossible, in the compass of so small a drawing to give, with any accuracy of detail, the principal buildings. It is impossible not to individualize one building however, as it certainly forms the most prominent and characteristic feature of the City from whatever point we see it, we allude to the Roman Catholic Church, the large building which stands to the right of the centre, and near it to the left is Regiopolis College. To the right of these may be seen St. Andrew's Church and Queen's College. The Episcopal Churches do not form such conspicuous objects as in Toronto, but still St. James' may be recognized to the left of the centre. The City Hall is in front, and in the distance appears the Hospital. There are several Martello towers forming an extended line of defence in front of the City, from Point Frederick to the western confines of the City. On the right is seen the bridge across the Catarqui, which connects the City with Barriefield, Navy Point, and Fort Henry. It is a work of some magnitude, is kept up at considerable expense, but the tolls on it are most exorbitant. The splendid sheet of water which lies before this City, offers every temptation to the pleasures of yatching, an amusement which is kept up with much spirit, the boats built at this place being celebrated for their sailing qualities. It is, however, sometimes very dangerous, the wind blowing in severe and gusty squalls, and sweeping through the Islands with great violence. Several wrecks have occurred in consequence of the unskillfulness or temerity of the crews, and last year one accident of this kind was attended with a melancholy loss of life. Kingston was in former days the point of rendezvous for the Indian tribes when they assembled to receive the presents annually bestowed upon them by the British Government,

and when the squadron of canoes gathered in this bay, from all parts of the Continent, the sight is described to have been one of a singular and romantic kind. They used to encamp principally on a small Island opposite the town called Garden Island. Here the games, dances and other entertainments, customary on such occasions, became an object of great interest to all classes. On this Island the Aborigines would also appear to have been in the habit of depositing their dead, killed during their sanguinary conflicts with the first French settlers, and recent excavations have brought to light numerous silver ornaments and coins bearing the name *Montreal* stamped upon them, which would seem to indicate the latter City as the place of their manufacture. The society of Kingston is of a very social and pleasant kind; like all military stations it partakes of the polish and freedom resulting from the intercourse of men who have seen much of the world, and who, during the period of their service expatriation, seek to pass life as agreeably as circumstances will permit. This mutual dependence produces the greatest harmony and good feeling. The value of property is rapidly increasing. The establishment of manufactories of various kinds in addition to those which exist, for which there are great *privileges*, would tend much to promote its welfare.

It is also like most Canadian Towns devoid of a public Library or museum. There is a Mechanics Institute which possesses a tolerable collection of books, and several societies of a social and charitable nature.

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A LONG DAY.—When Sir Thomas More was Chancellor, he enjoined a gentleman to pay a large sum of money to a poor widow who had been wronged by him. "I hope your Lordship will give me a good long day to pay it in," said the debtor. "You shall have your request" replied Sir Thomas. "Monday next is St. Barnabas's day, the longest day in all the year; do you pay her then, or else you shall kiss the Fleet!"

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NINE HUSBANDS.—At Birdbroke was buried in May, 1681, Martha Blewitt, who was the wife of nine husbands successively. The text to her funeral sermon was—"Last of all the women died also."—*Wanley*.

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LOVE.—Love is a debt which inclination always pays, obligation never.—*Swift*.



EMIGRATION TO NORTH AMERICA, CONSIDERED IN REFERENCE TO THE UNITED STATES.

It is an established axiom that "the nature of everything in this world changes with the course of time," and so it is with emigration, its advantages, and evils, its influences and consequences generally.

Emigration, from Europe to the United States presents by no means the same favorable features that it did some twenty or thirty years ago; then it was natural, now, it is the reverse, and the truth of the adage "too much of one thing" becomes strikingly apparent with reference to our neighbours. It is our aim, then, to show, that emigration to the United States is attended with incalculable moral and physical disadvantages to all parties. This has been long felt and understood by the reflecting classes in the States, and in vain have they protested against foreign invasion while conducted by jobbing land companies and ship-owners.

The masses of the people, who only consider present pecuniary advantages, irrespective of ultimate results, are decidedly in favor of the present movement, and are either unable to perceive, or lose sight of the evils which must result; nay, which even now they suffer, from the present ill regulated system that is yearly bringing to their shores, and planting there, the seeds of future evils.

One of the most obvious and important consequences of the present movement is that the Anglo-Americans are no longer the masters of the soil; the Irish and German settlers, by their rapid increase, have wrested from them even the semblance of power. They may possess intellectual superiority; but physical force is with the other party, and the process of Americanizing the population can no longer go on, while Irish and German influences are daily increasing and becoming more visible.

The great changes that have lately taken place in Europe, have produced yet more marked effects on this Continent.

The emigrants of to-day are no longer the simple, industrious and moral settlers of twenty, or even ten years ago, but to them have succeeded elements of the very opposite character—and it ought particularly to be remembered by the better classes of emigrants, that a very large majority of the European revolutionary leaders are settled in the States, indoctrinating their followers with social, political, and religious ideas, but little in consonance with Anglo-American

views, principles, and institutions. They operate secretly and openly, chiefly against Europe it is true, but Europe is far distant, and they and their army of followers have not the means of transporting themselves across the Atlantic, and if they had, they would hesitate ere they exposed themselves to the certain destruction which would await them there—dangers which these political demagogues know perfectly well how to appreciate; although they may not be so thoroughly instructed in those points which might conduce to the prosperity of the land of their adoption. Meanwhile these leaders and their supporters remain to agitate in America.

It is a well ascertained fact that throughout the Union, communistic, socialistic, and other equally dangerous associations exist, diffusing their principles among the masses of the people to an extent that Americans would not care openly to admit.

Absorbed, in their mercantile operations and difficulties, they resolutely close their eyes to all that is passing around them, and, we hope they may not delay, until it be too late, taking the necessary measures for guarding against the certain consequences of these demoralising influences.

Poverty, and we fear its necessary attendant, misery, prevail, much more generally than is admitted, in the larger American cities, and even in the more densely populated parts of the country. Competition, in every branch of business, in every part of the country, is enormous, and philanthropists are but little aware of the intense sufferings, to which the poorer classes of agricultural laborers and mechanics are exposed.

The New York *Tribune*, we think in one of the February issues for 1852, states "that, on an average, there are 100,000 souls in that city desirous of procuring work, who are unable to obtain it." In all the larger American cities a similar state of affairs more or less prevails, and the certainty of agriculturists or mechanics finding work at all is but problematical—the difficulty of finding permanent employment we know to be very great and uncertain, and even when steady work is procured it is generally of the most laborious description. Few native Americans are to be found labouring, on extensive public or private undertakings, throughout the Union.

Under these circumstances can the situation of the respectable, though poor emigrant be so desirable, or is he likely to be as contented with his lot as American writers would fain induce us to believe.

The favorite and often repeated proverb of the

Americans "Every one in this country can become rich" has long since become a mere matter of moonshine, and it would perhaps be nearer the truth were it to run "There is ample room in this country for every adventurer to succeed;" but, even in this latter case, we fear that difficulties exist, as competition in this branch of business has of late increased amazingly.

The facility of rapidly importing, whatever is required, from Europe, daily adds to the difficulties that the mechanic has to encounter on his arrival in any of the larger Atlantic cities. In 1850 the imports exceeded the exports by fifty million of dollars, so that the mechanic has not alone to compete with his rivals in the New World, but also to no trifling extent with the master capitalists of the old, while railroads and water communication supply, the more distant parts of the country, with every thing that is required at a cheaper and better rate than they can be manufactured on the spot. All this was entirely different a few years ago, competition did not then prevail to such an extent, and the industrious emigrant had a certainty of as much work as he could perform at a remunerative price. Now, if in any part of the country there is a temporary scarcity of operatives, either for mechanical or agricultural purposes, the railroad or the steamboat at once conveys not only a sufficiency of laborers but ten times more than is actually necessary. In short the same difficulty of living, experienced by the operatives in Europe, is yearly becoming more felt throughout the Union. To capitalists all this is most desirable; but we would ask is this the place to which the poor man in quest of work should direct his attention? It has been calculated that on an average the emigrants to the States do not bring with them twenty dollars a-head, and consequently they have to seek for immediate employment to support themselves and their families. The emigrant on landing is beset by sharpers of every description, and but too generally his little stock of ready money is dissipated, before he has been able to carry out his original plans of proceeding West. We know from personal inquiries and observation that thousands are thus compelled to remain in the Eastern cities, adding still more, by the increase of competition, to the difficulties of obtaining work. It ought, we repeat, to be borne in mind, by that class of emigrants who have anything to lose, that emigration to the States within the last ten years has undergone a visible change in its character, and that the more peaceable classes of Europeans, anxious to emigrate, have now ceased to direct their attention to the United

States, preferring anarchy at home to social disorder in the land of the stranger. To such classes we assert that the British Provinces present a far more desirable asylum than the States, for at least they will be free from those political convulsions which are constantly agitating our neighbours. We think it peculiarly the province of the local government, to endeavour to dissipate the ignorance, which generally prevails, as to the advantages offered by this country to that respectable portion of society who wish to seek, in a new land, present support and future competence for their families. Other means, however, must be adopted than those already employed by American speculators, it would be otherwise vain to make an exertion.

Germans, French, and Belgians should be carefully put in possession of this fact, that emigration to these Provinces is not merely a transference of Irish, Germans, or other Europeans, bringing with them their language and peculiar institutions; but that, to borrow from our neighbours somewhat their high-flown phraseology,—even as the Atlantic takes our rivers into its bosom, and assimilates all their waters to itself, imparting to them its colour, and salting them with its salt, so does our country receive into her arms the multitudes that crowd to her; that with us there is a paternal Government, where no opportunity or encouragement is afforded to the *intrigant* of agitating, and that even as different ingredients, thrown together, yield, by a chemical process, each its peculiar properties, and blend,—here, all are so fused into one harmonious substance. It must be also carefully demonstrated to each one who is anxious to seek other shores, that emigration, with us, has hitherto been on a natural system,—that reference to a future state of society has not been lost sight of—that vast and fertile tracts are ready for their reception—and that competition has not yet reached with us the extreme pitch to which it has been forced in the States.

In our next we will endeavour to show the particular advantages offered by these colonies in comparison with the United States, and meanwhile give place to the lively and interesting "Run through the Eastern Provinces," by Amicus, who does not intend to confine his excursions to that region alone, but will follow the emigrant's course, and as he progresses westward, will give to each Province an equal attention. We warn our readers however, that we do not in this work pretend to trench on the province of the more statistical writer, and that he will give no more than a slight sketch similar to what has already appeared.

## THE EASTERN BRITISH PROVINCES.

## No. I.

THE overcrowded state of society in Great Britain and Ireland, together with limited and uncertain employment, and the recurrence of partial or general famine in the latter country, must inevitably lead to continued emigration from the British Isles. Hence the attention of the philanthropist and patriot, should be earnestly directed to discovering those points which may be most easily reached, and at the least expense; where the voluntary exile may find a congenial climate, and institutions with which he has been hitherto familiar, and establish for himself and the objects of his love and affection, by industry and perseverance, an abiding, plentiful and happy home. This consideration has induced the writer of the following pages to believe, that a description of the British Colonies which bound the Atlantic, founded on an extensive acquaintance with the Eastern Provinces, will not be unacceptable to the general reader, and may exercise a beneficial effect, in directing the course of those, who at present are undetermined as to whether they shall direct their steps.

And that the work may be rendered more attractive to others, who shall seek in its pages to find amusement for a leisure hour, he has deemed it the preferable plan, to mix up with his account of the several colonies, something of personal narrative, and allusions to events, often of a local but sometimes of a more extended character, that still exist in a recollection embracing half a century.

Descended from a parent, who at the period of the American revolution, retained his attachment and allegiance to his Sovereign, the first impressions that his youthful mind received, were formed by the conversations to which he eagerly listened in his childhood; and which were of frequent occurrence among those, who had taken part in that eventful struggle; and who, at its termination, forsook all, and left for ever their native land, to seek in the wilds of the faithful Provinces, the means of future support; where beneath the ample folds of the meteor flag of England, they would be sheltered and protected, could retain their allegiance to the Parent State, and enjoy those institutions to which they had been accustomed, and to which they remained attached.

Among the frequenters of the parlour fireside, was a gentleman of the name of Moody, who resided in the western part of Nova Scotia, and who by his acts of daring and heroism, during the American revolution, had rendered himself pecu-

liarily obnoxious to those who had embarked in the popular cause, and who had several hair-breadth escapes—not only during the heat of battle, but subsequently at the hands of an infuriated mob, or those of the public executioner. On one occasion, he was so closely pursued during the night, by a party of the enemy, that his only means of escaping capture, was to lie down in a stagnant gutter on the road side, while his pursuers passed on. Fortunately for Captain Moody, their dogs were left behind, as they approached his place of concealment, or he must have been discovered. On another occasion, with some four or five other friends of the royal cause, he was surprised in a house where they were assembled, but fortunately effected a retreat by the back door, while the Americans entered at the front.

Sometimes, however, and not unfrequently, he acted on the offensive. On one occasion a number of British prisoners were confined in a village jail, and a party with Capt. Moody at their head, decided upon their liberation. They accordingly proceeded to the prison, and waking the jailor up, they pretended to be Americans, and informed him they had captured Capt. Moody, whom they wished to commit to his custody. Deeming this intelligence too extraordinary to be true, he expressed his doubts of its correctness, until satisfied by the assurance of the pretended prisoner himself. Thus thrown off his guard he descended, and on opening the door was immediately secured, and the inmates of the prison, one of whom was to have been executed on the following day, were thus restored to liberty.

At length, however, Capt. Moody was taken prisoner, but the keeper of his prison, having a dance there a few nights after his capture, with the aid of associates outside, and facilitated in the attempt to escape, by the noise made by the bumpkin dancers, he sawed the bars of a window and the next moment was free.

At the breaking out of the French revolutionary war, Col. Moody—for such then was his Militia title—received a commission as Captain in a Provincial regiment, that was raised in Nova Scotia, where he resided; and as such performed duty in the garrison at Halifax, when commanded by His Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, father of Her present Majesty. He subsequently retired to his farm, and lived to a good old age.

Sometime previous to his death, he was attacked by apoplexy, shortly after leaving home on an old and favorite horse; and on this occasion was exhibited an instance of affection and sagacity by that animal, which probably is not

exceeded by any other on record. The creature finding that his master did not recover after falling from his back, promptly returned home. The distance was considerable and he did not arrive there until after the gate was fastened and the family had retired to rest; but, as was evident from his footprints, he galloped round the enclosure, either for the purpose of attracting attention or finding an opening; failing in this, he went to the house of a neighbouring farmer, whom he succeeded in awaking by the noise he made. The man finding Col. Moody's horse without a rider, naturally concluded that some accident had befallen its master, and proceeded to alarm the family. Lanterns were obtained; and following the faithful creature, they were conducted to the spot where the Colonel still lay in a state of unconsciousness; he was conveyed home, and lived some years afterwards, reciprocating the attachment of the noble quadruped.

It is much to be regretted, while the Americans have manufactured so many popular tales from the occurrences connected with the revolution, to which they have given their own version, and placed their opponents not only in the wrong, but as always labouring under defeat,—that some talented individual in the Provinces has not been found, to collect some of the numerous facts that are still stored in the minds of the few remaining loyalists, and by publication, to rescue them from that oblivion into which they are fast falling. Probably no better means exist, of comprehending the intense loyalty of those who adhered to the Parent State, or the feeling of deadly hostility that pervaded the public mind at that unhappy period, when civil war spread its devastating and murderous influences everywhere throughout the land.

During one of my tours in New Brunswick, I happened to call at the house of an old gentleman of the name of Britain, who had commanded a troop of horse at the commencement of the revolution, and was on his return to the city of New York, when he was intercepted by a party of the rebels. Years had rolled on since the occurrence of the event, the snows of age had gathered on his head, and he was fast approaching the tomb, to which he soon afterwards descended; but in describing the transaction of that day, all his youthful fire was reawakened; he repeated with vividness and apparent exactness, the dialogue and epithets that were reciprocated between the Dutch officer, who commanded the hostile party, and himself; when, giving the necessary orders to his men, they cut their way through the opposing force, having, as he said, the honour of

firing the first gun discharged in that part of the country, when hostilities commenced.

And yet there were redeeming traits in that unnatural war between brethren of the same race and nation. On another occasion, I met an old lady, who resided near Sussex Dale, in the same Province. She told me, that one day a British regiment passed the house of her parents: the male portion of the family were from home, having assembled to oppose the force then marching to the attack. Two young soldiers dropped out of the advancing ranks, and completely exhausted by the march, were laid down beneath a tree, expecting to die.

The females in the house had observed what took place, and hastened to succour the exhausted youths. "Providentially," said the old lady, we had veal broth for dinner that day;" which was prudently administered to the invalids; by evening they had recovered sufficiently to reach the house, and after a few days, were able to resume their march, and to re-join their regiment; which some time afterwards returned by the same route, and the grateful fellows obtained leave to enter the house, and reiterate their thanks to those who had in all probability saved their lives: through whose instrumentality, they were enabled eventually to return to their native country, re-visit their paternal home, and cause a mother's heart to leap for joy.

In referring to Her Majesty's North American possessions, persons beyond the Atlantic, and even in the United States, are under the impression, that Canada embraces the entire range of those Provinces, whereas Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, form separate and independent governments; presided over by Lieutenant Governors, with Legislature's of their own. In New Brunswick, as well as in Canada, there are extensive tracts of ungranted land, inviting the sturdy settler; and where immigrants from the British Isles, will find corresponding and kindred minds.

The tract of country embraced within the limits of the Eastern Provinces, commences at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, at the Island of Grand Manan; the boundary line extending up St. Andrew's Bay, and the Scodie or St. Croix River, which empties into it, to the source of the Cheputneticook, thence by a line, running due north in longitude sixty-eight, until it strikes the River St. John, near Grand Falls; along the middle of that river, with a slight but important deviation, in accordance with the Ashburton treaty (of which I shall hereafter have to speak) to

the source of its south-west branch; all the territory on the opposite side of the St. John, belong to Canada or New Brunswick, with the exception alluded to, till it reaches the northern boundary of the latter Province—the Restigouche River, which falls into the Baie des Chaleurs, so named by Jacques Cartier in 1534, on account of the excessive heat which he there experienced, and which opens into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

From this bay, the boundary continues in a south-east direction, including Prince Edward Island, to the most easterly part of Cape Breton; thence westwardly, along the south coast of that island and Nova Scotia, to the entrance of the Bay of Fundy, nearly opposite the place of beginning; the waters of which may separate the two Provinces. Within these extended limits, reside a hardy, intelligent and contented people; who, although at present agitated by local politics, are no where to be exceeded in attachment to the government and institutions of their country, in loyalty to the Sovereign to whom they owe allegiance, or in obedience to the laws.

As the Bay of Fundy is distinct from either Province, probably a brief description of its extraordinary natural features may not be inappropriate here. This bay is an immense arm of the Atlantic, extending from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles, in a north-east direction, into which the waters of the ocean pour with every returning and receding tide, with incredible velocity; rising from about thirty feet at St. Andrew's, near its entrance, to sixty and even seventy, at the mouth of the Shubenacadie, its eastern termination, in Nova Scotia.

The Bay of Fundy, at its mouth, is about fifty miles across, and retains nearly that width until it reaches St. John, fifty or sixty miles distant, when it suddenly contracts to forty. Fifty miles farther inland, the bay separates into two branches—that at the left continuing nearly in its original direction for fifty miles, and forming what is called Chignect's Bay, which is again divided—part of its waters flowing onward, till lost in the extensive marshes near Amherst, which, to a considerable extent, have been dyked for the purpose of pasture and cultivation. The other, rushing into Dorchester Bay and the Memremcook and Petitecodiac Rivers, which head within twelve or fourteen miles of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; so that while at one extreme of this short distance the tide rises fifty or sixty feet—at Schariac, at the other extremity, it rises but five or six.

The flow of waters, if such it may be called, advances with a perpendicular front of several feet, which is termed the "boar," sweeping

away everything in its course, for nothing can withstand its force; and, should a vessel take the ground in the Petitecodiac at ebb tide, so as to present her broadside, she is instantly overturned, and borne onward with the advancing tide. There are immense banks of red alluvial deposit, which forms an excellent manure for land, and is extensively used for that purpose, extending at considerable distances from either shore of the Memremcook and Petitecodiac, in consequence of which it is indispensable almost to effect a landing at high water; sometimes, however, it becomes necessary, owing to the exigency of the occasion, to land when the tide is partially out.

Such was the case with myself, the first time I visited the Memremcook. It was a delightful Sunday morning, and the passengers had all dressed themselves in their best apparel, with a view of going on shore,—not anticipating the process by which we were to get there. The boat's crew pulled till they came to the mud-bank, when we were told we must take off our nether garments, for the purpose of wading from two to three hundred yards. There was no other course than to comply, and as we set about doing so, I must confess, I felt very much like preparing to walk the plank. All being prepared, over the side we went, and the first step we made, it was knee-deep. Among the passengers was a female, who, after the male portion of the community had left, drew off her shoes and stockings, and took up her position on the back of one of the boat's crew. It was fortunate that she took this precaution, to which she was doubtless impelled by the man, who must have had some misgivings as to the result of the enterprize, for when he had carried her about half way, finding his fair burthen rather heavy, he relieved himself of the load, and the good woman had to wade the rest of the distance.

The eastern branch of the Bay of Fundy flows into Minas Basin, and after filling the Horton, St. Croix and Windsor Rivers, and washing the shores of Londonderry, Truro and Onslow, where there is an extensive shad fishery during the summer season, enters the Shubenacadie about sixty miles to the northward of Halifax. An attempt was made, about five-and-twenty years since, to connect that harbour with the Bay of Fundy at this point, the river having its rise in a lake at no great distance from that harbour. Considerable funds were obtained for that purpose both in England and in the Province, and it was commenced under the most favourable auspices, the Earl of Dalhousie, then Governor General of

Canada, accompanied by Sir James Kempt, Governor of the Province, turning the first sod. Owing, however, to gross mismanagement and extravagance, the undertaking failed—and those who had embarked their capital, under a Provincial guarantee, securing the interest for a certain number of years, unfortunately lost their all, the object is a desirable one, and had the project succeeded, must have conferred lasting benefit on the Province, as it would have substituted a short, secure and direct route, for a circuitous and dangerous navigation.

Directly opposite the harbour of St. John, in the Bay of Fundy, into which the river of that name discharges itself, is Digby Gut in Nova Scotia, an opening which penetrates the range of mountains that skirt the coast. This has evidently been formed by some convulsion of nature, and through this channel the waters of the Bay of Fundy penetrate into Annapolis Basin, and entering the river of that name, flow some distance into the interior, through a delightful and fertile country, backing up the river, and overflowing those portions of the adjacent land which are not protected by dykes.

The coast on both sides of the Bay of Fundy is rocky and precipitous. That of Nova Scotia is formed by a continuous range of mountains, called the north mountains, which terminate at Cape Blomidon, or Blowmedown, as it is called, owing to the frequent and heavy gusts of wind that rush down its abrupt declivity. The cape in itself is an object of interest to the scientific and curious, as during the thawing of the frost in spring its steep sides crumble down, depositing at its base abundance of the finest agate, amethysts and other productions of the mineral kingdom, of great beauty and variety. Amethysts are also found about Parrsboro', on the opposite shore; and on the eastern side of Chegnecto Bay, near Amherst, are petrified tropical trees, standing or lying where they once flourished in their native luxuriance and foliage.

Within the north mountains in Nova Scotia is a highly fertile and well cultivated country—the garden of the Province, called Corawallis—to which I shall advert when I enter more into detail,—extending from Cape Blomidon to the Gut of Annapolis, to the westward of which, as you approach that place, are the Aylesford Plains, where the late Bishop of Nova Scotia had his country residence, and where Sir Charles Lyell thinks there are indications of gold. It is a sandy tract, over which the post road from Halifax passes, which has evidently been the bottom of a former lake, of which Annapolis

Basin formed a part, until the pent up waters pressing upon a weaker point, and probably aided in their attempt to escape by some convulsion of nature, dashed through the opening just formed into the Bay of Fundy, and were ultimately lost in the great Atlantic. As an evidence in proof of this, the bottom outside Digby Gut is composed of masses of broken rock, or what is called debris.

An equally marked change is observable on the opposite coast, at the mouth of the St. John River, which has doubtless changed its original course; the marsh in the rear of the city having evidently been its former bed. When this occurred, it seems impossible to discover. In 1663 there happened in Canada a remarkable series of earthquakes, extending over a period of six months, which were felt from Gaspé, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to Montreal—one hundred and eighty miles above Quebec, and over an area of six hundred miles in length, and three hundred in breadth, by which one hundred and eighty thousand square miles were convulsed at the same moment. From a MSS. in the Jesuits' College at Quebec, we learn that “the hills were torn up from their foundations, lakes appeared where previously none existed, mountains were overthrown, and falls and rapids were changed into gentle streams, and gentle streams into falls and rapids.”

At the period when this event happened, Europeans were but little acquainted with the portion of the American continent of which I am speaking. It may have been that at this time the event occurred by which the waters of the St. John formed their present outlet, and those of the inland fresh water sea of Nova Scotia burst through the confines that had hitherto restrained it. But the probability is, that it took place at some period more remote, as the French at a very early date had established themselves in that vicinity, and their writers, I believe, make no mention of the occurrence of so extraordinary an event.

At present, the River St. John discharges itself at an opening called the “Falls,” on the side opposite the city, and possesses a peculiarity of which no other can boast; the fall of water being inland during part of the flood tide, and outwards during the ebb; that is, there are alternately falls of water descending in opposite directions. This is caused by a ledge of rock that occupies the centre of the channel, which has but a few feet of water over it at half tide. The result is, the waters of the Bay of Fundy, which there rise about forty feet during the latter

part of flood tide, fall inwards towards the river, till both become perfectly level; during the latter part of the ebb the reverse takes place, and at low tide the descent outwards is probably from fifteen to twenty feet. At high water for about a quarter of an hour, vessels and boats may pass in comparative safety, but should the ebb tide overtake them, they must inevitably be dashed to pieces. On each side the rocks are rugged and precipitous, as if they had been rent asunder, and displaced fragments occupy the intervening channel. An attempt was made about fifteen years since to extend a truss-bridge across this chasm, or rather a little below it, but the fabrics gave way, and a number of lives were lost on that occasion.

AMICUS.

### THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. 2.

TOUCHING THE BEWITCHMENT OF BEAG BALDERSTON.

[We deem it expedient to mention here, once for all, that in the following "Chronicles" considerable liberties have been taken with the text of our late friend Peter Powhead. In point of fact the honest "Barber Chirurgion" left behind him little more than skeletons or memoranda of the memorabilia which diversified the annals of his beloved Dleepdaily; and, consequently, the task of filling up the outlines became a matter of absolute necessity. Wherever it was practicable, however, we have allowed Peter to speak for himself, and tell his story in his own way. After this preliminary explanation our *Anglo-American* friends will not be scandalized if they should now and then stumble upon a seeming anachronism, in the course of these veritable legends—and the critic who seeks to make capital out of such apparent blunders will *ipso facto* stand convicted of snobbery in the first degree, and "write himself down an ass!"]

It has often struck me, Peter Powhead to wit, that the most difficult question which could be propounded for solution to General Council or University, is, whether witchcraft still holds its place in this restless and ever-changing world of ours?

That it *did* exist when Time was a younger man than he now is, cannot be gainsayed except by some infidel Sadducee who idioti-

cally believes in nothing that he can neither see nor handle. Not to speak of "Peden's Prophecies,"—and "Satan's Invisible World Discovered"—(a work of singular learning and piety, written by a Professor of Divinity in the Glasgow College)—not to speak, I say, of these and many other similar pieces which could be cited, we have the statute law of Scotland, denouncing "*pit, gallows, and faggot*" against the inter-communers with Mahoun.

There are many, it is true, who halve the difference, so to speak. There are many who maintain that though haply the "black art" once existed and was practised, still it has long ceased, and become extinct, like the volcanoes which in the spring-time of creation vomited smoke and flames over the hills and dales of bonnie Scotland. These parties triumphantly call upon you to show proofs to the contrary, and challenge you to produce a witch or a warlock in contravention of their assertion.

Whilst I am free to admit that in modern times the facts demanded, are few and far between as angel's visits, or Queen Anne farthings, still there are some which, as Robin the immortal ploughman sings:

"Winna ding, and downa' be disputed!"

One of these tough and incontrovertible verities shall form the subject of the present narration.

Before, however, descending into the pit of my story, it may be permitted me to hazard a hypothesis (as Dominic Fauny would observe) touching the diminution of witchcraft in the present enlightened century.

It is a matter of history that the she vassals and servitors of the Foul Thief, used to resemble their blasted liege lord in nothing more than his preposterous ugliness! A wrinkled brow—toothless gums—parchment skin—and bleared blood-shot eyes, being essential requisites—*sine qua non*—(to use the jargon of Quirk McQuibble the lawyer) of all candidates for perdition. This is a fact

"Which nobody can deny!"

Now, from all that I can read or hear tell of, the beidames of "Auld Langsyne" had a churlish and grewsome ill-favouredness far surpassing anything that is now to be met with! In our day and generation, the breed

of women (not to speak it profanely) has greatly improven, like that of milch cows, and draught mares—and as a natural and logical consequence, witchcraft has been diminished in an equal proportion! With this simple key the lock of the problem is opened with ease, and the question set at rest in the most satisfactory and philosophical manner!

In corroboration of the foregoing, I may add that in Lancashire (as I am certiorated by responsible witnesses), where the natives batten upon fat pork, and such like unorthodox viands, the women are as ill-favoured as sin. And what is the consequence? Why, sorcery there abounds to such a rampant extent, that at their revellings people are in the habit and repute of shamelessly proclaiming the profane and unblushing toast of "*The Witches of Lancashire!*"

But it is high time that I proceeded to wind up the clock of my narration!

Mr. Benjamin Balderston for many a long year enjoyed the undisputed reputation of being the "cock of the walk" in the Royal Burgh town of Dreepdaily, so far as manners and refinement were concerned.

Of his *antecedents* (to use one of the new coined *whigmaleerie* terms of the day) comparatively little was known. A tradition currently prevailed, that he had spent the summer of his life in the King's Court at London, where he had some office, the nature of which I could never clearly expiscate. Be that as it may, he was as perfect a sample of the old world beau as you could hope to see between Whitsunday and Martinmas. His dress, (mind you that I am speaking of the last century) consisted of a red coat trimmed with lace, the richness whereof made many a comely maiden's teeth to water;—blue silk knee-breeches—white stockings;—and high-heeled shoes, with buckles in the scam, of the dimensions of tea saucers, or overgrown oyster shells. His hair was as white with powder as the top of Ben Nevis after a snow-storm;—and he sported a tie like a rat's tail, which reached half way down to his back settlements. Such another conceit I never saw before or after, except, may be, in a troop of tumblers and rope-dancers;—and, indeed, a stranger meeting with him for the first time, would naturally have set him down as a runaway journeyman of the play-acting craft!

The naked truth was that Benjamin was a Tory of the ancient school, and had as great a detestation of change in any shape or form as a certain personage entertains towards consecrated water. Hence the dogged determination with which he retained the style of garmenture which had been current fifty years before the epoch of which I speak. Verily do I believe that he would sooner have undergone the operation qualifying him to be the great Mogul, than cover his person with the degenerate raiment of modern times!

In full keeping with his habitments were the manners of the illustrious Beau Balderston!

You could have sworn that his language had been gathered from "*The Academy of Compliments*," or "*The Court Letter Writer*,"—it was so perjink and precise. If he chanced to run against you in the street, off would fly his three-cornered cocked-hat, even though it should be raining cats and dogs, and he would have bowed and palavared for the larger balance of ten minutes, before permitting you to pass on your way!

I recollect a comical passage connected with this head of my discourse, which once happened to him. He had gone out one dour misty October morning, before breakfast, about some business or another, and on suddenly turning the gavel of Saunders Smayill's public house, he ran right against some body, who immediately commenced to beat a retreat before him. As a matter of course, the wee cocked-hat was doffed instanter, and out came a gush of apologies as long as the Balled of Chevey Chace, or the "Death and Burial of Cock Robin." Still, the mysterious unknown continued to retrogade, and Benjamin to advance, till all of a sudden he found himself up to the middle in the mazes of Saunder's dung-pit—which had not been emptied within the memory of man—and a huge sow prostrate before him in all the spasmodic agonies of terror and suffocation!—From which came the proverbial saying still current in Dreepdaily, "*I beg your pardon, as the Beau said to the sow!*"

I need hardly indoctrinate you with the fact that Mr. Balderston was far too grand and magnificent a personage to keep company—that is in a social hob-nob-way—with the plebeian community of our town. Indeed, when I mention the Minister, Doctor Scougall,



and two or three ancient damsels of quality run to seed, who then vegetated in our territory, I think I have nearly exhausted the muster roll of his intimates.

To the last specified class, he attached himself in an especial degree, with all the adhesiveness of a hungry lawyer to his solitary client,—and to none more so than the Dowager Lady Sourocks, aunt to Lord Clay-slap.

She was just such another anti-diluvian curiosity as the Bear himself, seeming as if formed by Nature to be his marrow. As the old song hath it :

“ A Toek is made for ilka’ Jenny,  
So none need hg alkane !”

On her head was constructed a perfect mountain of borrowed hair, plastered and stiffened up with hog’s-lard, and such like combustibles, surmounted by a cap adorned with pearls and stones of price. She had a hoop (or *girr*, as the juvenile lieges of Dreepdaily used to style it,) hung around her waist like the wheel of a cart, which swelled out her gown to the dimensions of the Cross-well;—and her shoes were garnished with red heels, at least six inches high. Her jointure was respectable, but she was too saving of the same to keep a chaise, and, consequently, seldom stirred out of doors, except in the best of weather. At such seasons she might be espied picking her steps along the “*croon o’ the causeway*,” a huge Chinese fan in her hand (though the mercury would be at the freezing point)—and an apopleptic-like cur-dog in her lap, which she petted, and cuddled, and hugged, as if it had been a Christian being!

As I said before, Beau Benjamin attached himself to her Ladyship in an extra-especial manner. On the Sundays he was generally in waiting at the stair leading to the *Laird’s laft*, to conduct her to her seat;—and regularly twice a year he drove her to the Ayr races in Hosea Napkin’s Shandridan, which convenience was always trusted six weeks before hand for the occasion.

From these and similar indications a rumour was hatched that more unlikely things had come to pass than that the couple should make a joint adventure of their common stock in the great business of matrimony. It is true that they had been billing and cooing

for the better part of ten years without the Minister once getting in his word. On the other hand, however, it was to be kept in mind that they belonged to a school as formal and precise as the cut of their garments, and did things, courtship included, with greater deliberation than the hair-brained, *glaiiket* tribe of modern times. The main difficulty which the gossips of the Burgh made to the matter was, that the lass was not overly weel-faur’ed,—but as daft Will, the town fool, remarked,—“*If her beard was lang, sae was her purse, which coverd a multitude o’ sins!*”

Having thus introduced the illustrious couple to your acquaintance, I will, under favour, leave them to the prosecution of their leisurely and methodical wooing, and turn for a season to other matters necessary to the development of this strange but most veritable history.

It was on a gloomy winter morning, about eight of the clock, that the community of Dreepdaily were startled from their propriety by the sudden row-de-dowing of a bass drum, and the shrill blast of a wind-broken, cracked trumpet!

As there were rumours of bloody wars at this conjuncture—the first French revolution just then being in the act of chipping the shell—the untimely and unlooked for concert created no small consternation and dismay. All the sashed windows in the neighbourhood were thrown open on the sudden, and many a luckless spider was sorely inconvenienced and discomposed by the hasty dislodgement of certain hats and Kilmarnock night-caps which filled up the vacancies of absent *lozans*. I, myself, being then a youngster in the third year of my apprenticeship, and naturally headstrong and regardless of danger, threw down the horn spoon with which I was cleansing the interior of the porridge-pot, and rushed to the door without waiting to perform the ceremony of putting on my small-clothes. At this period I had no slight touch of the “*scarlet fever*,”—a soldier’s life was invested by my imagination with charms exceeding those of royalty itself;—and I thought that perchance the martial music which rendered vocal the Main Street of Dreepdaily, indicated Corporal McCraw, and his ribband-decked recruiting party come with the benevolent intention of making Generals of all who would

condescend to accept from his Gracious Majesty the donation of a shilling! How it chanced that the invincible McCraw had never himself attained even the rank of a sergeant, was a question which I never thought of asking!

When I reached the street, the first thing which arrested my attention was a portable ark, or house, on four gigantic wheels and drawn by horses. A coal-black Sambo with a flaming red turban, and long glass drops in his ears, officiated as charioteer, whilst two starved looking boys perched upon the top of the vehicle, like pyets in a mist, drummed and blew away, as if their existence depended upon the amount of sound which they engendered!

Behind the peripatetic mansion (again I owe a word to Mr. Paunty) rode the most outré and extraordinary apparition I had ever beheld, Lady Sourrocks and Beau Balderston not even excepted. He was a wee, shrunken, shrivelled up-like Brounie of a creature, sporting an abortive cocked hat, for all the world like the stopper of a vinegar cruet, and a wig, the curls whereof hung down his back like hanks of carded wool, reaching almost to the tail of his gaunt grey mare! His nose was the very model of the beak of the ancient grey parrot brought home from Barbadoes by Captain Peppercup, and his chin had such a brotherly affection for its upper brother, that it seemed unwilling to be far apart from it! Indeed I verily believe that a sixpence would have found a secure place of refuge between the two! The muzzle of this incomprehensible phenomenon was as blue as that which ancient historians unanimously attribute to the Pagan polygamist who committed homicide on so many of his over curious spouses; and his cheeks were stringently drawn in at the sides as if he had masticated nothing but alum, from the era of his nativity! To make a long story short, he was the very essence and incarnation of ugliness, resembling more the effigy of the monkey, as the same is exhibited and set forth in the "*The Hundred Animals*," than one of the Lords of the creation!

Multiform and erudite were the conjectures which were hazarded touching the personality and history of this wonder-creating personage. Thomas Treddles the poetical weaver opined

that it was his namesake *Thomas the Rhymer*, awakened from his long slumber, and come to restore a king to the deserted Palace of Holyrood House. The Town Clerk, who was ever on the look out for suspicious characters, had a strong notion that the unknown was George Washington the notorious American rebel arrived to melt down if possible the crown of George III, and coin Republican eagles of the same! Whilst David Dridles the club-footed beadle, and Minister's man, who, by virtue of his office, was presumed to know something of Church history, offered to wager his half years' salary that it was neither more nor less than the Wandering Jew, come to take up his abode for a brief period in our loyal town! This latter conjecture, I may mention, gained a host of adherents, particularly amongst the ancient matrons and spinsters with whom David had long borne the reputation of an oracle!

Ingenious as were the foregoing theories, they all proved to be erroneous, and an end was speedily put to the anxiety of the lieges, which, in a few minutes, had reached an almost intolerable degree of sharpness. The vehicle having drawn up opposite to the principal Inn, which then was the Clayslap Arms, the new-come party adjourned forthwith into the same, and, after a brief interval, the black-amoor made his appearance at the bow window on the first flat. Waving his hand for silence, as majestically as the Indian Emperor in the shoemaker's procession of St. Crispin, the grim-looking herald made proclamation to the congregated multitude, that the great and illustrious natural philosopher, Monsheer Nong-tong-paw, had visited Dleepdaily, on his road to the Court of Japan, and condescendingly purposed to exhibit his supernatural skill in the Town Hall on that evening, whilst his steeds were recruiting themselves after their travels. Before retiring, the sable spokesman added that the entry or admission was necessarily taxed at one shilling per head, in order to prevent over pressure. Still as the object of the Magi was not to make money, (which, indeed, he could coin at pleasure out of slates and withered leaves,) but the diffusion of knowledge,—candles, oat-meal, bacon, and such like viands, would be received in lieu of the currency of the realm! Having thus said his say, the Ethiopian retired into

the Inn, and presently afterwards appeared in the streets, his oriental finery covered with a white wrap-rascal, which apparently had witnessed better days. His mission was to procure, if possible, a dozen or two of frogs (*puddocks* as we call them in our town) for the nourishment of the philosopher. As, however, it was the dead of winter, no such heathen dainties were to be procured for love or money, and the great man had to content himself with Christian mutton, which Girzy Collops, the head cook of the Clayslap Arms, used to affirm to the day of her death, that he fried in train-oil, and eat with pills that he called *capers!* Be this true or false, a pretty caper my gentleman cut before he evacuated our famous burgh!

Little business or work, you may rest assured, was done in Dreepdaily on that eventful day—the most eventful, I may add, it ever witnessed, since the riot at the imposition of the malt tax, when Sleeky Simon, the Quaker exciseman, was hanged by the left leg from a dyer's poll, for trying to seize the brewing of Lucky Grainer, the mid-wife! Bands of mothers and maidens might be seen congregated at the head of each close and lane, canvassing the nature of the marvels that were to be forthcoming in the evening. The weavers, who were proverbially an unruly and restless generation, particularly when trade was flourishing, threw down their shuttles simultaneously, and over foaming tankards of *tip-penny* in the change-houses, discussed alternately politics, divinity, and the art of necromancy. The children, like their seniors, owned the power of the prevailing epidemic. Crowds of them might be espied stealing cautiously to the tinkers, who were then encamped at the Lovers Loan,—with old iron, rags, bottles, and such domestic waifs and strays, in order to raise the means of procuring admission to the Temple of Science, by which high-sounding title the Town Hall was designated “for that night only!” Even I, Peter Powhead, must candidly confess, that I did not escape the universal ferment. So excited were my nerves, that I nearly amputated the nose of Bailie Brisket, the butcher, as I was denuding him of his beard, for which, besides blaspheming like a Flanders trooper, (the Bailie swore fearfully when his birse was up!) he crowned me with the basin of soap-

suds, from which I had just lathered him, and in that guise, kicked me into the middle of the causeway, yelling like a bedlamite at the pain of my smarting eyes! Next day, however, he made me a donation of a groat, by way of peace-offering for the fright he had given me; but, indeed, he had the greatest reason of the two to complain, as even when placed in the coffin, his proboscis (as Dr. Scougall calls it,) bore the impress and marks of the sharpness of my razor!

The important gloamin came round at last, and few were the houses in Dreepdaily which did not furnish a contribution to the multitude who then sought the open air, despite of a storm of sleet, such as the oldest inhabitant did not remember to have seen equalled. In after times, many a one called to mind the demented-like fury with which the wind yelled and shrieked through the elms and ashes of the kirk-yard, and raged and rioted among the crazy chimney-cans, shivering them by scores on the flag-stones beneath. The martyrs tree, on which the famous Patrick Walker had carved the names of many a confessor, was torn up by the roots, and the cuddy-ass of Egg Geordie, the cursing cadger, killed by the fall thereof, and two creel-fuls of eggs on its back, crushed to atoms! Verily if folk could have soberly considered these signs and portents, they would have thought twice before becoming disciples of a professor of magic! As Burns says in his glorious Tam o' Shanter:—

“The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;  
The rattling showers rose on the blast;  
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;  
Loud, deep and long the thunder bellow'd;  
That night a child might understand  
The De'il had business on his hand!”

As I said before, however, the lieges of Dreepdaily had made up their minds to witness the pranks of the Magi, and as the old proverb hath it, “Folk that maun to Cupar, will to Cupar!” A gathering equal to what attended to witness the justification of Rough Rab, the carter, for murder, assembled round the place of meeting long before the covenanted hour; and the door being opened, it was filled in less than no time. Every one and his wife was there, as the saying runs. The minister and the Kirk Session occupied one bench, and Master Whiggie, the Old Light Burgher, and his six Elders, sat cheek by jowl, a most wonderful conjunction, as Mr.

Paumy afterwards remarked, reminding him of the union of cat and dog! The observation of the Dominic was not so far-fetched, seeing that the two Mess Johns had been carrying on a bitter warfare, for the better part of twenty years, touching the nature of some Hebrew root. Some affirmed that the said root was a parsnip, and others that it was a Jerusalem potato, but I never could manage to obtain correct information on the subject. One thing is certain, that a more bitter root, if we may judge from the controversy which it gave rise to, could not easily be found even in the fields of Sodom itself!

In the front row sat Beau Balderston, in extra particular puff and full dress. There was a special reason for this, as it behoves me to inform the reader. He had made an appointment to eat a *rizzard haddie* at Lady Sourock's, that night after the performance, with a number of their mutual grand acquaintance, to whom, as it was currently reported through the town, a declaration of the intended nuptials of the antediluvian pair was to be made.

I got admission gratuitously by the back-door, having worked my passage by dressing and powdering the caput of the philosopher, who, on this occasion, was a mightier man in Dreepdaily than the Pope of Rome could be, or even the illustrious Lord Clayslap himself!

No one who has not read the Arabian Night's Entertainments, could form the slightest conception of the magnificence which flashed upon our eyes, when the negro before mentioned drew aside a curtain at the ringing of a bell, and displayed the paraphernalia which glittered upon the tables of Monsheer Nong-tong-paw! Everything was composed of gold and silver, garnished with diamonds and rubies, thick sown as raisins in a generously concocted currant-bun! Mammon himself could not have turned out a grander display upon his sideboard, when he gave a dinner to his miserly retainers! Even at this long interval, the spectacle appears to me like a nightmare dream, brought on by a surfeit of the apples of the Hesperides, which, as the Dominic assures me, were of pure bullion, having priceless gems, instead of seeds!

After the congregation had waited patiently for a quarter of an hour, feasting upon the glittering marvels before them, the modern

Pythagorean, as he denominated himself, made his august and eagerly looked-for appearance. He was habited in a long loose gown or mantle of black velvet, garnished with grim representations of skulls, cross-bones, snakes, scorpions, toads and such like unwholesome commodities. On his head was a cap, shaped much after the manner of a sugar loaf, glittering with silver stars and golden comets, and in his hand he waved a long ebony rod, something like an ell-wand. Altogether the Pythagorean had an unearthly and most unorthodox look about him. He reminded one strongly of the similitude of Doctor Faustus, in the old story-book, in the act of raising Mahoun, and I could notice with half an eye that the douce, sober Elders did not feel completely at ease in such company. Indeed, for that matter, one of their number, Gilbert Goose, Deacon of the Corporation of Tailors, turned as white as a clout before the proceedings had well commenced, and had to be carried home by his wife and put to bed, from which he did not rise for a fortnight.

As for me, though truth constrains me to confess that I felt a fluttering at the heart, I kept my courage up better than could have been expected. My chief apprehension, in fact, was lest I should be detained overly late, my master having promised to Lady Sourocks that I should be forthcoming to curl and beautify her Ladyship's hair, or rather wig, precisely at nine o'clock, being one hour preceding the era at which her route was to take place.

The performance commenced with a doleful and blood-curdling flourish on the trumpet, and then Monsheer came slowly forward, and in broken English made a speech as mysterious-like as himself. Sure am I that nobody made either head or tail of it, except perchance the Minister and Doctor Scougall, and I doubt whether even they understood a large per centage thereof. He gabbed and chattered about sympathies and attractions, and the conglomeration of prismatic affinities, and then having taken a draught, from a unicorn's horn, of drink which I fear never was brewed by Christian hand, he proceeded to the operative business of the evening.

Here, however, I must needs call a halt! The occurrences which I am about to detail are of such a wild and superhuman nature,

that rest is necessary, in order to fit me for the task. Bridle your impatience, therefore, honest reader, for a short season, when you shall learn the upshot of Beau Balderston's unheard-of adventure.

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A DUEL IN 1830.

I HAD just arrived at Marseilles with the diligence, in which three young men, apparently merchants or commercial travellers, were the companions of my journey. They came from Paris, and were enthusiastic about the events which had lately happened there, and in which they boasted of having taken part. I was, for my part, quiet and reserved; for I thought it much better, at a time of such political excitement in the south of France, where party passions always rise so high, to do nothing that would attract attention; and my three fellow-travellers no doubt looked on me as a plain, common-place seaman, who had been to the luxurious metropolis for his pleasure or on business. My presence, it seemed, did not incommode them, for they talked on as if I had not been there. Two of them were gay, merry, but rather coarse boon-companions; the third, an elegant youth, blooming and tall, with luxuriant black curling hair, and dark soft eyes. In the hotel where we dined, and where I sat a little distance off, smoking my cigar, the conversation turned on various love-adventures, and the young man, whom they called Alfred, shewed his comrades a packet of delicately perfumed letters, and a superb lock of beautiful fair hair.

He told them, that in the days of July he had been slightly wounded, and that his only fear, while he lay on the ground, was that if he died, some mischance might prevent Clotilde from weeping over his grave. "But now all is well," he continued. "I am going to fetch a nice little sum from my uncle at Marseilles, who is just at this moment in good-humour, on account of the discomfiture of the Jesuits and the Bourbons. In my character of one of the heroes of July, he will forgive me all my present and past follies: I shall pass an examination at Paris, and then settle down in quiet, and live happily with my Clotilde." Thus they talked together; and by and by we parted in the court-yard of the coach-office.

Close by was a brilliantly illumined coffee-house. I entered, and seated myself at a little table, in a distant corner of the room. Two persons only were still in the saloon, in an opposite corner, and before them stood two glasses of brandy. One was an elderly, stately, and portly gentleman, with dark-red face, and dressed in a quiet coloured suit; it was easy to perceive that he was a clergyman. But the appearance of the other was very striking. He could not be far from sixty years of age, was tall and thin, and his gray, indeed almost white hair, which, however, rose from his head in luxurious fulness, gave to his pale countenance a peculiar expression that made one feel uncomfortable. The brawny neck was almost bare; a simple, carelessly-knotted black kerchief alone encircled it; thick, silver-gray whiskers met together at his chin; a blue frock-coat, pantaloons of the same colour, silk stockings,

shoes with thick soles, and a dazzlingly-white waistcoat and linen, completed his equipment. A thick stick leant in one corner, and his broad-brimmed hat hung against the wall. There was a certain convulsive twitching of the thin lips of this person, which was very remarkable; and there seemed, when he looked fixedly, to be a smouldering fire in his large, glassy, grayish-blue eyes. He was, it was evident, a seaman like myself—a strong oak that fate had shaped into a mast, over which many a storm had blustered, but which had been too tough to be shivered, and still defied the tempest and the lightning. There lay a gloomy resignation as well as a wild fanaticism in those features. The large bony hand, with its immense fingers, was spread out or clenched, according to the turn which the conversation with the clergyman took. Suddenly he stepped up to me. I was reading a royalist newspaper. He lighted his cigar.

"You are right, sir; you are quite right not to read those infamous Jacobin journals." I looked up and made no answer. He continued:—"A sailor?"

"Yes, sir."

"And have seen service?"

"Yes."

"You are still in active service?"

"No." And then to my great satisfaction, for my patience was well nigh exhausted, the examination was brought to a conclusion.

Just then an evil-destiny led my three young fellow-travellers into the room. They soon seated themselves at a table, and drank some glasses of champagne to Clotilde's health. All went on well; but when they began to sing the *Marseillaise* and the *Parisienne*, the face of the gray man began to twitch, and it was evident a storm was brewing. Calling to the waiter, he said with a loud voice:—"Tell those blackguards yonder not to annoy me with their low songs!"

The young men sprang up in a fury, and asked if it was to them he alluded.

"Whom else should I mean?" said the gray man, with a contemptuous sneer.

"But we may drink and sing if we like, and to whom we like," said the young man. "*Vive la République et vive Clotilde!*"

"One as blackguardly as the other!" cried the grey-beard tauntingly; and a wine-glass that flew at his head from the hand of the dark-haired youth, was the immediate rejoinder. Slowly wiping his forehead, which bled and dripped with the spilled wine, the old man said quite quietly:—"To-morrow, at the Cap Verd!" and seated himself again with the most perfect composure.

The young man expressed his determination to take the matter on himself; that he alone would settle the quarrel, and promised to appear on the morrow at the appointed time. They then all departed noisily. The old man rose quietly, and turning to me, said:—"Sir, you have been witness to the insult; be witness also to the satisfaction. Here is my address: I shall expect you at five o'clock. Good-night, Monsieur l'Abbé! To-morrow, there will be one Jacobin less, and one lost soul the more. Good-night!" and taking his hat and stick, he departed. His companion the Abbé, followed soon after.

I now learned the history of this singular man.

He was descended from a good family of Marseilles. Destined for the navy while still young, he was sent on board ship before the Revolution, and while yet of tender years. Later, he was taken prisoner; and after many strange adventures, returned in 1793 to France; was about to marry, but having been mixed up with the disturbances of Toulon, managed to escape by a miracle to England: and learned before long that his father, mother, one brother, a sister of sixteen years of age, and his betrothed, had all been led to the guillotine, to the tune of the *Marseillaise*. Thirst for revenge, revenge on the detested Jacobins, was now his sole aim. For a long time he roved about in the Indian seas, sometimes as a privateer, at others as a slave-dealer; and was said to have caused the tri-coloured flag much damage, while he acquired a considerable fortune for himself. With the return of the Bourbons, he came back to France, and settled at Marseilles. He lived, however, very retired, and employed his large fortune solely for the poor, for distressed seamen, and for the clergy. Alms and masses were his only objects of expense. It may easily be believed, that he acquired no small degree of popularity among the lower classes and the clergy. But, strangely enough, when not at church, he spent his time with the most celebrated fencing-masters, and had acquired in the use of the pistol and the sword, a dexterity that was hardly to be paralleled. In the year 1815, when the royalist reaction broke out in La Vendée, he roved about for a long time, at the head of a band of followers. When at last this opportunity of cooling his rage was taken from him by the return of order, he looked out for some victim who was known to him by his revolutionary principles, and sought to provoke him to combat. The younger, the richer, the happier, the chosen victim was, the more desirable did he seem. The landlord told me he himself knew of seven young persons who had fallen before his redoubted sword.

The next morning at five o'clock, I was at the house of this singular character. He lived on the ground-floor, in a small simple room, where, excepting a large crucifix, and a picture covered with black crape, with the date, 1794, under it, the only ornaments were some nautical instruments, a trombone, and a human skull. The picture was a portrait of his guillotined bride; it remained always veiled, excepting only when he had slaked his revenge with blood; then he uncovered it for eight days, and indulged himself in the sight. The skull was that of his mother. His bed consisted of the usual hammock, slung from the ceiling. When I entered, he was at his devotions, and a little negro brought me meanwhile a cup of chocolate and a cigar. When he had risen from his knees, he saluted me in a friendly manner, as if we were merely going for a morning walk together; afterwards he opened a closet, took out of it a case with a pair of English pistols, and a couple of excellent swords, which I put under my arm; and thus provided, we proceeded along the quay towards the port. The boatmen seemed all to know him. "Peter, your boat!" He seated himself in the stern.

"You will have the goodness to row," he said; "I will take the tiller, so that my hand may not become unsteady."

I took off my coat, rowed away briskly, and as the wind was favorable, we hoisted sail, and soon reached Cap Verd. We could remark from afar our three young men, who were sitting at breakfast in a garden not far from the shore. This was the garden of a *restaurateur*, and was the favourite resort of the inhabitants of Marseilles. Here you find excellent fish; and also in high perfection, the famous *bollenbresse*, a national dish in Provence, as celebrated as the *olla podrida* of Spain. How many a love-meeting has occurred in this place! But this time it was not Love that brought the parties together, but Hate, his step-brother; and in Provence the one is as ardent, quick, and impatient as the other.

My business was soon accomplished. It consisted in asking the young men what weapons they chose, and with which of them the duel was to be fought. The dark-haired youth—his name was M—L—, insisted that he alone should settle the business, and his friends were obliged to give their word not to interfere.

"You are too stout," he said to the one, pointing to his portly figure; "and you,"—to the other.—"are going to be married; besides, I am a first-rate hand with the sword. However, I will not take advantage of my youth and strength but will choose the pistol, unless the gentleman yonder prefers the sword."

A movement of convulsive joy animated the face of my old captain. "The sword is the weapon of the French gentleman," he said; "I shall be happy to die with it in my hand."

"Be it so. But your age?"

"Never mind; make haste, and *en garde*."

It was a strange sight: the handsome young man on one side, overbearing confidence in his look, with his youthful form full of grace and suppleness; and opposite him that long figure, half naked—for his blue shirt was furled up from his sinewy arm, and his broad scarred breast was entirely bare. In the old man every sinew was like iron wire; his whole weight resting on his left hip, the long arm—on which, in sailor fashion, a red cross, three lilies, and other marks, were tattooed—held out before him, and the cunning, murderous gaze rivetted on his adversary.

"'Twill be but a mere scratch," said one of the three friends to me. I made no reply, but was convinced beforehand that my captain, who was an old practitioner, would treat the matter more seriously. Young L—, whose perfumed coat was lying near, appeared to me to be already given over to corruption. He began the attack, advancing quickly. This confirmed me in my opinion; for although he might be a practised fencer in the schools, this was proof that he could not frequently have been engaged in serious combat, or he would not have rushed forwards so incautiously against an adversary whom he did not as yet know. His opponent profited by his ardour, and retired step by step, and at first only with an occasional ward and half thrust. Young L—, getting hotter and hotter, grew flurried; while every ward of his adversary proclaimed, by its force and exactness, the master of the art of fence. At length the young man made a lunge; the captain parried it with a powerful movement, and, before L— could recover his position, made a thrust in return, his whole body falling

forward as he did so, exactly like a picture at the Académie des Armes—the hand elevated, the leg stretched out—and his sword went through his antagonist, for nearly half its length, just under the shoulder. The captain made an almost imperceptible turn with his hand, and in an instant was again *en garde*.—L.—felt himself wounded; he let his sword fall, while with his other hand he pressed his side; his eyes grew dim, and he sank into the arms of his friends. The captain wiped his sword carefully, gave it to me, and dressed himself with the most perfect composure. "I have the honour to wish you good morning, gentlemen; had you not sung yesterday, you would not have had to weep to-day," and thus saying, he went towards his boat. "'Tis the seventeenth!" he murmured; "but this was easy work—a mere greenhorn from the fencing-schools of Paris. "Twas a very different thing when I had to do with the old Bonapartist officers, those brigands of the Loire." But it is quite impossible to translate into another language the fierce energy of his speech. Arrived at this port, he threw the boatman a few pieces of silver, saying: "Here, Peter; here's something for you."

"Another requiem and a mass for a departed soul, at the church of St. Geneviève—is it not so, captain? But that is a matter of course." And soon after we reached the dwelling of the captain.

The little negro brought us a cold paste, oysters and two bottles of *vin d'Artois*. "Such a walk betimes gives an appetite," said the captain, gaily. "How strangely things fall out!" he continued in a serious tone. "I have long wished to draw the crape veil from before that picture, for you must know I only deem myself worthy to do so when I have sent some Jacobin or Bonapartist into the other world, to crave pardon from that murdered angel; and so I went yesterday to the coffee-house with my old friend the abbé, whom I knew ever since he was a field-preacher to the Chouans, in the hope of finding a victim for the sacrifice among the readers of the liberal journals. The confounded waiters, however, betray my intention; and when I am there nobody will ask for a radical paper. When you appeared, my worthy friend, I at first thought I had found the right man, and I was impatient—for I had been waiting for more than three hours for a reader of the *National* or of *Figaro*. How glad I am that I at once discovered you to be no friend of such infamous papers! How grieved should I be, if I had had to do with you, instead of with that young fellow!" For my part, I was in no mood even for self-felicitations. At that time I was a reckless young fellow, going through the conventionalisms of society without a thought; but the event of the morning had made even me reflect.

"Do you think he will die, captain?" I asked: "is the wound mortal?"

"For certain!" he replied with a slight smile. "I have a knack—of course for Jacobins and Bonapartists only—when I thrust *en quarte*, to draw out the sword by an imperceptible movement of the hand, *en tierce* or *vice versa*, according to circumstances; and thus the blade turns in the wound—and that kills; for the lung is injured, and mortification is sure to follow."

On returning to my hotel, where L.— also

was staying, I met the physician who had just visited him. He gave up all hope. The captain spoke truly, for the slight movement of the hand and the turn of the blade had accomplished their aim, and the lung was injured beyond the power of cure. The next morning early L.—died. I went to the captain, who was just returning home with the abbé. "The abbé has just been to read a mass for him," he said; "it is a benefit which, on such occasions, I am willing he should enjoy—more, however, from friendship for him, than out of pity for the accursed soul of a Jacobin, which, in my eyes, is worth less than a dog's! But walk in, sir."

The picture, a wonderfully lovely maidenly face, with rich curls falling around it, and in the costume of the last ten years of the preceding century, was now unveiled. A good breakfast, like that of yesterday, stood on the table. With a moistened eye, and turning to the portrait, he said: "Thérèse, to thy memory!" and emptied his glass at a draught. Surprised and moved, I quitted the strange man. On the stairs of the hotel I met the coffin, which was just being carried up for L.—; and I thought to myself:—"Poor Clotilde! you will no' be able to weep over his grave."—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

#### LAST HOMES.

We are all born, and we all wish to be buried—not quite at present—that point is settled. But it still remains an open question how and where, we are all to be disposed of by-and-bye. Shall we be potted with quick-lime in a general mess—as at Naples; shall we be thrust into places where we must offend and injure the survivors whom we now profess to love—as in most English towns; shall we be horribly and indescribably put out of the way, after forms and appearances have been complied with—as in London; or, shall we condescend to follow the example of any other nation; not hesitating even if it be one whose paganism we may despise, or another whose superstitions we may at once fear and ridicule? Shall we take pattern by any people whose morals we slander, our own being so faultless? Shall we for once be humble enough to observe what is done in other places, and then consent to lay the remains of our departed friends in some spot where they may continue to prolong our tender affections, and keep our hearts soft and unpetrified, instead of becoming a dangerous nuisance, and a pest?

The more a town is crowded by the living, the less room is left to spare for the dead. Usually, when a place is thrifty, and its population increases, it spreads with them in due proportion. The mass of dust and ashes cannot be piled beyond a certain height, without enlarging its circumference. But there are many towns so circumstanced that they cannot spread.

"I wonder how they manage here for churchyards," said I to myself, as I was taking an inspective stroll about the streets of a strongly fortified town in no part of the present British Empire. Every spot was occupied; streets, public buildings, and the open spaces necessarily required, left not a patch of ground appropriated for interments; though Englishmen might have

found room, had it still been subject to their rule. "No sign of a churchyard to be seen! Curious! What, then, do they do with their dead?"

I continued to search along the principal streets in vain. Passing through the gates of the town, at which young, blue-coated, red-pantalooned conscripts were apprenticed as sentinels, and over the bridges, on which horses and asses are forbidden to trot, on pain of a fine, I was in the country, outside the fortifications. Not far removed were extensive suburbs, regularly built, with tall chimneys, and large manufactories established by the English, with timber-yards, canals, and baker's shops, full of great loaves a yard long, and places where one can lodge on foot as on horseback, though I prefer a night's lodging in bed. The main street was the one to follow. At a Magazine full of odd curiosities, fitted up on purpose to amuse such of the straggling English as have eyes, I looked in the window to watch a lady in a bob-tailed jacket suiting herself with a smart pair of woollen shoes of the first quality; before she had decided, a pattering and clattering was heard, which I knew must come from a large party of those females who conspire to starve the curriers by an Anti Shoe-leather League. Looking round, there was the very thing I wanted—a funeral.

It was headed by the priest, at a good stiff pace. The mourners followed, a numerous assemblage; the men by themselves, and the women with their shoes by themselves, all decently and warmly clad; earnest and serious, though their step would not have kept time to the Dead March in Saul, as we usually hear it performed. Their rapid progress seemed odd, and I was beginning to think it disrespectful to the deceased; when it came to mind that *we* now and then despatch our departed friends by Express Trains; and no great harm done either.

Why did they move so quickly? Because the distance of the cemetery from the town is so laudably great; and, because time is a matter of measurement in which there cannot be cheating. No day contains more than a certain number of hours: no life has more than a limited number of days. The duty of interment ought not to be set aside, but to dove-tail nicely with, the other duties of life.

The cemetery was some way beyond the wooden shoe-shop; and, not having pressing business to transact, I reached it leisurely. Entering, not the funeral gates, but a little side-door next, to the sexton's cottage, I found myself in a large quadrangular space, laid out on a very simple plan, and in great part filled with the little domains and narrow tenements of those who have ceased to require more space here below. The outer portion of the area, adjoining the low inclosing wall, was divided into narrow freeholds, inscribed with words to the effect that the ground is for ever unbroken, except by the family whose members repose there. Lasting monuments of marble and stone are appropriate in these permanent possessions, especially as they do not exclude the further decorations of growing flowers, and wreaths, and bouquets, as tokens of friendship, affection, and remembrance. The central portion was mostly filled by occupants not *à perpétuité*, but with a reasonable time allowed for their dissolution. Here, consequently, the memorial

tablets were almost all of wood. Those dropping nearly to decay would indicate that the bodies beneath them had, likewise, advanced in the same natural course of yielding up their elements to nature. In a sunny portion of a further part of the cemetery, the English lie, all interred together.

Even if what we call natural feeling is the same all the world over, (which some have doubted,) the modes of expressing it certainly vary exceedingly among nations. What is only conventional propriety among our people, is thought almost ludicrous by another. Here, a heart-shaped tablet is used to denote true cordial love. Some, too, will allow opinions and matters of faith to creep out, which others would conceal. Thus, after "reposes the body of Naines Gleneur," a strange apostrophe to the dead is added; "Friendship, esteem, and regrets follow thee to the tomb in the eternal night where thou hast descended. Receive, O tender daughter, a confession of grief. Thy relations, thy friends, while watching over thy ashes, will bless thy virtues, and will shed tears."

Well; tears, we know, are a frequent accompaniment of sorrow: and, accordingly, at the bottom of the inscription on most of these wooden gravestones, are painted large black tears, as fitting emblems, but looking more like bulls' eyes, or Prince Rupert's crackers, made of bottle-glass, than anything else which is usually seen. It must be a peculiarly constituted eye to keep such inky monsters. The usual number depicted is three. Sometimes, in profuse cases, there are five, and even seven; but, now and then, grief is economised, and the sad shower is represented by a single drop. There were but few painted tears on the English memorials, and those might be guessed to be not ordered, but the spontaneous work of native artists.

A "Pray for the repose of his soul," is a natural address to a Roman Catholic visitor; but French politeness finds its way even upon gravestones, when you read there, "*If you please, pray for the repose of his soul.*"

It is to be noticed, with admiration, that even on those neglected tombs, nothing is displaced which the affectionate hand has once arranged. Ornaments, which we should call childish, such as shells, painted medallions of glass, and artificial flowers, remain untouched and uninjured, as long as wind and weather permit. The wreaths of *éternelles* hang till the flowers rot off, and their straw foundation alone remains; still they are not tossed aside in scorn or mischief. The feelings of survivors, as well as the memory of the departed, are treated with respectful forbearance. And, therefore, *we* ought not to more than smile on reading the announcement near the sexton's door, that he keeps by him, for immediate supply to customers, an assortment of crowns, or wreaths, made of everlasting, of ivory shavings, of feathers and everlastings, and of artificial flowers, from forty *centimes*, or a four-penny piece, as high as two *francs*, or one shilling and eightpence sterling.

To linger a little longer among the tombs;—some mystery is contained in one inscription; "Well-beloved wife, unfortunate mother-in-law,  
\* \* \* &c. Pray God to watch over your husband, up to that moment when he comes to



rejoin you in heaven. Adieu." This, with a little help as to facts, would go some way towards a tale. A cautiously worded epitaph records the end of an Englishman—"Many years a Medical Practitioner in this town, who met his death under peculiar and melancholy circumstances." Very peculiar!—His most intimate friend was the Commissary of Police. They had been spending the evening pleasantly with other friends; they left together, and had taken a little stimulant. It is supposed that the Doctor reminded the Commissary of a debt due to himself, though no one can say exactly what might have been at the bottom of all. They just crossed the Market-place, and entered the official Bureau, from which the Englishman soon staggered out, stabbed to the heart with the dagger which the Commissary had kept in his desk. No witness saw the deed: the victim never spoke after; and the culprit, in consequence (through the forbearance of French law), was acquitted, with a very severe reprimand from his Judge, and remained a long time in Paris without being allowed to resume any official appointment in the Police.

A long mile further into the country is another cemetery; for this is filling, and the churchyard of the suburb is already full, and therefore is closed for seven years. The new burial-ground is a dry, sandy, square plot, enclosed on all sides by a moat, filled with water, and accessible only at the entrance gates. Here, for some years to come, the dead, both from the suburbs and the fortified town, may be deposited, without affecting the health, or shocking the feelings of either.

"But what is all that to us?" asks the reader. "We do not live in fortified towns, hemmed in by rampart and ditch, like a beetle caught in the middle of a Chinese nest of tea-cups. We do not want any French fashions here."

Very well, sir or madam, have your own way. Shut your eyes to what is good, as well as what seems to you absurd. But if London, and scores of other towns in England, are not fortified towns, as far as room for interment is concerned, I will consent to pitch my tent—and dwell in it too—in the midst of one of your cemeteries, for the remaining portion of my life.—*Houshold Words.*

## TALES OF THE SLAVE SQUADRON.

### THE FAIR ROSAMOND.

I HAVE witnessed in my time—more than a quarter of a century has slipped past since then—many strange scenes, and taken part in not a few dashing enterprises in connection with the Slave Squadron on the south-west coast of Africa. Some of these will, I think, interest and amuse the general reader, especially if, in telling them, I can manage to avoid the profuse use of, to landsmen, unintelligible sea-terms, in which nautical tale-writers are so unmercifully prone to indulge. Without further preface, then, I start, almost necessarily, with the story of the "Fair Rosamond," although incidentally only connected with the exertions of the Slave Squadron, and partaking more of a shore than a sea character.

Just previous to entering the service, I was a gawky stripling of nineteen, residing in the Vale of Bath, county Surrey, Jamaica; my boyish

head full of silly romance, and my heart alternately swayed by two master passions,—love of bright eyes, and blue water. Two attractive objects pointed and individualized this double *penchant*,—one, the "Fair Rosamond," the other, a beautiful maid of Bath—Jamaica, not Somersetshire Bath. I found it difficult to decide between these rival beauties: the elegant, finely-moulded frame of the "Fair Rosamond" reposed gracefully as a swan upon the waters, and there was a light, airy, coquetish way about all her movements,—rakish I should say, but that I am speaking of a lady,—especially when an hour or so after the rising of the land-breeze she unfolded her white wings in the bright morning sunlight, and glided from Kingston Roads towards Point Morant, the fresh waves leaping and sparkling to embrace her as she passed, and then, doubling on her path, shot back to her moorings with the undulating sweep and velocity of a sea-bird, which was perfectly irresistible. As frequently happens, I had become enamoured of this beauty before informing myself of her true character, which, upon inquiry, I found to be anything but immaculate.

"You know her captain, of course?" remarked young Freestun, the nephew of a Kingston merchant, who, like me, was watching the brigantine's motions on such a morning as I have described.

"By sight, only. A slim young man, of perhaps eight or nine-and-twenty: I saw him come on shore in his fancy gig yesterday. What is his name?"

"It is odd, you do not know; ask Mademoiselle Tollenache," replied Freestun, with a light sarcastic laugh; "she can give you more information than any one else. As to his name, that which he bears here is no secret; he is called Charles Hubert—*Captain Charles Hubert.*"

"And pray what trade is Captain Charles Hubert engaged in?" I asked, after a moment's reflection.

"What trade—humph! Well, whilst here, Captain Hubert's trade, as far as I have seen, consists in gaming, drinking, racing, betting, and so on; pleasant, all that, if it would but last."

"He is a man of fortune, then?"

"Of amazingly good fortune, I am told," replied Freestun, still in the same light ironical tone; "and if one might credit," he added, "what our Jamaica gossips say,—but they are such slanderers, you know,—Captain Hubert can play at the now forbidden game of *Blanc et Noir, blanc* to win five times out of six, as well as any skipper north or south of the Line."

"I understand; but what does he *do*, then?"

"Ask Mademoiselle Virginie, I repeat; she is, I have reason to suspect, particularly intimate with this interesting captain, or at least—but there goes old Squaretoes to the office: I must begone; farewell!"

This was odd,—perplexing. This same Virginie Tollenache was the fair maid of Bath I have spoken of; and how, in the name of all the Saints, could there be any sympathy between that bright particular star in the galaxy of woman-kind, and a mercenary trader in human beings,—a vulgar slave-dealing ruffian? It could only

be a scurvy jest of Freestun's,—nothing more. To suppose otherwise were sheer blasphemy; and yet I had scarcely a right to arrive at so peremptory a conclusion, my knowledge of Mademoiselle Tollemache being, as with the treacherous "Fair Rosamond," of a very distant and superficial kind. All I knew of her, and of her family, may be summed up in a very few words:

My father, Mr. Peregrine Sutcliffe, had arrived in Jamaica about fifteen months previously, as manager and superintendent of an estate, chiefly situate in the Vale of Bath, belonging to Augustus Penuhurst, Esq., a Cornish gentleman and member of parliament, and was succeeding in his arduous vocation remarkably well. I, his only surviving son, of course accompanied him. Mr. Andrew Tollemache, a Scotch gentleman, married to a French lady, resided in Vale Lodge, about a mile nearer to town, or village, of Bath than our domicile. Mr. Tollemache, formerly of Trinidad, was a prosperous planter, and Virginia was his only child. She was, I concluded, called Virginia, Mademoiselle Virginia, because her mother was known as *Madame* Tollemache. The practice of hospitality is a religion in the Antilles, and it thus happened that my father and myself were frequent guests at Vale Lodge, and that I, as a matter of course, fancied myself desperately in love with the divine Virginia. Beautiful exceedingly, of stately and elegant form,—lustrous as a tropical star, a radiance by the way, very different from that of the pale points of light which dot our northern hemisphere,—dreamy, dark-eyed as a gazelle, and three years my senior, she would, I doubt not, have half-expired with laughter had any one suggested that she was an object of serious admiration to such a lubberly young cub as I then was. This was transparently clear, even to my own silly self; and, spite of the charm of her occasional presence and society, and, descending to mundane attractions, the beauty of the island, the splendour of its luxurious vegetation, and the many *agrèmens* incident to a West India *habitant*, the ardent longings for a sea life, first awakened on the heaches of Devon, returned strongly upon me, and gathered force and intensity with every passing hour. Wearied at length with my incessant importunities, my father was induced to promise that, at the first favourable opportunity, my wishes should be complied with. We had thought of opening negotiations with the captain of the "Fair Rosamond," but the morning revelations would of necessity put an end to such a purpose at once and for ever.

The reader is now sufficiently cognizant of the state of affairs in connection with myself, relatives, and neighbours, as they existed on the day when Captain Charles Hubert's character and vocation, and his asserted intimacy with Virginia Tollemache, were so broadly hinted at by young Mr. Freestun. I sauntered homewards late in the evening,—if that could be called evening of which the silvery splendour rivalled in luminous transparency the golden glory of the day, rendering distant and surrounding objects as distinctly visible as at noontide. My father was not at home; he might be at Vale Lodge, and I bent my not unwilling feet thither in quest of him. A

quarter of an hour brought me to a sharp turn in the path, distant only about two or three hundred yards from the avenue of palms leading directly to Mr. Tollemache's house. Before I could myself be seen, I caught a glimpse of two persons standing close by each other, just within the shadow of the trees. I leapt back to the concealing shelter of some bushes as hastily as if a deadly serpent had suddenly confronted me. One of those persons I recognized at a glance,—it was Virginia Tollemache; there was no mistake about that; but who could her companion be? He stood more within the shadow than his companion did, and his back, as he conversed, apparently with great earnestness, with her, was towards me; yet did Freestun's words flash, with instantaneous conviction of their truth across my mind! The fellow's height, his figure, were those of the captain of the slaver: but I should be sure presently, for they were about to part. The lady, by her frequent and hurried glances in the direction of her father's house, appeared to apprehend interruption or discovery from that quarter, and by her impatient gestures, as she forcibly disengaged her hands from his, it was evident she was urging his immediate departure. At last he yielded to her entreaties; they embraced each other tenderly, and separated, the lady speeding along the avenue towards her home, and the gentleman, after a moment's hesitation, walking gaily towards me, whistling as he came. I at once stepped into the broad path, and we rapidly neared each other. Captain Charles Hubert—it was he—was so what startled at seeing me, and made a kind of irresolute pause as if to speak, but his half-formed purpose did not hold, and with a defiant toss of his head, a twirl of his cane, and a louder whistle, he passed on. I walked slowly towards Vale Lodge, where I found my father, as I expected, profoundly immersed in the game of backgammon with Mr. Tollemache; Madame Tollemache was busy with some accounts at a side table, and Mademoiselle Virginia was sitting as demurely and tranquilly at the pianoforte as if she had just come in from church, or a prayer-meeting; only when she approached the table to bid us farewell, the light of the candles showed me, though no one else noticed it, that her eyes were full of tears, and there was a trembling sadness in her "Good night" which sounded on my ear like the echo of a recent and painful agitation. Boy as I was, and apart from any silly, selfish sentiment, I felt deeply grieved—shocked I may say. The proud, sensitive, beautiful girl had, I feared, ventured upon a slippery and dangerous path, in which one false step were ruin. I did not, however, feel that I had any right to betray her secret, and except to my father, who uttered not a word of reply or comment, I did not breathe a syllable of the matter to a living soul.

I rose the next morning very late, and with more vehemence than ever, intreated my father to redeem his promise of sending me to sea, no matter in what ship, scarcely in what capacity.

"Well, well," he half ironically replied, "I'll see what can be done; you're not fit for a civilized shore life, that's very certain; perhaps, however, a strict man-of-war captain may be able to drill you into sense as well as seamanship; and, if I

mistake not, Commander Penshurst is just the man for such a task."

"Commander Penshurst!"

"Ay, cousin to the proprietor of this estate; he commands his Majesty's sloop of war *Curlew*, just arrived at Port Royal. He will be here to-morrow, and I think it not unlikely that he may obtain you a midshipman's warrant."

I jumped on my feet, and clasped my hands with ecstasy. "My dear father! do you really think so?"

"Why yes, I know him well, and I think he would even strain a point to oblige me. I see by the papers that he has had a smart boat affair with an armed Spanish slaver off Cuba, in which several of his crew, including a middy, have lost the number of their mess. The prize has been sent into the Havana for adjudication by the Mixed Commission there, and he has brought three of her hands,—Englishmen, and said to be deserters,—to Jamaica. The *Curlew* will remain here ten days or a fortnight, some repairs being necessary. You are aware, Tom," he added, gravely, "that she is attached to the African Slave Squadron?"

Certainly, I was aware of that; but when did a madcap greenhorn, eager for novelty and adventure, stop to calculate the danger of the course he was bent upon pursuing. I was entranced by the sudden brilliancy of the prospect opening before me. As to Mademoiselle Virginie, my dominant thought, I remember, with regard to that terrestrial angel, was one of exultation at the mortification and regret she must infallibly experience when, dazzled with my new uniform, she became aware what a promising young Nelson she had slighted and passed over for a rascally slave-monger!

Commander Penshurst was punctual to his appointment, went over the plantation, and expressed himself extremely pleased with the condition of his relative's estate. This was a favourable opening, and my father made the request agreed upon. Captain Penshurst was a fine-looking, dashing officer, in the early prime of life; and, as my father spoke, his dark hawk-eye measured me from head to foot, in a way that sent the hot blood to my toe and finger-ends in a gallop. "Humph! by no means an ill favoured young fellow, Sutcliffe, this son of yours, though it's rather late in the day with him for a start in naval life: I can, however, give him an acting warrant, which I dare say the admiral will confirm; the sooner, therefore, he gets his sea-togs on, and reports him self on board, the better."

These words decided my destiny, and three days afterwards I stepped, handsomely rigged out, upon the *Curlew's* deck. I was kindly received by Lieutenant Armstrong, a strict disciplinarian, but a kind-hearted gentlemanly man, though he did in sailor-phrase, come in at the hawse-holes. The *Curlew* was a powerful vessel of her class, carrying eighteen guns, four of which were carronades, upon a flush deck, besides a long nine-pounder brass swivel gun about midships, and had a prime crew of one hundred and seventy-five men and boys. The required repairs were nearly completed, and but a few days would elapse, I was informed, before we again steered for the south-west of Africa. The *Fair Rosamond* was

still at her moorings, at no great distance from the *Curlew*, but quite ready for a sudden start, having cleared at the Custom-House some days previously for the Cape Verde Islands, and thence to the Gambia and Rio Grande, in quest of palm oil,—a common dodge of slavers in those days, because affording them an excuse for taking on board a large number of empty casks destined to hold the water necessary for the crowd of human beings they expected to bring off. Keen eyes on board the sloop were frequently bent upon the *Fair Rosamond*; and it was the opinion of most of the old hands that they had seen the brigantine before, though not within such easy speaking distance, and when not painted in quite such fal-lal style as at present. We saw very little of Captain Penshurst—business or pleasure kept him almost constantly ashore,—but the service of the ship was carried on with order and despatch by the lieutenant in command, and the *Curlew* was reported ready for sea some time before it was expected she would be. I obtained leave to go on shore for the purpose of bidding my friends good-by, and on reaching home I was not a little surprised to find my father, togged smartly off for a grand dinner-party at the Tollenmaches, and that I was to accompany him. He almost laughed out, as I, on hearing this, fuzzed up my hair with my fingers, and glanced complacently at my new uniform, in a mirror opposite. "You silly jackanapes," he pleasantly broke out, "what chance, think you, can a headless stripling, like you" (this was a libel as regards beard) "have against a man wearing two gold epaulettes?" I made no reply to this courteous speech,—one reason being that I did not comprehend it,—but a short time after setting foot in Vale Ledge it was perfectly intelligible. Captain Penshurst was there; and it was plain as daylight that he and the enchanting Virginie were acknowledged, contracted lovers,—so rapid is the growth of sentiment and passion in those hot, tropical climes. Mr. and Madame Tollenmache were also evidently aware of, and gratified with, their daughter's important conquest,—the captain of the *Curlew* had wealth as well as social rank to bestow. Whilst I, for more reasons than one, was exceedingly ill at ease. How about the moonlight meeting with the skipper of the brigantine beneath the palm-trees? Ought I not to inform Captain Penshurst of that significant circumstance? "Virginie," I bitterly cogitated, "Virginie is a vain, heartless coquette, and it is my duty, therefore, to ——" "Don't make a fool of yourself, Tom," broke in upon my reverie, from my father's voice, carefully pitched in an under tone. I was standing, at the moment, in a window-recess, apart from the company. "Don't make a fool of yourself, Tom: I know what you are muttering about, quite well: a mere gillish caprice, depend upon it, that could not for a moment be expected to survive the addresses of a *bonâ fide* captain of the royal navy. Be silent, therefore, upon matters that concern you not."

I deferred to this parental counsel, and as quickly as possible took my leave of the very agreeable party. This was on a Sunday. On the Tuesday we were to sail; and, late on the previous evening, we were surprised by the captain's hail from a shore-boat nearly alongside,—he not being

expected on board till the next morning. There was a brilliant moon; and the instant Captain Penschurst reached the deck, I saw that he was in a state of extreme excitement. His face was white as stone; and so were his firmly-compressed, yet quivering lips; and a volcano of passionate rage gleamed in his burning eyes. He walked sharply aft, and spoke briefly with Lieutenant Armstrong: the subject was, I could hear, the *Fair Rosamond* and her captain. Presently he came forward and abruptly addressed me:—

“Satchell, you know something of this Captain Charles Hubert, as he calls himself: so, at least, your father hints. Is this so?”

“I know very little of him, sir—and that—”

“Do you know where he is likely to be met with just now?” interrupted Captain Penschurst, impatiently.

“Very probably at the Royal Hotel.”

“Show me: I know the fellow by sight, myself, but you had better come with me.”

The shore-boat was still alongside, and in ten minutes we were landed. The Royal Hotel was soon reached, but we passed through several crowded rooms without meeting the object of our search. At length we found him in a billiard-room, with three or four companions. He was playing for a large stake, and did not notice our entrance. At last his eye caught the fixed, angry stare with which Captain Penschurst regarded him. It shook him somewhat; but quickly rallying, he returned it with one equally fierce and menacing. His self-possession and steadiness of hand were however gone: he missed the easiest of strokes, and finally threw down his cue, with a curse. He had lost a considerable sum. Captain Penschurst's fiery glance was now, it seemed to me, riveted upon a curiously-twisted guard-chain round Hubert's neck, to which, I supposed, a watch was attached. “Will you play with me?” exclaimed the commander of the *Curlew*, with startling abruptness, as he seized a cue, and approached close to Hubert: “you and I are, I am sure, old, though, I think, never before such near acquaintances as just now.” A deep flush crimsoned the slave-captain's features, but he said nothing, and was moving away, when Captain Penschurst, who was fairly beside himself with passion, suddenly raised his cue, and, by a dexterous lateral jerk, struck open Hubert's waistcoat with the butt-end, thereby revealing a locket suspended by the curiously-twisted gold neck-chain. To seize it, glare at it with dilated eyes, and cast it wildly from him, was, with Captain Penschurst the work of an instant. “Rascal,” he shouted, “from whom did you steal that portrait?” Hubert instantly saw his advantage; a mocking, triumphant light shot athwart his countenance, and his lips curled derisively, as he slowly rejoined, “Where did I steal this portrait of *la belle Virginie*, you ask? A pleasant question, truly. It strikes me now you have chanced to see mine, similarly chained and mounted, in that charming person's possession, eh? most valorous captain? But here is something you have not yet seen. Look! Read! *A mon bien-aimé, Charles Hubert:—Virginie T.* And, see, the date is June 9, 1824: an old friendship, you perceive; and I believe, your companion there can satisfy you that it is a very intimate, affectionate one.”

A terrific blow on the face of the taunting rascal was Captain Penschurst's answer. Hubert reeled, lost his balance, and fell heavily on the floor; but regained his feet in an instant, and sprang towards his assailant with the leap and yell of a tiger. A bowie knife glittered for a moment in his hand; the next, an agonizing cry, and sudden jet of blood, proclaimed how fatally he had avenged himself. The terror and confusion of such a scene may be imagined. Hubert and his companions rushed out of the room, and I was left alone with the apparently dying captain. But a few moments, however, passed before the landlord and others made their appearance; the sufferer, who had fainted, was carried to bed, and medical assistance was instantly obtained. This done, I started off to inform the shore authorities of what had happened, and next made for the *Curlew* in all haste. Lieutenant Armstrong, after listening to the account I gave, with much emotion, instantly determined on boarding the *Fair Rosamond*, and seizing her captain, if on board by the sole warranty of force; and hastily left the cabin for that purpose. He was too late: the *Fair Rosamond* had given us the slip: and all we could discern of her was the faint gleam of her white sails, already far away to the eastward.

The lieutenant resolved upon instant pursuit: the necessary orders were given, and in less than no time we were cracking on in the wake of the brigantine, under a ten-knot breeze from the north-west. But the Atlantic is a wide place; and the morning light revealed to us nothing but a vast expanse of air and ocean, untenanted by a ship or human being, save ourselves. Our friend had, for the present, at least, escaped. We, however, kept on; reached in due time the Cape Verde Islands, looked in there and subsequently ran down the African coast to about ten degrees of south latitude, without falling in with either the *Fair Rosamond* or any other prizeable craft. We did not, however, despair of overhauling the brigantine, for we heard of her repeatedly, and at length our hopes were realized. The sloop had just rounded a headland at no great distance from the mouth of the Coanza river, when the look-out aloft sung out “Sail, ho! and right ahead.” Every glass was instantly directed towards the stranger—distinctly visible, at the distance of about half a league, though evening was fast closing in. There was no mistaking her: it was the *Fair Rosamond*, plain enough, under crowded canvas, and slipping away to the westward at the rate of six knots at least, light as the wind was. She was well down in the water, and had, it was nothing doubted, a closely-packed living cargo on board. Every possible inch of canvass was instantly spread in pursuit; and, as it was evident we were seen, a gun was cast loose, and a shot sent across the slaver's bows; and at the same moment St. George's glorious ensign flew aloft, immediately greeted—as I have hundreds of times exulted to hear—by the incense of the man-stealer's maledictions. The impudent rascals returned the shot, hoisted Spanish colours, and, changing her course a point or two, ran off at a spanking rate. The *Curlew's* guns would have reached her, but, sending round shot after a vessel whose hold was crowded with human beings, was not to be thought of, except in the last extremity,

and all our efforts were consequently directed to run alongside and capture her by boarding. This was more easily proposed than brought to pass. A stern-chase is proverbially a long chase; and our dance across the Atlantic after the *Fair Rosamond* proved no exception to the rule. The nights, were, however, fine and clear, so that we fortunately contrived not to lose sight of her. Cuba, or possibly Porto Rico seemed to be her destination; but the wind and the *Curlew* baffled her efforts to reach either of the desired havens, and so far was she driven out of her course that the blue mountains of Jamaica had been for some time visible from the deck, when the fitful, varying breeze fell suddenly to a dead calm. This occurred in the night; and, as a thick mist, which came on at the same time, rose, like a curtain in the dawning light, the *Fair Rosamond* was descried, as motionless as ourselves, at about two leagues distance on the starboard bow. Unless the devil could help his own, at such a pinch, with a speedy breeze, we were now sure of her. Three of the *Curlew's* boats fell quickly from the davits into the water, and were off in a crack, fully manned and armed, to take possession of the, at last, luckless brigantine. Two hours' lusty pulling brought us alongside, and though a foolish attempt at resistance was made, the contest was brief as it was sharp, and the *Fair Rosamond*, with 175 likely negroes on board, was the lawful prize of the *Curlew*. We had scarcely breathed after the struggle, when the second lieutenant, Mr. Burbage, called my attention to the brigantine's launch, already at a considerable distance from the vessel. "Captain Penschurst's murderer," said he, "is escaping in that boat; do you follow, as you know his person, and be sure that no effort is spared to effect his capture." A small barrel of water, a bag of biscuit, and a compass, were tumbled into the sloop's pinnace, and away we started in chase. I need not dwell on the details of this boat-race: suffice it to say that, by about eleven at night, we were so close upon our quarry, that the fugitives had no resource but to run their boat ashore near Yallah Point, Jamaica, and make for the interior of the island. One of them—the captain, I was pretty sure—was carried off in the arms of the men, having been, I presumed, wounded in resisting the *Curlew's* boats. Unacquainted as I was with the locality about Yallah Point, a night pursuit of the runaways would have been hopeless,—absurd. The only thing to be done was to secure the captured launch, and get on myself towards Kingston, as fast as possible, across the country, leaving the men to follow, more at leisure, with the boats, coastwise. After several hours' delay, I succeeded in procuring a horse, though a sorry one, and was thus enabled to reach the Vale of Bath at about noon the succeeding day. I had a strong suspicion as to where the wounded fox would run to earth, and I was not, it proved mistaken. My father, after attentively listening to my story, informed me that he happened to be at Vale Lodge early in the morning, when a cry, taken up by a score of voices, suddenly rang through the house to the effect, that Captain Charles Hubert was at the gate, mortally wounded—dying. The panic which instantly ensued was terrible. Madame Tollemache swooned,—her husband, usually so imperturbable,

was greatly agitated; and as to Virginie, her wild demeanour and passionate exclamations of sorrow, love, terror, and remorse, were vehement,—overwhelming.

"This is strange news," I remarked. "Did he appear much hurt?"

"Past all surgery, I should say, judging from his death-like aspect. That which especially astounds me," added my father, in a peevish tone, "in this strange business, is, that I understood from the Tollemaches themselves, that every vestige of a causeless jealousy had been removed from Captain Penschurst's mind (he is quite recovered, I should tell you, though still weak, and not permitted to leave his room), and that the preparations for his union with this precious Mademoiselle Virginie have been resumed. You must see him, Tom, without delay. So frank and honourable a man ought not to be so scandalously trifled with—deceived—bamboozled."

I assented, and was speedily on the road to Kingston. Captain Penschurst expressed much pleasure at seeing me, and, although still pale and weak from loss of blood, appeared in jocund spirits. I minutely related all that had occurred up to the time of landing at Yallah Point, and the narrative manifestly increased his good humour. I am glad the fellow has escaped," he said, "I have chiefly my own rash folly to blame for what occurred. And I may mention to you," he added, "that the affair of the portraits, and other matters you wot of, are, Mr. Tollemache has solemnly assured me, capable of the most satisfactory solution. It was merely by accident Mademoiselle Tollemache met Captain Hubert,—and—the particulars of the explanation, Virginie insists, I shall first hear from her own lips." The lover's eye lightened, and his pale countenance flushed pleasantly as he thus spoke, as if he already felt Virginie's sweet breath upon his cheek dissipating with its silvery tones, the foolish suspicions he had entertained.

It was cruel, though necessary, to destroy this illusion. "It is also, I suppose, then," I began, "by pure accident that Captain Hubert is at this very moment, sheltered at Vale Lodge,—that—"

"How!—what is that?" exclaimed Captain Penschurst, starting fiercely to his feet. "What do you say?"

I repeated the account my father had given me, *verbatim*. As I spoke, a stern, almost frightful expression, gathered upon Captain Penschurst's countenance—the same that I had seen him wear on the evening of the quarrel with Hubert.

"Can this be?" he muttered, with clenched teeth. "It seems impossible: but I will, at least, be satisfied, and at once. Do you, young sir," he added, "have a vehicle capable of containing two persons, brought to the door immediately." I was about to remonstrate, but a peremptory, commanding officer sort of gesture, cut me short, and I hastened off to perform his bidding. In less than a quarter of an hour we were being driven, at a rapid pace, towards Vale Lodge. He had dressed himself in full uniform,—had, I knew, pistols in his side-coat pockets, and was taciturn as a mute during the entire ride.

We reached Vale Lodge just at the close of day. Scipio, a house-slave, reconnoitered us from a window, and immediately disappeared, leaving us

at the wrong side of the gateway. Captain Peshurst again rang the bell violently. After a while the negro returned, accompanied by Mr. Tollemache, and the entrance to the house was unbarred. There was a strangely stern look about Mr. Tollemache's face. "This visit is an ill-timed one, Captain Peshurst," he said; "at a future day any explanation you require shall—"

"Nay—nay, sir," broke in Captain Peshurst, with explosive wrath, "I will be fooled no longer; Hubert—the slave-stealer, and intentional assassin—is at this moment concealed here."

"That is true," replied Mr. Tollemache, sadly.

"Charles Hubert is here, and dying."  
"Dying! I will make sure of that. Lead on, sir, if you please."

"Be it as you will:—yet stay,—the excitement may be injurious. You are ill, I see—fainting!"

"It is nothing; show me where he is: I will be satisfied." Mr. Tollemache moved away without further remark, and we silently followed. "He is in that room," said Mr. Tollemache, pointing to a door on our right hand.

"And who with him?" gasped Captain Peshurst, who was scarcely able to stand, from weakness and agitation.

"Virginie and—"

"Ha! I thought so," shouted Captain Peshurst, throwing, as he spoke, the door impetuously open; and we both stood upon the threshold of the death-chamber,—fast rooted there! So sad a sight is seldom seen as these disclosed itself. Charles Hubert,—pale as his shirt,—death-stricken, was reclining on a couch, his head sustained upon the bosom of the weeping Virginie, whose broken words breathed only love, and sorrow, and despair! Madame Tollemache sat close by, holding one of the patient's hands in hers, and apparently bowed down,—overwhelmed,—with grief. Neither of them appeared to be aware of our presence. "Kind,—generous,—ever faithful,—Virginie," murmured the dying man, as he gazed, with loving eyes, in her face, "I have not deserved to die thus calmly—happily. And you too," he added, faintly pressing Madame Tollemache's hand, "in this supreme hour, forgive me." A lamentable burst of grief replied to him, and a moment afterwards his failing vision fell upon Captain Peshurst. A faint, exultant smile, played upon his lips, and he feebly beckoned him to approach. Captain Peshurst complied, and, whether from physical weakness, or from awe of the dread presence whose shadow fell darker with every passing moment over the sufferer's countenance, sank on his knees beside the couch.

"Give me your hand, my friend," murmured Hubert, "deeply do I repent me of the evil I have wrought you. But this dear hand in which I place yours, will, I know, repay all. You will be kind," he added, with increasing difficulty; "you will be good and kind, I know, because you—you deeply love me—my sister!"

"Sister!" almost shrieked Captain Peshurst, springing to his feet, as if impelled by a galvanic shock. "Sister!"

"Ay," interposed Mr. Tollemache, gravely, "Virginie and Charles Hubert are brother and sister. But hush! This is no time for explanation."

Not another word was spoken, whilst we kept solemn watch over the passing of an immortal

soul. The day, as I have said, was fading, and in the tropics there is but brief twilight; day and night embrace each other closely. Darkness quickly veiled the pale, yet living features from our gaze, and when the moon shone with sufficient power into the room, we looked and saw that he was gone,—but at what precise moment he departed, we knew not.

I have but a few words to add. Charles Hubert was Madame Tollemache's son by a former marriage. He had taken to wild courses, and had offended his parents beyond forgiveness by a disgraceful marriage. They had left Trinidad and settled in Jamaica to avoid him. Virginie's love for her brother alone suffered no change,—but she was compelled studiously to conceal her interviews with him from her parents, and thus it was that we were all so egregiously misled.

Captain Peshurst soon afterwards left the service; in due time espoused Virginie Tollemache, and settled in Jamaica. The bride was given away by Admiral Sir Charles Rowley.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

#### BARBARA'S SEA-SIDE EXCURSION.

It certainly appeared a most improbable circumstance, that any event should occur worthy of being recorded, to vary the even tenor of life which Mr. and Mrs. Norman enjoyed in the holy state of matrimony. They were young folks—they had married from affection—and, moreover, their union had been a strictly prudent one, for their income was more than sufficient for all their unassuming wants and tastes; and it was also a 'certainty,' a great good in these days of speculation and going ahead. Charles Norman held a government situation, with a small but yearly increasing income salary; his residence was at Pentonville; and his domestic circle comprised, besides his good, meek help-mate, and two little children, an only sister, some years Charles's junior; indeed, Bab Norman had not very long quitted a boarding-school. Bab and Charles were orphans, and had no near relatives in the world; therefore Bab came home to live with her dear brother and his wife until she had a home of her own—a contingency which people whispered need not be far off, if Miss Barbara Norman so inclined. This piece of gossip perhaps arose from the frequent visits of Mr. Norman's chosen friend, Edward Leslie—a steady and excellent young man, who filled an appointment of great trust and confidence in an old established commercial house. Edward Leslie was not distinguished for personal attractions or captivating manners; but he was an honest, manly, generous-hearted fellow, and sensitive enough to feel very keenly sometimes that the pretty little Barbara laughed at and snubbed him. Notwithstanding Bab's folly, however, it would have given her great pain had Edward Leslie courted another. He was patient and forbearing; and she flattered and frisked about, determined to make the most of her liberty while it lasted.

'Of course she meant to marry some day,' she said with a demure smile, but it would take a long time to make up her mind.'

Charles quite doted on his pretty sister, and often could not find it in his heart to rebuke her, because she was motherless, and had only him

and Cary to look to; and Cary's office was not to rebuke any one, much less her dear little sister-in-law. So Barbara was spoiled and humoured; while the children were kept in high order—a proper discipline being exercised in the nursery, as became a well regulated and nicely-decorated house. Cary thought Bab a beauty, and so did Charles; the young lady herself was not at all backward in estimating her own charms; and it was a pity to see them so often obscured by affection, for Bab had a kind heart and an affectionate disposition. One day when Charles returned home after business-hours were over, Bab flew towards him with an unusually animated countenance, holding an open letter in her hand, and exclaiming: 'Oh, dear Charles, read this! You'll let me go—won't you? I never was at the seaside in my life, you know; and it will do me such a deal of good.'

Charles smiled, took the letter, and tapping his sister's dimpled rosy cheek, he said fondly: 'I don't think, Bab, that you want "doing good to" so far as health is concerned. The sea-air cannot improve these roses.'

'Well, well, Charles, never mind the roses—there's a dear. They only ask me to go for a fortnight, and I should so like it; it will be so nice to be with one's schoolmates at the sea. Bell and Lucy Combermere are such bathers, they say; and as for me I shall drown myself for love of the sea! Oh, you must let me go—do!'

'Cary thinks it will be delightful for me,' added Barbara: 'she's always a good-natured darling.' And Bab felt sure of going, if Charles talked the matter over with Cary; so she flew off in an ecstasy of joy, dancing and singing, and forthwith commenced preparations, by pulling off the faded pink ribbons which adorned her bonnet, and substituting gay bright new streamers.

The invitation in question came from Mrs. Combermere, who, with her two unmarried daughters, were sojourning at a favorite watering-place, always crowded during the season—and where Mr. Combermere, a rich citizen, could join his family every week, and inhale a breath of pure air. Charles did not particularly like the Combermeres. Mrs. Combermere was a fussy woman, full of absurd pretension, and with a weakness for forming aristocratic acquaintances, which had more than once led her into extravagance, ending in disappointment and mortification. The Misses Combermere inherited their mamma's weakness; they were comely damsels, and expectant sharers of papa's wealth, who was 'very particular' on whom he bestowed his treasures. Bell and Lucy had been at school with Barbara Norman, and a strong friendship—a school friendship—had been struck up amongst the trio, whom the French dancing-master denominated 'the Graces.' And now Barbara had received an invitation to stay with them for a fortnight, a private postscript being inserted by Miss Bell, to the effect that 'Bab must be sure to come very smart, for there were most elegant people there, and such beaux!'

Bab found Mrs. Combermere and the girls in the full swing of sea-side dissipation—quite open-houses kept, free-and-easy manners which at home would not have been tolerated. But it came only once a-year, and they could afford it. Quite established as an intimate, was a tall young

gentleman, with delicate moustache. Who seemed to be on terms of friendly familiarity with half the aristocracy of the nation. Mrs. Combermere whispered to Bab, that Mr. Newton was a most 'patrician person,' of the 'highest connections;' they had met with him on the sands, where he had been of signal use in assisting Mrs. Combermere over the shingles on a stormy day. He was so gentlemanly and agreeable, that they could not do otherwise than ask him in; he had remained to tea, and since then he had been a regular visitor.

Mr. Newton had been at first treated with great coolness by Mr. Combermere; the latter gentleman did not like strangers, and always looked on a moustache with suspicion. But Mr. Newton was so deferential, so unexceptionable in deportment, and prudent in his general sentiments, warmly advocating Mr. Combermere's political opinions, that he had at last won the good opinion even of the father of the family. Besides, he paid no particular attention to the Misses Combermere; there was no danger of his making up to them—that was clear; and Mrs. Combermere, mother-like, felt a little mortified and chagrined at such palpable indifference. But when pretty Bab Norman appeared the case was different; her brunette complexion and sparkling dark eyes elicited marked admiration from the patrician Mr. Newton; and he remarked in an off-hand way—*sotto voce*, as if to himself; 'By Jupiter! how like she is to dear Lady Mary Manvers.' Bab felt very much flattered by the comparison, and immediately began to like Mr. Newton immensely; he was so distinguished, so fascinating, so refined. Bab did not add, that he had singled her out as an especial object of attention, even when the fair-dashing Misses Combermere challenged competition.

The fortnight passed swiftly away—too swiftly! alas! thought little Barbara Norman; for at the expiration of the term, Mrs. Combermere did not ask her to prolong the visit, but suffered her to depart, again under the escort of Mr. Combermere, without a word of regret at parting. Cruel Mrs. Combermere! she wished to keep Mr. Newton's society all to herself and her daughters! However, the young gentleman asked Barbara for permission to pay his respects to her when he returned to the metropolis; this had been accorded by Barbara, who, on her return to Pentonville, for the first time found that comfortable home 'insufferably dull and stupid.' Edward Leslie, too—how dull and stupid even he was, after the chattering perfumed loungers of the elysium she had just quitted! Yet Edward was never considered either dull or stupid by competent judges; but, quite the contrary—a sensible, well-informed, gentlemanly personage. But, then, he had no great friends, no patrician weaknesses; he knew nothing about racing, or betting, or opera-dancers, or slang in general. In short, he seemed flat and insipid to Bab, who had been compared to the beautiful Lady Mary Manvers by the soft and persuasive tongue of Lady Mary Manvers's dear friend. Yet, in her secret heart of hearts, Bab drew comparisons by no means disadvantageous to Edward Leslie. 'Yes,' thought Bab, 'I like Mr. Newton best by the sea-side in summer-time, when harp-music floats on the balmy air; then I

should always like him, if summer was all the year round. But for everyday life, for winter hours, for home, in short, I'm sure I like Edward Leslie best—I'm sure I love Edward Leslie; and Bab blushed and hesitated, though she was quite alone. Cary listened good naturedly to all Bab's descriptions of the happiness she had enjoyed; and Cary thought, from all Bab said, that Mr. Newton must be at least some great lord in disguise. She felt quite nervous at the idea of his coming to such an humble house as theirs, when he talked of parks, and four-in-hands, and baronial halls, as things with which he was familiar, and regarded as matters of course. Cary hoped that Charles and Edward Leslie would be present when Mr. Newton called, because they were fit to associate with royalty itself. Cary had a very humble opinion of herself—sweet, gentle soul! Charles often wished his dear sister Bab might closely resemble her. At length, Bell Combermere wrote to say, they were about returning to town; and Mr. Newton declared he could not remain behind. Bab's heart fluttered and palpitated at each sound the knocker gave; and she was thankful that Cary's cousin, Miss Ward, was staying with them, to call attention off from herself.

Miss Ward was an accomplished, charming woman of middle age, who for years had resided in the Earl of St. Elmer's family as governess—greatly valued for her many estimable qualities. Not being in robust health, she had absented herself for a short season from her onerous duties, and in her dear friend and cousin's house, sought and obtained quiet and renovation. Miss Ward often found difficulty in repressing a smile at Bab's superfluous graces and animated gestures; but it was a kindly smile, for the late conventionalities amongst which she usually existed, rendered these traits of less refined manners rather refreshing than otherwise. Miss Ward was out when Mrs. Combermere's equipage drove up to Mr. Norman's door: and that large lady, with her daughter Bell, accompanied by Mr. Newton, made their way up stairs to Mrs. Norman's drawing-room. Mrs. Combermere was always astoundingly grand and patronising when she honoured Cary with a call; Mrs. Combermere liked to call upon folks whom she denominated inferiors—to impress them with an overwhelming idea of her importance. But on the simple-minded literal Cary, this honour was lost, she received it with such composure and unconscious placidity; on Bab it produced, indeed, the desired effect; but whether it was Mrs. Combermere's loud talking and boasting, or Mr. Newton's easy negligence and patronising airs, that caused her to colour and hesitate, it is not possible to define. Bab was not herself; and she began to be ashamed of living in Pentonville, when Mr. Newton spoke of Belgravia. Miss Ward, who had returned from her shopping excursion, glided into the room unnoticed, in the middle of a description Mr. Newton was giving of a magnificent place, belonging to a dear friend, with whom he had been staying, ere he had the 'unspeakable felicity of meeting Mrs. Combermere.'

'Your description is a graphic one, John Bloomfield,' said Miss Ward in a low voice close to his ear; 'but how came you here—in this company?'

John Bloomfield, *a/k/a* John Newton, started as if an adder had bitten him, and gazed frantically upon the intruder. 'Miss Ward, madam, he exclaimed involuntarily, 'don't say more, and I'll go this instant!'

'Then go,' continued Miss Ward, majestically, pointing to the door; 'and beware, John Bloomfield, how you dare to enter a gentleman's house unauthorised again.'

'What does this mean, ma'am' inquired Mrs. Combermere, very red in the face, and looking terribly frightened—'what does this all mean, ma'am?'

'Only,' replied Miss Ward, quietly, 'that this individual, who calls himself Mr. Newton, and whose conversation I overheard after entering the apartment, is in reality John Bloomfield, *ci-devant* valet to Lord Lilburne, the eldest son of the Earl of St. Elmer, in whose family I have the honour to be governess. His lordship shewed toleration and kindness unprecedented towards the ungrateful young man, on account of his respectable parentage, and the excellent abilities and aptitude for instruction he displayed. But I grieve to say, John Bloomfield was discharged from Lord Lilburne's service, under circumstances which left no doubt on our minds that he was guilty of dishonest practices—of pilfering, in short, to a considerable extent. We heard that he still continued his evil course; but though knowing him to possess both skill and effrontery, I was almost as much startled as the delinquent himself, to behold him thus playing the fine gentleman, and lounging on Cary's sofa.'

A faint groan escaped from Miss Combermere as she ejaculated: 'Oh, my pearl necklace!' and in a still deeper and more audible sigh from her mamma, as the words burst forth: 'Oh, my diamond *bandeau*!' which led to an explanation from the distressed and bewildered ladies, of how they had intrusted these precious jewels to Mr. Newton, who urged them on returning to town to have them reset, volunteering to take them himself to Lady Mary Mauvers's own jeweller, a 'first-rate fellow, who worked only for the aristocracy.' 'They must not be in a hurry,' Mr. Newton said, 'for the first-rate fellow was so torn to pieces by duchesses and countesses, that even weeks might elapse before their comparatively trifling order could be attended to.'

'I fear,' said Miss Ward, commiseratingly, 'that you will not see your valuables again. John Bloomfield is a clever rascal, and has good taste too,' continued Miss Ward, smiling, 'for he invariably selects pretty things. I hope, my dear'—turning to Bab, who sat silent and petrified—'your beautiful gold repeater set with brilliants is safe, and that it did not require repairs or alterations, to induce you to part with it into Mr. Newton's hands? I doubt not he had an eye to it eventually.'

Poor Bab—what a blow to her vanity? She could only murmur something about the watch being very dear to her, because it had belonged to her deceased mother, and that she always wore it round her neck.

Very shortly after this affair, Barbara had another short trip to the sea-side, and with a companion whose happiness equalled her own: it was the honeymoon excursion, and Edward



Leslie was Bab's companion for life. After this second sea-side sojourn, the bride returned to a pretty house of her own, quite near to Charles and Cary; and Barbara was never heard to complain of finding it dull or stupid, though summer does not last all the year round with any of us.—*Chambers's Ed. Jour.*

### CHAUCER.

*Born Circ. A. D. 1328.—Died Circ. A. D. 1400.*

VARIOUS accounts have been given even of the place of Chaucer's birth; but he himself, in one of his prose pieces, his "Testament of Love," seems expressly to intimate that he was a native of London. Of his family nothing whatever can be said to be known. Some suppose him to have been of noble descent; while others, judging by the name—which, in old French, signifies a breeches-maker—conclude that he must have sprung from a plebeian stock. A common tradition is that his father was one Richard Chaucer, who kept a tavern, according to Stowe, in the Royal street, at the corner of Kirton-lane, and was buried in 1348 in his parish church of St. Mary Aldermanbury, to which he left his house and appurtenances. The old editors of his works, and most of the other writers who mention the circumstance, tell us that he was born in the year 1328. He certainly received a learned education, and most probably studied at one of the Universities, but whether at Oxford or Cambridge is doubtful. Most of his biographers make him to have attended both, as the easiest way of reconciling the accounts of different authorities. From the university they transfer him to the Middle, or, as some will have it, the Inner Temple; but for the belief that he ever was a student of law, there is little or no foundation.

In the year 1367 an annuity of 20 marks was conferred upon Chaucer by Edward III., and, in the patent of this grant, which has been printed by Rymer, the poet is styled by the king *vallietus noster*, or, as Mr. Tyrwhitt translates it, "our yeoman," a title given to young men before they were knighted. "How long he had served the king," says the writer, "in that or any other station, and what particular merits were rewarded by his royal bounty, are points equally unknown." Before this, indeed, Leland and his other early biographers tell us that he had travelled through France and the low countries; but for this statement there seems to be no proper authority. Soon after his return home, they say, he became page to the king; and his annuity, it is insinuated, was bestowed upon him as a reward for the delight which he communicated to his royal master by the poetical fusions and sallies of wit in which his genius already distinguished itself. Whether in this or in some other way, he appears at any rate to have gradually risen in favor at court; as

four years afterwards we find another annuity of the same amount conferred upon him, and the year following he received the honourable appointment of envoy, along with two other gentlemen, to the republic of Genoa, to manage some public negotiation, the nature of which, however, is not known. A visit to Italy, the land of beauty, romance and song, could not fail to produce the happiest effect upon such a genius as that of Chaucer. It appears to have been in the course of his visit that he met with Petrarch at Padua, and learned from him, as he tells us himself, the pathetic story of Griselda, which he afterwards so beautifully versified, and which had just been translated into Latin by Petrarch—who died the following year—from Boccaccio's Decameron. On his return to England he received a new mark of royal favour in the grant of a pitcher of wine daily for life, which was afterwards commuted for another annuity of twenty marks. The same year he obtained the lucrative place of comptroller of the customs of wool and hides for the port of London. The dues and occasional perquisites of his office, together with his previous grants, must have produced him a considerable income; although it is probable that his biographers have greatly overrated its amount when they state him to have been in the receipt of about a thousand pounds sterling a-year. Nor does the attention he was obliged to give to business appear to have withdrawn him from the acquaintance of the Muse. In a very interesting passage of his House of Fame, he has put into the mouth of the eagle, who acts a principal part in the story, the following account of his own habits, which, from the mention of his reckonings, seems evidently to refer to this period of his life, during which, therefore, we may presume the poem to have been written:—

"— thou hast no tidings,  
Of Lovis folk if they be glade,  
Ne of nothing else that God made,  
And not only from far cuntries  
That no tidings come in to thes;  
Not of thy very neighbors  
That dwellen almost at thy doore,  
Thou hearest neither that ne this;  
For whae thy labour all done is,  
And hast made all thy reckonings,  
Instead of rest, and of new things,  
Thou goest home to thine house anon,  
And all so dumb as any stone,  
Thou sittest at another book  
Till fully daisied is thy look,  
And livest thus as an hermit," &c.

His early biographers tell us that he had long before this united himself to Philippa Rowet, the sister of Catherine Rowet, who had been brought over from Hainault by King Edward's third son, the famous John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, to be one of the attendants on his countess, Blanche, but who soon became

the duke's mistress, and finally his wife. There are considerable doubts, however, not only as to the time of this marriage of Chaucer's, but as to both the Christian and surname of his wife, and even as to whether she was any relation at all of the lady who afterwards became duchess of Lancaster. All that appears certain is, that our poet had, from a very early date, attached himself to the fortunes of Gaunt, and that, throughout the whole of his subsequent life, he was evidently very intimately entangled with the movements of that able but ambitious and restless character. He continued to hold his office at the custom-house, at least throughout the reign of Edward; and in 1377 we find him again sent on an embassy, along with other commissioners, to France, in order to negotiate a marriage between the young prince of Wales and one of the daughters of the French king, a project, however, which did not take effect. Even for some time after the accession of the new king, and so long as the duke of Lancaster was at the head of affairs, Chaucer, there can be no doubt, enjoyed the benefit of the prosperity of his patron. But this state of things did not last long. The duke had, for many years, been connected with the party of Wickliffe and his followers; and this association, by enlisting against him all the ancient and more powerful interests of the state, eventually undermined his power, and drove him from the helm of affairs. It is probable that upon this occasion Chaucer was deprived of his office of comptroller of the customs; although all that is really known, is, that from a state of affluence he suddenly fell into great difficulties and distress, so much so, that in order to satisfy his creditors, he was obliged to sell his annuities, and even, it is said to have recourse to the king's protection in order to save himself from imprisonment. The utmost confusion and obscurity hangs over this portion of his history; but, about the year 1383, he appears, either on account of his debts, or, as other authorities assert, in consequence of his having exposed himself to danger by engaging in the unsuccessful insurrection of the followers of John of Northampton, the reforming mayor of London, to have fled from the country, and taken refuge first in France, and afterwards in Zealand. After some time, however, he returned to England; and, if we may trust the common account, made his peace with the crown by making a full disclosure of the guilt of his associates,—an act which naturally and justly exposed him for a long period afterwards to much odium. But it would be unfair to form any decisive opinion as to Chaucer's actual conduct from the vague accounts that have come down to us of this unexplained transaction. For one thing, it does not appear that any person suffered in consequence of his information. As for himself, he is said to

have retired to a small house at Woodstock, resolved to spend the remainder of his days at a distance from civil broils. When, some time after this, the credit of the duke of Lancaster revived, after his return from Spain with great wealth, and his success in marrying his two daughters to the kings of Castile and Portugal, Chaucer seems again to have partaken in some degree of the sunshine of royal favour,—one of his pensions at least being restored to him, and a pipe of wine being also granted to him annually out of the customs of London. But it does not appear that he was ever again induced to quit his country retreat for the court. On the accession of Henry IV. the son of his old patron John of Gaunt, in 1399, he received a renewal of his former patents, and also a grant of an additional annuity of forty marks for life. But he did not long survive the receipt of these favors; for, having been obliged, we are told to come up to town to arrange some of his affairs which the late convulsion in the state had thrown into disorder, the fatigue which he underwent proved too great for his strength, and, falling ill, he died on the 25th of October, 1400, in the seventy-second year of his age. He was buried, as Caxton, the printer, tells us in his edition of the poet's prose translation of Boethius, "in the abbey of Westminster, before the chapel of St. Bennet; by whose sepulchre is written on a table hanging on a pillar, his epitaph made by a poet laureate." Chaucer is generally supposed to have been interred in the same spot in which Dryden's body was afterwards laid. Of any family which he left, nothing is known with certainty. One of his prose works, his "Treatise on the Astrolabe," bears to have been written for the instruction of his son Lewis, who was then—about the year 1391—ten years of age. But the biographers give him, besides Lewis, another and older son Thomas, who rose to be speaker of the house of commons, and to occupy various other high offices in the reigns of Henry IV., V., and VI. This Thomas Chaucer, by a daughter, became progenitor of the earls of Lincoln and the De la Poles, dukes of Suffolk, the last of whom, Edward de la Pole, was beheaded for treason in the reign of Henry VII.; but it is doubtful, after all, if he was really the son of Chaucer the poet. Various portraits of the face and person of Chaucer, we may add, have come down to us, some of which seem to be nearly of his own time. All represent him as of a noble and dignified presence; and, indeed, he has, in tradition, the reputation of having been one of the handsomest personages of his age. Granger has printed the following lines which delineate him graphically enough:—

" His stature was not very tall,  
Lean he was, his legs were small,  
Hosed within a stock of red,  
A buttoned bonnet on his head."

This description agrees very well with an old

painting of him, of which Mr. Godwin has given an engraving in his second volume.

The works of Chaucer are very voluminous; consisting, besides several prose treatises, of his famous Canterbury tales, a poem extending to above 17,000 lines, not including the portion of which the genuineness is doubted, or the parson's tale, which is in prose; the *Romaunt of the Rose*, a translation from the French of William de Lorris, of which there are nearly 8,000 lines; the poem of *Troilus and Cressida*, in five books; the *House of Fame*, in three books; and many minor pieces. Nearly all these productions are rich in beauty, and there is in truth hardly one constituent of the poetical character with which the writings he has left behind him do not prove him to have been splendidly endowed. If you deem the essence of genuine poetry to consist in that sublimity and soaring grandeur of conception which delights in escaping from the real world altogether, and luxuriating only among the brighter hues and more varied forms of fiction, call up, with Milton, "him who left half-told, the story of Cambuscan the bold," or go to the magnificent and finished delineations of the Knight's tale, to the picture of Lycurgus, "The great king of Thrace, who like a Griffin looked about," or to the desolate horrors of the forest where "stood the temple of Mars armipotent," and the statue of the god of war himself, with

"The wolf that stood before him at his feet,  
With eyes blood-red, and of a man did eat."

Or, if you would linger over the scenery of a fairy land of gentler aspect and softer fascination, when from among many other examples of the same florid warmth of conception and honied eloquence, which might be quoted from the older productions of this author, we name only an allegory of the Flower and Leaf, can we refer to any other delineation that poetic inspiration ever prompted, more richly gilded with all the sweetest hues and radiances of poetry? Still, how is it in giving forceful utterance to the passions and affections of the human heart that this great poet is ever greatest. In simple, but yet most soul-subduing pathos, what writer of any age shall take precedence of him to whom we owe—passing over many other almost equally touching delineations—the two tales of Constance and Griselda, the last of which in particular is a creation of almost stainless and perfect beauty? But it is his admirable tact in describing and exposing the ridiculous in human character, that constitutes perhaps the attribute of Chaucer's genius in which he stands most alone. In humour, indeed, in satire, in rich and sometimes almost riotous jollity, in short, in comic power, by whatever name it may be called, it is hardly too much to affirm that he never has been equalled. We cannot enumerate the many passages throughout his writings that

might be quoted in illustration of this part of his poetic character; but we would refer generally to the prologues interspersed among the Canterbury tales as almost all of them inimitably admirable as examples of what we would describe—as well as to the tales of the Miller, the Reeve, the wife of Bath, the Friar, the Sompnour, the Merchant, the Shipman, as particularly distinguished by the same species of excellence.

Perhaps the truest as well as the most discernible index of a writer's popularity, is in general the number of his imitators in his own or the immediately succeeding generation. The most noticeable, at least, among the immediate effects which are wrought upon a nation's literature by the ascendancy of one man's genius, is in most cases the rushing up throughout its whole soil of something that has evidently taken both its form and its colour from the spirit of his production, and which at the same time has seldom any other quality beyond these external resemblances to render it valuable or attractive. As heaven's thunder disdains not to be reverberated by the echoes of earth, so the voice of inspiration awakens, wherever it rings, its multiplying mockeries too, and is responded to from a thousand mimic throats whom it alone has made vocal. No name ever had a more plentiful tribute paid to it of this species of adulation than that of Chaucer. Even from the records of the first century after his death, all unvisited as it was by any gleam of genuine poetic inspiration, one of our antiquaries has reckoned up the names of no fewer than seventy such moilers, the carollings of all of whom are little better than an elaborate and lifeless mimicry of the strains of their mighty progenitor. Many of them, too, seem to have toiled at their occupation with a stout-hearted and untiring perseverance, which the service of Apollo has not always awakened even in the most favored of its votaries. One of these unwearied moilers alone—Lydgate, the once celebrated monk of Bury—has left us above 250 different productions on all sorts of subjects; and seems, indeed, from the hints we have of his history, to have kept a sort of office for the manufacture and sale of poetry, and to have supplied his numerous customers as regularly and expeditiously as if he had been in the habit of throwing off the article by a steam-engine. This inexhaustible affluence of rhymes seems to have excited towards Lydgate in a very singular degree the admiration of his simple contemporaries: his popularity among whom indeed, contrasted with the neglect and contempt wherewith he has been treated by their descendants, affords one of the most striking examples on record of the strange caprices of national taste, and the shadowy instability of human fame.

Running after happiness is only chasing the horizon.

## THE THREE DAMSELS.

"Come hither, my beautiful Jean, and my fairy Lillias," said the venerable Countess of Moray to her laughing, happy grand-daughters—"come hither, my children, and spend your Halloween with me. It is true I have not prepared the charms of the night, nor am I ready to join you in the incantations of the season, but I have a tale may suit it well; and you will not like it the less because the grey head tells you with her own lips the story of her day, when her locks were as bright as the berry, and her eyes as beaming as your own."

"I am, in truth, shall we not, noble grandam," said the sparkling Lillias; "but yet would I have the charm of Halloween. Ah, little canst thou dream how dear this night is to the expecting maiden! Let us perform the rites of the even, and to-morrow, grandam, thy tale shall find us most attentive listeners."

"Ah, true Scots?" said the Countess, "thus clinging to the wonderful, and seeking to peep into futurity; but try not the charm, my children, if you love me. Alas! I think not of it without tears and a sorrow unspoken of till now; for the fate of a friend, dear to my early youth, gushes into my bosom. Sit, my children, and my story shall repay you for this loss of your time; me it will also please to speak of the things gone by: and if it convince you, as I trust it will, of the folly of these superstitions, I shall have more than gained my purpose. Will my children listen?" "What is there we can refuse you, noble grandam?" said the lovely Jean, burying her locks of amber amid the snowy curls of the venerable Countess. "Speak on, then; you have made us listeners already—and hark! wind, and rain, and snow—a goodly night for a tale. Tell on, dear grandam; the fire is bright, the lamp is clear, and we are seated gravely; our thoughts composed to attention; now for thy wondrous tale!"

"It was on this very eve, many years since, my children," began the noble lady to her auditors, "that three lovely daughters of a noble house assembled together in a dreary wood to try the charms of the night, which, if successful, were to give to their earnest sight the phantom form of the lover who was afterwards to become the husband. Their powerful curiosity had stifled their fear (for they were as timid as beautiful) on their first setting out on this expedition; but, on finding themselves alone in the dark and melancholy wood, some touches of cowardice and compunction assailed them together, and they determined by a somewhat holy beginning, to sanctify the purpose which had brought them thither. They were too young to laugh at this mock compact between God and the devil, and, therefore, when Catherine, the eldest sister, began, in an audible voice, to recite the prayer against witchcraft, the others joined in it most devoutly. Now, then, fortified against evil, their courage rose with every additional sentence; and when the soft voice of young Agnes, the loveliest and youngest of the three, steadily responded the 'Amen,' they were as courageous as was necessary, and no longer fearful of the power of the evil one. I know not, my children, all the forms used upon this occasion;

but Catherine, after repeating certain words in a solemn voice, advanced before her sisters, and quietly placed upon the ground her offering to the shade she had invoked, as by his conduct towards it she was to judge of her future prospects. It was a beautiful rose-tree which she had chosen, and the flowers were full and many; and the sisters were contemplating from a little distance the richness of their hue, when they were startled by the clashing of arms, and the loud outcries of men in fierce contention, breaking up on the stillness of the night. For a moment they hesitated whether to fly or remain concealed, when their doubts were decided by the rapid approach of a stern and stately Highland chief, who brandishing his broad sword, swept on to the rose-tree as if he would annihilate from the earth its frail and fragile beauty. Suddenly he paused—his arm was no longer raised to destroy—the weapon drooped gently down beside the tree, and they saw his blue eye look mildly and kindly on the flowers, as, bending down to gather them, he faded from their sight in the action. Catherine was by no means displeased with her fortune: and the appearance of her handsome bridegroom gave courage to the other two to hasten the coming of theirs. Marian, the second sister, removed the rose, placed a lily bough in its stead, and then with a beating heart and wandering eye, repeated the charm. Again the silence was broken, as the quick but steady stamp of a warrior's horse struck upon the ear, and the shade of a noble cavalier dismounting from his phantom steed advanced slowly, very slowly, towards the lily: his face was beautiful, but sad; beyond expression sad; and they saw a tear fall upon the flower as he pressed it to his lips, and deposited it gently in his bosom. He too had faded like a dream, when the beautiful Agnes advanced to perform her part in the witcheries of the night. She trembled, but she would not recede, and faintly repeating the charm, hung her white handkerchief on the branch of a distant tree. This time there was no sound, but a dread and solemn silence slowly ushered in her unexpected fate. From the wood came a long and sable procession of horse and foot following a coffin, and was steadily borne towards them: many were the ghastly attendants supporting the pall, and many were the shadowy mourners who followed. Agnes watched with breathless attention the march of the phantom dead: they advanced slowly and steadily till they came under the tree, where her white offering fluttered lightly in the air; it was seen suspended a moment above them, then dropped amidst the cavalcade, and Agnes beheld the pale fingers of the chief mourner clutch at the offering as it fell.

"Days, weeks, months, passed away, and still found Agnes drooping over her blighted hopes, and expecting the death of which the omens of the forest had assured her; but still she died not, and was every succeeding month astonished that she yet lived. She now began to doubt the truth of the omen, more especially as the Highlander had not yet married her sister, who was betrothed to, and about to become the wife of, a favourite of the king, who had earnestly sought her hand. Agnes thought she too might listen to a tale of love; and such a one as was soon told her by a noble lover, and of her sovereign's blood, she

listened to with pleasure. Walter was now her all, and the omen of the forest was forgotten.

"The marriage of Catherine was appointed to take place at a country residence of her affianced husband, and Agnes, with her betrothed, was invited to be present. Marian, too, was there, and no happiness could have been more complete than that of the bridal party; but a dark night set upon this brilliant morning: ere they could reach the church which was to be the scene of their union, the Highlanders had descended in force from their mountains, and assailed the unarmed guests. 'The Camerons come!' cried the shrieking maidens, and flew in all directions from their sight; the bridegroom fell in the conflict; and the bride, as she rushed to the side of her dying husband, was clasped in the arms of the insolent chief, and borne away to his bridal bed in the Highlands. Marian escaped in the tumult, and Walter preserved his adored by the effects of his desperate valour, cutting with his sword a passage through his foes, and encouraging the armed men, who came to their assistance, to drive the invaders from their hold. They were successful; and silence, though accompanied by sorrow, again reigned in the halls of the young and hapless bridegroom.

"But the greatest evil resulting from this cruel inroad, was the sad effect it had upon the mind of Agnes. Her belief in the omens of the forest again returned: her confidence in her prospects was shaken; and with the same feeling that bids the giddy wretch throw himself at once from the precipice over which he fears he shall fall, she determined to hasten the destiny which she now firmly believed to await her. Convinced, by the fate of her sister, of the certain fulfilment of her own, she resolved to spare her lover the anguish of beholding her expire; and, for this purpose suddenly broke off all connection with him, and refused to admit him to her presence. Walter's hope still struggled with his despair: he made some earnest appeals to her tenderness, her reason, and her gratitude. Agnes was deaf to all: she believed herself destined to fall an early victim to death, and that that bridegroom would snatch her from an earthly one, even at the altar's foot. Walter, heart-broken, retired from his home, and joining the cavalier army of the king, sought in the tumult of a military life forgetfulness of the wound his calmer days had given. In the intervals of his visits to his family, Marian became interested in his welfare: she saw him frequently, spoke to him of Agnes, soothed his sufferings by her compassion, and gratified his pride by her admiration. He had no thought for any other; and though he loved not Marian, yet she became his trusted friend, his companion, and, finally, his wife. It was her will, not his; and what woman ever failed in her determination over the mind of man! They wedded, and were wretched. The heart of Walter had not been interested, and the temper of Marian was not such as to acquire its delicate preference. She became jealous, irritable, perverse, and soon taught her hapless husband the difference between herself and the gentle Agnes. Such a course could have but one termination: stretched at length on that sick bed which was to be her last, she sent to desire the attendance of her younger sister. Agnes obeyed

the mandate, but only arrived in time to meet the funeral procession which conducted the hapless Marian to her early grave. The widower instantly recognised, from a distance, his young heart's love, and rapidly flew to meet her; and as she shed tears of unfeigned sorrow for his loss, he took the white handkerchief she held and tenderly dried them away. O! at that moment, how deeply Agnes sighed; she beheld in this scene, the fulfilment of the omen, and wept to think she had thus wasted some of the best years of her life and trifled with her lover's happiness and her own. 'Ah silly delusion! (she exclaimed in bitterness of heart,) of what hast thou not bereaved me!' After the period of mourning had expired, she gave her hand to Walter, and endeavoured in making his days tranquil, to forget the felicity she had lost."

"But they were wedded, grandam dear," said the beautiful Lilius, laughing; "what more would the people have had?"—"Youth, and its love, and its hopes, and all its bright and gracious feeling," said the venerable Countess, *they* had all fled with time, and nothing but their remembrance remained with Agnes and her Walter, which made their lot more bitter. He was, at their wedlock, past even manhood's prime; she was no longer young; and though not wretched, yet they were not happy; and it was only in their descendants they looked for felicity. Agnes has found it truly, but for Walter—"

"Grandam, is it your own tale you tell, and our Grand sire's, I am certain, by the tears which roll down your face," replied Lilius. "Ah! I will wait Heaven's own good time for a husband, and try these charms no more. Kiss me, noble grandam: your Lilius will never forget the Tale of Halloween." The bright maiden threw herself into the arms of her venerable ancestress, and at that moment it was scarcely possible to decide which was the nobler object, the damsel in the glory of her brilliant youth, or the Countess in the calmness of her majestic age.

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#### TOO MUCH BLUE.

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EARLY on a fine summer morning, an old man was walking on the road between Brussels and Namur. He expected a friend to arrive by the diligence, and he set out some time before it was due, to meet it on the road. Having a good deal of time to spare, he amused himself by watching any object of interest that caught his eye; and at length stopped to inspect the operations of a painter, who, mounted on a ladder, placed against the front of a wayside inn, was busily employed in depicting a sign suitable to its name, "The Rising Sun."

"Here," said the old man to himself, "is an honest dauber, who knows as much of perspective as a cart-horse; and who I'll warrant fancies himself a Rubens. How he brushes in that ultramarine sky!"

The critic then commenced winking backwards and forwards before the inn, thinking that he might as well loiter there for the diligence as walk on farther. The painter mean time, continued to lay on fresh coats of the brightest blue, which appeared to aggravate the old gentleman very much. At

length, when the sign-painter took another brush full of blue paint to plaster on, the spectator could endure it no longer, and exclaimed severely:—

"Too much blue!"

The honest painter looked down from his perch and said, in that tone of forced calmness which an angry man sometimes assumes:

"Monsieur does not perceive that I am painting a sky?"

"Oh, yes, I see very well you are trying to paint a sky, but I tell you again there is too much blue!"

"Did you ever see skies painted without blue, Master amateur?"

"I am not an amateur. I merely tell you, in passing—I make the casual remark—that there is too much blue; but do as you like. Put more blue, if you don't think you have trowelled on enough already."

"But I tell you I want to represent a clear blue sky at sunrise."

"And I tell you that no man in his senses would make a sky at sunrise blue."

"By St. Gudula, this is too much!" exclaimed the painter, coming down from his ladder, at no pains this time to conceal his anger; I should like to see how *you* would paint skies without blue."

"I don't pretend to much skill in sky painting; but, if I were to make a trial, I wouldn't put in too much blue."

"And what would it look like, if you didn't?"

"Like nature, I hope, and not like yours, which might be taken for a bed of gentianella, or a sample of English cloth, or anything you please—except a sky; I beg to assure you, for the tenth time, there is too much blue!"

"I tell you what, old gentleman," cried the insulted artist, crossing his mail-stick over his shoulder, and looking very fierce, "I dare say you are a very worthy fellow when you are at home; but you should not be let out—alone."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Because you must be crazy to play the critic after this fashion; too much blue, indeed! What, I, the pupil of Ruysdael, the third cousin of Gerard Dow's great grandson, not know how to colour a sky? Know that my reputation has been long established. I have a Red Horse at Malines, a Green Bear at Namur, and a Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, before which every passenger stops fixed in admiration!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the critic, as he snatched the palette from the painter's hand. "You deserve to have your own portrait painted to serve for the sign of the Flemish Ass!" In his indignation he mounted the ladder with the activity of a boy, and began with the palm of his hand to efface the *chef d'œuvre* of Gerard Dow's great grandson's third cousin.

"Stop! You old charlatan!" shouted the latter, "You are ruining my sign! Why, its worth thirty-five francs. And then my reputation—lost! gone for ever!"

He shook the ladder violently to make his persecutor descend. But the latter, undisturbed either by that or by the presence of a crowd of villagers, attracted by the dispute, continued mercilessly to blot out the glowing landscape. Then, using merely the point of his finger and the handle

of a brush, he sketched, in masterly outline, three Flemish boors, with beer-glasses in their hands, drinking to the rising sun; which appeared above the horizon, dispersing the gloom of a greyish morning sky. One of the faces presented a strong and laughable caricature of the supplanted sign-painter. The spectators at first were greatly disposed to take part with their countryman against the intrusive stranger. What right had he to interfere? There was no end to the impudence of these foreigners.

As, however, they watched and grumbled, the grumbling gradually ceased and was turned into a murmur of approbation when the design became apparent. The owner of the inn was the first to cry "Bravo!" and Gerard Dow's cousin nine times removed, felt his fury calm down into admiration.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "you belong to the craft, honest man, and there's no use in denying it. Yes, yes," he continued, laughing, as he turned towards his neighbours, "this is a French sign painter, who wishes to have a jest with me. Well, I must frankly say he knows what he is about."

The old man was about to descend from the ladder, when a gentleman, riding a beautiful English horse, made his way through the crowd.

"That painting is mine!" he exclaimed in French, but with a foreign accent. "I will give a hundred guineas for it!"

"Another madman!" exclaimed the native genius. "Hang me, but all these foreigners are mad!"

"What do you mean, Monsieur?" said the innkeeper, uncommonly interested.

"What I say—I will give one hundred guineas for that painting," answered the young Englishman, getting off his horse.

"That picture is not to be sold," said the sign-painter, with an air of as much pride as if it had been his own work.

"No," quoth mine host, "for it is already sold and even partly paid for in advance. However, if Monsieur wishes to come to an arrangement about it, it is with me that he must treat."

"Not at all, not at all," rejoined the Flemish painter of signs, "it belongs to me. My fellow-artist here gave me a little help out of friendship; but the picture is my lawful property, and I am at liberty, to sell it to any one I please."

"What roguery!" exclaimed the innkeeper.

"My Rising Sun is my property; fastened on the wall of my house. How can it belong to anybody else. Isn't it painted on my boards. No one but myself has the smallest right to it."

"I'll summon you before the magistrate," cried he who had *not* painted the sign.

"I'll prosecute you for breach of covenant," retorted the innkeeper who had half paid for it.

"One moment!" interposed another energetic voice; that of the interloper, "it seems to me that I ought to have some little vote in this business."

"Quite right, brother," answered the painter. "Instead of disputing on the public road, let us go into Master Martzen's house, and arrange the matter amicably over a bottle or two of beer."

To this all parties agreed, but I am sorry to say they agreed in nothing else; for within doors the dispute was carried on with deafening confusion

and energy. The Flemings contended for the possession of the painting, and the Englishman repeated his offer to cover it with gold.

"But suppose I don't choose to have it sold?" said the real author.

"Oh, my dear Monsieur!" said the innkeeper, "I am certain you would not wish to deprive an honest, poor man, who can scarcely make both ends meet, of this windfall. Why it would just enable me to lay in a stock of wine and beer.

"Don't believe him, brother," cried the painter "he is an old miser. I am the father of a family; and being a painter, you ought to help a brother artist, and give me the preference. Besides, I am ready to share the money with you."

"He!" said Master Martzen. "Why, he's an old spendthrift, who has no money left to give his daughter as a marriage portion, because he spends all he gets on himself."

"No such thing: my Susette is betrothed to an honest young French cabinet-maker; who, poor as she is, will marry her next September."

"A daughter to portion!" exclaimed the stranger artist; "that quite alters the case. I am content that the picture should be sold for a marriage portion. I leave it to our English friend's generosity to fix the sum."

"I have already offered," replied the best bidder, "one hundred guineas for the sketch just as it is: I will gladly give two hundred for it, if the painter will consent to sign it in the corner with two words."

"What words?" exclaimed all the disputants at once.

The Englishman replied,

"PIERRE DAVID."

The whole party were quiet enough now; for they were struck dumb with astonishment. The sign-painter held his breath, glared with his eyes, frantically clasped his hands together, and fell down on his knees before the great French painter.

"Forgive me!" he exclaimed, "forgive me for my audacious ignorance."

David laughed heartily; and, taking his hand, shook it with fraternal cordiality.

By this time the news of the discovery had spread; the tavern was crowded with persons anxious to drink the health of their celebrated visitor; and the good old man, standing in the middle of the room, pledged them heartily. In the midst of the merry-making, the sign-painter's daughter, the pretty Susette, threw her arms round her benefactor's neck, and her intended husband raised a cloud of sawdust out of his jacket from the violence with which he shook the French master's hand.

At that moment, the friends whom he was expecting arrived. They were M. Lessec, a theatrical manager, and the great Talma.—*Chambers Journal*.

THE BETTER DAY THE BETTER DEED.—In the parish register at Glamis there is the following curious entry, under date, June, 1676. "Nac preaching here this Lord's day, the minister being at Cortachy burning a witch."

LYRA GERMANICA;

OR, SPECIMEN OF THE GERMAN LYRIC POETS.

CANADIAN DEATH SONG.

[FROM SCHILLER.]

There he sits upon his mat,  
There he sits upright,  
All erect, as once he sat  
Whilst he saw the light.

But where is the powerful gripe?  
Where the breath so strong,  
Which so lately smoked the pipe  
Midst the festive throng?

Where the eye, which, eagle bright,  
As the rein-deer flew,  
Tracked o'er waving grass his flight,  
O'er the morning dew?

Where those limbs so swift to dart  
O'er the frozen snow,  
When he chased the lusty hart,  
Or the mountain roe?

Arms so vigorous, which alone  
His bow of terror sprang?  
See! the life is from them flown!  
See! they powerless hang!

Well for him! He joyful strays,  
Where it no more snows;  
Where midst lovely fields the maize  
All uncultured grows;

Where with birds the thickets teem,  
And with game the brake;  
Silver fishes fill each stream,  
Sport in every lake.

To that happier land he speeds,  
Leaves us here forlorn,  
To rehearse his noble deeds,  
O'er his grave to mourn.

Bring the last gifts to the brave!  
Raise the funeral song!  
All be buried in his grave,  
And his joy prolong!

'Neath his head the hatchet lay,  
Seldom known to spare,  
And to cheer his dreary way,  
Haunches of the bear.

Bring the nicely sharpened knife,  
Which with dextrous blow,  
Whilst he sternly yielded life,  
Scalped the prostrate foe;

Colours, too, that brightly gleam;  
Place within his hand,  
That with glory he may beam  
In the shadowy land.

## A DREAM BY THE FIRE.

It is impossible, as every one knows, to sit by the fire in winter time without gazing at it very earnestly; and the more you gaze, the more you see in it,—strange faces, and one of your love, perhaps, like a very “red, red nose”—a flamingo, or a whole flock of them,—Mount Vesuvius, with the neighbourhood overrun by the molten lava; a distant view of the Potteries, or the Carron Iron Works, by night, with the furnaces at full work; there is no end of the glowing objects you may see between or above the bars, if you have the least spark of imagination to eke them out with.

It is not a pleasure, however, without its price; in the course of time the eyes become parched by the heat, the eyelids grow heavy, and in a moment or two you will inevitably go to sleep; to avoid which I jumped up, though with some effort, and determined to look in at the Coal Hole—not the one in the cellar, but the one in the Strand. Still, from the name, the reader may run away with, or rather be run away with, the notion that the Coal Hole goes the whole coal, at some shed or dingy wharf down those dark arches or narrow lanes in the neighbourhood of the Adelphi—that it is a depository for Wallsend, Russell's Main, and Adair's; Hetton, Pontops, and Tanfield's, and all the other varieties of the black diamond. Whereas, if they take the right Rhoads, they will find a well-known house of entertainment in Fountain Court, celebrated for its good cheer and comic singing, to which a little deaf-and-dumb waiter,—call him page if you please,—played a mute accompaniment.

Well, I walked in, passing the bar on the right, to the large room, where some voice in three volumes was singing a glee, with as much goodwill as if it had been earning three suppers. O, what a rich, jolly triple chorus it was, singing of wine and Bacchus, and Venus and myrtils,—while with every line some bright glorious image rose up in the mind's eye,—fauns skipping and nymphs dancing, grapes clustering, flowers springing, birds singing, and the sun shining from the clear blue sky with a fervour that made the blood bound through the heart, and run with a sensible thrill through every vein! And when the song ceased, the genial feeling did not cease with it, for though there was no sun there, or blue sky, or clustering vines, there was abundance of radiant lamps, and the fire glowed like a furnace, and the generous juice of the grape shone in amber and ruby through the crystal, and shed a light as from the painted windows of the Temple of Bacchus on the snowy table-cloths. And then those social little nooks round the room! Mirth occupied one; you could hear him laughing till his sides shook and his voice quivered. Friendship had taken possession of the next one; and was giving out hearty toasts and sentiments, followed by hip, hip, hips! and loud hurrahs! Harmony sat in the third: he had joined in the *trio*, a capital *fourth*—and in the other boxes sat dozens of Sociables, and United Brethren, and Odd Fellows, enjoying themselves to their hearts' content, over the good things, solid and liquid, of this world. What comfortable steams rose

over the tops of the partitions; what savoury odours streamed around; what a cheerful clatter of knives and forks and plates; what a merry jingle of bottles and glasses as they kissed each other in their hospitable journeys—like gossips laden with drink; what a tinkling, as if of little bells, between the glass and the busy spoon! What fumes of gin, rum, and brandy mingling in the air, and making a sort of aromatic punch for the benefit of the nose! And what rattling peals of laughter that seemed to come from some fat fellow with two hearts—one mocking the other! And all the while the deaf-and-dumb page, inspired by the spirit of the place, grew more and more intelligent, till he seemed to hear with every feature but his ears, and to speak with every feature but his mouth.

And, better than all, in a corner box there was my very crony, my bosom friend, the friend of my soul, my other self, old Mann—or Old Humanity as we used to call him, sipping from a huge goblet to which he invited everybody who only looked at him—for he had a large heart and a liberal hand, loved everybody in the world but himself, and deserved to be as largely loved in return. Yes—there he was, smiling and looking like a father to every one in the room. It was impossible not to drink with him when he asked you, which he was as sure to do, if you were within hearing, as that Burton ale is not Burton's Melancholy. So to it we went, glass for glass, hob and nob, here's to thee, and fill again,—and the wife and children, down to the baby in arms, were pledged in humming ale. At least that was *his* liquor, as it was Adam's, though of a weaker sort, for before A. B. was invented, double X would have been an anachronism. However, strong ale was his drink, and of all songs he best loved that old one, which sings of “jolly good ale and old.” But every man else might call for what he liked and welcome,—even the stranger whose face he had never seen before was a brother by descent to old Mann, and treated accordingly. So to it, I say, we went, with a will as the sailors say, like the jovial toppers in Rabelais, taking great draughts of the stingo, and rare slices of the brawn, and huge trusses of the green salad, in which two or three lobsters had lost themselves, like tars in the country parts; and, meanwhile, the singing began again, first only one voice, then two, then three, then a fourth chimed in, and then more and more till the room rang again with the lusty chorus! Oh, 'twas a glorious place that Coal Hole!—warm, bright, joyous with song and laughter,—you quite forgot there was such a thing as care, dull care in the world!

Well, we drank on, old Mann and I, till my head became so heavy with the ale that had mounted into it, that I could not hold it up, but do what I would, it must needs drop first on my bosom, and then lower and lower till it bobbed on the table; and lo, when it bobbed up again I was all in the dark, pitch dark. Every lamp had gone out; and as to the fire, it had died of apoplexy, or something as sudden, for there was not a spark left of it. I never felt so cold and dreary in my life, for with the light and the warmth, the voices had died away too. Instead of the jovial chorus, the joyous jest, the many tongues, all



clattering together, and the multitudinous laughing, one jolly cock crowing to another, like the chanticleers of the village, . . . all mute—not a tongue wagged—silent as death! I stretched out my hand for my ale, it was gone, table and all. I felt for old Mann and he was gone too; or turned into something cold, damp, and hard, like a wall. As soon as I could fetch my breath and voice, I called him: Mann! Mann! Mann! Where are you?"

"Here I am," answered the voice of Mann, as from somewhere under the floor.

"What, are you down stairs?"

"I believe we are," grumbled the voice.

"What, down in the cellar?"

"Yes."

"Zounds! How did we come there?" said I.

"We had not such a great deal of ale! Why we were up in the great room, with a blazing fire, and the lamps, and Hudson or somebody was singing a comic song. For heaven's sake, Mann, let's get up again. Where are you—what are you doing?"

"Here—getting coal!"

"Getting coal!"—(how drunk he must have been!)—And again I called to him by name—

"Mann! Mann!"

"Here."

"Where?"

"Here."

Following the sound, I struck my head against a beam or wall, with a crash that almost stunned me. I was in a low passage, so low that I was obliged to bend almost double. But there was a glimmer of light before me, and I crept towards it, till at last I saw Mann, lying on his back in a sort of black cupboard, or gigantic coffin, at the top of which he was pecking with a pickaxe, as if he had been buried alive and was trying to break out. He was almost naked, and had his head bound up with a dirty cloth.

"Gracious heaven! Mann! how came you there?—how came we here? I thought we were in the Coal Hole!"

"And so we are," said Mann, without turning his head or stopping for a moment in his labour. Pick, pick, pick—as if his return to the world depended on it. And I longed for a pickaxe, too, the black earth seemed to be closing upon me so oppressively. What a mystery it was! As if I and Mann had actually passed, by death, from the upper world, its light, its warmth, and human society, to the dark chambers of the grave! And was it really so?—had we bidden adieu for ever to the sun, for ever and ever to the blue skies and the green earth, and the sweet elastic air on which we used to live! Were we really smothered from all dear social ties, till the earth crumbled away, and the heavens rolled up like a parchment before the fire? It wanted not demons to convert it to a place of torment—the horrors of retrospection were sufficient to make that gloomy vault, or whatever it was, the abode of exquisite anguish. O, how vividly returned upon me the blessed warmth and light, the communion with my kind from which I was so suddenly and unaccountably cut off! Perhaps—so whispered a remorseful, misgiving thought—I had enjoyed these too much, too selfishly, too heedlessly, without asking or caring what portion

others of my fellow-men had in the bounties of Providence. Perchance, for that sin, I had been condemned to an immortal solitary confinement, in the bowels of the earth—for I was solitary—Mann was too much occupied with his tool, pick, pick, pick, to be a companion. And something told me, that there he might work for a thousand years without obtaining a glimpse of the blue sky. Mann, who on earth had so enjoyed the fellowship of man! and for very loneliness I could not help calling to him, occasionally, only for the sound of his voice, but he was too much absorbed in his dreary task to attend to me; sometimes he briefly answered me, sometimes not. Pick, pick, pick: he was so abstracted from me, by his labour, it was as if he had not been there. Oh, for but one human being that would speak if spoken to,—that would look at me, feel with me; and as I prayed, a faint light approached, from some unfathomable distance, nearer and nearer, till a woman, or the ghost of a woman, stooping, partly because of the low channel, and partly, it seemed, from some heavy burden on her back, came crawling past me. Oh, how squalid she was—how worn by woe—how haggard, how gaunt, how utterly withered from all that is womanly into all that is witch-like! And yet, even in that wasted form, and those wretched features, I recognised one I had known above—she was the wife of Mann!

"Elinor!"

But she made no answer, save a mournful shake of the head, and crept slowly on; she had not breath or heart to speak. Methought, now perhaps Mann will turn towards her, and pause in his work; but pick, pick, pick, he let his wife, his miserable wife, pass on without a word or a glance. There was no time *there*, then, even for love! My soul sank within me. What an eternity was before me; dead even to hope! Nay, not yet, for two more forms approached, strangely harnessed, and painfully dragging behind them some ponderous load, that made them stop to pant for breath—if it could be called breath, that was inhaled in that awful subterranean prison. And as they stopped I knew them, a girl and a boy—but oh, how sadly disfigured! In years and size so young, in face so carefully old, like pain-ridden dwarfs! They were Mann's children! But the father looked not at his children; the children glanced not at their father! there was no time for love, conjugal, paternal, or filial, in that terrible place!

The ways of Providence are inscrutable! It is not for us to pry into the secrets of Heaven, and yet I could not help asking in my soul, by what awful guilt Mann, his wife, and his poor children, could have incurred so stupendous a punishment, such an appalling infliction of the Divine wrath? Above ground, on the living earth, they had seemed amongst the better examples of human nature; generous, charitable in word and deed, honest, industrious, tenderly affectionate to each other. I had known them under various phases, in sickness, in poverty, and oppressed, and yet how unrepining they were, how patient, how forbearing! Above all, in their days of want, how munificent, bestowing the half of their little on those who had less! As I thought of it, a crushing sense of my own un-

worthiness, compared with their worth, completely overwhelmed me. There was no juggling there, no self-deceit in that pitch-black prison, the Condemned Cell of the Soul! Weighed, even in my own balance, against poor Mann, conscience declared me deficient,—that I ought rather to have been condemned to pick, pick, pick, picking at that sable roof, to gain a glimpse, if I could, of the blessed face of Nature!

"Mann," I cried, "Mann!"

"Well."

"Let me work for you a bit—You must be cramped in that narrow cell—and worn out with labour."

"Yes—my back 's a'most broke—and my neck aches as if it had been twisted."

"Give me the pick."

He put the tool into my hand—how heavy it was! And I crept into the black niche; but it was so like getting into the narrow home, that I lay paralysed with cold and dread, unable to lift my arm. In the mean time a faint light appeared as before, but from the opposite direction: it might be that Mann's wife and children were on their return—but no! a secret whisper told me that they were my own partner and our little ones, and I involuntarily closed my eyes against a spectacle, painted beforehand, on the blank black air. I dared not look at my wife or children—it was agony, unutterable agony, only to think of them in those depths of desolation.

But I was not to be spared that infliction. Through my eyelids, supernaturally transparent, I beheld a sight that filled my soul with bitterness. Oh, those dear young faces, so prematurely old, hunger-pinched, and puckered with cares—precisely informed of the woes of the world—children, without childhood. And, oh! that sad, forlorn matron's face, once the sunniest on earth; now, with hair so gray, eyes so dull, lips so thin—misery, misery! The sight was unbearable, and I shrieked out, "I am, I am in ———"

But before I could pronounce the unmentionable word, my eyes suddenly opened, and I saw before me my winter fire, with that great black block of the mineral fuel on the top, which, by its intense contrast with the glowing mass beneath, had led me into such a dream of the *dark* and *bright* of the world, and that transition from the Coal Hole to the Coal Mine.

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### THE WILD-FLOWER OF THE DANUBE.

For months before the election of a representative to the Hungarian legislature, all classes, high and low, wore the chosen badge of their party, consisting, generally, of a feather, a ribbon of one of the national colours, or of a fresh sprig, or flower. It was, thus, easy to recognize, at the first glance, to which party a man belonged.

In the county of Nesgrad (that smiling region, which may well be called the garden of Hungary), during the election which immediately preceded our king's last breach of faith, a badge was chosen, which, from the poetry of its name, and the beauty of its form, excited in me a lively curiosity. It was a plant found in Lower Hungary, more especially on the banks of the Danube

and the Theiss. On a slender green stem, scantily decked with leaves, waves a delicately-divided feathery flower, which, for softness and flexibility, can only be compared with ostrich or marabout plumes. The soft filaments, which nestle so gently, and the colour of which can only be described as flaxen, will partly explain the peculiar name that the flower bears in Hungary, namely, "The Orphan Maiden's Hair." Count Joseph Zichy, a young and ardent member of the Left, had brought great quantities of this plant (which continues for years unchanged) from his estates in Lower Hungary to our upland district, where it will not grow: he distributed it as the opposition badge at the election of deputies for the momentous diet of 1817-1848. The flower was so becoming an ornament, that many ladies whose husbands or fathers belonged to that party, adorned their riding-hats with it; a circumstance which, doubtless, brought over many a youthful proselyte.

One warm autumn evening, I sat with a true-hearted peasant family, before their cottage-door. I was to remain with them until the following morning, when I expected to receive a letter which should regulate my movements. Father, mother, and children, were stringing the dark golden, or purple brown, spikes of freshly-gathered Turkish maize on long pieces of strong twine, in order to hang them in festoons from the low straw roof to dry. In the hat of one of the fine active lads waved a most beautiful "*Arva leány haj*" (Orphan Maiden's Hair), at least eighteen inches long. The black-eyed Erzi (Elizabeth) observed, with some pride, when she saw how I admired it, that this flower was not to be found in our stony Nesgrad; and, perhaps, nowhere in such perfection as just here, on the neighbouring banks of the river. My former curiosity returned, and I inquired into the origin of its extraordinary name.

It was only after repeated entreaties that my hosts, who, at my question, had assumed quite a solemn air, determined to impart to me the legend that prevails along the shores of the Danube concerning this flower. According to ancient custom, it might only be related by the grandmother, on the long festive evenings of the Christmas week. As she, however, was now ill, the blooming Erzi, after assuring us she remembered every syllable of it, was allowed to take her place. The full moon, just rising, quivered on the calm waves of the Danube, and the whole scene gave a half-saddened tone to my mind, that well adapted it for the coming legend.

Erzi began, in a low voice, to relate as follows:

Not far from here is a large market-town, which, with other estates in the country, became the property of a German Count, on his marriage with the only daughter of a rich magnate. After the death of this lady—who held some office about the person of the Empress—her husband came from Vienna to live on the estates, which he administered during the minority of his two sons, as their guardian. Great alterations were now introduced. The old officials and servants—most of whom had inherited their situations from father to son for generations—were replaced by Austrians. Before long, not a word of Hungarian

was to be heard in the Castle; the family itself did not understand a syllable of the language. All judicial proceedings were transacted in German; none of the officials had the slightest acquaintance with our mother-tongue; and, if the poor peasant brought forward a complaint or a petition, he was not only unable to make himself understood, but was even mocked and insulted on that account. When, thus wounded in his tenderest feelings (his pride in our noble language), he appealed to the Count himself, he gained but a repetition of the same treatment, only accompanied with increased scorn. The sole results of every such attempt was approbation for the officials, and harsh words, or blows, for the peasant. Despair fell gradually on the people, like an endless night, and wore deep furrows in their haggard faces.

Janos was a gamekeeper, and had until now led a life of domestic happiness with his wife and child. He was replaced by an ignorant upstart, better skilled in the arts of fawning and flattery than in those of hunting and woodcraft.

Driven from house and home, Janos removed, with his family, to a clay hut, on the banks of the Danube, not far from the Castle. He tried in many ways to provide for their support: but, like his father and his grandfather, he was only a huntsman. His skill, therefore, was limited to the green forest, and his unerring ball. His utmost efforts in field-work and fishing, brought small gain and great vexation.

His child fell ill, and the blooming cheek of his young wife grew pale from want and anxiety. Janos knew not where to turn. The village doctor had declared meat and nourishing food to be the only medicine for mother and child. The prescription was received in silence; it was given with the coldness and indifference of one who grown dull to such sad scenes by their frequent repetition, cares little whether the advice he gives can be followed or not.

For many hours after the departure of the doctor, they remained brooding gloomily over his words. The young wife had at last, through sheer weariness, fallen asleep, with her little one on her arm. The huntsman gazed on the mother and child, and two large tears—strange visitants to his proud face—fell down his cheeks on to his dark beard. Suddenly his eye flashed. A resolve seemed to burst, struggling from him; his lips grew pale. Stealthily he arose; and, groping in the straw that formed his bed, drew forth a double-barrelled gun from its concealment; he threw over his shoulder his large bundle;† and, hiding beneath it, gun, pouch, and powder-flask, he hastened through the doorway.

It was already dusk, when the crying of her child for food awoke Terka from a feverish sleep. She raised herself with difficulty, looked around, and saw she was alone. Where was Janos? She knew that, for a week, he had been without work; what could have induced him to forsake his sick wife? A horrible foreboding, which she could not define, seized her. She rushed out, and called him with a loud voice. There was no

answer. She returned to the hut, took the wailing child in her arms, and darted from house to house in the village, asking for her husband. Some had not seen him; others answered with embarrassment, and sought to persuade her to return to the hut. This only rendered the dark image of coming evil more distinct. Onward and onward, a nameless presentiment seemed to impel Terka towards one fixed spot. Meanwhile, night had completely closed in. The starving child shuddered on the breast of its mother; who, though only half-clothed, neither felt the raw night-wind, nor heeded her infant's cry. She had now arrived in front of the Castle; the gates were wide open, but the entrance was filled with a crowd of people. Terka stopped for a moment, and turned her large black eye on the bystanders, who, motionless with terror, were gazing towards the interior of the castle-yard.

Silence reigned for a moment; a loud, horrible cry then pierced the air—one that seemed rather forced from a sense of powerless rage than from pain. A cold shudder ran through all present; Terka had sunk on her knees, but rose at once; and, with the strength of madness, pushing aside her neighbours who sought to detain her, reached the space within.

It was lighted by the ruddy glare of torches, held by a number of servants who were ranged around. The husband lay, bound with cords, on the ground; and the hissing scourges fell, with fearful rapidity, upon him. A few paces distant stood the grey-headed Count, with his two beardless sons. All three appeared to look upon the scene as on an unexpected excitement. If a groan or cry from the poacher (he had been caught in the act) caused the executioner, who had been created for the occasion, to pause involuntarily, a heavy blow on his own shoulder, dealt by the high hand of his gracious lord, taught him to do his duty better; and, urged by a feeling of revenge, he visited this insult to himself with threefold force on his victim.

Terka gazed with vacant eyes: no cry escaped her lips. The storm had loosened her long black hair, which she thrust from her pallid brow as though she wished to see more clearly. Mechanically she drew nearer to her husband—and now, he sees her! A fresh scream of rage bursts from him—it was like no human sound!

"Away!" he cried, in the Hungarian tongue, "what would an angel do among demons?"

The young wife made no reply; unconsciously, she opened her arms—the child fell on the stones of the court-yard, and she sank faintly by its side.

Silently, as at the funeral procession of a murdered man, did the neighbours carry the father, mother, and child, all three covered with blood, back to their hut. The savage humour of the great lord was for a time at rest. The streets were empty; no one dared to appear at his door while the mournful train passed. Even those whom humanity had rendered bold enough to take the huntsman to his home, withdrew, in anxious haste, fearful of exciting anew the rage awakened in their tyrants.

The injuries which the mother and child had received in their fall on the pavement were, fortunately, slight; but Janos lay in a burning fever

\* According to the law, none but the nobles are allowed to keep fire-arms, without express permission.

† Hungarian sheepskin.

occasioned by his wounds. Wild fancies, full of the terrible events of the evening, and mingled with the ardent desire for revenge, agitated the brain of the sick man. From time to time, Terka laid cooling herbs on the deep, bloody wounds with which his back and shoulders were covered, and then seated herself quietly at the head of his bed.

Day broke at last. The huntsman knew once more the loving hand that so gently touched his brow, and found a smile for the child to which Terka sadly pointed as their consolation. The little one sat on the floor, not far from them, playing with the bright hair that fell in light ringlets on her neck, and the rich abundance of which was the joy and pride of her parents.

Towards noon, the trampling of many horses was heard. The door was flung open, and the forester, who had on the previous day arrested his predecessor, and brought him to the Castle, now entered, accompanied by several youths.

"Your lord commands you," he cried, in a tone of peremptory insolence, "instantly to give up the fire-arms which you no doubt still have in the house. The Count himself waits without to be witness of your submission."

The huntsman, unable to speak, cast a look of deep meaning on Terka.

"Janos had but the one gun," she said, with downward look.

"Wretches, beware! A lie plunges you but deeper in disgrace. Deliver the arms that you persist in concealing."

The huntsman himself now made a sign of denial.

"We have hidden nothing," murmured the young wife, almost inaudibly.

The Count had overheard this conversation through the open door. "Drag him forth!" he cried, his voice trembling with rage, "that the hoof of my horse may trample this lying Magyar's soul out of its body. Do you hear? Out with him, or his punishment shall fall on those who hesitate. Let the house be searched," continued he, "and if there be found what he so obstinately denies, he shall pay for it with his life!"

The youths seized the sick man, and dragged him to the burning sand, which, at this place, covers the shore. Terka followed.

"Hold!" she cried, as she saw the raised whip of the furious Count suspended over the head of her husband, "Hold! one moment—I will fetch what you desire."

She went back into the house. In a few seconds she returned, with a rille in her hand.

"Here," said she, "is the weapon—and the ball with it!" and, before they were aware, she had taken a sure aim, and fired.

The Count, shot through the heart, fell from his horse. Janos sprang to his feet; his frantic wife, clasping him in her arms, whispered a few words in his ear. In an instant, they threw themselves together from the bank into the stream.

Their bodies were never found.

After these terrible events, the deserted child (then five years old) became an object of the tenderest care to the whole village. The inhabitants were incited to this, partly by a natural feeling of compassion; partly by a dim, unuttered sym-

pathy, which impelled them to take charge of the child whose unhappy mother had avenged them all. Several time-kind-hearted mothers tried to take the child to their homes, intending to regard it as one of their own; but she always returned to the hut of her parents. Neither kind nor harsh treatment could induce her to stay; she always seized the first opportunity to slip away unobserved. When hungry, she went into the village and asked for bread; if this were offered to her on condition of her not returning to the hut, she sadly bent her head, so beautifully adorned with sunny curls, and went home—her hunger unappeased. They asked her often if she did not fear being alone in the solitary hut: she then would smile, and, lifting her dark-blue eyes in wonderment to the face of the questioner, answer, "Father and mother are with me—you forget; they watch all night that no harm befall me." At last they were obliged to let the strange child have her way; but supplied her regularly and abundantly with food and clothes.

By degrees a kind of awe made the country people shun her. Her strange, reserved nature—the gentle sadness that was spread over her features—the ever-repeated assurance that her parents spent every night with her, gave occasion to rumours of all sorts among the superstitious. It was said that their restless spirits actually rose from their watery grave, to protect the darling they had forsaken. This belief at last prevailed so far that the people gradually avoided speaking to the girl, or having her in their homes; but everything she required was conveyed to a place, whence she, as if by a tacit agreement, came to fetch it. This estrangement coincided entirely with her own inclinations; she did not like the society of human beings, and had no knowledge of their ways. Thus, solitary and companionless, she ripened into a lovely maiden.

From sunrise until evening she was to be seen on the same spot, sitting on the shore, either in a musing, dreamy attitude, softly murmuring to the waves, and bending over them, as if listening for a reply; or combing with careful pride her lustrous golden hair, which dipped in the moving mirror of the water, and enveloped her in the sunshine, like a mantle of rays.

Eleven years had elapsed since the day on which the parents of the orphan had met their death. The old Count's oppression, far from being diminished, was redoubled, under the united sway of the two brothers; who vied with each other in inflicting pain and misery. While Franz was the terror of all the poor who were unable to render their lord the exact amount of money and labour due to him, Wilfred, the younger brother, was a libertine of the most licentious nature; who, in his wild passion for the banquet, and the chase, spared neither the goods nor the lands, neither the fields nor the fruits of his vassals. Every holy feeling of humanity seemed to be dried up in these two hearts. The father of a family trembled when Franz ordered him up to the castle, for this was the sure omen of approaching misfortune. The mother murmured a short prayer, and hastened to conceal herself and her children in the remotest corner of the house, when the snorting of Wilfred's black horse was heard on the castle hill.

One warm Sunday morning, during harvest time, Wilfred had ridden out with a dozen fleet greyhounds, to couse the hare, little caring in his wild mood for the horror with which he filled the pious villagers by this unholy disturbance of the Sabbath. The sport did not prove successful; the dogs had been at fault—the horse had failed in speed—the game had escaped the hunter. He relieved his ill-temper by pulling at the mouth of his Arabian horse till it bled; and giving the dogs, that, aware of their crime, were slinking fearfully away, a taste of the whip. In his obstinate determination to reach his prey, he had ridden farther than usual: now, hungry and vexed, he sought to shorten the way back to the castle by leaping over every obstacle. After proceeding madly in this way for half an hour, a cool, refreshing breeze suddenly roused the heated rider from his sullen brooding. He looked up and found himself on a sandy road, by the bank of the Danube. He was about to slacken his pace, both for his own and his horse's sake, when the animal, shying and starting aside, stopped short. Surprised at this unusual movement, he looked around for the cause of the horse's fear.

The sight that met his eyes, although far from exciting a similar feeling in him, held him for some moments motionless. A few paces from him, on a grassy hillock, lay the orphan (her head resting on her arm), unconscious of the rider's approach.

A magical loveliness gleamed from her countenance, which was bent towards the stream with an arch smile, such as petted children wear when they venture to play tricks on grave people. Meanwhile, she cast into the waters bunches and garlands of wild flowers, which lay heaped in her lap. Her long bright hair, gently borne on the wind, now floated in sunny filaments around her, and now enveloped in rich shining folds her slender form. The whole apparition was one of entrancing beauty, rare and captivating.

Much less would have sufficed to enflame the excitable heart of the Austrian; he alighted from his horse, and approached the maiden, fearing all the while lest some illusion might be dazzling his senses, and the whole enchantment dissolve into air before he reached it. She did not look up; but continued playing with the flowers.

"Who art thou?" he at length exclaimed, almost trembling with emotion. "Say, art thou woman, or immortal?"

There was no answer.

The Count drew nearer, and sat down at her feet. "Listen!" he resumed, "I feel, by the passionate beating of my heart, that thou art mortal, like myself. I know not whence thou comest, nor what thy name. It matters not. Woman reigns but by beauty's power. Reign over all that is mine, and over me!" With these words he tried to seize her hand. The maiden now looked up for the first time; and on her countenance was depicted only childish vexation at the interruption. "Hush!" she said; "you speak so loud that I cannot hear what they are telling me."

"Leave thy childish play," said the knight, caressingly. "Dost thou not hear? Dost thou not understand what I offer thee? I, Count

Wilfred, lord of this wide domain, implore thy love. Follow me to my castle; and, let the world say what it will, thou shalt be Lord Wilfred's wife.

The maiden listened thoughtfully to his words; a sad foreboding flitted unconsciously like a shadow over her clear brow. "I do not understand—I know not what you would with me—I feel only that your presence alarms and disturbs me." With these words she turned from him, as though in anger.

The Count stood up, he felt a gush of that impatience which always seized him on the slightest contradiction; but a glance at the fascinating creature before him subdued it.

"Thou art a child, yet a charming, a wondrous child. Understand, then, oh sweet wild maiden! Thou shalt become my wife—shalt go with me to my castle—shalt leave this place never to return."

Of all Wilfred had said, the orphan understood only that he purposed to remove her from her home.

In anxious fear she sprang up. "Leave this place!—Depart!" she cried. "Stranger, why torment me with such words? Know you not that I am the orphan? Leave me!" she continued, and clasped her hands imploringly. "Leave me to myself! Do you not hear?" and she bent, in a listening attitude, over the Danube—"They murmur. I fear they are displeased with me."—She threw herself weeping on her knees: "Be not angry with me, loved ones! Never will the orphan leave this place!"

A shudder ran through the Knight. A dim recollection began to dawn on his mind. Involuntarily, his thoughts reverted to his father, who had been murdered on these banks. The details of the awful event had always, so far as was possible, been concealed from him and his brother. Why did the shade of his father now rise to his imagination, dark and bloody?

"Thou little fool," he exclaimed, "thou little frantic fool! Art though really so unacquainted with men and the world as not to know that each of my words is a thunderbolt, before which every will trembles and is silent? I tell thee thou must follow me."

With these words he clasped the maiden in his arms, and sought to draw her away.

The orphan sprang up. The anger of outraged modesty glowed on her cheek: her dark-blue eye flashed as if it would annihilate the insolent intruder.

"Help!" she cried; "help! Am I quite forsaken?"

On the surrounding heights appeared groups of country people on their way to the neighbouring church, who, anxious spectators of the unequal contest, ventured not to stay their dreaded master.

"Thou stragglest in vain, mischievous little witch!" exclaimed Wilfred, as he strove to lift her on his horse.

"Help!" cried the maiden again.

The groups on the hills crowded together. The bells of the village church began to sound the summons to the holy service.

With a violent movement of despair, the orphan

had succeeded in disengaging herself, and had gained the brink of the stream.

"I understand thee!" shouted the Count; "but thou art too beautiful to become the prey of fishes: thou shalt not escape me so!"

He roughly grasped her long, silken hair, and wound it several times round his right hand. "Now fly!" he triumphantly exclaimed, "call thy spirits to thy aid!"

The maiden trembled in every limb. "My parents! my parents!" she cried. "Oh, help your child!"

And suddenly—as when a huge caldron, on the point of boiling, sends to the surface foam and bubbles—the stream began to seethe and heave; its colour changing to a dull grey; a hollow plashing sound was heard; and an odour of decay rose from the waters. The orphan uttered a cry of joy; stretched her arms as towards a visible object, and sank into the stream.

A shriek of horror burst from the tyrant; the luxuriant tresses remained in his hand! Pale as death, he staggered several paces backward. "Lord, be merciful to me!" he stammered, with halting tongue, and fell to the ground in a swoon. His hand relaxed its hold; and the delicate fair hair, carried by the wind, flew along the shore, and rested on hill and bush.

The bells were still calling to church; but the people, excited and trembling at the miracle they had witnessed, knelt down and implored from Heaven forgiveness for the wretched culprit.

Count Wilfred soon after made a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, from which he never returned. A few years more, and his elder brother breathed his last, after a long illness, surrounded in his dying moments only by unsympathising men, whom he had taught to feel towards him nothing but hatred, and a longing for revenge. The property reverted to the State.

But, maidens, ever since this wondrous event, have found along the shores of the Danube a new flower, the long, flaxen filaments of which so closely resemble The Orphan Maiden's Hair, that they have given it that name.

Erzsi ceased. Meanwhile, the moon had fully risen, and softly illumined the stream and its green shores. Here and there, between the reeds, were seen the delicate, light flowers, the history of which she had related; and which, gently stirred by the evening wind, bore testimony to the truth of the Hungarian legend.

It was late—my hosts retired to rest; but I remained long on my seat before the house, and let the rushing current of the Danube, and the sighing of the reeds, repeat to me the legend I had heard.

## HOPE.

## AN EPIGRAM.

SWEET Hope of life, where shouldst thou dwell?  
Not with the eagle on the rock,  
The civic strife, or battle shock,  
But near thy sister Truth's deep well;  
Midst shadowy woods and grassy lanes,  
Where tenderness with beauty reigns,  
And heaven's bright silence breeds a voice within!  
This be life's care to win,  
Its noblest scope—  
But not in solitude—alone—sweet Hope!

## LIVING IN A HURRY.

PERHAPS the most characteristic peculiarity of the social condition of England at present is the unhealthy want of repose. Travelling by railroad is merely typical of the headlong hurry with which all the affairs of life are transacted. In business, men are in a hurry to get rich; they cannot submit to the tedious process of adding one year's patient and legitimate gains to those of its predecessor, but seek by bold speculative combinations, by anticipations of intelligence received through the ordinary channels, to make or mar themselves by one bold stroke. The devotees of pleasure seek, as it were, to multiply their personal presence—not only by rattling to a dozen assemblies of a night, as has been the worshipful practice in London during the gay season for some hundred years, but by shooting in the North of Scotland and yachting in the Channel during the same week, visiting Palestine and the Pyramids during the Parliamentary recess, and other feats of celerity. The mechanical wheels revolve with accumulated speed to correspond to the hot haste of those who impel them. The long hours of factory and milliner drudges, the gangs of night and day labourers relieving each other in printing-offices and coal-pits—all the unintermitting, eager, "go-a-head" pressure of society—are but so many symptoms of the excitement which impels men to live in a hurry. It is a paradox only in form to say that we are in such a hurry to live that we do not live at all. Life slips through our fingers, unfelt, unenjoyed, in the bustle of preparing to live. A day of business is a day of breathless haste. The duties of the toilet are hurried through; the breakfast is gulped down without being tasted; the newspaper is skimmed with a dim idea of its contents; the place of business is posted to in chariot, cab, or 'bus; the day is spent in straining to overtake complicated details of business too extensive for the mind's grasp; it costs a race to be in time for dinner, and dinner is curtailed of its fair proportion of time for the debate, or the committee, or the opera, or the evening party, or all of them. Even sleep is got through impatiently, with frequent startings and consultations of the watch, lest the morning hours be lost. We snore in quicker time than our ancestors snored. And the worst of it is, that men cannot help this railroad fashion of galloping out of life. When such a crowd as now peoples these islands are all running at this headlong speed, you must run with them, or be borne down and run over and trampled to death by the mass. It is only by joining in the frantic gallop that you can keep your place and save your bones from being broken. Habit becomes so inveterate, that even when thrown out of the vortex men cannot rest. In the young societies of our Colonial empire, (and this is not their least recommendation,) men might live more leisurely if they chose. Our very diseases partake of this contagious haste: the lingering consumption is growing less frequent—the instantaneous apoplexy and ossification of the heart are taking its place. Even the moralizers on this universal race for the sake of running, hurry along with the rest, and pant out their reflections as they run.—*Household Words.*

## DEPARTED BEGGARS.

CHARLES LAMB in his day complained of the decay in the number of beggars in the metropolis. The decay has now approached dissolution.

Where are the beggars to whom the macaronis of George the Fourth's princely and wasted youth flung the smaller coins, after Brummell had banned contumeliously the retention of small "change?" Where are the weather and brandy-beaten soldiers, redder or browner than their tattered uniforms, who asked for alms—"an obolus to Belisarius?" [A fable but it ought to have been true.] Where are the seamen, sturdy as they were crippled, who, as a matter of choice—when choice permitted—were for the "towns-ent" for life? and even London town had then a few straggling and varying indications of what might be called "ends." Where is the escaped negro slave, whose back was marked as with scars from the leathern and wiry claws of the slave-driver's cat, and whose body, bowed in mendicant and slave-like humbleness, was often to be remarked for its dull, sable obesity? Where are the unshorn and ill-linened men who watched the congregating and departing of classical schools, and begged, as they thought, classically, "*Miserere mei! Sum pauper cygnusque* or asked those whom they knew, or fancied, to belong to the French class, "*Donnez-moi un sou, milord; au peti sou; pour l'amour de Dieu?*"

Where are the brimstone-tipped match-sellers who, in the age of tinder-boxes, introduced their wares and wails in London suburbs, under cover of some lugubrious psalm, or solemn "verses for the occasion," despite the bidding that it is for the merry to sing psalms? Where are the attractive, yet repulsive, deformities who begged loudly, openly, upbraidingly, of recusant Christian people, in other days? Where, I say, are all these long established and long-remembered public characters now? Gone, all gone; as defunct as the box-seat of the York mail, or as the London street cry, which heralded the dawn, and in some parts was heard, like the nightingale, "all the night long," the cry of "Sa-loop." The New Policeman walks, with slow and measured steps, along dismantled or demolished streets, once the beggar's, the veritable beggar's hotel, his lavatory, his tiring-room, his harem. Streets, too, which once rang with mendicant melody or malediction, are now purged and live cleanly.

Yet, it is little more than a quarter of a century ago that the streets were prolific in the very pith and pride of beggary. The martial cankers, the remnants of the long war, and the simulations of the battered trooper's dress and manners, were hold in the highways. They had their peculiar feasts and fun, their favourite viands, their still more favourite beverages, their own toasts and their own "cant," their graceless orgies, and their unbroken slumbers upon broken floors. Gone, all gone. The beggar has nightmares now; his blue lettered and numbered enemy haunts him in his dreams.

The spirit of street mendicity and mendacity is broken; the genius of beggars' invention has shrunk into the envelope of ill-worded begging letters. Where is there now a man like "the Scotchman," who wore four waiscoats and three

coats, but was shoeless and hoseless, and had a loose robe, disposed like a lady's shawl about him, and so artistically, that he looked "a deplorable object?" And did he not gain his thirty, or forty, or fifty shillings a-day by pure begging? What was a lieutenant's or a captain's half-pay to that? And did he not, all calm and unruffled, when interrupted in the exercise of his profession by a buzzing insect of a beadle, retire to a public-house, inviting thither also his interrupter, and consume for dinner a pound of ham, half-a-pound of less savoury beef, with a pint of rum, and two pots of ale?

The strictly professional beggars in those days, the flourishing beggars until they relaxed for the night, carried their liquor like gentlemen, and were grave in the streets as was Thomson's doctor, "a black abyss of drink" among the fox-hunters. And had not the Scotchman a tin case between his shoulders in which he kept bank-notes, of genuine Abraham Newland's mark (for he was his own banker), and did he not, moreover, enjoy a pension from Chelsea Hospital? Show me half so adventurous a pensioner in our dull days; half so successful a beggar. The present fraternity are like the men of whom Le Sage tells, who went to Madrid to see what o'clock it was, and came away as wise they went.

In those days there was actually a man who posed all civic wisdom. He appeared in man-of-war attire, and was led by a dog who carried his master's poor-box in his mouth. This man put it to the Mansion House, and he put it to the Guildhall, that it was his dog which begged, and not he. Then there was a man with a valuable limp, which he put off when he retired into domestic life, and stood forth a first-rate boxer. A Chelsea pensioner boasted over his cups of his success in begging, as he stood by his "friend Devonshire's" wall in Piccadilly, shrinking and blinded, from the war in Egypt. His pension was only some ten shillings a week. One beggar, who patronised Russell Square, until it was spoiled by Mr. Croker, did not carry his liquor like a gentleman, although sedate enough in his business hours; but he took his quaffing pints of gin at a draught, and repeating the draught in a very quack-like style, was continually snoring o' nights in street kennels. I need not dwell on the instances of beggars having bequeathed fortunes, (one, as a token of gratitude, left a legacy to a bank-clerk, who was good for a penny a-day); and one begging negro retired, rich, to the West Indies, the English climate being cold and insalubrious. Neither have I time to tell of women-beggars who really outdid the men; and, after the manner of such women, did not fail to tell them of it.

Beggary (in which word I include simply begging) rallied a few years back. Certain legionaries, in faded uniforms, paraded the streets, announcing their suffering for Queen Christina in Spain. Great was their success. "Why, we had, sir," one of the batch of street-professionals said, "wine when we liked, and hot giblet pies for supper!" Inferior vagrants cleaned these men's boots. But legionaries sprung up like a crop from dragon's teeth, and the "turk"—such is the technicality—was demolished by the police. The man whose words I have cited has begged from his infancy upwards.

There were also the "distressed tradesman" and the "clean" lunk; but they were little better than revivals.

Where, I repeat, is there an old-school beggar in London? Nowhere. Have, then, mendicancy and vagrancy left the streets and highways of London to the ten thousand wheels of commerce; to gents in Hansoms, and ladies in Broughams; to rich and reading professionals, and M. P.s, whose carriages are vehicular "studies;" and to the race of aristocratic loungers and shoppers, in chariots heavy with armorial bearings; as well as to the host of pedestrians upon pocket-compulsion? Not so: vagrancy is rife through the kingdom; but mendicancy—able and most special-pleading mendicancy which once

"—Flew like night, from land to land,  
Which had strange powers of speech—"

pure mendicancy—is gathered to the fathers and mothers of whom I have just presented a simple record. There was once a pride of art which bore the beggar bravely on; but now, even the veriest singing beggar is (comparatively) as silent as Memnon's statue, the poets notwithstanding. If these beggars chance to sing, they also strive to sell; they are not of the true blood of beggary; not of the breed which could assume the simple and timid look at will; they are, like Lear and his friends and fool, "sophisticated;" the by-gone beggars were like Mad Tom, "the thing itself."

There is, however, a covert mendicancy in our day. Aged and infirm people go from door to door with small stocks of lucifer-match boxes, or stay and boot laces, or memorandum-books or almanacks, and under shelter of this array of small traffic, they—beg. The children, little girls especially, beg under the odour of violets, "only a penny a bunch," even in winter. They profess no mendicancy; but their dress, their look, their tone, their straggling hair and protruding toes, are all mendicants' pleas, and they sometimes beg directly. Sorely, I have been told by two young sisters, have they sometimes been snubbed by fine but not very young ladies, because the children refused a half-penny for the nose-gay, which was about its cost, by the dozen bunches, at day-break, in Covent Garden market in the bleak frost.

Then there are the Irish beggars. Some are old men, tottering to a pauper's grave, who sell match-boxes, and when a civil word or a pitiful look encourages them, beg eloquently.

Well thin, sir," said a gray-headed feeble Irishman, whom I questioned, "I was a lock-smith, and came in my prime, yer honner, to mend myself in this country. But sorra the file can I hold now, for it has plazed God to fail my fingers and hands with the rheumatics. Ah! it's a match-box I can scarce hold now. Ay, and indeed, yer honner, you may say, 'sad changes.' The streets get cowler and cowler, sir, and people gets crosser and crosser wid an old man like me. But," brightening up a little, "I have a daughter that's immigrated. The Lord fasten the life in the good lady that helped her, though it almost broke my heart. But she'll help me, will my daughter, sure; and I must go on as I do now, till thin."

The street beggar's vocation, is, therefore, not entirely gone from among us. It lingers, and is

found here and there, like the small-pox; but it is fast disappearing, or has assumed strange guises, of which I have not now space to tell. Bethnal Green shall have no more legends; and no King Cophetua could now find a beggar-maid beseechingly to woo. The "jovial beggar," too, of Burn's lay is not. In fact, I have had opportunities to observe that your beggar, if he be a cripple, and *must* beg or pine in a workhouse, is an exceeding dull fellow. In our age an idle heavy lad who must yet be a runaway and scorn restraint, sinks into a beggar; the more quick-witted young vagrant (for, in such cases, a common lodging-house is a hot-house, a forcing house) soon blooms a thief.

There is another and a remarkable change pertaining to this matter. In other days the vagabond, or the beggar, seems to have been, as Blackstone calls seamen, "favourites of the law;" or rather, perhaps, of London magistrates. The man was, perhaps sent off into the next street to beg, after bowing to an injunction to "look out for honest work;" a frequent consequence, and always to the disgust of the reproved, and now (in such functions) superseded bea lle, who had captured the beggar "in the act." Now the conviction is summary.

The lines of street beggary are not, in this year of grace, cast in pleasant places.

DR EAMS.—Dreams usually take place in a single instant, notwithstanding the length of time they seem to occupy. They are, in fact, slight mental sensations, unregulated by consciousness; these sensations being less or more intense, painful or agreeable, according to certain physical conditions. On this subject, the following observations occur in Dr. Winslow's *Psychological Journal*:—"We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind! for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space, as well as of time, are also annihilated; so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this principle on record. A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After all the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had, at the same moment, produced the dream, and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamed that he had crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking, on his return, he fell into the sea, and awakening in the fright, found that he had not been asleep ten minutes."

GOD AND MY COUNTRY.—The common question asked a criminal, viz., how he will be tried? is improperly answered, "by *God and my Country*." It originally must have been, "By *God or my Country*," that is either by ordeal by Jury; for the question asked supposes an option in the prisoner, and the answer is meant to assert his innocence by declining neither sort of trial.—*Barrington on the Statutes*.



## A CAPE BALL-ROOM.

A WEALTHY old Indian officer, with excellent appointments in the Company's service, is travelling in the colony for the benefit of his health. He goes to every doctor in every town, and takes all they prescribe, but finds himself no better. His malady is that produced by good living in a tropical climate. At length he falls in with a shrewd apothecary from "the north country," who sees at a glance that the old gentleman only wants air and exercise; but not being an Abernethy, he is not blunt enough to say so. He prescribes, of course, the most innocent of pills and draughts, and sends his patient for a long canter every day. The patient gets well, and gratitude is immense—his admiration of the apothecary's professional skill is unbounded. He forthwith writes him a check for £1000, and invites him with his wife and all his family to accompany him back to Bombay, when he shall return thither. Meanwhile, in an ecstasy of delight, he journeys about the country, and gives balls to everybody everywhere. To-night he gives us one at Graham's Town. We enter a large, long room in the hotel, between eight and nine o'clock. The company are nearly all assembled; for when they do get a ball at the Cape, and especially at Graham's Town, they take time by the forelock, being considerably in doubt when they may chance to see another. \* \* \*

Let us turn to the ladies. Alas! they don't look so brilliant in complexion as in old England. The sun is a terrible destroyer of bloom on a maiden's cheek; still there are some pretty damsels among them, and not so badly "got-up" for the land of the Desert. We ask one to dance, and she accepts. Now comes the puzzle. What the deuce is a man to talk about in a Cape ball-room? There is neither opera nor theatre, nor park, nor concerts, nor court, nor news; even the weather—that eternal refuge for the destitute of small-talk—won't do in a country where it is always fine. We wish we could think of something entertaining. We begin to quiz some of the company (dangerous, by the way, as you may chance to select your partner's brother, or husband, or papa for your shafts of ridicule); but we find the young lady has no taste for the humorous. We talk about the beauty of the scene, the shortest monosyllable issues from the fair one's lips, and all is silent again. We begin to suspect we are very stupid, and feel proportionately uncomfortable. A bright idea strikes us. "Do you live in the town or in the country?" "In the country." We hesitate a moment, and then, making a plunge, we say, "How many head of cattle have you got?" What a start for a ball-room confab with a pretty girl! No matter, it was at all events successful;

"And success  
Is much in all things, but especially in youth."

No sooner had that magic question passed our lips, than the fair one's lips were opened also, and forth poured a torrent of information, touching cows and sheep, the breeding and rearing them, the milking and shearing thereof, and such a quantity of practical farming observations, that we half expected she would offer to "deal" with us, if we were disposed to make an investment in the butter or wool line \* \* \* Until I went to a ball at the Cape, I never knew what thorough enjoyment of dancing was. The Afrianders, blessings on their simple souls! don't walk through a quadrille, or glide through a polka: but they pound away with feet and arms, and the "orient humour" oozing from each pore of face, and hands, and neck, bears witness to the energy of their movements. And then the supper! Your partner does not take a little piece of a trifle, or a cream, or a tart, and sip a thimble-spoonful of negus, but she demolishes all the chicken and ham you give her, and drinks every drop of the three bumpers of champagne you pour out for her, and looks all the happier for both. As for yourself, you attack everything you can lay hands on; and, after the ladies have retired, you find yourself actually indulging in that highly dangerous and deleterious practice of "burrating," in response to the toast of the "Ladies," which that fat man in a red face and white waistcoat, with an uncomfortable tendency to work its way up to his chin, has just proposed. You find, too, that you come down again to that same supper-room after the fair one's have begun to depart for their homes; you find that you prefer brandy-and-water to the doubtful champagne and suspicious claret; you find that you have a cigar in your pocket, and you smoke it; you find that you can sing capitably—in a chorus; and lastly, if you *do* find your way home you are a lucky fellow.—*Five Years Residence in South Africa.*

A CONCISE CRITICISM.—Voltaire was once desired by a poet to criticise a tragedy he had written. He prefaced his request by saying that he knew the value of the philosopher's time, and therefore requested him to express his candid opinion in the shortest manner. The dramatist had written the single word *Fini* at the bottom of his play, and the merciless censor confined his whole criticism merely to scratching out the letter *n*, leaving the crushing verdict *Fi*.

DEATH HERALDS.—A rich old gentleman was in the habit of calculating the state of his health by the attention paid him by parties who conceived that they would be remembered in his will. Some time before he died, his physician would fain have persuaded him that he was much better. "No, No" said the patient—"I have just discovered six fatal symptoms—three presents, and three visits in one day from my dear friend Mr. H."

## SONGS AND BALLADS.

BY A BACKWOODSMAN.

If the following simple Ballads and detached pieces of Poetry possess any merit, it must be entirely owing to their being a faithful chronicle of recollections endeared by time, of attachments formed in early life, and hallowed still in the heart of the Backwoodsman.

From the depths of a Canadian forest, when the toils of the day are over—memory outstripping, far even, rail-road speed—seeks some such fondly-remembered spot as the sunny brae scaur, or capping tree, to turn a leaf in her faithful calendar, and select from it some such incidents as the following, for his evening amusement. The following stanzas may serve, by way of introduction, to the series :

## THE MOORLAND HARP.

Sweet lyre whose necromantic string  
First lured my infant soul along,  
While erst a wayward tiny thing,  
Through all the witching maze of song.

Sweet Moorland Harp, again to thee  
With beating breast I fondly turn ;  
Come seek you upland dell with me,  
The hermit rill and martyr's urn.

Though thine be not to tell of arms,  
Or courts where costly pageants shine ;  
Still simple pipe, still thou hast charms,  
The hamlets humble joys are thine.

The simple love of happy swains,  
The village tale of witcherie ;  
And legend old, are minstrel strains,  
Sweet Moorland Harp full meet for thee.

And thine's the lay to memory dear,  
For sooth full many a tale hast thou  
To melt the soul with pity's tear,  
And chase the gloom from misery's brow.

Yes, oft, when midnight care has left  
With rankling hand my peace away,  
Thine was the task, still thou wert left  
To light and cheer fate's wintry day.

Come, then, sweet Harp, though distant far  
Be now, alas! our mountain home,  
Seize, seize, the reins of memory's car,  
O'er all its charms let fancy roam.

Just as they looked that summer morn,  
When last from maiden Lilliard's fell,  
Like lover from his mistress torn,  
I turned to bid them all farewell.

The straw-roofed shed beneath the hill,  
The fairy glen, the wizard's stone,  
The hunter's cairn, and all, 'tis still  
So sadly sweet to think upon.

So draw the landscape, lovely fair,  
Our mountain home's still dear to thee ;  
For not a spot that pleased me there,  
But thou hast been, sweet Harp, with me.

Lead me along, oh, gently lead  
Me through the moon-beam checquered  
bowers,  
Where summer, 'midst the fragrant mead,  
Leads round the ring the blooming hours.

Where Fancy dreams of glades, where still  
The shadowy forms of Eve repair,  
Near some lone wild-wood's fabled rill,  
Unseen to laugh, and gambol there.

Such scenes first dawned in memory's bower,  
'Twas childhood's earliest morning dream,  
And still I love the genial hour,  
And ardent woo the witching theme.

\* \* \* Ancram Moor, the Pencil-hench of Hollingshed, where the English, under Evers and Latoun, were completely defeated, and both their leaders slain, is now more generally known as Lallard Edge, from the heroic valour of a maiden of the name of Lillias, who, as tradition still tells, continued to fight when both her legs were cut off. She was buried on the spot where the battle was fought and won. The following lines are said to have been cut upon the stone that covered her, and are current household words throughout the country there :

Fair maiden Lilliard lies under this stane,  
Small was her stature, but great was her fame ;  
Upon the English loons she laid many thumps,  
And when her feet was off she fought upon her stumps.

## YOUNG LANGRAW.

Mr. Scott, or auld Tam O'Letham rather, had not always been the wealthy Border Yeoman he was at the period that the following verses refer to.

Like many he had difficulties to strive with in early life, which an advantageous lease of the farm of Letham in Ted-forest, under Lord Douglas of Bothwell Castle, entered upon, at or about the close of the American War, enabled him to surmount.

Of all the visitors at Letham, none were looked upon with so favorable an eye, as Thomas Elliot of Herriot.

Ellen, the object of attraction, was all that heart could wish. Pure and lightsome as a lamb on Letham Law. She never once thought of disguising the love that Elliot so fondly sought and prized more than all the wide world beside.

They rode, sat, and sung together, till like other lovers it became almost unsupportable for them to be apart. And Ellen's poney was never led out, for an excursion or dinner party, across the Border into the Tyne, or the Ried, but Elliot's steed was seen reined up along side of it.

Her father hitherto, to all appearance, had looked with a favorable eye on the growing intimacy of the lovers, and they were led to believe, that all that stood between them and happiness was a "weel stockit" farm to begin the world with, and which Mr. Scott, by this time was very well able to furnish.

But with his worldly prosperity Letham's intentions respecting his daughter, had very materially altered: and one evening when Elliot ventured formally, to mention what was nearest his heart, the reply was, that he had no objection to him as a son-in-law, but Ellen's fortune was to be a thousand pounds, and the man that got her would have to double it.

This was something that Elliot was altogether unprepared for. Herriot, the family residence, descended by right of entail to his brother, and he might be said to be nearly dependent upon him. Ha! any one, therefore, told him that the French fleet had landed in the Thames, and London was in the possession of the Corsican (for it was just about the time of the threatened invasion) he would not have been half so thunderstruck—young, handsome, and well descended, family pride would fain have stepped in, and persuaded him to spurn, forever, an alliance with one who had nothing to boast of but his wealth. But Ellen's kind look of love had fettered the heart of the strapping Borderer too firmly for this. He hurried, therefore, to her presence, and after making her acquainted with her father's answer, and a renewal of the vows first made on the sunny side of Letham Law—when the blue lift and the laverock were all that saw, and the bracken bush, that screened them, the only listener, he took farewell of all that he had long considered worth living for.

It is here the verses are supposed to take up the narrative. They were written to one of our finest Scottish airs, "The Bloody Bars of Ayr."

The sequel as bringing out more fully the character of the old Border Yeoman is worth preserving.

There was sorrow in Letham where sorrow had seldom been, when, what her father had been pleased to term but a dwam o' luv, that wad soon be gotten over, assumed an appearance too plain not to be understood.

For a long time he resisted all the remonstrances both of neighbors and friends, stoutly affirming, that his daughter's sickness was all sham, and just assumed for the very purpose of badgering him into their measures.

"Its a' nonsense, Wull man," said he one day to the guid man of Swinnie, who, with the freedom of an old friend, had been using all his influence to soften down matters between the parties. "Its a' nonsense, I tell ye, nane dees o' luv noo a-days, if ever ony did. Na lad, I ken her better than that—if she dees at a' it 'll just be to vex her auld father, because she canna get her ain way, and no for the want of a man. Isn't here the writer chap frae Embro', auld Chi-holm o' Habsburns heir, gaun clean daft for her, and yet the stubborn kimmer will no look on t'ie side o' the gate he's on. Its true he's no just sic' a strapping chield as Elliot; but there's Green rivers to cast the bank, and a coach at her ca' ilka day o' the year forby, 'od its eneuch to put ony sensible man out o' his head a'thegither, to be plagued to death this way wic a senseless hizzie, that disna' ken weel what she wad be at. Diel hae' me if at this blessed moment I dinna wish that her mother had been a *keb* o' her the day she was born!"

In such bursts the old man's wrath used to find vent to some of his old cronies.

Alarmed at last for the safety of his child, (for Ellen after all, was the apple of his eye,) her medical attendant having seriously told him that his skill was of no use to her, and that the only hope left was the presence of her lover. He at last sought her apartment, and told her, though with evident reluctance, that "she bid ein' send for Tam Elliot again sin' nae better wad be!"

Elliot was sent for accordingly, and was soon seen bending over the wasted form of her he loved. It had the desired effect. They again rode and walked together, and a short time saw them united and happy.

O dinna jeer me sae,  
Nor speir what ails my e'en,  
Nor say a word about Langraw  
He was na' here yestreen.  
And O it's sair to 'bide,  
And waur than death to dree,  
To love sae weel, and after a'  
Parted at last to be.

The gowden days that's gane,  
On memory neer will fade,  
Ween he was since sae aften here  
And aye' sae welcome made.

The ribbon he lo'ed best  
Aye graced my middle sma';  
My very heart lap wi' delight  
To meet wi' young Langraw.

But Habsburn's banks are green,  
And Habsburn's haughs are fair,  
And nane will please my father now  
But Habsburn's doited heir.  
O what's his gear to me,  
His holms and hadden braw,  
I'd rather be Langraw's guid wife  
Than leddy o' them a'.

Now Annie, for the luvie  
I long hae bore to thee,  
O ye maun busk yoursel and gang  
And see Langraw for me.  
Take this lock of my hair,  
Ae fond farewell beside,  
And tell him Ellen Scott may dee,  
But neir be Habsburn's bride.

### THE HUNCHBACK OF STRASBOURG.

In the department of the Bas-Rhin, France, and not more than about two leagues north of Strasbourg, lived Antoine Delessert, who farmed, or intended farming, his own land—about a ten-acre slice of 'national' property which had fallen to him, nobody very well knew how, during the hurly-burly of the great Revolution. He was about five-and-thirty, a widower, and had one child, likewise named Antoine, but familiarly known as Le Bossu (Hunchback)—a designation derived, like his father's acres, from the Revolution, somebody having, during one of the earlier and livelier episodes of that exciting drama, thrown the poor little fellow out of a window in Strasbourg, and broke his back. When this happened, Antoine, *père*, was a journeyman *ferblancier* (tinman) of that city. Subsequently he became an active, though subordinate member of the local *Salut Public*; in virtue of which patriotic function he obtained *Les Près*, the name of his magnificent estate. Working at his trade was now, of course, out of the question. Farming, as everybody knows, is a gentlemanly occupation, skill in which comes by nature; and Citizen Delessert forthwith betook himself, with his son, to *Les Près*, in the full belief that he had stepped at once into the dignified and delightful position of the ousted aristocrat, to whom *Les Près* had once belonged, and whose haughty head he had seen fall into the basket. But envious clouds will darken the brightest sky, and the new proprietor found on taking possession of his quiet, unincumbered domain, that property has its plagues as well as pleasures. True, there was the land, but not a plant, or a seed thereon or therein, nor an agricultural implement of any kind to work it with. The walls of the old rambling house were standing, and the roof, except in about a dozen places, kept out the rain with some success; but the nimble, unrespecting fingers of preceding patriots had carried off not only every vestige of furniture, usually so called, but coppers, cistern, pump, locks, hinges—nay, some of the very doors and window-frames! Delessert was

profoundly discontented. He remarked to Le Bossu, now a sharp lad of some twelve years of age, that he was at last convinced of the entire truth of his cousin Boisdet's frequent observation—that the Revolution, glorious as it might be, had been stained and dishonoured by many shameful excesses; an admission which the son, with keen remembrance of his compulsory flight from the window, savagely endorsed.

'Peste!' exclaimed the new proprietor, after a lengthened and painful examination of the dilapidations and general nakedness of his estate—'this is embarrassing. Citizen Destouches was right. I must raise money upon the property, to replace what those brigands have carried off. I shall require three thousand francs at the very least.'

The calculation was dispiriting; and after a night's lodging on the bare floor, damply enveloped in a few old sacks, the financial horizon did not look one whit less gloomy in the eyes of Citizen Delessert. Destouches, he sadly reflected, was an iron-fisted notary-public, who lent money, at exorbitant interest, to distressed land-owners, and was driving, people said, a thriving trade in that way just now. His pulse must, however, be felt, and money be obtained, however hard the terms. This was unmistakably evident; and with the conviction tugging at his heart, Citizen Delessert took his pensive way towards Strasbourg.

'You guess my errand, Citizen Destouches?' said Delessert, addressing a flinty-faced man of about his own age, in a small room of Numéro 9, Rue Béchard.

'Yes—money: how much?'

'Three thousand francs is my calculation.'

'Three thousand francs! You are not afraid of opening your mouth, I see. Three thousand francs!—humph! Security, ten acres of middling land, uncultivated, and a tumble-down house; title *droit de guillotine*. It is a risk, but I think I may venture. Pierre Nadaud,' he continued, addressing a black-browed, sly, sinister-eyed clerk, 'draw a bond, secured upon *Les Près*, and the appurtenances, for three thousand francs, with interest at ten per cent.'

'Morbleu! but that is famous interest!' interjected Delessert, though timidly.

'Payable quarterly, if demanded,' the notary continued, without heeding his client's observation; with power, of course, to the lender to sell, if necessary, to reimburse his capital, as well as all accruing *dommages-intérêts*.'

The borrower drew a long breath, but only muttered: 'Ah, well; no matter! We shall work hard, Antoine and I.'

The legal document was soon formally drawn; Citizen Delessert signed and sealed, and he had only now to pouch the cash, which the notary placed upon the table.

'Ah ça!' he cried, eyeing the roll of paper proffered to his acceptance with extreme disgust. 'It is not in those *chiffons* of assignats, is it, that I am to receive three thousand francs, at ten per cent?'

'My friend,' rejoined the notary, in a tone of great severity, 'take care what you say. The offence of depreciating the credit or money of the Republic is a grave one.'

'Who should know that better than I?' promptly replied Delessert. 'The paper-money of our glo-

rious Republic is of inestimable value; but the fact is, Citizen Destouches, I have a weakness, I confess it, for coined money—*argent métallique*. In case of fire, for instance, it'—

'It is very remarkable,' interrupted the notary with increasing sternness—'it is very remarkable, Pierre' (Pierre was an influential member of the *Salut Public*.) 'that the instant a man becomes a landed proprietor, he betrays symptoms of *incivisme*: is discovered to be, in fact, an *aristoc* at heart.'

'I an *aristoc*!' exclaimed Delessert, turning very pale; you are jesting, surely. See, I take these admirable assignats—three thousand francs' worth at ten per cent.—with the greatest pleasure. Oh, never mind counting among friends.'

'Pardon!' replied Destouches, with rigid scrupulosity. 'It is necessary to be extremely cautious in matters of business. Deducting thirty francs for the bond, you will, I think, find your money correct; but count yourself.'

Delessert pretended to do so, but the rage in his heart so caused his eyes to dance and dazzle, and his hands to shake, that he could scarcely see the figures on the assignats, or separate one from the other. He bundled them up at last, crammed them into his pocket, and hurried off, with a sickly smile upon his face, and maledictions, which found fierce utterance as soon as he had reached a safe distance, trembling on his tongue.

'Scélérat! coquin!' he savagely muttered. 'Ten per cent. for this moonshine money! I only wish—but never mind, what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. I must try and buy in the same way that I have been so charmingly sold.'

Earnestly meditating this equitable process, Citizen Delessert sought his friend Jean Souday, who lived close by the *Pessé des Tanneurs* (Tanners' Ditch.) Jean had a somewhat ancient mare to dispose of, which our landed proprietor thought might answer his purpose. Cocotte was a slight wail, sheared off by the sharp axe of the *Place de la Révolution*, and Souday could therefore afford to sell her cheap. Fifty francs *argent métallique* would, Delessert knew, purchase her; but with assignats, it was quite another affair. But, courage! He might surely play the notary's game with his friend Souday: that could not be so difficult.

'You have no use for Cocotte,' suggested Delessert, modestly, after exchanging fraternal salutations with his friend.

'Such an animal is always useful,' promptly answered Madame Souday, a sharp, notable little woman, with a vinegar aspect.

'To be sure—to be sure! And what price do you put upon this useful animal?'

'Cela dépend'—replied Jean, with an interrogative glance at his helpmate.

'Yes, as Jean says, that depends—entirely depends'—responded the wife.

'Upon what, citoyenne?'

'Upon what is offered, parbleu! We are in no hurry to part with Cocotte; but money is tempting.'

'Well, then, suppose we say, between friends, fifty francs?'

'Fifty francs! That is very little; besides, I

do not know that I shall part with Cocotte at all.' 'Come, come; be reasonable. Sixty francs! Is it a bargain?'

Jean still shook his head. 'Tempt him with the actual sight of the money,' confidentially suggested Madame Souday; 'that is the only way to strike a bargain with my husband.'

Delessert preferred increasing his offer to this advice, and gradually advanced to 100 francs, without in the least softening Jean Souday's obduracy. The possessor of the assignats was fair, at last, to adopt Madame Souday's iterated counsel, and placed 120 paper francs before the owner of Cocotte. The husband and wife instantly, as silently, exchanged with each other, by the only electric telegraph then in use the words: 'I thought so.'

'This is charming money, friend Delessert,' said Jean Souday; 'far more precious to an enlightened mind than the barbarous coin stamped with effigies of kings and queens of the *ancien régime*. It is very tempting; still, I do not think I can part with Cocotte at any price.'

Poor Delessert ground his teeth with rage, but the expression of his anger would avail nothing; and, yielding to hard necessity, he at length, after much wrangling, became the purchaser of the old mare for 250 francs—in assignats. We give this as a specimen of the bargains effected by the owner of *Les Près* with his borrowed capital, and as affording a key to the bitter hatred he from that day cherished towards the notary, by whom he had, as he conceived, been so egregiously duped. Towards evening he entered a wine-shop in the suburb of Robertsau, drank freely, and talked still more so, fatigue and vexation having rendered him both thirsty and bold. Destouches, he assured everybody that would listen to him, was a robber—a villain—a vampire blood-sucker, and he, Delessert, would be amply revenged on him some fine day. Had the loquacious orator been eulogising some one's extraordinary virtues, it is very probable that all he said would have been forgotten by the morrow, but the memories of men are more tenacious of slander and evil speaking; and thus it happened that Delessert's vituperative and menacing eloquence on this occasion was thereafter produced against him with fatal power.

Albeit, the now nominal proprietor of *Les Près*, assisted by his son and Cocotte, set to work manfully at his new vocation; and by dint of working twice as hard, and faring much worse than he did as a journeyman *ferblancier*, contrived to keep the wolf, if a bit far from the door, at least from entering in. His son, *Le Bossu*, was a cheerful, willing lad, with large, dark, inquisitive eyes, lit up with much clearer intelligence than frequently falls to the share of persons of his age and opportunities. The father and son were greatly attached to each other; and it was chiefly the hope of bequeathing *Les Près*, free from the usurious gripe of Destouches, to his boy, that encouraged the elder Delessert to persevere in his well-nigh hopeless husbandry. Two years thus passed, and matters were beginning to assume a less dreary aspect, thanks chiefly to the notary's not having made any demand in the interim for the interest of his mortgage.

'I have often wondered,' said *Le Bossu* one

day, as he and his father were eating their dinner of *soupe aux choux* and black bread, 'that Destouches has not called before. He may now as soon as he pleases, thanks to our having sold that lot of damaged wheat at such a capital price: corn must be getting up tremendously in the market. However, you are ready for Destouches' demand of six hundred francs, which it is now.'

'Parbleu! quite ready; all ready counted in those charming assignats; that is the joke of it. I wish the old villain may call or send soon'—

A gentle tap at the door interrupted the speaker. The son opened it, and the notary, accompanied by his familiar, Pierre Nadaud, quietly glided in.

'Talk of the devil,' growled Delessert audibly, 'and you are sure to get a whisk of his tail. Well, messieurs,' he added more loudly, 'your business?'

'Money—interest now due on the mortgage for three thousand francs,' replied M. Destouches with much suavity.

'Interest for two years,' continued the sourly-gardonic accents of Pierre Nadaud; 'six hundred francs precisely.'

'Very good, you shall have the money directly.' Delessert left the room; the notary took out and unclasped a note-book; and Pierre Nadaud placed a slip of *papier timbré* on the dinner-table, preparatory to writing a receipt.

'Here,' said Delessert, re-entering with a roll of soiled paper in his hand, 'here are your six hundred francs, well counted.'

The notary reclasped his note-book, and returned it to his pocket; Pierre Nadaud resumed possession of the receipt paper.

'You are not aware, then friend Delessert,' said the notary, 'that creditors are no longer compelled to receive assignats in payment?'

'How? What do you say?'

'Pierre,' continued M. Destouches, 'read the extract from *Le Bulletin des Lois*, published last week.' Pierre did so with a ringing emphasis, which would have rendered it intelligible to a child; and the unhappy debtor fully comprehended that his paper-money was comparatively worthless! It is needless to dwell upon the fury manifested by Delessert, the cool obduracy of the notary, or the cynical comments of the clerk. Enough to say, that M. Destouches departed without his money, after civilly intimating that legal proceedings would be taken forthwith. The son strove to soothe his father's passionate despair, but his words fell upon unheeding ears; and after several hours passed in alternate paroxysms of stormy rage and gloomy reverie, the elder Delessert hastily left the house, taking the direction of Strasbourg. Le Bossu watched his father's retreating figure from the door until it was lost in the clouds of blinding snow that was rapidly falling, and then sadly resumed some indoor employment. It was late when he retired to bed, and his father had not then returned. He would probably remain, the son thought, at Strasbourg for the night.

The chill lead-colored dawn was faintly struggling on the horizon with the black, gloomy night, when Le Bossu rose. Ten minutes afterwards, his father strode into the house, and threw himself, without a word, upon a seat. His eyes, the son observed, were blood-shot, either with rage or drink—perhaps both; and his entire aspect wild, hag-

gard, and fierce, Le Bossu silently presented him with a measure of *vin ordinaire*. It was eagerly swallowed, though Delessert's hand shook so that he could scarcely hold the pewter flagon to his lips.

'Something has happened,' said Le Bossu, presently.

'Morbieu!—yes. That is,' added the father, checking himself, 'something *might* have happened, happened, if—Who's there?'

'Only the wind shaking the door. What *might* have happened?' persisted the son.

'I will tell you, Antoine. I set off for Strasbourg yesterday, to see Destouches once again, and entreat him to accept the assignats in part-payment at least. He was not at home. Marguerite, the old servant, said he was gone to the cathedral, not long since re-opened. Well, I found the usurer just coming out of the great western entrance, heathen as he is, looking as pious as a pilgrim. I accosted him, told him my errand, begged, prayed, stormed! It was all to no purpose, except to attract the notice and comments of the passers-by. Destouches went his way, and I, with fury in my heart, betook myself to a wine-shop—Le Brun's. He would not even change an assignat to take for what I drank, which was not a little; and I therefore owe him for it. When the gendarmes cleared the house at last, I was nearly crazed with rage and drink. I must have been so, or I should never have gone to the Rue Béchard, forced myself once more into the notary's presence, and—

and'—

'And what?' quivered the young man, as his father abruptly stopped, startled as before into silence by a sudden rattling of the crazy door.

'And what?'

'And abused him for a flinty hearted scoundrel, as he is. He ordered me away, and threatened to call the guard. I was flinging out of the house, when Marguerite twitched me by the sleeve, and I stepped aside into the kitchen. "You must not think," she said "of going home such a night as this." It was snowing furiously, and blowing a hurricane at the time. There is a straw pallet," Marguerite added, "where you can sleep, and nobody the wiser!" I yielded. The good woman warmed some soup, and the storm not abating, I lay down to rest—to rest, do I say?" shouted Delessert, jumping madly to his feet, and pacing furiously to and fro—"the rest of devils! My blood was in flame; and rage, hate, despair, blew the consuming fire by turns. I thought how I had been plundered by the mercenary ruffian sleeping securely, as he thought, within a dozen yards of the man he had ruined—sleeping securely just beyond the room containing the *secrétaire* in which the mortgage-deed of which I had been swindled was deposited'—

'Oh, father!' gasped the son.

'Be silent, boy and you shall know all! It may be that I dreamed all this, for I think the creaking of a door, and a stealthy step on the stair, awoke me; but perhaps that, too, was part of the dream. However, I was at last wide awake, and I got up and looked out on the cold night. The storm had passed, and the moon had temporarily broken through the heavy clouds by which she was encompassed. Marguerite had said I might let myself out, and I resolved to depart at once. I was doing

so, when, looking round, I perceived that the notary's office-door was ajar. Instantly a demon whispered, that although the law was restored, it was still blind and deaf as ever—could not see or hear in that dark silence—and that I might easily baffle the cheating nether after all. Swiftly and softly, I darted towards the half-opened door—entered. The notary's *secrétaire*, Antoine, was wide open! I hunted with shaking hands for the deed, but could not find it. There was money in the drawers, and I—I think I should have taken some—did I perhaps, I hardly know—when I heard, or thought I did, a rustling sound not far off. I gazed wildly round, and plainly saw in the notary's bedroom—the door of which, I had not before observed, was partly open—the shadow of a man's figure clearly traced by the faint moonlight on the floor. I ran out of the room, and out of the house with the speed of a madman, and here—here I am! This said, he threw himself into a seat, and covered his face with his hands.

'That is a chunk of money,' said Le Bossu, who had listened in dumb dismay to his father's concluding narrative. 'You had none, you said, when at the wine-shop.'

'Money! Ah, it may be as I said—Thunder of heaven!' cried the wretched man, again fiercely springing to his feet. 'I am lost!'

'I fear so,' replied a commissaire de police, who had suddenly entered, accompanied by several gendarmes—if it be true, as we suspect, that you are the assassin of the notary Destouches.'

The assassin of the notary Destouches! Le Bossu heard but these words, and when he recovered consciousness, he found himself alone, save for the presence of a neighbour, who had been summoned to his assistance.

The *procès verbal* stated in addition to much of what has been already related, that the notary had been found dead in his bed, at a very early hour of the morning, by his clerk Pierre Nadaud, who slept in the house. The unfortunate man had been stifled, by a pillow it was thought. His *secrétaire* had been plundered of a very large sum, amongst which were Dutch gold ducats—purchased by Destouches only the day before—of the value of more than 6000 francs. Delessert's mortgage-deed had also disappeared, although other papers of a similar character had been left. Six crowns had been found on Delessert's person, one of which was clipped in a peculiar manner, and was sworn to by an *épiciier* as that offered him by the notary the day previous to the murder, and refused by him. No other portion of the stolen property could be found, although the police exerted themselves to the utmost for that purpose.

There was however quite sufficient evidence to convict Delessert of the crime, notwithstanding his persisted asseverations of innocence. His known hatred of Destouches, the threats he had uttered concerning him, his conduct in front of the cathedral, Marguerite's evidence, and the finding the crown in his pocket, left no doubt of his guilt, and he was condemned to suffer death by the guillotine. He appealed of course, but that, everybody felt, could only prolong his life for a short time, not save it.

There was one person, the convict's son, who did not for a moment believe that his father was the assassin of Destouches. He was satisfied in

his own mind, that the real criminal was he whose step Delessert had heard upon the stair, who had opened the office-door, and whose shadow fell across the bedroom floor; and his eager, unrevicting thoughts were bent upon bringing this conviction home to others. After a while, light, though as yet dim and uncertain, broke in upon his final task.

About ten days after the conviction of Delessert, Pierre Nadaud called upon M. Huguet, the procureur-général of Strasbourg. He had a serious complaint to make of Delessert, *fls.* The young man, chiefly, he supposed, because he had given evidence against his father, appeared to be nourishing a monomaniacal hatred against him, Pierre Nadaud. 'Wherever I go,' said the irritated complainant, 'whatever hour, early in the morning and late at night, he dogs my steps. I can in no manner escape him, and I verily believe those fierce, malevolent eyes of his are never closed. I really fear he is meditating some violent act. He should, I respectfully submit, be restrained—placed in a *maison de santé*, for his intellects are certainly unsettled; or otherwise prevented from accomplishing the mischief I am sure he contemplates.'

M. Huguet listened attentively to this statement, reflected for a few moments, said inquiry should be made in the matter, and civilly dismissed the complainant.

In the evening of the same day, Le Bossu was brought before M. Huguet. He replied to that gentleman's questioning by the avowal, that he believed Nadaud had murdered M. Destouches. 'I believe also,' added the young man, 'that I have at last hit upon a clue that will lead to his conviction.'

'Indeed! Perhaps you will impart it to me?' 'Willingly. The property in gold and precious gems carried off has not yet been traced. I have discovered its hiding-place.'

'Say you so? That is extremely fortunate.' 'You know, sir, that beyond the Rue des Vignes there are three houses standing alone, which were gutted by fire some time since, and are now only temporarily boarded up. That street is entirely out of Nadaud's way, and yet he passes and re-passes there five or six times a day. When he did not know that I was watching him, he used to gaze curiously at those houses, as if to notice if they were being disturbed for any purpose. Lately, if he suspects I am at hand, he keeps his face determinedly away from them, but still seems to have an unconquerable hankering after the spot. This very morning, there was a cry raised close to the ruins, that a child had been run over by a cart. Nadaud was passing; he knew I was close by, and violently checking himself, as I could see, kept his eyes fixedly averted from the place, which I have no longer any doubt contains the stolen treasure.'

'You are a shrewd lad,' said M. Huguet, after a thoughtful pause. 'An examination shall at all events take place at nightfall. You in the meantime, remain here under surveillance.'

Between eleven and twelve o'clock, Le Bossu was again brought into M. Huguet's presence.

The commissary who had arrested his father was also there. 'You have made a surprising guess, if it be a guess,' said the procureur. 'The missing property has been found under a hearth-

stone of the centre house.' Le Bossu raised his hands, and uttered a cry of delight. 'One moment,' continued M. Huguet. 'How do we know this is not a trick concocted by you and your father to mislead justice?'

'I have thought of that,' replied Le Bossu, calmly. 'Let it be given out that I am under restraint, in compliance with Nadaud's request; then have some scaffolding placed to-morrow against the houses, as if preparatory to their being pulled down, and you will see the result, if a quiet watch is kept during the night.' The procureur and commissary exchanged glances, and Le Bossu was removed from the room.

It was verging on three o'clock in the morning, when the watchers heard some one very quietly remove a portion of the back-boarding of the centre house. Presently a closely muffled figure, with a dark-lantern and a bag in his hand, crept through the opening, and made direct for the hearth-stone: lifted it, turned on his light slowly, gathered up the treasure, crammed it into his bag and murmured with an exulting chuckle as he reclosed the lantern and stood upright: 'Safe—safe, at last!' At the instant, the light of half a dozen lanterns flashed upon the miserable wretch, revealing the stern faces of as many gendarmes.

'Quite safe, M. Pierre Nadaud!' echoed their leader. 'Of that you may be assured.' He was unheard: the detected culprit had fainted.

There is little to add. Nadaud perished by the guillotine, and Delessert was after a time liberated. Whether or not he thought his ill-gotten property had brought a curse with it, I cannot say; but at all events, he abandoned it to the notary's heirs, and set off with Le Bossu for Paris, where I believe the sign of 'Delessert et Fils, Ferblantiers,' still flourishes over the front of a respectably furnished shop.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

### “WHERE ARE THEY NOW?”

BY ELIZA COOK.

THE sun rays came with floods of golden gladness  
When Childhood dvelt upon our laughing lips;  
But time has dimmed the dancing beams with sadness,

And Manhood murmurs through the grey eclipse,  
“Where are they now?”

What scented leaves and glowing buds were flinging  
Their fairy odours round our early day;  
But Manhood looks while bloom and branch are springing,

And sighs amid the brightest on its way,  
“Where are they now?”

What starry hopes illumed our dreaming spirits  
When Life and Love were beautiful and new;  
But age with all the wisdom it inherits,  
Breathes o'er the molten gems of morning dew,  
“Where are they now?”

Oh, pensive words! how many a blissful treasure  
Ye serve to point to as a long lost thing!  
How many a heart that pours Life's richest measure  
Must learn thy plaintive notes, and faintly sing,  
“Where are they now?”

### THE MISER.

A TRAVELLER, detained by accident, in a little village on the sea coast of England, was striving to pass a tedious hour in strolling along the cliff and enjoying the breeze. He perceived ere long a stately but gloomy Hall buried in trees, and enquired of an aged man, who just overtook him, the name of the place. “It is Sir George Harley's,” was the answer, but there was something strange in the manner of the rustic that impelled the traveller to ask again, “Who is Sir George Harley?” “I thought everybody knew him and his history too. You must be from a great way off, stranger.” “I am,” answered the other: “but you have roused my curiosity, and if you could gratify it——” “I will, I will,” was the ready reply, and the two sat down upon a cleft in the rocky cliff while the old man began the following tale:

“Sir George Harley was a very rich man, he owned most of the property round here, he made a great deal of money by his ships, and his fortune increased, and doubled itself again and again; for he was a miser; he spent nothing, he gave nothing; no mercy was shown to his tenants if they failed, through sickness or death, in bringing their rent; Sir George seemed to have lost the feelings of a man, in his passion for hoarding Gold, in everything but one, he had a little boy, and he idolized him; but nobody could help it, we all did, and he grew and grew, so fine a youth, so unlike his father, that when Sir George refused to hear the cry of the poor, he would give passionate words to his son because he ever pleaded their cause; and one night the youth left his father's house, and came back no more; it was said the old man had driven him out and sorely repented afterwards. It was about a year after this, on a fearfully stormy day, that a vessel, laden with rich goods, for Sir George, passed here in distress, she grew unmanageable, evening darkened misty and snowy, the wind changed suddenly, but still raged, and she came ashore. The waves were a fearful height, the men cried for help, we got the life boat, (a gift from the neighbouring gentlemen, old Sir George gave something to it, the only thing he ever did) we saved the men; then old Sir George came rushing down like one frantic, and with bitter oaths reproached the Captain, that he had not tried to save some of the most valuable goods; then he ordered the life-boat off again, compelling us to go; he went also, and we were under him, and dared not refuse. We gained the ship, sir, and saved some of the articles as by a miracle; and darkly did he swear, that furious man, at wind and wave as we returned; hastily landing



the goods, he insisted on trying once more; the men murmured, the gloom was getting deeper and deeper, but he persisted, and once more the boat cut through the foam just at the instant a cry was heard at a little distance "The life-boat, the life-boat, a ship ashore." but the cry was not heeded, it was repeated, shouted by all the fishermen standing round. Sir George's face seemed changed by passion, and he muttered "my money bought the boat I will use her; there is time enough for all; pull hard men." We did pull hard but the storm was raging louder and louder, we gained the vessel, but it was too late, she was sinking fast, no foot of man might touch her decks again. Without staying for direction we swept away and strained our eyes, in the hope of discovering the other vessel in the gloom; but in that moment a wild cry of agony came across the water, it was re-echoed by the numbers on the cliff, the vessel was gone; in a few moments we were at the place to render help; we called, but the wind seemed to drown our voices, two poor fellows we found, well nigh spent, clinging to a part of the wreck, but that was all. Sir George bid us look out on the sand, for some might be washed on shore, and then he went to his home. We watched for three hours, the storm was more lulled, the moon arose, strangely bright she seemed to shine and Sir George again came from the Hall, to us, on the sand. We were all standing in a ring round the body of a youth that the waves had just left, all breath, all life, was gone of course. The old gentleman came up to us, "Have you found any," said he; no one answered, but the ring opened, and as if he could not help it, Sir George passed through, to the side of the dead man, he stood fixed to the place for a minute, and then with a cry—may I never hear such another, half laugh, half howl, he fell down upon the body—oh, sir! it was his own boy. We stood by without a word, and the faces of the rough fishermen grew pale as they gazed, for all dearly loved the youth. Then soon we tried to lift up Sir George, and lead him to the Hall, but his senses were gone, he has never been right since. He loves to wander on the sand, and play with the shells and stones; and he sometimes will go from the shore to the church-yard as if looking for something that he could not find." The old man stopped suddenly, and two individuals, passed by, the first was a tall gaunt form, with white locks blowing over his cheeks, and a something wild and wandering in his eye, that spoke insanity. The stranger felt who this must be even before the voice of the old peasant had whispered in his ear, "It is Sir George Harley." And there he wandered on, on by the rolling

waves, picking up the tiny stones and shells, and passing them from hand to hand as though they were his once cherished gold, or at times, as if a thought of the past came over him, dashing them from him, to the bosom of the deep. Oh! woe unto them, who make money their God, and sacrifice all to it, woe, woe, unto them, who bend the knee, at the cursed shrine of Gold.

A DAUGHTER OF ENGLAND.

#### A NIGHT IN A GERMAN WOOD.

So numerous are the forests here which grow in lofty and romantic sites, that a very extensive and interesting tour might be made, having them alone for its object. Such fascinating excursions should not, however, be embarked in without a guide, or a compass at the least; for these German woods are often very intricate, and run into one another in a most puzzling manner. This I learned to my cost a few months ago; and as a warning to other pedestrian tourists who may be as unpractised in such matters as I myself then was, I would now bespeak the reader's attention to my experiences of 'A Night in a German Wood.'

Early in the autumn of the past year, whilst on a visit to a German friend who resides in one of the hilliest and best-wooded districts in Westphalia, on the confines of the classic Teutoburger Forest—after having been engaged nearly all the day in writing, I was tempted out by the freshness of the evening air and the glories of the setting sun, to take a turn in the park, which, by the by, is one of the handsomest and best laid out I have seen in any part of the continent, and a proof in itself that such things can be done—and well done too—even out of England. My intention was merely to stretch my cramped legs by a stroll to the southern angle of the demesne, and so be back in time for the quiet, early supper of the family. After moving along for a quarter of an hour under the shade of some fine old beech-trees, at the foot of a steep bank which overhangs the level meadow-ground. I came upon the outskirts of the plantations; and then turning sharp to the left, walked up along them till I had reached, as I thought, their extremity. Here, facing round, I began to turn my steps homeward; and by way of varying my route a little, struck into a shady path cut through the wood, which seemed to lead, as well as I could judge from my bearings, almost as directly back to the *schloss*—as all great country mansions here are called—as the one by which I had gone out. But after pushing rapidly along for some time in my dusky alley, I eventually emerged, much to my surprise, on an immense ploughed field, that, sloping gradually up to the spot where the sun had just set, seemed to terminate only with the visible horizon, which, however, from the very inclined angle at which the ground rose, was not very distant. Confident in the general correctness of my direction, I went on, right ahead, fancying I had only to cross this upland to be at home; but after floundering about for a good half-hour, and, in consequence of a water-course which cut it obliquely, being turned a little out

of my straight direction, I found myself by moonlight on the verge of a patch of forest which was quite unknown to me. Such was my infatuation, however, and so firm my conviction of having taken correctly the relative bearings of the moon, which was now in her second quarter, and of the house, that I plunged unhesitatingly among the trees, expecting every moment to see the path through them open out upon some familiar spot in the demesne, or some portion of the surrounding country which I might have already perambulated by daylight. Though in utter darkness, from the close interweaving of the foliage, still, by raising my feet high, like a blind horse, to get over the inequalities of the way, and flourishing my stick perpetually around my head as I proceeded, to avoid coming in contact with any stray tree, or chance branch projecting into the pathway, I got prosperously through this portion of wood. But again I came out on something which was totally strange to me—a narrow valley, stretching, as well as I could judge by the last glimmerings of twilight, to a considerable distance, flanked on each side by gloomy woods, about a quarter of a mile apart, and laid down in rye, which was nearly ready for the sickle, and dripping wet in the night-dew. Matters now began to look serious. I was completely at fault, and had entirely lost all confidence in my own pilotage. The moon had proved a faithless guide, or rather I had misconstrued her position; and my little pocket-compass was not forthcoming, thanks to the importunities of my youngest boy, who prizes it above all his own toys.

There was nothing for it now but to select that direction towards which the valley might seem slightly to descend; but this, in the imperfect twilight, was not very easily ascertained. With considerable hesitation, I decided at length on the right-hand turn, resolving to proceed till I should fall in with some rivulet, which might perhaps lead me eventually to the rapid trout-stream running close under my friend's windows, or else till I should come upon some path which might carry me into a field-road, and so perhaps to a village, where I should easily procure a guide home. So, with tottering knees and throbbing heart—for I was by this time nearly breathless—I continued to advance by the side of the standing corn, at such a pace as I could manage, uttering from time to time a lusty halloo, in hopes of making myself heard by some belated reaper or returning woodman. But my calls had no other effect than to awake the mocking echoes of the wood, or the mysterious and almost human shout of the screech-owl, and to leave me to a still more intense feeling of solitude, when these had died away. I found myself at length in a deep, hollow field-road, like those which abound in South Devon, and high over-head, on the lofty bank, stood a two-branched, weather-beaten finger-post, and a great rustic crucifix near it, looming large in the moonlight. Scrambling up the bank, with anxious peering eyes, I made out, by the dubious light of the moon, that one of the outstretched wooden arms bore, in rudely-cut letters, the name of the village beside which I was resident; and as its distance was stated, I found that, after all my windings and wanderings, I had still only got half a German mile, or about one league, astray!

This was a very pleasant discovery; and accordingly I quickly wheeled about, and set off with renewed vigour at right angles to my previous line of march, having still good hopes of being at home before eleven o'clock at night, time enough to prevent any alarm on account of my absence.

The road soon, however, degenerated into a mere field-track, which, as the moon had disappeared behind clouds, just before her final setting, could only with difficulty be recognised by an occasional deep rut, felt by my stick in the soft ground; even this track at length forked out into two others—one penetrating into a wood on my right; the other more open, and with only scattered trees by its side, to the left. The latter seemed the most promising, and was accordingly selected, and followed for about ten minutes, when it, too, came upon the skirts of another wood in the opposite direction. It seemed, besides, as well as I could judge from some faint glimpses I now got of the surrounding country in a momentary gleam of moonlight, to be leading me wide of my goal; and I accordingly retraced my steps once more to where the road had divided, and taking the recently slighted right-hand path, dived in desperation in between the trees, amidst 'darkness that might be felt.' Walking steadily and quickly forward, during what seemed, in the deep gloom, a considerable time, I eventually emerged into the 'clear obscure,' the moon having at length set, and left the sky, and all such wanderers as myself, to the good offices of the stars. I was now on the opposite verge of the wood to that I had entered by, and found myself by the side of a narrow corn-field, with another wooded hill on its further side, and heard, within hailing distance—more delightful than music to my ear—the grating sound of cart-wheels, which appeared to be going in an oblique, but nearly opposite direction to that in which I had just been moving. It was quite impossible to see anything so far off; but I hailed the presumed carter repeatedly, in my loudest and best German, asking my way.

'Follow on, by the foot of the wood, and you'll get there in time,' was the reply, at length faintly heard in the distance, and the cart rumbled heavily away again, leaving me just as wise as before; for which was *head* and which was *foot* of the wood I knew no more than the child unborn. Yet I feared to dash through the intervening corn in the direction of the receding and already distant cart, neither knowing what the nature of the intermediate ground might prove, nor whether, supposing it practicable in the dark, such an infringement of rural property might not lead to disagreeable consequences, and in nowise further me in the attainment of the piece of knowledge which I stood so much in need of. So, I took on chance to my left hand, as the most distant from the finger-post I had fallen upon an hour and a half before.

The sound of the cart which long tingled in my ears, and the utter disappointment of my suddenly raised hopes, only rendered my sense of solitude and helplessness more intense. Indeed, I sometimes almost doubted whether the whole thing—cart and carter, or, rather, rumbling wheels and faint, chilling, distant voice—might not have been the delusion of my reeling brain, debilitated

by over-fatigue and long fasting (for every one knows the early hour at which a German dinner takes place): and on subsequent inquiry, I could not hear of any cart having passed in that quarter at all.

It was singular how long I wandered about, and every now and then in cultivated districts, without hearing a single human voice even in the earlier portion of the evening—nay, any sound whatever, save once or twice the fierce warning bark of a shepherd's dog, when I had inadvertently approached too near a sheepfold—the startling rush of some affrighted bird in the wood, flapping wildly up through the foliage—a distant village clock in some indefinite direction over the hill-top—or, finally, as on one occasion, a few remote shots, which I at first fancied might have been fired off by my friends to direct me homewards, but afterwards ascribed, more correctly, perhaps, to poachers in the woods. The manner in which the peasantry live here—in separate villages, built occasionally a good deal apart, and not in cottages scattered everywhere over the country, as with us—sufficiently accounts for this wide-spread silence.

Just as I was losing faith in the correctness of my present course, the chiming of a clock were distinctly heard, coming apparently over the top of the wooded hill on my left. I immediately turned into the wood once more, and strove to make a march directly through the trees in the direction of the sound, and right up the steep ascent, which was clothed by them to the summit. But this I soon found to be totally impracticable, in the absence of anything like a path or opening; for though I made my way well enough through the old trees, which stood far apart, and were pretty free from branches near the ground, yet towards the upper part of the hill, I got entangled in such a close-growing rising generation as it was almost impossible to penetrate. I was often almost in despair of being able to extricate myself even from my present entanglement, and to retrace my steps to the open ground below; in my exhausted condition, as it was already long past midnight, I was making up my mind to roost with the owls on the fork of a tree; and was even anticipating the possibility of becoming a permanent scarecrow there, when my very bones would be concealed in the thicket from the anxious search of my friends.

It was under the influence of excessive fatigue, perhaps, and the relaxation of the will generally consequent thereon, that my resolution now at length seemed on the point of giving way; nay, the very attachment to life itself, on my own individual account, seemed fading, and a disinclination to continue the struggle farther appeared to be gradually creeping over me. I was becoming reconciled to what appeared inevitable, and could look upon my own probable fate almost as calmly as if it had been that of a stranger. I believe something very similar not unusually takes place, under the merciful disposition of Providence, in the death-bed where debility is the chief feature of the case. After a few moments of repose and dreamy reverie, however, I roused myself from this state of apathy, and, influenced by a state of duty, as well as by a sympathy for the feelings of those dearer than life itself, sprang to my feet

once more, and struggled manfully out of the mesh of branches in which I had been entangled, till, after a few more violent efforts, I found myself getting into a rather more open and more advanced growth of wood, and at length succeeded in working my way out—almost to the very spot in the meadow I had started from!

Whilst still within the wood, I had been favoured with some novel experiences there—novel, at least to me, as it was my first night in such a position. Thus, almost every branch I grasped in the dark to help me onward seemed crowded with snails, which smashed slimly under my shuddering hand! Glowworms were sparkling in the underwood in such myriads as I never witnessed before, save once in an evening-walk near Salerno. The sense of utter solitude and unbroken silence within these gloomy woods was truly awful. From time to time, as I advanced, a casual opening in the branches exhibited a momentary glimpse of the sky, with all its thousand twinkling fires; and shooting-stars of intense brilliancy were darting across its dark, blue depths in almost as great frequency as in those celebrated days of August and November, when the path of our earth crosses the thickest showers of these celestial fireworks.

On regaining the meadow, I felt quite at a loss whither to turn, or what to attempt next. I had already been floundering about for some half-dozen hours, and been ignorant all the while whether each additional step were not only taking me a step further, not from home alone, but from the very habitations of men. Almost done up at length, and hopeless of extricating myself from my labyrinth till daylight should come to my aid, I was again for a moment inclined quietly to resign myself to what seemed my inevitable fate, and drop down to sleep on a bank of earth under a hedge by which I was standing, and so await the dawn. But the dank grass, the trees dropping with dew, the creeping autumnal fog, and increasing cold, made me pause, and feel that to sleep in my light summer dress under such circumstances was, if not to die, at least to contract, during the night, such disease as would render existence not worth the having—racking rheumatism for life, or fever, or inflammation, in some of their many forms, and endless consequences. So I resolved to keep moving as long as I had power to stir a limb, as this would give me a chance of maintaining the circulation and animal heat throughout the remaining hours of the night, if my strength would but hold out so long. Like a drowning man, I struck out once more for life; again I tried the field-road I had lately too rashly abandoned; floundered once more through its pools and its ruts: clambered again on its high banks, or moved along under the shadow of the wood by its side. At length, after scarcely half an hour's additional walking, my perseverance had its reward, as I found myself at the entrance of a village, and heard, not far off, the busy clatter of some industrious flaxdressers, who were turning night into day, at their work. This proved to be the termination of my mishap; for the instructions I received enabled me to find my way home by three o'clock.

It was my amusement during several subsequent days, to endeavour by daylight to retrace accu-

rately my midnight wanderings. I found I could not have walked less than twenty miles, though never at any time more than three distant from home. I had been incessantly in motion during nearly eight hours; and was at least thrice on right tracks, which, if they had been followed up steadily only a little longer, would have brought me to my quarters. The chiming of the old convent-bells, which I had mistaken for those of our own pretty little church, came really from the very opposite direction to what I fancied—the sound I heard being merely their echo, reflected to my ear from the wooded hill-side.

Thus, the proposition with which I started—namely, that German woods are not to be trilled with, or rashly entered without a guide or compass—is fully sustained by my own luckless experience. Much of the surrounding country was already well known to me, and in my various walks I had skirted along and even intersected some of these very woods; but the way in which they are parcelled out, for the supply of neighbouring, but unconnected villages with firewood, and the puzzling manner in which they are shuffled together when the estates of several proprietors run into one another at a given point, render it singularly difficult to steer through them even by day, and to the uninitiated, quite impracticable by night.—*Chambers's Ed. Jour.*

#### THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTER.

BY FRANCIS DEANE.

THE Rue St. Honoré, in Paris, is one of the longest streets in the world: it is the Oxford Street of the capital of France, and has more shops and houses between its extreme end of the Rue St. Dennis and the Faubourg des Roules than even in the Boulevards. At no great distance from the Palais Royal, and between it and the church of the Oratoire, was, during the Reign of Terror, a small shoemaker's shop. It was kept by an Alsatian, a dry, droll, middle-aged man, who, during those times of revolution and alarm, when heroic France, attacked by the whole civilized world, was apparently perishing in death throes—expiring in agonies, which were, however, to save, to raise and glorify it—paid little attention to anything save his business and his pretty little daughter. M. Leopold Mayer was a selfish man—a very selfish man. So bootmaking prospered, he did not care for anything else. If the country were attacked on all sides, foreign armies in every frontier, he little cared. The only inconvenience he did care about was the taxes: that was unpleasant; but, otherwise, public affairs were nothing to him. There are hundreds of such men everywhere; men whose native town might be desolated by the plague, and who yet would be happy if they remained untouched—unhurt.

Leopold Mayer had a daughter,—a very pretty girl,—about twelve years old, with rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, a warm, expansive heart, and a character the very opposite of her father. She was as generous as he was selfish; as keen in her sympathies for the world as he was for his own private business—she had a corner in her heart for every one. Her mother had been like her, having sacrificed every consideration to that of

pleasing her husband, who would not be pleased,—of making happy a man who would not be happy.

M. Leopold Mayer did a very good business; and, it was said, had a great deal of money somewhere; but no man knew where.

Katerina Mayer sat in her father's shop and took the money; but, having plenty of leisure, she read, during the intervals of business, such books as she could find in a neighbouring circulating-library. German in her nature, with a warm, but somewhat contemplative character, she devoured history, philosophy, poetry, and the drama; was learned in Molière, Racine, Corneille, and even Montaigne, and doted on Philip de Comines; but she had her favourite author, too, and that, like Madame Roland, was the author of "Lives of Plutarch."

On an evening she would read out to her father while he smoked his pipe, to which—like Germans and Dutchmen—he was a great devotee. Very often they were joined by a young officer, a lodger, who had not long been removed from a military school to a commission in the army, but who was, as yet, unattached. Paul—(we must leave his name in blank, because of his aristocratic son, who would not forgive us publishing it) was a young man who had profited by his education; and a better guide for the girl could not well have been found. Of course he was a republican; all young men, not *émigrés*, were, in those days; and the contagion spread; for "a more audacious little *sans-culotte* than was in Katerina," would old Mayer say, "never stepped in shoe leather!" The reign of Terror very nearly shocked her; but she had good sense enough not to confound the bold crimes of Danton, the atrocities of Marat, of Hebert, and Charette, with the principles of the true friends of freedom.

Paul—and Katerina Mayer were the very best of friends. The young girl, so early Mistress of a house, and so precocious in her studies, played the little woman, which made the man of twenty laugh and declare that, were he not a poor devil of an officer, with no other fortune save his sword, he would carry her before the *maire*, and marry her at once; at which Katerina laughed, and bid him go and win the epaulets of a general first, and then she might listen to him. But the idea of a young adventurer, without a penny, talking of marrying the heiress of the richest shoemaker in Paris, was terribly audacious. And Paul called her an *aristocrate*; they laughed, and the matter ended.

About three months after the young man received his commission, he entered the shop of citizen Mayer in company with a brother officer. Katerina was at the counter. Citizen Mayer was overlooking his young men.

"Well, little wife—" said Paul, smiling.

"Mr. Saucy, pray, who art thou talking to?" replied Katerina, looking hard at him and his friend, a pale, dry, and thoughtful-looking youth.

"To thee, *citoyenne*," continued Paul; "I have come to bid thee adieu. Here, dear Katerina, is thy father's account, which paid, I have to ask a favour of thee."

"What is that?" said Katerina, with a tremulous voice.

"The fact is, Katerina, we have, our bills paid, not one penny left. We have our uniforms

complete, and our *feuille de route*; but we precisely want a pair of boots each. We are in the case of the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, to which, the citizen *représentant* having heard their demand for shoes and stockings, said, 'The Republic has many thanks for you, but no shoes and stockings.'

"*Pauvre cher Paul*," said Katerina, turning her head towards the dark end of the shop.

"Citizen papa."

"What is it?" asked citizen Mayer, advancing.

"Why, papa, here is Paul going away; and here is the money he owes thee, not in *assignats*, but in silver; and the poor, dear young man wants a pair of boots for himself and friend, on credit, until the end of the campaign."

"Exactly, papa Mayer, and thou, as a good citizen—"

"Humph! humph! bad citizen or good citizen is neither here nor there. Money is the question. My principle, thou knowest, is, no money no boots."

"Papa," cried Katerina, reproachfully.

"Well, citizen," said the gravellooking young man, who had not yet spoken, "that is enough. If we cannot buy boots, we will take them—"

"Citizen," said Mayer, in an alarmed tone—

"From the first Austrian or Prussian we kill," continued the sallow young man, drily, and he turned on his heel.

"Stop a minute," exclaimed Katerina, quickly, "thou dost not understand papa, citizen, he means that he would refuse boots without money to strangers, but to thee, a friend of Paul's, he will be most happy—rather two pairs than one."

"A pretty business girl thou wilt make!" said citizen Mayer, with half a grunt and half a smile; "but to thy friend Paul, and to his friend, I will not refuse credit. M. Paul, do thou and thy friend choose two pair of boots each."

"We thank thee, citizen," replied the sallow young officer, while Paul patted Mayer on the back, "and thou shalt be repaid."

Mayer looked rather incredulous; but he loved his daughter, and it was to her he made the sacrifice of four pair of boots, which, naturally enough, the young men chose. Then they shook hands with Mayer. Paul kissed Katerina, and then made his friend kiss her; and, putting their packets under their arms, went away.

Years passed away, and the saucy girl of twelve had become a beautiful woman of three-and-twenty. In all this time not one word of Paul, and worse, said Mayer, the shoemaker, no news of his boots. Mademoiselle Katerina had many suitors. Persons in a very elevated position overlooked, in those democratic days, the fact that she was a bootmaker's daughter, and invited her into society as the well-known Clelia; and many sought her hand and heart. But the girl of twelve still lived within her, and she refused every offer, however brilliant, remaining still her father's cashier, and aiding him in adding to that rather large fortune which he had now invested in the French funds. He sometimes pressed her himself on the subject of marriage; but Katerina was not to be moved by any one, even her parent.

Things were in this state. Katerina had just refused a colonel whom she met at a grand party, who talked to the father rather sharply when

rejected, and M. Mayer had taken Katerina to task, when, one morning, they received a laconic epistle requesting their presence at the office of the staff of the commander-in-chief of the forces in the first military division.

"I will not marry him," said Katerina quickly.

"Who?"

"The officer, Colonel Peterman. I'm sure he's complained to the commander-in-chief, and that he is going to threaten us."

"But he cannot make you marry against your will," cried M. Mayer.

"I don't know that. Since this Buonaparte has taken us all by storm, papa, the sword is not very apt to yield when it wishes anything."

"We shall see, my dear," replied the shoemaker; "to begin, this *request* must be obeyed at once. Make haste, girl, and put on your finery."

Katerina smiled thoughtfully, and went away. The girl expected a sermon from the commander-in-chief on the impertinence of the daughter of a little shoemaker refusing an officer of rank; but she was determined to hold good, and yield to no threats, persuasions or seductions. She remained faithful to the memory of Paul. She was romantic, she loved, and wrote poetry, and she preferred a beautiful dream to any idea of fortune and material happiness which might be offered to her.

In half an hour the father and daughter were ready, and away they went, arm in arm, on foot, to the Tuileries, where the commander-in-chief of the army of Paris in general resides. They were soon at the palace, and were met by the sentries, who asked them where they were going. M. Mayer showed his letter of invitation, which served at once as a pass, and they were admitted.

They entered the ante-chamber, occupied by officers of various grades, several of whom rose from cards, or smoking on benches, to greet them. A young man, an aide-de-camp, respectfully addressed them, and inquired their business. M. Mayer again produced his letter. The officer bowed profoundly, and said he was at their service. Moving through the crowd of officers, he led them by a staircase upwards, until he reached a large open landing. He tapped gently twice, and the door opened. A servant in a rich livery appeared, who made way for the party, and, passing on, with the theatre of the palace to their right, they turned round and entered the real Palace of the Tuileries, of which they had hitherto only visited the wing.

Presently the aide-de-camp paused.

"Monsieur will be kind enough to wait one moment," he said, as they entered an ante-chamber. "I will precede you, and return in an instant."

"Where are we going?" asked Katerina, of her father, in a whisper.

"I don't know but my head begins to grow dizzy. I begin to suspect that we must give way to circumstances."

"Never," exclaimed the young girl, firmly.

"Will you walk in?" said the aide-de-camp, returning, and standing with the door in one hand and his hat in the other.

M. Mayer and Katerina obeyed mechanically. They advanced, with eyes dimmed by excitement, with a singing in their ears, with a fainting at the heart,—a doubt—a fear—a dread,—that left them,

a minute later, standing in the middle of a small room, unconscious whether they were in the presence of the Emperor of China, the Khan of Tartary, or of the Grand Lama of Thibet

"Well, Monsieur Mayer," said a somewhat gentle voice.

M. Mayer and Katerina now saw that they were in the famous private cabinet of the Emperor Napoleon—who had been just crowned—with its rich ornaments, its maps and charts, and its splendid furniture. By the fire stood, his back turned to it, a man of middle height, neither stout nor thin, with a look of power and genius, but tinged by haughtiness, pride and a spirit of insolent domineering.

"His Majesty the Emperor," cried M. Mayer to his daughter, bowing as if he were very much inclined to kneel, while Katerina stood erect, respectful, but firm, and resolved to oppose even the will of Napoleon, where her heart was concerned.

"Monsieur Mayer," said the Emperor, who was in one of his moments of good humour, "I have sent for you on a matter of business. Mademoiselle Katerina be seated."

Katerina courtseyed profoundly, and seated herself; M. Mayer stood by her chair.

"I am informed, M. Mayer, that your daughter has refused the hand of one of my bravest officers, Colonel Peterman. Now, as all my subjects are my children, I have sent for you to ask an explanation. It seems inconceivable to me that a daughter of a tradesman should refuse the hand of a distinguished officer who may become Marshal of the Republic."

"Please your imperial majesty," said Katerina, firmly, and without note of hesitation in her voice, "it is not the daughter of the obscure shoemaker who refuses the hand of Colonel Peterman, but the poetess Clelia."

"Oh!" exclaimed Napoleon, a flush of pleasure crossing his cheeks—for a poem on his Italian campaign had deeply gratified, perhaps, the vainest man the world ever produced—"you are Clelia?"

"I am known to the public under that name," said the young woman modestly.

"Then, I pardon you your refusal of Colonel Peterman; but," and his majesty the great usurper, smiled, "If I allow you to reject a colonel, I cannot a general, and that general the commander-in-chief of the army in the first military division."

As he spoke Napoleon rang, an officer appeared, who received an order in a low tone, and disappeared.

"Your majesty," exclaimed Katerina, warmly, "must excuse me. Not all your mighty power, not all the deep respect I bear to one who is making illustrious with victory my country, can make me marry where my affections are not."

"But, obstinate girl, where are your affections?" said the emperor, with a provoking smile.

"With the dead," replied Katerina, sadly.

"Explain yourself."

Katerina thought a moment, and then she briefly told the story of the past,—of Paul, of his departure, of the boots.

"The commander-in-chief of the army of Paris," said an usher, as the girl finished her story.

Katerina turned round just in time to be caught in the arms of the dashing young general, who had darted towards her the instant he entered.

"Paul—Katerina," were words uttered in the same breath.

Napoleon took up a letter and turned his back on them, with a grim smile, as if he thought them very childish, and yet had no objection to let them have time to express their feelings. Paul drew the shoemaker and his daughter into the embrasure of the window, and rapidly explained himself. He had never forgotten them; had always intended to write, but had put it off—taken up, as he was, by his military duties. He had only been three weeks in Paris as commander-in-chief. A few evenings back he saw a lovely woman at a ball, asked who she was, heard that it was Mademoiselle Mayer, the future of Colonel Peterman, and angry, he knew not why, at this, he avoided being seen by her. Hearing, however, that she had refused the Alsatian colonel, he had taken this mode of again claiming his little wife.

But, *Camarade* Paul," said the Emperor, who had advanced nearer to them at the conclusion of the conversation, "the young lady has refused the commander-in-chief of the army of Paris."

"But your majesty," exclaimed Katerina blushing, "I did not know that it was my old friend Paul."

"Oh!" said Napoleon; but how have you settled about the boots?"

"Why your majesty," exclaimed Paul, laughing, "I fancy that is as much your affair as mine."

"True," said Napoleon, laughing heartily. "How much, M. Mayer, do I owe you for those two pair of boots you were good enough to give me credit for?"

"What!" exclaimed Mayer, confounded, astounded, "it was your majesty, I—I—I—"

"It was Lieutenant Buonaparte," said Napoleon, smiling, to whom you would—but for your good natured little daughter—have refused credit."

"Comment, your majesty wore my boots on his first campaign. I enjoyed the honour," began Mayer. "I am lost in amazement. That young man who accompanied Paul, and who talked of taking boots from a dead Austrian, was—to think of the Emperor Napoleon making his first campaign in a dead Cossack's ugly shoes—Oh! Katerina, what an eye you have got. Your majesty, I implore you will allow me to—to—"

"To call yourself bootmaker to his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon," said the ex-lieutenant of artillery, smiling.

"Oh! your majesty, I am overwhelmed.

"Very well, Paul, I shall sign the contract between yourself and Clelia."

"Clelia!" cried Paul.

"It appears so. And now, Paul, run away, send Caulaincourt to me, and don't be carried away by the women to neglect your duty."

Paul, Katerina, and Mayer, went out, after again expressing their thanks, and adjourned to the apartments of the commander-in-chief, where again, at full length, and over a dinner, they talked over the past. Mayer was lost in ecstasies at having furnished the future emperor and his friend, on credit, with boots; but this delight was a little abated when Paul insisted on Mayer, at the epoch of his marriage with Katerina, shutting up

shop and retiring from business. The good Alsacian grumbled excessively, but a smile from Katerina soon set aside all his scruples, while the old man himself smiled grimly at a thought which illuminated his brain suddenly.

A month later, Napoleon being about to leave Paris, the marriage took place, and Katerina became *Madame la Générale*. Paul—a thorough soldier, a brave and noble character—rose in his profession even higher, and proved a good husband and an excellent father. Neither he nor his wife ever changed their principles, serving Napoleon only from the conviction that, after the Revolution and the Coalition, his reign was indispensable. When he died, they remained faithful to his memory, and refused to serve the Bourbon.

A few months after the marriage of Paul and Katerina the grim smile of Mayer was explained. The ex-shoemaker had retired from business as he promised, and had purchased a cottage on the road to St. Cloud. One day Paul and Katerina, in an open carriage, with the emperor and Josephine, stopped to speak with him a moment, as he stood smoking his pipe on a little eminence overlooking the road. Paul and Katerina blushed up to the eyes, and looked confounded and confused, but both Napoleon and Josephine laughed heartily.

On a large brass plate on the door was engraved—"LEOPOLD MAYER, *late SHOEMAKER TO HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.*"—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

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#### A PLEA FOR PARKS.

*Paree! Precor!*

SEPARATED as man is by wide and palpable marks from other creatures of the Creator's hand, there is, nevertheless, that peculiar principle within him, which, acting, we know not how, yet binds him in close harmony with all things around. If his affections were only exercised on animate objects, we might suppose an affinity in life sufficient to explain the phenomenon, but when we find inanimate things exercising dominion over him, and the senses led captive by a capricious heart, we can only conclude that this principle of harmony is essential to man, and may become deranged like any others and lead to foolish results. That what may be called reflex-affections, frequently lead to certain species of idol worship, is we think, very evident—and perhaps there are few indeed of us, who, in an ordinary life escape from the enticing and seductive influence. It commences in early childhood, tracks our boyhoods paths, and cleaves to us irresistibly in a whole life's course. With what tender and impassioned care does the son treasure some valueless, and perhaps grotesque relique of a loved father—how closely, and ah! we must even use the term affectionately! does the fair young orphan press to her aching heart the speechless,

lifeless, shadowy resemblance of her, by whose side she knelt at morn and vesper prayer. Oh, with what soothing to an aching heart does she even still as morn' and eve' revolve in course, fall down in silent supplicating prayer to the father of the fatherless, close beside that self same spot where a mother knelt, and shutting out the cold reality of a present world, sue for grace and mercy in words rendered with deeper thought and keener feeling because an absent one first taught their import to her wayward lips.

Again, how often are the pleasures and griefs of memory conjured up in the mind by the vision of some old familiar object: how frequently does the silver haired old man leap back the course of time, and once again live over boyish days as he stands beneath the shadow of the old gnarled oak, under whose protecting branches he had learned tales of other days.

If there is in man the disposition to harmonize with nature—if even in spite of a better reason his heart strings cling closely around objects endeared by recollections of the past, what marvel if the spirit of eternity within impels him to those more enduring works which may almost be said to live down his future. In every nation, in every clime, under circumstances as varying, we find man, contrary to the reasoning of a corrupt world, cultivating and indulging a love of flowers, plants, and trees, although doomed to live of these by the sweat of his brow, yet there is in them a language which tells him at a time at which they needed not his care—when their many coloured petals perfumed the air, and ever blooming fragrant blossoms carpeted the earth; but perhaps we love them best when wildest, and why is this? can it be that they have most escaped the curse, and only suffer most when man invades their shade? Yet so it is—forests of lofty trees stretch out their branches and lift their lofty heads heaven-wards, growing on through years of time, and throughout their life long course fulfilling a destiny of good. Within the drear recesses of the wood the wild beast cowers; locked beneath a canopy of tangled branches from the death eliminating heat of the sultry sun, the deadly vapour cannot rise, while the green leaves purify the air and contribute thus to the safety and preservation of man. Yes, you, oh trees! more perhaps than all the world beside unfold to us lessons full of bounty and goodness: you perhaps of all earth's finite things still through ages are the only living link that connects the present with the long spent past. Still in the self-same spot, on which perhaps in ages past it commenced its toilless life—summer after

summer spreads its welcome shade and shoots its blossom, and there in the embrace of its indented roots sit the little laughing merry throng, their glad voices echoing the air as the old man tells some tale or legends of other days. Nor does the sire's eye cast unmeaning glances as he marks the fixed impression of his tale, far into the coming future he has set a mark which time can never efface,—well he knows that when his hoary head slumbers in the grave, the "legend of the oak" will keep alive affection for the dead. But have not feelings such as these been kindled in a nation, and the never ending flame fanned up anew by each succeeding race? Can we, the wide spread descendants of Anglo-Saxons, ever forget the spot, the hallowed spot on which a Christian Priest proclaimed the name of Jesus—and who could pass "Augustine's Oak" without lifting up the heart in silent, deep felt prayer to God for the blessings, which as a people we have enjoyed. Beneath that venerable tree did England's Bishops meet the good old man; beneath its shade has many a fervent prayer been breathed, and living, on it stood the silent but venerable memorial of a Nations' Christian Faith. Few perhaps, are aware that a less treasured, but nevertheless abiding note has been struck, and which vibrating in sweetest melody, shall, in ages yet to come, warm the patriotism of the Celtic heart, and bid him love this forest-land for the sake of him whose music chords, struck on Niagara's bank, shall ever awake the tenderness of Irish love; and when spring time comes, with its tribes of feathered warblers, to cheer and enliven that season of new delights, the wood-pecker tapping the hollow beech, even in dull monotony will float a silent melody to the ear, sweeter, perhaps to the exiles heart than that of thrush or lark.

The thought of this forgotten and neglected scene came across our mind when a lyric band, grateful to the Irish bard for hours of sweet enjoyment, commemorated his undying fame by chanting the melodies of Erin and Hochelaga. If Moore wrote of Ireland, let Ireland's sons, settled in this rising land, remember, that he also wrote in Canada, and while the banks of the noble St. Lawrence echoed the sweet melody of his voice, Niagara lent inspiration to the Poet's fancy.

About a mile and a-half from the town of Niagara still stands an oak, beneath the shade of which he loved to repose—there his fervid fancy revelled in new delights and lent an interest to the stranger land. There may be loftier branches waving to the breeze—beneath the riven limbs of stately oaks a warrior chief may lie, around which memory throws its protecting charm, yet we are

loath to trust even to such an armour, the only relic of the Poets presence here; and we would wish to see a neat but protecting rail thrown around so precious a relic of the Poets fame—nor look we to this 'as the last link broken'; as the destiny of our race proceeds to its fulfillment—as the course of time draws its silver lines across our path, some spirits from the older world will weave their spell and fairy legends, and elfin tales transplant our own dear home to the new settlements of the West.

As the fall of the woodman's axe echoes cheerily through the forest, and the wild bird thrills his startled note from the lofty boughs, the advance of conquering civilization is proclaimed. The crash of the noble elm or the stately pine calls up in the settlers mind emotions of joy, strengthening those hopeful anticipations which teach him to picture the coming future with waving field and fleecy flocks; absorbed in the present, and perhaps with curiously distorted feelings he has gradually learnt to lift his hand in hate against the sturdy occupiers of the soil, and in his careless haste not even a shrub is spared—thus his own reckless hand mars a prospect, which, perhaps in sober and quiet moments he had conjured in his mind.

Tree after tree is felled with indiscriminate slaughter; nature's woods are spoiled with reckless haste, and fairy scenes or gorgeous views made naked and desolate. But too frequently has the traveller, in this new and fast-increasing country, mourned over the loneliness of the church, perched high on some naked hill, shorn of all foliage: in vain has his eye searched for the "old forest tree," to beautify and adorn the scene. As if nature's gifts were base and worthless, he sees her best and loveliest works removed, and art even refusing to supply her place. In England—"merry England!"—while civilization stole its march on the frowning woods, taste maintained its sway, and the love of many a well-remembered spot is solely due to the wooded growth that consecrates it.

As, however, the onward march of civilization is generally led by those whose physical powers are best suited to the task, we cannot be much surprised at the little adorning taste displayed by settlers in their forest home, but little, or not at all, acquainted with the local peculiarities of the spot on which he settles, indifferent to the history of the native lords of the land, many a record of deeply interesting scenes have been swept away by the destruction of the monumental tree, and the page of history itself defaced for want of such faithful witnesses to deeds long since



enacted. It is cheering to see in our older clearings, indications of cultivated taste and a growing love of horticultural pursuits; and here and there, even around this goodly city of Toronto, may be seen the cottage *ornæ* with its serpentine walks and clumps of evergreens: and now and again stand a few solitary growths, which, by accident, escaped the vengeance of the ready axe. The rapid rise and progress of the Queen City of the West, ought to warn us that the time is fast speeding away in which we might, at moderate cost, lay the foundation of a garden park for the purposes of social benefit. Necessary as education has become,—determined as mankind are, that learning shall be spread through the world; it ought to be the aim and object of Christian Governments to encourage and to direct the stream into those channels which lead the mind to that haven where it would be. In England the attempt is being made to arouse a taste for those pursuits which elevate the whole man, taking him from nature to nature's God. In Birmingham, Manchester, and London, there is scarcely a decent mechanic, who does not know something of botany, ornithology, or entomology; and not a few of them have contributed valuable information to those sciences. How much more do we stand in need of such knowledge. The immigrant of to-day, by labour and industry, becomes the large landholder to-morrow; and the sharers of his toil, the heirs of his property, grow up around him, with minds eagerly bent on the acquisition of that sole end, which is but too often their destruction. To check so serious an evil it becomes a duty to provide remedies or correctives. Individual exertion is powerless to combat such difficulties, and, as a consequence, they can only be effected by the fostering care of a Parental Government. Let us, then, make the attempt to induce our fellow-countrymen, while there is yet an opportunity, to set apart in each of our cities and towns, spacious grounds in which we may preserve specimens of our native woods, and cultivate those more ornate growths from other climes. By such means we may infuse a taste for noble and holy occupations, and win the thoughtless into better ways. Instructed each Sabbath day in the duties of the Christian life, throughout the remaining week the vast majority in this Christian land are left to grope their way along; and as the records of the criminal calendar shows a growing increase of some of the more debasing sins, we must exert our influence as a Government to stay the evil. Thousands are yearly spent in the maintenance of prisons and lunatic asylums, while but meagre encourage-

ment is given to the support of institutions, whose object would be to curb the evil passions of nature, and, acting as aids and subordinate to religion, save the many from a wretched course of life. The Legislative grants for public education are sufficiently munificent to ensure to the rising generation the means of procuring information on general science, but as yet we see but small attempts made to render that instruction as general as it should be. Nor do we imagine large funds necessary to effect so desirable an object. Already in most of our thriving towns we have institutions professedly established for the encouragement of science and art. Small grants of thirty or forty pounds made to such bodies, to be devoted to the payment of good lecturers during a summer course, would at first give an impetus to the spread of information, and induce individual exertion to render that information more important and extensive. In this way Chemistry and Botany may be taught—sciences which are useful, and at the same time highly delightful to the mind.

In the French metropolis these facilities for instruction are readily afforded, and many even from foreign climes, through the gardens and menageries, to listen to the public lectures which are given.

There is, we conceive, no real difficulty to hinder us from possessing these cultivated grounds, and money so spent would be doubly saved by diminishing crime and madness.

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### BIRTH DAYS.

Oh! name them not, for clouds have past  
 Athwart the azure sky,  
 And eyes have wept, and looked their last,  
 Last look of agony!  
 Oh! name them not, for thoughts are their's  
 That back recall the vanished years,  
 When joy unsullied shone!

II.  
 Oh! name them not, for time has wrought  
 Such transformation strange,  
 That nature fain would banish thought,  
 Nor own the maddening change.  
 The furrowed brow, the silvered hair,  
 The tear, that has no business there,  
 The wreck of former days.

III.  
 Oh! name them not, for night comes on,  
 The chilly night of death;  
 Star after star its course has run,  
 And darkness veils the earth.  
 Oh! name them not, but with the tide  
 Of other days on let them glide,  
 Unnoticed and unnamed.

## A CHINAMAN'S BALL.

SINGAPORE, February 21st, 1852.

SUCH of our readers as have visited the Golden Chersonese, with the pretty and thriving little island situated at its southern extremity, must have observed with some curiosity the confluence on that spot of a hundred different streams of population. From the west and from the east, from the south and from the north, strangers are perpetually arriving in search of health, pleasure, or profit. Chief among these immigrants are the natives of the Celestial Empire; who, allured by rupees (although an emigrant from China makes an outlaw of himself), would at any time of the day or night undertake the circumnavigation of the globe. At Singapore they have long formed the most active and important classes of inhabitants. Arriving frequently with an empty purse, they apply themselves fearlessly to any kind of labour that presents itself. They live sparsely, lie on boards, and display an example of economy which in Western Europe would inspire even misers with despair. The consequence of all this is, that in some cases they amass large fortunes, and either return to China, or remain where they are already comfortable, resolving for the remainder of their days to feast on the juiciest of dogs.

Yet, though these hardy adventurers abound not only here in Singapore, but in every other part of the East, few things appear to be less understood than their real habits and character. Sometimes, one finds them represented as pacific and timid, but industrious people, with little of the spirit of enterprise, and no feeling of independence. Elsewhere they are regarded as fierce, turbulent, insatiable; addicted to material indulgences; faithless, cruel, and seldom touched with sympathy for other men.

There are certainly some contradictions in the character of the Chinese, which will supply colour to either of these sketches. Vain they certainly are, of being, according to their own theory, the only nation that is gifted with two eyes. At the same time, they often condescend to use, in a most servile way, the eyes of Europeans. Until the present time, however, they would seem to have resisted all temptation to indulge in balls and routs, to enliven their time by familiar social colloquies with ladies, or to give champagne suppers. At length, however, even in this respect the time has come when the ethics of Confucius have proved too weak to resist the demoralising impulse of example. Civilisation makes sad havoc among the principles of Buddhism. Instead of approaching through opium the joys of Nibbān, or absolute quietude, the men of long tails and angular physiognomy have entered with a horrible energy upon the career of Western dissipation: late hours, fiddling, dancing, and rich collations, liberally sprinkled with champagne.

King Sim, a merchant, well known as an Antonio on the Rialto of Singapore, conceived a few weeks ago the intrepid design of giving the first ball ever beheld in this part of the world. Having recently erected a spacious Godown, or suite of chambers and warehouses, he resolved to convert one of these into a magnificent banquetting-hall and dancing-room. Europeans probably aided him in or-

ganising the preliminaries of the entertainment, in selecting the musicians, and in the judicious provision of refreshments for his guests. Numerous invitations were issued to gentleman and ladies of all tribes and tongues, who were requested to be present in their respective costumes on the appointed evening at the Godown of Kim Sing. A detail of the ethnological display made at this party might be taken for a bad joke, but I am perfectly serious and deliberate in stating generally that the company included Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Germans, Portuguese from Malacca, Spaniards from the Philippines, Malay, Klings, Bombayises, Cambodians, Tonquinese, Mandarins from Cochin China, Siamese, Peguans, Arabs, Japanese, Jews, Parsees, Chinese, and half-castes.

I considered myself extremely fortunate to have arrived just in time to be present at this entertainment. I had of course about me (as everybody else had) the usual prejudices of my own race, and therefore, on being presented to the master of the house, with his pig-tail, sharp features, and Mongolian eyes, it was with much difficulty that I kept my mirth under polite restraint. I had been introduced under the best possible auspices, and soon felt myself quite at home, both with the Celestial and the terrestrial visitors. The ladies, of the company being in a decided minority, each having about two gentlemen to her fair share, I, being quite a stranger, began to apprehend a paucity of partners. I was mistaken: a young lady of Dutch descent, but dark in complexion as a Malay, soon found herself, I know not how, my vis-à-vis, and away we went, whirling and prionetting down the apartment, to the great amazement of the Asiatic neophytes. I must pause here to observe, by way of parenthesis, that the ball-room was not smaller than the body of a good-sized English church, with a row of pillars on each side under the galleries, behind which the spectators thronged. Next after us, followed a Jew in the costume of Bengal with a delicate young damsel fresh from England. Then, came a fire-worshipper with a Parisian belle, and then a multitude of unimaginable combinations, until the floor was crowded with dancers glancing hither and thither beneath the glitter of the splendid chandeliers.

The harmony of dance and music was, however, presently disturbed by an uncivil Frenchman (a rare creature), who suddenly discovering that he had lost his partner, plunged about the room in search of her, and found her actively pointing her toes at a young English lieutenant of gigantic stature. Jacques Bonhomme, being small, had some trouble to strike his rival in the face; the rival with much courtesy requested him to walk down-stairs, and promised a sufficient explanation when the dance was over. Jacques remained up stairs, wandering about like a wolf in a cage. A duel impended, and the Asiatics very much enjoyed the prospect of this unexpected addition to their evening's entertainment. Somebody, however, procured the intervention of police, and in a corner of a ball-room there took place the episode of arrest, bail, and those other details preliminary to civil action against Jacques Bonhomme for assault and battery.

Having shared several dances with my young Asiatic Netherlander, I next found myself opposite

a Spanish lady, from Manilla, who smoked between the figures, and spoke very bad English. This, however, she declared to me was her favorite language, though she knew both Malay and French; I was therefore bound, in politeness, to conceal my ignorance as to the import of about two words in every three with which she favoured me.

The cluster of faces peering out from between the pillars was now and then lighted up with laughter, as odd groups of dancers whirled past; even the dancers themselves often found it impossible to preserve gravity. Some little awkwardness, moreover, was occasionally displayed by the strangely united couples. For example, a young lady from Calcutta, dressed after the most elaborate fashion of the city of palaces, got fearfully entangled in a Schottische with a Chinese Mandarin, whose large, jet-black tail descended considerably below his waist. As he hopped and frisked, the tail flew about in a most dangerous manner. No doubt could be entertained, however, that the gentleman had been taking lessons for a fortnight or three weeks, because he really went through the business of the dance very respectably. At length, however, as ill-luck would have it, one of his red slippers came off. A burst of laughter, which it was impossible to restrain, shook the fat sides of the host at this disaster, while the unhappy How-Guim-Foo quitted his partner, and rushed, with his long tail like a comet, to regain the shoe—for to be shoeless is to be disgraced in Celestial eyes.

At another time, and in another part of the room, the tails of two of the Chinese, as they passed one another back to back, hooked together: perhaps by the strings which tied them. While the gentlemen butted forward with their heads, after the manner of rams, to dissolve their involuntary partnership, their chosen partners ran into each other's arms, and whirled on in the waltz without them.

Becoming by degrees a little tired, I slipped behind the pillars for rest. Here I observed neat little tables in front of luxurious sofas, on which several Celestials reclined at their full length, smoking opium. They appeared to be in a delicious state of dreaminess, imagining themselves, perhaps in the vicinity of the Lake of Lilies, with orange and tea-trees blossoming around them. Near these, were two or three Hindoos smoking the hookah; in their neighbourhood, a solitary Turk, who bore in his countenance an expression of infinite disdain for the infidels of all colours whom he saw around him. As I had recently come from his part of the world, I accosted him at once, and great was his delight, when he heard a greeting in the language of Stamboul. The whole economy of his features immediately underwent a complete change. He would gladly have prolonged our conversation till morning, had I not been reminded of an engagement to waltz with a houri from Manilla.

To describe fitly the supper which followed, I ought to have studied for three years under some Parisian gastronome. It was a chaos of dainties, each more tempting than the other. All the fruits of the Indian Archipelago, of India, China, and the West—some in their natural state, others exquisitely preserved, were piled around us. There were birds' nest soups, puppy ragouts, pilaus of kangaroos' tails, fish of all kinds, and pastry

in profusion. And then for the wines—all the wines that France, Germany, and Hungary could produce, sparkled on the board, and the most anxious care was taken that every one should be supplied with what he most desired. While we were regaling ourselves, delicious strains of music, issuing from I know not where, stole into the apartment. This I thought much better than a noisy band, destroying or bewildering one's appetite from a gallery immediately over-head. In this case, the music seemed to form part of the flavor of the fruits and wines, so finely did it steal into the air. Two or three songs, sung by female singers from Italy, forcibly carried me back by association to old happy days in Europe. By way of variety, we had a little Asiatic music also, which several of the Europeans present thought themselves compelled, by the laws of taste, to pronounce detestable. I differed from them greatly. Though inartificial, it seemed to me full of sweetness, and strikingly characteristic of wild, fierce, and impassioned races. Not, however, being a connoisseur in these matters, I may of course be wrong. Besides, I judged (after such a supper) in a spirit of extreme good humour towards all the world.

It was between two and three o'clock in the morning when we separated; and as I had to take a ride of three or four miles into the country before going to bed, I felt so refreshed by the cool night air, that on reaching home, I lay down to rest as tranquilly as a child might, after no more fatiguing pleasure than a frolic in the garden.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

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### TEARS.

Chide not the tear, by Heaven designed  
To minister to grief!  
Chide not the tear, the fountain kind,  
The source whence flows relief.  
Healing as was Bethesda's pool,  
The fever of the heart to cool,  
And snatch from blank despair.

### II.

Chide not the tear, like angel bland,  
It comes with meek control  
To whisper of the better land,  
Where, passed time's fatal goal;  
The faint and weary shall find rest,  
The mourner be for ever blest,  
And misery wound no more.

### III.

Flow on ye tears, for ever flow,  
For, ah! when ye're denied;  
What tongue may speak the bosom's woe,  
The desolation wide  
That whelms the soul, till, dread relief!  
Madness o'ermasters careless grief,  
And comes to mock at woe.

G.

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**HOMELY BUT SIGNIFICANT COMPARISON.**—A private soldier of the 95th regiment who was at the battle of Waterloo, compared the sound which took place immediately upon the British cavalry mingling with those of the enemy to "a thousand tinkers at work, mending pots and kettles!"

SALT AND WATER;  
OR, COCKNEY IRISH SPORTING SKETCH.

On a charming autumnal day, late in the September of 183—, after exhausting a few hours in the prettiest spot along the Liffey's pretty banks, I found myself at Swift's Chair,—as the charming little grot overhanging the river, was called,—that had been the favourite resting-place, in the eccentric Dean's rambles, when he sought happiness in the delightful retirement of the Abbey. Lingered here to admire the waterfall, some fifty feet below me,—the prattling cascade close by, sparkling in the afternoon's sun,—the gentle slopes of the lawn beyond, thickly dotted with its fleecy tenants, and passing a tribute of grateful recollection to one who had left posterity so pleasant a resting-place, in such a delightful seclusion, one could scarcely avoid a moralising mood, even at an age seldom characterized by such habits; when youth begins to feel its strength, and know what pleasure is. However quietly such visits may end, one is likely to feel their influence more or less; and, in the present case, this resulted in a serious decision on my part to secure some portion of posthumous fame, if not by setting the Liffey on fire, at least by gravating my name as indelibly as possible on its banks;—so finding on the left side of the grotto a portion of surface free from the apocryphal descriptions of manuscript and hieroglyphic, that mystified everywhere else the original superficies, I carved rather deeply my initials; and looking once more on fall, cascade, and sloping lawn, sauntered homewards slowly, revolving what was then a very important consideration, viz., the best beat for next day's partridge-shooting. Ascending some steps, I entered the old gateway, with its iron wicket opening on the bridge that here spans the Liffey,—co-eval as report says, with the earliest days of "The Dale," and affording a delightful lounge to the idler—luxury itself, indeed, in that way,—and having enjoyed its advantages, and started some speckled trouts from their haunts in the limpid water below. I passed on, yet undecided as to the best plan for enjoying an amusement which possessed a singular attraction for me, and "pondering deep," reached home. Presently I received a note, directed in the well known handwriting of my friend and neighbour, Costelloe, which, even unopened, seemed a herald of amusement. Costelloe and I had been inmates at school, mates at play; had crossed the stiffest fences generally side by side, and once or twice over each other's dogs, had "wiped each other's eye"—that most ungenial compliment to a sportsman,

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however it may convey to the uninitiated an idea of angel-like benevolence, but which was taken the less to heart that it was experienced from none but from each other.

Within the note the following communication was traced:—"Dear Leslie:—The — grounds on Wednesday, with some men from Dublin,—breakfast at 8, sharp. You're expected.—FRANK COSTELLOE." As the shooting excursion proposed in the invitation quite suited my book, one can fancy with what feelings of satisfaction I saw at the door, on the Wednesday morning in question, the dog-cart and Gypsy, who having had an unfortunate escape from being as fast a "thorn-topper" as ever led the Kildares, had been in consequence reduced to the rank of hack, and now stood occasionally shaking her pretty head and champing the bit with an ardour worthy a better object than the modest-looking vehicle whose locomotion depended on it, and wherein were safely deposited gun, bag, &c., with my inevitable and favourite "Snipe." In due time "the Hall" shewed its hospitable roof, and on my arrival I found Costelloe anxiously looking out for his friends. "I knew you'd come, Leslie, and, as usual, first in the field," said he, with an habitually cool shake hands.

"Yes, few can dispute my claim to that honor."

"One would scarcely wish to do so sometimes if confined to your own plan of operations."

"How is that, Costelloe?"

"For instance, as you cleared the fence at Ballygandran, the other day, if you remember, quite discarding the services of the grey, after he had brought you up to it: it was hardly fair—scarcely so, indeed."

"Oh! now, Costelloe, once is quite enough to hear of that fall," said I.

"I shall decidedly vote your friends from town, feather-bed sportsmen, if they are not soon here: it is now much after time, and it is really a pity to lose, any more of such a glorious day."

"They may probably deserve the reputation, although, generally, I think, 'the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious sport,' and the enjoyment of a 'spread' in the open air, are the essentials in a citizen-sportsman's good day's shooting."

"Aston, at least, excepted," said I.

"No, he could not get away from his clients, and being indeed a thorough sportsman, he feels it keenly."

"Not as much, I fancy, as he did the mist we met the last time we had him on the grouse-bog."

"Ha! ha! Perhaps not! How intensely cold that half-hour was, and wet, too!"

"And how poor Aston's naukeens and pumps

were drenched! What a costume to assume for grouse-shooting!"

"He certainly expected a considerable increase of caloric after sunrise, but never anticipated such a decrease of it before that time, as we then experienced!"

"But the pumps, in any case, presented a strange phenomenon; one might have fancied he believed in the truth of the saying, 'pure as bog water,' to have used them!"

"What is the origin of that expression, Leslie, do you know?"

"I must confess, Costelloe, I do not. Old Donovan once enlightened me with his opinion on the question, which, as one can fancy, gave, at least, an ingenious solution to the puzzle."

"The unmitigated old rebel! And what, pray, was his explanation?"

"As I happened to be riding over what he calls his 'taste of ground,' some time since, I came on him superintending farm operations, and elicited his elucidation of the purity of bog water, by recommending him to remove the heaps of mould and rubbish about the old castle of M——, for top-dressing.—'Oh, thin, Mither James,' he replied, 'I wondher intirely at you for mintonin' the like.'

"'Why is that?' said I.

"'Lettin' on, now, you don't know that it's the restin' place of so many of the ould ancient G——s.'

"'I never knew it before.'

"'Thin it's little of Irish hist'ry you've read, I'm thinkin'. I found it all out in a piece of an ould writin' I borrowed from a naybor; and what I'm tellin' you in regard to their bein' berried there, after the battle of Clonard, and other times off an' on, is as thrue as you're sittin' on that horse; an' every shovel-full of that dust is as pure as bog wather.'

"'Really!'" said I. "*Requiescat in pace*, then,—do you know the English of that?"

"Oh, well, it's what they puts on the tombstones."

"You are a genius, Donovan," said I, "and can you tell me why bog-water is pure?"

"Bedad! that same puzzles me often, seein' it's mostly the contrhary-like lookin', but I've heerd people say, a corpse found in a bog is as fresh and firm a hundred years after bein' put in as the day its sowl—God rest it!—left its airthly inhuaint; and since the bog-wather keeps it from eorruptshin, I suppose, somehow, its pure."

"Ha! ha! It seems very much a matter of doubt, though, if its influence on Aston's costume will be a preservative one."

"A matter decidedly open to speculation, and—"

"Bravo! here they come at last!" cried Costelloe, and proceeded to welcome his guests, leaving me alone, to form an opinion of the party as I best might from appearances, which were decidedly in their favour, except that the equipments gave but little evidence of having seen much service. Breakfast was soon on the table, and discussed with right good-will, together with the latest town gossip, and a considerable quantity of egg-flip and liqueurs."

"May I ask you to send the noyau this way, Maclaghlen," said my *vis-à-vis*, to his friend on my right,—and filling and emptying his glass, resumed—"Now, mine host, I am ready to follow you—"

"O'er moss and moor, o'erholt and hill,  
Partridge to find, to flush and kill;"

Parodied Slater.

"Dreadfully bad; whoever heard of flushing partridge!" ejaculated O'Henchy.

"Most happy to lead the way, Machagen, if all are ready," said Costelloe, and quick assent following, continued, "and as we are after time already the sooner we get away the better—I see the cars are waiting."

Away we went accordingly, at a pace destined soon to become a swinging one, and quite in consonance with the spirit of the party eight in number.

"The epicurean propensities of your dog are not much indulged, Mr. Leslie," observed O'Henchy to me, casting a slightly disparaging glance on Snipe who lay between us.

"He has had some severe days already, and besides, he is intended rather for use than ornament Mr. O'Henchy," said I glancing slightly over my companion's new equipments, belt, &c.

"One may combine both without detracting from the effectiveness of either in the least."

"What some very good judges have quite agreed to be the case with Snipe," said I.

"Really," said O'Henchy and turning to our host, "Your neighborhood has lost a very amusing character by the death of Lieut. Stanhope."

"Yes, poor fellow, he was a most extraordinary creature."

"I met him at the mess of the—in Dublin, once, some time since."

"That was Russel's regiment whom he induced to take him up at 'Follow the Lead,' was it not," I enquired.

"Yes," said Costelloe, "you were not here then if I remember correctly."

"No, but I heard that after taking his man across a very stiff country he brought him to a

stand by clearing the battlements of Leixlip Bridge."

"Yes, and Stanhope escaped unhurt; he was strangely constituted indeed. I remember his once shewing me his insensibility to pain by thrusting a number of pins into his '*propria persona*,' without appearing to experience any disagreeable sensation from the operation."

"I shall never forget," said I, "the evening we set out from D—'s to see him home across the fields."

"Was it signaled by another of his freaks of fancy," asked O'Henchy.

"As unique a one as any of the rest. On the plea of excessive weariness he insisted on stopping at about half hours, and getting along as best he could to a large cow, most uncerimoniously disturbed her midnight reveries, and quietly taking possession of a lodging, *not* 'on the cold ground,' disposed his stalwart frame to rest on the spot she had just left. In point of fact he *covered* down under the apprehension of further exertions."

"Execrable as ever, O'Henchy!" exclaimed Costelloe, who had a decided antipathy to a pun. "But here is Burnt Furge, and the gamekeeper had orders to meet us near this."

"I believe I make out the party in question under the shade of the elm at the end of the screening on the right," said Slater, directing his gun towards the place, and the approach of the individual thus *pointedly* alluded to set the matter at rest, who, as he touched his cap and answered our salutations with a promise of good sport, was despatched to billet the horses in a farm-yard near—except the one which carried the "grub" and which was to meet us by sundry by-lanes at an old "rath" where we hoped to enjoy luncheon.

We then took the fields and found in the first stubble—Costelloe having first sight of the birds and instantaneously dropping a brace, which was followed by a shout of applause from our citizen-sportsmen, accompanied by a furious volley having all the appearance and effect of a "*feu de joie*" at our host's success; it's "*feu de mort*" qualities affording a fine field for imagination, as not a bird had fallen. This discharge being followed by another from the brandy-flasks of the party, induced me to imagine I should have better shooting by myself, so calling up Snipe and gradually withdrawing from the others, I determined on taking the direction of Costelloe's residence, beating all the intermediate ground which afforded quite as much game as one could have desired, and on arriving at my destination I relieved my shoulders of the bag a with feeling

of intense satisfaction. Presently the rest of the party arrived in capital spirits, though having but three birds among them, and "Ho! Leslie, how the deuce did you come by this bag of birds?"

"You went regularly on the sly, Leslie,—scarcely fair that!"

"Will you spare me a brace like a good fellow, just to save my credit!" "And if you really do not care very much for the birds may I ask for another?"—Came from all sides, and were responded to quite as satisfactorily as could have been wished, when all departed for dinner during the discussion of which, from such occasional observations as, "rather more difficult to kill larks than one imagines!" "The unfortunate blackbird was blown to pieces." One could infer, what Costelloe afterwards observed to me was the case, that his Dublin friends soon after my "tailing off" had proceeded on an indiscriminate "*razzia*" against all the feathered tribe, and that its ferocity had reached a crisis soon after luncheon; at the same time congratulating me on an early escape, and himself on not having been grained at least, by some of his citizen friends who now as soon as the dessert was brought up unanimously, called for hot water and "the materials." The cellars of mine host were not so far from humanity's reach as the abode of certain spirits in the "*vasty deep*" so in consequence *i. e.* the better spirits appeared in due time, and the L.L. went round at a rasping pace, tumbler after tumbler disappearing like a singed cat, until at the fourth round O'Henchy passed the materials to me, saying, "Come, Leslie, empty your glass and fill again, you are still at your first; this is my fourth!"

"Not any more for me, O'Henchy, I never exceed one!"

"Oh come, there's an exception to every rule; help yourself and send it on," said Slater, who was on my left!"

"I should rather not have any more," said I, "I really never take more than one."

After many efforts to overrule my objection, O'Henchy seemed determined to set the matter at rest by saying, "You really *must* drink with us, Leslie, we are not going to get jolly, while you remain sober to laugh at us!"

"You really must excuse me O'Henchy," said I, "as I assure you I am not influenced by any such motive—I never take more than one tumbler after dinner, and no one shall compel me to have any more."

"Then, by George, you shall drink salt and water, if you don't!" exclaimed McLaghlan—and "salt and water!" "Salt and water!" "Give

it him!" resounded on all sides while I found myself suddenly seized on either side by O'Henchy and Slater, the others meanwhile setting about procuring the obnoxious draught. Placed in such disagreeable durance, successful resistance was quite out of question, and yielding to the fates, or their two very stout proxies until their attention seemed slightly relaxed, I made a frantic bolt;—a desperate scramble;—cleared a couple of chairs—overturned McLaghlan—rushed into the hall, seized the gun, and returning, stood at bay in the nearest corner, and with renewed breath, said, "Gentlemen, any one who chooses to compel me to drink salt and water will do so at his peril;" allowing each "click" of the locks to be distinctly heard as they were put at full cock.

There was a pause for an instant, then an indistinct murmur of "salt and water—salt and water,—salt and water!" "Let him have it!" "More guns than one to be had!" All given in a not very agreeable *crescendo*; when Costelloe, who had continued most provokingly unconcerned up to this, interposed the veto of hospitable authority to a continuance of the proceedings, with such happy effect, as to induce all parties to consent to "forget and forgive," the first of which he did not entertain a doubt was in a rapid process of consummation, soon to be considerably accelerated by a renewed attention to the L.L.—a true Lethe in this instance. So, resuming my seat at the table, I finished my first tumbler, and understanding soon after that "Gipsy" was at the door, I wished mine host and his jolly companions "good night," and gave the rein to the mare, who required no permission to raise a brisk trot for home, whither she brought me in very fair time, truly satisfied with the successful interference of Costelloe's influence, and with feelings akin to anything but friendly ones towards Cockney sportsmen and their counterpart (as far as agreeability is involved) in the inanimate creation,—that truly undesirable and detestable mixture—SALT AND WATER.

LONGEVITY.—In 1497, a carp of prodigious size, was caught in a fishpond of Suabia, with a ring of copper affixed to it, on which were engraved these words in Latin:—"I am the first fish that was put into this pond, by the hands of Frederick 2nd, Governor of the world, 5th October, 1230." This fish must have lived 267 years.

A COMPETENCY.—Our incomes are like our shoes. If too small they will gall and pinch us:—if too large they will cause us to stumble and trip. True contentment depends not upon what we have. A tub was enough for Diogenes, but a world was too little for Alexander.

## SHADOWS ON THE RIVER.

'Tis evening's hour—  
The shadows lower,  
The earth in gloom enshrouding—  
Dense clouds and dun  
Around the sun  
Up from the west are crowding

And dull and chill,  
Adown the hill,  
The fount is sadly creeping,  
Along the ground,  
With wailing sound,  
As if of spirits weeping.

The lake is dark,  
There's not a spark  
Of light upon it playing;  
The shadows rest  
Upon its breast,  
The chill breeze o'er it straying.

No more within  
The wave is seen  
The lustrous sky reposing,  
And deep in shade  
Lie dell and glade,  
Around the waters closing,

And song of bird  
No more is heard  
In liquid music thrilling;  
The shadow flings  
Its dusky wings,  
The sadden'd waters chilling.

And dark and lone  
The flood moves on  
In mute and solemn motion—  
'Mid shades profound,  
That close around,  
It sinks into the ocean.

And as I view'd  
That gloomy flood,  
As fount, and lake, and river  
I cried, "Alas!  
May life ne'er pass  
'Mid shadows thus for ever."

Then ocean lone,  
With awful moan,  
Upon my ear fell booming,  
A d to my sighs  
A voice replies  
From out the shadows coming—

"Man's life is made  
Of light and shade,  
Of joys and griefs together;  
Now sun, now shower,  
Now shadows lower,  
Like fitful April weather.

From source to sea—  
'Tis God's decree—  
Man's flood is full of changes;  
Now calm its waves,  
Now vex'd it raves,  
Now glad, now sad it ranges.

But he whose might  
Made cloud and light  
In wisdom each dispenses;  
And still in vain  
Doth man complain  
Of laws above his senses."

Rebuked I stood  
Beside the flood,  
And answer'd bending lowly,  
"Lord, I resign  
My will to thine;  
Thy ways are just and holy.

In joy or wo,  
Let life's stream flow,  
As Thou ordainest ever,  
But grant one gleam  
At last to beam,  
As graveyards sink the river!"  
—*Dublin University Magazine.*

## WHITTLINGS FROM THE WEST.

BY ABEL LOG.

It was the noon of a sultry day in August. One could not walk—it was too hot for that; one could not ride—it would have come under the head of cruelty to animals; one could not read—a book had to be held, and that was a fatigue; one could not sleep—the mosquitoes would not let you. Fans were flapping in all directions; and in the front of the Howard House, down Broadway, five-and-twenty travellers were sitting in the shade, with their weary legs elevated to a level with their chins, and the rims of their straw hats resting on their noses. Few persons could be seen in the streets, they were fearful of receiving a sunstroke.

I was sitting in the arbour at the bottom of Miss Westbrook's garden, and talking to Lascelles. I heard the large bell up at the house ring violently, and ran to see what was the matter. I found a little elderly maiden lady, Miss Fanny Fitzherbert, and her sisters, Mr. Merrivale, Mr. Heady, and Mr. Molson, standing round a parrot's cage. I inquired if anything had happened to Nabob.

"He is dying," said Miss Westbrook, wringing her hands; "I am sure he is dying. He has been poisoned." The bird certainly looked ill. He was poisoning himself upon one leg on the bottom of the cage, and turning up his eyes frightfully.

"O, I am convinced that somebody has poisoned Nabob; I will never believe to the contrary!" cried Miss Westbrook, in a tremulous voice.

I glanced towards Mr. Molson. He was very pale, and he gave a gulp like a person in the last stage of suffocation.

"He—he will get better no doubt," stammered Mr. Molson; "perhaps the heat affects him. Poor Nabob!"

"Poor Molson!" replied the bird, and then he tried to laugh, but couldn't.

"Poor Nabob!" cried Miss Westbrook, with a flood of tears; "you have been poisoned, I know."

Mr. Molson applied a handkerchief to his brow, and sat down in an exhausted manner. It was evident that he was the guilty party. A few minutes afterwards, Nabob called for Miss West-

brook; he was going fast. He next (for the green parrot had caught up everything that used to be said at table) ordered the bell to be rung, probably that all the household might be summoned to witness his peaceful end. In another moment he closed his vermilion-coloured eyes, gave a long shrill whistle, then a short laugh, issued directions to a servant to carry him out, and fell down dead. The murder was eventually traced to the door of Mr. Molson and he received a hint to supply himself with a suite of apartments elsewhere. I have not since had the pleasure of receiving tidings from him.

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As I was returning one night from a saunter in the picturesque neighbourhood of the Battery (I had Ernest's rapier-cane under my arm), some very beautiful music fell upon my ear, and I traced it to a retired garden which is much frequented by the gentlemen of New York, when they wish to indulge in the luxury of an ice-cream, and enjoy the gratification of hearing a few of their most select and popular melodies performed upon a fine band. Music is always an attraction to me. They were just playing Moore's "Last Rose of Summer" as I entered the garden, and seated myself in an arbour, under the shade of some pleasant trees. The romance of the scene was in some measure weakened by the occasional transit of a waiter, with a towel over his arm and glasses upon a tray; but I winked at this, and, ordering some refreshment by way of keeping up appearances, reclined blissfully in a corner, with my eyes half closed. Presently the well-known voice of some person in an adjoining arbour struck upon my ear. It was that of Captain Tregenza. I wondered who his companion was. The voice was familiar to me also, but I failed to recognise it.

"Eighteen will not be sufficient," I heard Ernest say; "we must have six-and-twenty. What are you to do when half of your hands become disabled? We had twenty-six before, and we will have twenty-six again. Don't say any more about it; I will have my way." A few words of remonstrance were here offered, but Tregenza cried, "I have spoken, sir!" and there was a heavy clash, as though he had struck his fist upon the table, and upset several glasses.

A silence of some minutes succeeded, and then the gruff voice observed, "Hans Korck is a whole gang of boarders in himself. Did you ever see him handle a pike?"

"He can do his duty, I have no doubt," said Tregenza; "and so he ought, for I have not spared his schooling!"

Duty, thought I—what does this consist in, I wonder? And feeling conscious that I was playing the paltry part of an eavesdropper, I coughed in a manner which left it to the option of the speakers whether they continued the conversation or not. A moment afterwards, Ernest abruptly entered the bower in which I sat, and put his face close to mine, to see if he had compromised himself in any way by his freedom of speech. I was sitting in the gloom, and at first he did not recognise my features; but the instant he had done so, he drew me by the button from my corner into the next box. Opposite him sat Mr. Sparrs, the surly mate of the Dodo. I now saw through the whole thing. Captain Tregenza observed that I had made a discovery, and said in a pleasant way, "Come, come,



I know if there is any secret in the matter, it will rest safe with you." I must confess that I felt a little disappointed. Ernest was a fine-looking young man, and, I had supposed, also a high-spirited and an honourable one; but now how was he fallen in my estimation! He had degenerated into a mere ruffian—a common cut-throat, without one spark of gentlemanly feeling or right principle.

"You are a very pretty pair," said I, banteringly, and gazing first on him, and then upon the sulky Mr. Sparrs. "That rakish craft yonder is in the merchant service, is she? You carry provisions to the gold-diggings, eh? And what else do you carry? Has Long Tom any family? Are there any little Toms?"

"Hush, hush, my dear fellow; do be quiet," cried Ernest. "Upon my word, you are very incautious; if it had not been for that noisy varlet with the trombone yonder, who is fast blowing himself into a consumption, somebody would have overheard you."

"Is this your walking-stick?" said I producing the rapier-cane.

"Yes; I left it at your lodgings. Rather a pretty toy isn't it?"

"Particularly so (unsheathing it); and pray (pointing to the blood), do you generally perform the part of ship-surgeon, and phlebotomise your patients with this?"

"O, there is a droll story connected with that; I will relate it to you some day. Come brother, Sparrs, do not look so sour; this is a friend of ours, and one not given to gossiping. Won't you stay with us?"

"No; I must return on board."

"Then go, you owl!" and the mate of the Dodo, killing a large musquito with his palm as he arose, left the garden.

"Murder will out, you see, mon cher capitaine," said I. "I thought you a very pretty fellow until to-night, and now—"

"You know my real character you think, but you do not; nor shall you leave this place until I have in some measure undeceived you. Hear a short story. I shall cut it as short as possible, that you may not yawn. I am a gentleman by birth, as well as by education, and by feeling, too, I believe, but I was born under an unlucky planet. The fates have not treated me handsomely. I have experienced a heavy misfortune. Of my parents I shall not speak now; I shall confine this tale to those particulars which immediately concern myself. From my earliest childhood I was always fond of the sea; and a voyage or two across the Atlantic, backed up by my previous knowledge of naval matters, made me a perfect sailor. The more the winds blew, and the billows leaped and roared, the more I liked it; so, as I had money at command, I bought a little vessel (not the Dodo), fitted her out in the most beautiful manner imaginable, and made several successful cruises. But during one of these, as I was on my return homeward, and hugging the Mexican coast, I had the luck, one dark night, to be boarded by a scoundrel of a pirate, who mistook me for a rich Spanish galleon, laden with gold dust, of which he had long been in search. As I was napping unsuspectingly below, I knew nothing of the affair until it was over, and I a rasal had got safely away. I then found three of my crew dead upon deck, several more lying

bathed in their blood, and my cabin completely ransacked. Among other things they had taken a hamper of wine and my chronometer, without which, you know a captain is almost helpless upon a wide ocean. I could have put up with the loss of these, but there was a cool impudence about the whole business which exasperated me very much; and the moment morning had dawned, seeing a sail in the offing, I clapped on every stitch of canvas I could carry, and gave her chase. I had no doubt that it was the pirate; but a stern chase, they say is a long chase, and I did not come up with the rogue until night, when, laying my little vessel skillfully alongside her, followed by my crew, cutlass in hand, I leaped upon her deck.

"No quarter!" cried I; "down with the dogs!" There was a smart scuffle, you may suppose, but they did not make half the resistance I expected they would. In fact I was quite surprised to obtain a victory upon such easy terms. Seven of my brave lads were wounded but none killed. The pirates, however, had suffered severely. Nine of them never moved again, a great many (the cowards!) had jumped overboard in their flight, and several others were gashed and mutilated in a shocking manner.

"Which is the captain of your gang?" I asked.

"I am the captain," said a tall, athletic seaman, with a sabre cut that reached from lip to ear.

"Choose—the plank, or the yard-arm?"

"The plank—it will be the death of a sailor; the other is more suitable to one of your profession."

"Be civil, sir, or I will tie you up to the gangway, and give you a dozen before you go."

"Work your will; I am at your mercy now. I ask no quarter, and it were all one if I did."

"You put on the air of an honest man, and no pirate."

"I am an honest man. I do not know what you mean by calling me a pirate; I fought in defence of my ship."

"And did not overhaul me last night as I lay napping; nor kill three of men, of course, nor carry away my chronometer?"

"I did not."

A cold sweat broke out upon my forehead, and I almost fell upon the deck. I had made a mistake; this was not the pirate. I frankly confessed my error, and told the merchant captain he was free. He smiled scornfully, as evidently not believing one word of my tale; and the moment I had returned on board my own ship, and he had once more got possession of his, he began to blaze away at me with his old gun, but it was loaded with grape, and took fatal effect. Another of my crew was killed, and three more wounded; I was hit too. A minute afterwards I heard the cry, "Boarders on the bow!" and now commenced the most desperate hand-to-hand fight I have ever witnessed. But we had the majority of numbers, and the enemy, if I may call them such, were cut down to a man. The merchant captain and I crossed sabres last. I would have spared a better man than myself, but he would have no quarter, and I buried the blade up to the hilt in his body. I was obliged to do it in self-defence. The few remaining bands in the merchant brig, seeing how matters went, sheered off, and we saw no more of them. Sparrs, my mate, advised me to

give chase again, and blow her up, in order that the survivors of her crew might tell no tales; but I refused to shed more blood. Indeed, I never intended to shed any; I merely intended to redress a wrong.

Months elapsed. Meantime (as I afterwards found) the brig had reached New York, and given a description of our brush with her, as well as all the particulars of the first attack; and one night, as I was on my voyage homeward, I was hailed by an American sloop of war. I had orders to heave to while she sent a party to board me. I should have submitted, and all might have yet gone well, but my temper would not allow me, and I beat them off. They gave chase, of course. I had no shot left, and very little powder. What little I had, however, I crammed into a carronade, with a quantity of old broken bottles; then, levelling the gun with my own hand, blew its contents into their faces, and, favoured by the darkness, slipped quietly away.

America was now no place for me, and, tossing the greater part of my cargo to the fishes, I stood over to the coast of Africa. While there, I had the good fortune one night to fall in with a slaver. I knew that she could be after no good, for the moment she caught sight of us, she shook out all her canvass, and showed us her heels. I thought the adventure might be turned to account, gave chase again in my turn, came up with her, had a brush for it, drove her crew overboard, and set the slaves at liberty. Poor fellows! Never was such a hullabaloo heard before; you would have thought Pandemonium had broke loose. Such knocking off fetters, and such chattering, and such an exhibition of red lips and white teeth, and such a capering of black figures about the decks! They were almost mad with joy, and I was some time in restoring order. When I had done this, I shipped them all on board my own vessel, took possession of the slaver, and left them to steer whithersoever they might feel disposed, while I made sail westward with my prize, and in the course of time reached New York.

You will wonder how I could assume the assurance to present myself in New York; but I had been absent so long, and was so changed in appearance, that I felt sure nobody would know me, and, if it came to the worst, I could at any time make a straightforward statement of my grievances, and put aside that charge of piracy upon the high seas which had been preferred against me. I took care to have my vessel reconsigned to a merchant here, so that I was asked no awkward questions; and it is generally understood that this gentleman purchased her from your government, whose cruisers enjoyed the honour of having captured her. I have been urged to make a confession of the little affair with the merchant captain and his crew, but I am too indolent, and fear that it might involve my liberty. There, you are in possession of the whole story. I am now going to make a voyage to California, nominally to carry provisions to the gold-diggings, but in reality to try and fall in with that vagabond pirate, who boarded me in the dark, and carried away my chronometer. I trace all my troubles back to the adventure of that night, and the grudge I owe him has been gathering interest ever since.

"But do you expect to catch him?"

"Yes, for this reason: a pirate is like an old rat—he has a particular run, and he likes to keep it. He may burrow elsewhere for a time, but he is certain eventually to return to his old haunts. I know the latitude in which he may be found, as well as the nooks and corners in which he hides, and shall be sure to pounce upon him some day."

"But may you not make another mistake?"

There will be a great many vessels returning from California, laden with gold—may you not be so short-sighted as to confound one of these with your old friend who eased you of the hamper of wine?"

Captain Tregenza appeared to be enjoying his cigar very much; as he made no reply, I suppose him to be chuckling over the prospects of a speedy reckoning with his friend the pirate.

"At all events," said I, "you will have to be cautious how you mouse about with that rakish schooner of yours. She puts me in mind of a wicked old horse, with his ears laid back. Her appearance is by no means a letter of recommendation. Take care of the American cruisers."

"Pooh! I have no fear."

"Then take care of our British men-of-war."

"That for them!" said Ernest, snapping his fingers. "They might pepper their shot about her for an hour, and not stir a plank. She has nothing above water. Look at her shallow hull."

"The better for boarders."

"Ha! has she no wings?"

"But the race is not always to the swift."

"I see what you mean. She shall never be taken; I will blow her to the moon first!"

"Who was the stout seafaring man that recognised you in the Battery Garden one evening, and asked if you and he had not met before?"

"I have some recollection of running short of water once, and wanting to borrow a little of his. As he was rather saucy, however, we had recourse to the persuasive powers of Long Tom, who soon obtained permission for us to help ourselves. Come, they are locking the gates; it is time we retired."—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

LAW A LUXURY.—"Westminster Hall" said Pitt, "is as open to any man as the London Tavern," "True," retorted Sheridan, "but he that enters either without money, will meet with a very scurry reception."

CHARLES EDWARD AND HIS WIFE IN 1769.—We went to the Opera, when for the first time I beheld the poor unhappy representative of the Stuart race in the Comte d'Albanie. He goes regularly to the theatre, and always falls asleep in the corner of his box at the end of the first act, being generally intoxicated. His face is red, and his eyes are fiery, otherwise he is not an ill-looking man. The Countess is not handsome, being black and sallow, with a pug nose.—*Swinburne's Courts of Europe*.



## THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT SECOND.

The close of an unusually sultry day found the publisher of this periodical slowly wending his way up the gentle slope which led to the rural wicket in front of the SHANTY. The warmth of the weather and his walk from the city rendered a frequent pause both necessary and agreeable, as a gentle air from the south-east was springing up and brought with it a refreshing coolness, grateful to the feelings and invigorating to the body enervated by the heat and depressed by the exertion he had undergone.

Throwing himself into the Major's chair placed so invitingly under the shade of the porch, he complacently surveyed the scene before him. A budget of papers systematically arranged and kept together by one of those useful cautchouc bands, now so rapidly and deservedly usurping the office of the time-honoured red tape, was placed by him on the table; an expressive sigh afforded evidence of the sense of relief attending his assumed posture of repose; but a nervous glance occasionally bestowed upon the doorway, betrayed an anxiety to hold communion with the master spirit of the place. At length a gentle step and an admonitory hem! revealed to him the presence of our friend Mrs. Grundy. After a polite exchange of the customary courtesies of civilized life, and a few desultory remarks on that unfailling topic of conversation—the weather, our “lady bomtiful” apologized for the absence of the Major, who, she informed the visitor had sallied out some time since with his favorite hound “Nell” for a ramble in the neighbouring woods. On

the assurance that his usual hour of return was near at hand, and that she had been instructed to request Mr. MACLEAR, whose visit was not unexpected, to beguile the time as best he might, she drew his attention, with a manner and tone displaying a feeling of pleased and conscious pride, to the gay objects of her solicitude which surrounded them—those care-rewarding sources of pleasure—those silent comforters of the lonely and sad heart—her flowers.

Mr. M.—Pray madam, what may be the name of this beautiful flower?

Mrs. GRUNDY.—It is the *Carnosa*. A plant highly prized in this country, as one of the finest of our house exotics; it will, with some care and proper management, flower twice in the year.

Mr. M.—Of what country is it a native?

Mrs. GRUNDY.—It is abundant within the tropics, and is found in latitudes very far south. Its luxuriance in some countries is truly wonderful. That which is a small vine as you see it here, spreads to a considerable extent in more congenial climates. Its clusters of waxen flowers are very beautiful.

Mr. M.—I should imagine, from the enthusiasm with which you speak, that you had partaken of the enjoyment it must afford in those countries where it flowers so well.

Mrs. GRUNDY.—And so I have. Mine has been indeed a “varied scene of life.” But I fear to touch upon this theme—it is one, though full of painful memories to me, which oft-times yield a fruitful source of conversation with my estimable friend the Major, but might not be equally agreeable to another.

Mr. M.—If it be not a proscribed subject

for other cars, I would fain solicit the privilege of hearing you describe some of the scenes through which you have passed. Shall I confess that my curiosity has been aroused, and let me assure you, that if the sympathy of a comparative stranger be not unacceptable, you, will carry mine fully with you?

Mrs. GRUNDY.—It is a long tale, full of incidents little calculated to amuse, but as you have expressed a desire to hear it, it would be ungrateful in me not to comply with a request so kindly preferred. My earliest recollections are of the hurry and confusion attending a removal from a town in one of the midland counties of England, where I was born, to a delightful residence on the sea coast. The circumstances attending this migration, the novelty of the scenes into which we removed, and the manifold objects of pleasant contemplation around me, all conspired to banish from my young and somewhat capricious mind the memory of the scenes among which my infancy was passed. Nor have I since enjoyed the opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with the place of my nativity. My father who had for several years held the curacy of Naseby, was, at this eventful time, preferred to a Rectory on the coast of Devon. The parsonage was situated on a cliff overhanging one of the numerous inlets so characteristic of the shores of this county. Before us could be seen the lonely and tempest-rocked Eddystone. The ceaseless murmur of the deep sea waves as they rolled in from the wide Atlantic and broke on the rocky beach, was the music amidst which my happy young hours glided on. A sister was my companion and we were the only sources of care which our parents seemed now to know. The Parish was somewhat extensive and its residents much scattered, so that his parochial duties occupied nearly the whole of my father's time. To a dear and highly gifted mother, was entrusted the intellectual training as well as domestic nurture of their two girls; and never was such obligation more scrupulously and successfully fulfilled. How happy were we then! Study was a recreation to which we daily looked forward with anxious desire. Every subject ordinarily within the compass of female education was in its turn taken up with an avidity and relish, which nothing but the admirable judgment and system pursued by our devoted mother could have induced. The consequence was, that at an early age, we found ourselves occupied in the familiar pursuit of studies with which few girls were then even superficially acquainted, and which still fewer at the present day ever attempt from choice. Natural history in all its departments was a favorite occupation, and the almost unlimited opportunities we possessed for the prosecution of Botany, Geology, and Entomology, rendered us only the more ambitious to be equally conversant with the higher

branches. How many a ramble over the rugged shore or through the fragrant meadows and the shady copse, were made the occasion of profitable examination and reading. Nor were the evenings which my father could devote to us less advantageously employed. Then were we taught to observe the wonderful mechanism of the stellar universe, to view the trackless journies of the planets, the wandering comet; and to recognize the position of the constellations. Life fled in one unbroken stream of joy, as we listened to the lessons of wisdom, uttered by lips which seemed to derive inspiration from the subject of their admiration. Peacefully and happily year succeeded year; our little home was the world, and that a world of tranquility and beauty. As you may easily suppose this otherwise delightful existence was little calculated to prepare us for the rude trials of the other world which was beyond our daily rambles and was undreamed of by us. It has been said and with apparent justice, that the education which keeps the young from the temptations which must assail them when they enter the arena of busy life, which deprives them of an early and practical acquaintance with these, unfits them for the part they must eventually play in the great drama. But my own eventful life and the experience of the career of others similarly circumstanced, have induced the belief, that when the heart is well trained and stored with fixed principles, during the plastic period of youth, we enter life with an armour of moral force and discipline, which fortifies us against the assaults of temptation and raises us above the slavish thralldom of habit and the false pride engendered by a fatal and complacent observance of mere worldly precepts. The sacrifices which we daily witness at the shrine of opinion, are the fruits of early world-worship, and what we lose by ignorance of the deception practised upon us by the designing portion of mankind, is amply repaid by the consciousness of our own endurance and power of steadfast resistance. But I am moralizing now and must crave your pardon for this digression.

Mr. M.—Nay, my dear Madame, I respect your feeling on this point, and if I agree with you, that too much care cannot be bestowed on the education of the heart, I still think that the judgment must be matured by initiation to the ways of this same world. However advisable the system you propose may be for the gentler sex, men require to be prepared for their more active participation in the transactions of the world, by an intimate knowledge of the motives and actions of their fellow creatures—a knowledge to be acquired thoroughly, I am afraid, only by the ordeal of free intercourse, by “roughing it” as we say.

Mrs. GRUNDY.—I cannot think so. I see no difference, but in degree, between the course of both sexes, and perhaps with us the struggle is the greater when we are called to act on

the defensive, from the very belief which obtains of our inability to sustain the conflict. But I will proceed with my narration. During the summer of 18— a maternal uncle paid us a visit, accompanied by his only son who had been absent for some years, serving in India with his regiment. Such an occurrence you will readily believe created some commotion in our retreat. Herbert was an amiable and accomplished youth, and speedily entered into the quiet pleasures of our domestic circle. I need not dwell on this part of my tale. There was no romance in our love—it was the offspring of mutual esteem, congenial tastes and undisguised affection. After some months of close companionship we were married. The first trial now awaited me—the bitter grief of parting from objects, around whom holy and strong affection, hitherto undivided, had wound my heartstrings, seemed like the severance of life and body. A knowledge of new and self-imposed obligations however, aided by the affectionate counsel of those from whom all my sense of duty was derived, enabled me to sustain the shock. My poor Anne! for her I felt most keenly. It was then to be her task not alone to conquer the anguish of our separation, but to soothe the sorrow of our dear parents, and to render less void the place I filled at home. (*The Major is seen to enter the wicket*). But here comes Mr. Crabtree, and I must postpone to another occasion, should you be disposed to listen to it, the recital of my story.

MR. M.—I am most interested in it Madam, and however glad I may be to see the Major, I regret the interruption, but shall anticipate with pleasure its renewal.

THE MAJOR.—Welcome, Oh! Mæcenas of the West to our humble roof, I have for some days looked with longing eye towards the East, and can only atone for my absence on your arrival, by consigning to the hands of our good friend here this basket of wild berries, the product of an hour's scramble among the thorny shrubs, to be prepared after her most delectable receipt, for your especial regalement. Kennel, Nell! your welcome is obtrusive.

MR. M.—Nay, chide her not sir, she only shares her master's cordial hospitality.

THE MAJOR.—Know you aught of the movements of our Shantyists?

MR. M.—They have promised to be here and will I dare say shortly arrive. In the meantime, I would invite your attention to some letters which will require to be answered in some manner.

THE MAJOR.—What? have you already been so assailed with contributions, that you require us to deliberate upon them individually in formal council?

MR. M.—Not exactly that. It is true that I have no reason whatever, to complain of the amount of literary aid already given to the undertaking, whatever difficulty you may

experience in deciding upon the relative merits of each article. The communications I make reference to, are letters of criticism, complaint, and suggestion?

THE MAJOR.—I am petrified! Why my most sagacious and enterprising o' publishers, are you really so young in the business as to give any heed to such productions. The only use I should advise being made of them, is to print them all in pamphlet form, and distribute it as an advertisement. It would be expensive, but might answer the purpose as well as those we see daily, concerning Sarsaparilla, Life Pills, and all the hordes of quack nostrums with which this age is so fertile. Seriously, however, to set to work to *act* upon these epistles, which you will perhaps have observed are all written with the "warmest interest in the undertaking," and "the most friendly feeling towards you," would be but to realize old Æsop's fable of the Man and his Ass.

MR. M.—But my dear sir, I must pay some respect to the prejudices at least of those who evince a desire to support the enterprise.

THE MAJOR.—Undoubtedly so, and the easiest way to accomplish that, is to do your best to carry out the original design of your work. But, make a debtor and creditor statement of all the criticisms you possess, for your own satisfaction, and my word for it, you will find the account pretty square numerically, and *intrinsically* the balance largely in our favor. No wise man ever expected to please all the world; and I have too much faith in the nationality of Canadians, to think that they will not support a conscientious effort to please them. Make your mind easy on that score Mr. Maclear, and let me help you to some rasps.

MR. M.—Thank you. I wish all the *favours* I receive were equally agreeable!

THE MAJOR.—Follow my example man. These berries grow upon pestilently thorny shrubs, and yet see, I have prepared a pleasant treat by resolutely plucking them, in spite of a scratch or two.

[Enter the LAIRD and SQUIREEN.

Well done old ridge and furrow, thou hast conquered temperature, you look as fresh after your walk as if you had just turned out of a city Bath-room.

THE LAIRD.—Aye, we ken the way to overcome the elementary difficulties, as my old Dominic in Musselburgh used to say.

MR. M.—I wish you would impart the secret to some of your friends, Laird?

THE SQUIREEN.—By the powers its as airy to compre——

THE LAIRD.—Waesuck! waesuck, it's just as easy for an Irishman to keep a secret as——

THE MAJOR.—For a Scotsman to tell it. But where's the Doctor?

THE LAIRD.—The Doctor! Oh! he's only

tethering his taivie bobtail to the fence ahint the byre.

THE MAJOR.—I perceive the odour of the creature which doateth upon cheese. By the way friend Maclear, is that sentence sufficiently after the style of Laura Matilda for your city correspondent? So the Doctor's buggy was your means of resistance against the influence of the sun?

THE DOCTOR.—(who has entered during the Major's last reply,) Yes! and poor Ned would tell you could he speak, that he was, by no means obliged to his Lairdship for transferring his share of the heat and burden of the day.

THE MAJOR.—Perchance you will allow me to read some extracts from a communication which I have received from one of the mossless rolling-stones of society, Harold Skimpole by name?

MR. M.—What! Skimpole who used to board at the Western?

THE MAJOR.—The same, good bibliopole. You seem to have some knowledge of the gentleman.

MR. M.—Knowledge dearly purchased! My books have born his name as a debtor till they are fairly weary of the burden—and—

THE LAIRD.—Hoot awa' Thomas my man! Its clean against all rule to bring the shop out to the Shanty. What about the aforesaid Skimpole, Major?

THE MAJOR.—I received a letter from him to day, portions whereof with the permission of the fraternity, I will read.

THE SQUIREX.—Read on and welcome! Horace is a decided humourist, in his way.

THE MAJOR.—Here goes then. (Reads.)

#### FREE AND EASY SKETCHES.

BY HAROLD SKIMPOLE, F.F. AND E.S.

WELLINGTON HOTEL,  
Brampton, 8th June 1852. }

DEAR MAJOR,—On Wednesday last I took a cabin passage in the Brampton stage, and arrived here late the same evening, without meeting with any remarkable incident. I was, however, much fatigued and very sore, which will not surprise you when I mention that I had to carry a remarkably heavy woman and her baby on my knees from Toronto to Cooksville. Of this penance, however, I may not complain, as it frequently falls to the lot of pilgrims, who, for their sins have to pursue the course which I followed!

I have been induced to leave Toronto for a short time, partly in consideration of my health, which being a trifle delicate requireth a dose of fresh country air, but chiefly on account of my settled dislike to financial affairs!—You know I am no financier. I never liked anything connected with pounds shillings and pence, and yet with all my well known disrelish for such mere mundane matters, my numerous friends have been annoying me beyond measure by sending me scores of their financial documents for my perusal—with a modest request forsooth, that I would "arrange" them! Marry come up indeed! It is enough for me to

arrange my toilet every morning, and as long as I do that without their assistance, I think they have no right to expect me to arrange their paltry L. S. D. concerns for them. As there is no use in trying to convince the wilfully blind, however, I determined to exchange my place of residence for one more congenial to my quiet and reflective habits, and hence my presence in Brampton.

I avail myself of the first leisure to inform you of my whercabouts, not, however, mark me well, for the benefit of "all whom it may concern"—on the contrary, I wish you to keep mum with respect to my present location, for if my particular friends Jackson & Jenkins and Tomkins and some others I would name, were aware of my address, I should be pestered with a correspondence at once, uninteresting to me and unprofitable to the balance of creation. With you, however, I wish to have no reserve, and I shall continue to give you an account of my rambles whenever I go

—Touching this same I have as little to say as Canning's knife-grinder had to the *philosophically* benevolent stranger!

It is a straggling and very irregular village, with here and there a fine brick house, flanked by two stables—and there a stable flanked by a big house and a little one—some of the tenements with ends to the streets seemed about to run into Her Majesty's Mail Stage—others retired far behind and showing their broad-sides in the distance; and one queer looking messuage stood staggering with its sharp angle to the street, apparently uncertain what position to take up.

The lieges of Brampton are undoubtedly the best natured people of their generation. Every body does everything just as everybody pleases, and everybody submits with the greatest good nature to what everybody does. Mr. A. leaves his cart on the sidewalk in front of Mr. B.'s door,—a dry, convenient place to hitch and unhitch, and Mr. B., good man, uncomplainingly climbs over, or crawls under the cart, as may be most convenient, in his ingress or egress to and from his domicile—or squeezes himself between that and the wall, in going for his stove wood, which is piled up against his neighbor C.'s window. Many of the side-walks have been planked, but are quite useless for the purpose of walking on, as they are mostly occupied with waggons, carts, wood, barrels, boxes, bricks and stones, and a general assortment of rubbish.

Yesterday evening I seated myself on the balcony of mine Inn in company with the Principal of the Brampton University, a shrewd enough specimen of the genus pedagogue, and like Jedediah Cleishbotham, willing to communicate his wisdom to wayfarers like myself. Scarcely any one came within our view, but my friend could tell me a good part of his public and private history, and he interspersed his remarks with a great many amusing anecdotes illustrative of the character and disposition of the person alluded to.

"There," said he, pointing with his cane to the extreme right—"There is the man for my money. That fellow has undoubtedly found the philosophers stone, for everything he touches he turns into gold." "I think he will miss a figure this time," I remarked, "for it is my opinion he will not make much gold out of that shingle he is cutting up, or the knife either, for that matter."

"You are altogether mistaken," was the reply; "The knife has already done its duty and produced more than its own weight in gold; and the shingle, depend on it, will not fail him—by the time he will have it reduced to shavings he will have matured a plan of investment which will secure him some fifty per cent profit on a good round sum. Those are his means of transmutation. He has whittled himself into a comfortable fortune. By the operation of whittling, he is enabled to see clearly all the different positions and bearings of any bargain or speculation he may have in view. Every shaving develops some new idea—and by the time he has that bit of shingle fashioned into the shape of an Indian tomahawk or paddle, or some other useful or useless article, he will have all the details of the transaction clearly Daguerreotypied on his mind." My friend continued to give a minute description of this interesting science, which to me was new and interesting. I had frequently heard of some person having acquired a fortune by "cutting his stick," but until now I had no idea of the manner of the operation. I looked with much interest upon the person thus brought under my notice. He was a tall, thin, intelligent looking man in black, who stood under a huge wooden watch which swung in front of a shop door. His body was quite perpendicular, and his head bent forward with his chin resting on his chest—his eyes fixed upon his pen-knife and the piece of shingle at which he laboured incessantly. Occasionally he raised his head to the perpendicular, and turned it slowly round in a horizontal direction—describing with the point of his nose an exact semi-circle, and taking a brief, but knowing glance at everything that came within his vision. Not discovering anything worthy of his attention, he would again bring his eyes to the front, and drop them, with his head, in the direction of the knife and shingle. Once, while making this semicircular survey, he slightly elevated his eyes and let them rest for a moment upon my friend and I,—'twas but a moment, and he quietly removed them with an expression which seemed to say "there is nothing there."

Soon the shingle was "used up," and throwing away the remnant which was too small to whittle, he carefully brushed off the lighter shavings which had adhered to his broadcloth, and closing his knife with a peculiar motion of his thumb, he closed his hand hard upon the knife and thrust both knife and hand rather spitefully to the bottom of the right hand pocket of his unmentionables. He appeared somewhat dissatisfied, and my friend opined that the result of his whittling had not been so successful as usual—indeed it was not deemed "lucky" to have the shingle "used up" without making the likeness of any thing.

He now took another semicircular view of all within the reach of his eyes, and apparently not making any discovery, he turned to enter his shop when the rustling of wheels announced the approach of a waggon.

Mr. Thomas—for that is the gentleman's name—Seth Thomas, immediately stopped short, thrust his hand again into his pocket for his knife and glanced earnestly around for a soft chip to "whittle." Finding a piece of timber of the proper de-

scription, he resumed his former position and occupation. Meantime the man with the waggon drove up, and having fastened his horses near where Mr. Thomas stood, went into one of the shops on the street. Immediately on his disappearance, Mr. Thomas threw away his chip, pocketed his knife, and approaching the horses he glanced once or twice from one to the other and then commenced a thorough examination of them. He began at his head, scrutinizing carefully, his mouth, eyes, &c.—then rubbing his hands softly down his legs, occasionally uttering some soothing expression denoting his peaceful intentions. "Whoa! hoss, I aint goan to hurt you—quiet now, don't kick—if you do, I guess I can kick as hard as you can. There now, tho't I do, put down your foot—so;" and having concluded his investigation he resumed his position under the wooden watch and whittled slowly and steadily, apparently indifferent to all worldly matters, except what related to the proper shaping of the piece of shingle he held in his hand. Presently the man returned to look after his horses, and Mr. Thomas asked in the most careless manner possible, "how old's that off hoss o' yourn? mister." "Six; do you want to buy a good horse?" "Wal, no"—stretching out the "no" to the length of a semibreve; "No, not's I know on." After a pause he added—"you don't want to trade him for a good gold watch, do you?" "Well, I believe you are right, I don't think I do." Another pause. "What do you value your watch at?" Mr. Thomas brightening up—"Jist come in and see the quality of it." And they both passed under the big watch and disappeared.

Yours, Ever,

HAROLD SKIMPOLE.

P. S. Do send me a box best principle cigars by the stage to-morrow: That's a good fellow. I would not ask it of any one else; the weeds here are very tolerable, but I like the genuine article.  
H. S.—

P. S. 2. Please send me an X by return of post, and I will remember it when I return. I am not one to forget my friends. If it suits you better a V will do now, if the X is sent next week. I don't wish to put my friends to any inconvenience.

THE SQUIREEN.—Ah! Horace, Horace, you are a sad fellow; and it is clear that care will never wrinkle your brow.

THE DOCTOR.—I think not; but what have you got there, eh, Laird?

THE LAIRD.—It is a book for my sister Tibby. She commissioned me to bring her hame something new, in the literary way.

THE DOCTOR.—And pray what have you selected for the delectation of the fair and erudite Tabitha?

THE LAIRD.—Oh man, I thoct ye kent better than to think that Tabitha and Tibby were the same name. Tibby is the short for Isabella, ye cuif!

THE SQUIREEN.—Well, well! One man, says the old proverb, may steal a horse without the sheriff asking him any impertinent

questions, and another be hanged for only looking at the cratur over a wall! Had poor Paddy affirmed that any Christian name could be *contracted* by grinding it out of all shape and form, a shout of "*bull*" would be uplifted from Toronto to the wall of China!

THE DOCTOR.—But touching your fraternal purchase!

THE LAIRD.—Here it is, "*Mary Price, or the Adventures of a Servant Maid*, by G. W. M. Reynolds."

THE MAJOR.—What, in the name of common decency, tempted you to pick out a production of such an unmitigated scamp?

THE LAIRD.—Div ye mean to say that Reynolds is not a proper writer? I ne'er read ony o' his warks, but seeing them on the counters o' respectable booksellers, I thoct that I couldna' gang far wrang in investing twa and saxpence in ane o' them!

THE MAJOR.—In so doing, however, you have signally reckoned without your host! It has long been to me an inexplicable problem, how it comes to pass, that respectable bibliopoles, could suffer their shops to be polluted with the garbage of this literary scavenger.

THE DOCTOR.—Emphatically do I say ditto to your remark. Reynolds' is in every sense of the word a *bad man*—of course I speak of him as an author, for individually I know little or nothing about him! His unvarying task is to minister to the coarsest and most depraved sensual appetites—to inflame the poor against their richer brethren—to demonstrate that aristocracy and guilt are synonymous terms—and to sneer at every thing in the shape of revealed religion!

THE LAIRD.—Bless us a' the day! What a mercy that I didna' tak hame sic poison to my unsuspecting household! But how comes it to pass that this filth is allowed to be vended wi' impunity?

THE DOCTOR.—You may well ask the question! If I had any say in the making or administration of the laws, I would as soon permit apothecaries to dispense arsenic and strychnine to the million, as booksellers to disseminate the equally pestilential moral poison of Reynolds.

THE LAIRD.—I wish I could think o' something to take back to Tibbie!

MACLEAR.—I got a new production last week by an eminent hand, which I think will just answer. In fact I have a copy in my pocket. Here it is. "*The Diary of a London Physician—second series—*by Samuel C. Warren, Esq., author of "*Ten thousand a year*, &c. &c. &c."

THE LAIRD.—That's the very thing! O'd its queer, I never heard tell o't before! A new work by Samuel Warren is an event in the literary history o' the age! I will exchange *Mary Price* for the same, even though I should lose a quarter on the transaction.

THE MAJOR.—Gently, gently, good Laird!

You are meditating a leap from the frying pan into the fire!

THE LAIRD.—What do ye mean?

THE MAJOR.—I mean that the person who bought the book in question would most assuredly be *sold* himself! Warren never wrote a line of it;—in fact it would be out of his power to give birth to such a production.

THE SQUIREEN.—Why then it must be a gem indeed!

THE MAJOR.—A Brummagem gem if you will! Warren, I repeat, could not lower himself to pen such dreary and unredeemable trash. Just listen for instance to the following exquisite bit of twaddle:

"One more coal, William,—only one mind— a square largish coal, about the size of—

"A hat Sir?"

"Precisely, William, precisely."

The coal was brought me. My man William lingered to see me give the large coal a crash with the poker, which split it tremendously—another blow and it was shivered into a thousand fragments.

Bang!

"William!—what's that—did you hear anything?"

"I'm afraid, Sir, its a very good imitation of a knock."

Bang!

THE LAIRD.—Hech sirs! And to palm off that mixture o' muddy water and sandy sugar as the effusion o' Samuel Warren! Verily this is a wicked *sneek-drawing* world, when I see a fraud can be perpetrated in broad day light! I fear that after a' I must gang back without a buik for puir Tibbie!

THE DOCTOR.—Hold hard gossip! Here is the very article which you desiderate;— "*Roughing it in the Bush; or, Life in Canada.* By Susanna Moodie."

THE MAJOR.—I have not had time to do more than skim over the brace of pretty volumes to which you refer, but the glimpses which I got of their contents pleased me much.

THE DOCTOR.—Mrs. Moodie is unquestionably one of the most distinguished pioneers of Canadian literature. She has wrought hard with heart and hand to advance her adopted land in the Republic of Letters, and the work of which we are speaking will add fresh laurels to her already goodly coronet of merit.

THE LAIRD.—I hope it is no lang-winded, because my honest sister canna thole anything that's wersh and dreich!

THE DOCTOR.—On the contrary, it is written in a singularly dramatic and lively vein. It is as good a lounging book for a warm summer's evening, as any modern novel you could condescend upon.

THE MAJOR.—There is a pretty little passage which I have just turned up.

"The home-sickness was sore upon me, and all my solitary hours were spent in tears. My whole soul yielded itself up to a strong and overpowering



grief. One simple word dwelt for ever in my heart, and swelled it to bursting—"Home!" I repeated it waking a thousand times a day, and my last prayer before I sank to sleep "Home! Oh, that I could return home, if only to die at home!" And nightly did I return; my feet again trod the daisied meadows of England; the song of her birds was in my ears; I wept with delight to find myself once more wandering beneath the fragrant shade of her green hedge-rows; and I awoke to weep in earnest when I found it but a dream. But this is all digression, and has nothing to do with our unseen dwelling. The reader must bear with me in my fits of melancholy, and take me as I am."

Mrs. M.—I do not think that any woman, who is possessed with such feelings as Mrs. Moodie describes herself to have been, can be expected to give an impartial account of a country she is so anxious to leave; and when you read the book, you will find, by Mrs. Moodie's own showing, that their extreme poverty and misery arose from their embarking their little all in a mad speculation, and from no fault in the country.

THE DOCTOR.—Now I think that there is much good sense, and practical wisdom in the moral which Mrs. Moodie deduces from her varied experiences. She says:

"Reader! it is not my intention to trouble you with the sequel of our history. I have given you a faithful picture of a life in the backwoods of Canada, and I leave you to draw from it your own conclusions. To the poor, industrious working man it presents many advantages; to the poor gentleman, none! The former works hard, puts up with coarse, scanty fare, and submits, with a good grace, to hardships that would kill a domesticated animal at home. Thus he becomes independent, inasmuch as the land that he has cleared finds him in the common necessities of life; but it seldom, if ever, in remote situations, accomplishes more than this. The gentleman can neither work so hard, live so coarsely, nor endure so many privations as his poorer but more fortunate neighbour. Unaccustomed to manual labour, his services in the field are not of a nature to secure for him a profitable return. The task is new to him, he knows not how to perform it well; and, conscious of his deficiency, he expends his little means in hiring labour, which his bush-farm can never repay. Difficulties increase, debts grow upon him, he struggles in vain to extricate himself, and finally sees his family sink into hopeless ruin.

If these sketches should prove the means of deterring one family from sinking their property, and shipwrecking all their hopes, by going to reside in the backwoods of Canada, I shall consider myself amply repaid for revealing the secrets of the prison-house, and feel that I have not toiled and suffered in the wilderness in vain."

Mr. M.—I differ with you entirely—and should most conscientiously recommend to every sensible practical father of a family, who desires to see his family independent before his death, to come to this country and to set to work with a cheerful heart and willing hand—if he does,—he is certain to succeed.

THE LAIRD.—Rax me the volumes, Doctor. Maclear ye can put them down to my account. They will keep Tib reading for at least twa months to come, as she donna, like some folk, wha shall be nameless, skim over a book like a railway express train, and never takes one up when there is woo' to spin or a stocking to darn!

THE SQUIREEN.—If it be a fair question brother Maclear what roll of paper is that which you carry like a Field Marshall's batton?

MACLEAR.—They are some proof-sheets of the reprint of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly*," I am bringing out, and which, please the fates and the printers, will appear before the world is much older!

THE DOCTOR.—I have heard much of the "Cabin" aforesaid, but know nothing of its subject or merits.

THE MAJOR.—As to the former, the work is, or at least purports to be, a picture of slavery, as it now exists in the Southern States. In the words of the Boston *Morning Post*:—"It paints both slave-holder and slave, and none can doubt the intention of the author to deal justly with both, nothing extenuating, and setting down naught in malice. The incidents are stated to be drawn from the personal experience of the writer, or her most immediate friends."

THE DOCTOR.—And how has the fair Harriet Beecher Stowe (for such, I perceive, is the name of the scribe,) executed her task in an artistic point of view?

THE MAJOR.—Excellently well! Harriet knows thoroughly how to handle her pen. Her style is at once correct and familiar, and the narrative possesses all that truthful matter-of-fact like air, which was the leading characteristic of old Daniel DeFoe. Indeed, it is difficult for the reader to persuade himself that he is perusing a fiction, and not a *bona fide* relation of events which really occurred.

THE SQUIREEN.—With such qualities, I presume the affair has made a hit on the other side of the Lake.

THE MAJOR.—A most palpable hit! It has had a run like wild-fire, and the demand for it, as I learn, continues unabated.

MACLEAR.—Within eleven weeks of its publication, upwards of 80,000 copies were disposed of!

THE SQUIREEN.—I trust and pray that your speculation may be equally prolific. Why, it would make a *millionaire* of you at once!

THE MAJOR.—I am convinced that "*Uncle Tom*" will find a welcome in countless Canadian cabins; and in justification of my opinion, I shall read you a portion of one of the chapters:—

"On the lower part of a small, mean boat, on the Red River, Tom sat,—chains on his wrists, chains on his feet, and a weight heavier than chains lay on his heart. All had faded from his sky,—moon and star; all had passed by him, as

the trees and banks were now passing, to return no more. Kentucky home, with wife and children, and indulgent owners; St. Clare home, with all its refinements and splendours; the golden head of Eva, with its saint-like eyes; the proud, gay, handsome, seemingly careless, yet ever kind St. Clare; hours of ease and indulgent leisure,—all gone! and in place thereof, *what remains?*

It is one of the bitterest appointments of a lot of slavery, that the negro, sympathetic and assimilative, after acquiring, in a refined family, the tastes and feelings which form the atmosphere of such a place, is not the less liable to become the bond-slave of the coarsest and most brutal,—just as a chair or table, which once decorated the superb saloon, comes, at last, battered and defaced, to the bar-room of some filthy tavern, or some low haunt of vulgar debauchery. The great difference is, that the table and chair cannot feel, and the man can; for even a legal enactment that he shall be "taken, reputed, adjudged in law, to be a chattel personal," cannot blot out his soul, with its own private little world of memories, hopes, joys, fears, and desires.

Mr. Simon Legree, Tom's master, had purchased slaves at one place and another, in New Orleans, to the number of eight, and driven them, handcuffed, in couples of two and two, down to the good steamer *Pirate*, which lay at the levee, ready for a trip up the Red river.

Having got them fairly on board, and the boat being off, he came round, with that air of efficiency which ever characterized him, to take a review of them. Stopping opposite to Tom, who had been attired for sale in his best broadcloth suit, with well-starched linen and shining boots, he briefly expressed himself as follows:

"Stand up."

Tom stood up.

"Take off that stock!" and as Tom, encumbered by his fetters, proceeded to do it, he assisted him, by pulling it, with no gentle hand, from his neck, and putting it into his pocket.

Legree now turned to Tom's trunk, which, previous to this he had been ransacking, and, taking from it a pair of old pantaloons and a dilapidated coat, which Tom had been wont to put on about his stable-work, he set him, liberating Tom's hands from the handcuffs, and pointing to a recess in among the boxes,

"You go there and put these on!"

Tom obeyed, and in a few moments returned.

"Take off your boots," said Mr. Legree.

Tom did so.

"There," said the former, throwing him a pair of coarse, stout shoes, such as were common among the slaves, "put these on."

In Tom's hurried exchange, he had not forgotten to transfer his cherished Bible to his pocket. It was well he did so; for Mr. Legree, having refitted Tom's handcuffs, proceeded deliberately to investigate the contents of his pockets. He drew out a silk handkerchief, and put it into his own pocket. Several little trifles, which Tom had treasured, chiefly because they had amused Eva, he looked upon with a contemptuous grunt, and tossed them over his shoulder into the river.

Tom's hymn-book, which, in his hurry, he had forgotten, he now held up and turned over.

"Humph! pious, to be sure. So, what's yer name,—you belong to the church, eh?"

"Yes Mas'r," said Tom firmly.

"Well I'll soon have *that* out of you. I have none o' yer bawling, praying, singing niggers on my place; so remember. Now, mind yourself," he said, with a stamp and a fierce glance of his gray eye, directed at Tom. "*I'm* your church now! You understand,—you've got to be as I say."

Something within the black man answered *No!* but Simon Legree heard no voice. He only glared for a moment on the downcast face of Tom, and walked off. He took Tom's trunk, which contained a very neat and abundant wardrobe, to the fore-castle, where it was soon surrounded by various hands of the boat. With much laughing, at the expense of niggers who tried to be gentlemen, the articles very readily sold to one and another, and the empty trunk finally put up at auction. It was a good joke, they all thought, especially to see how Tom looked after his things, as they were going this way and that; and then the action of the trunk, that was funnier than all, and occasioned abundant witticisms.

This little affair being over, Simon sauntered up again to his property.

"Now, Tom, I've relieved you of any extra baggage, you see. Take mighty good care of them clothes. It'll be long enough fore you get more. I go in for making niggers careful; one suit has to do for one year on my place."

Simon next walked up to the place where Emmeline was sitting, chained to another woman.

"Well, my dear," he said chucking her under the chin, "keep up your spirits."

The involuntary look of horror, fright and aversion, with which the girl regarded him, did not escape his eye. He frowned fiercely,

"None o' your shames, gal! you's got to keep a pleasant face, when I speak to ye, d'ye hear? And you, you old yellow poco moonshine!" he said, giving a shove to the mulatto woman to whom Emmeline was chained, "don't you carry that sort of a face! You's got to look chipper, I tell ye."

"I say, all on ye," he said retreating a pace or two back, "look at me,—look at me,—look me right in the eye,—*straight*, now!" said he stamping his foot at every pause.

As by a fascination, every eye was now directed to the glaring greenish-gray eye of Simon.

"Now," said he, doubling his great heavy fist into something resembling a blacksmith's hammer, "d'ye see this fist? Heft it!" he said, bringing it down on Tom's hand. "Look at these yer bones! Well, I tell ye this yer fist has got as hard as iron *knocking down niggers*. I never see the nigger, yet, I could'n't bring down with one crack," said he, bringing his fist down so near to the face of Tom that he winked and drew back. "I don't keep none of yer cursed overseers; I does my own overseering; and I tell you things is seen to. You's every one on ye got to toe the mark, I tell ye; quick,—*straight*,—the moment I speak; That's the way to keep in with me. Ye won't find no soft spot in me, nowhere. So, now, mind yerselves; for I don't show no mercy!"

The women involuntarily drew in their breath, and the whole gang sat with downcast, dejected

faces. Meanwhile, Simon turned on his heel, and marched up to the bar of the boat for a dram.

"That's the way I begin with my niggers," he said, to a gentlemanly man, who had stood by him during this speech. "It's my system to begin strong,—just let 'em know what to expect."

"Indeed!" said the stranger, looking upon him with the curiosity of a naturalist studying some out-of-the-way specimen.

"Yes, indeed. I'm none o' yer gentlemen planters, with lily fingers, to slop round and be cheated by some old cuss of an overseer! Just feel of my knuckles, now; look at my fist. Tell ye, sir, the flesh on't has come jest like a stone, practising on niggers,—feel on it."

The stranger applied his fingers to the implement in question, and simply said,

"'Tis hard enough; and, I suppose," he added, "practise has made your heart just like it."

"Why, yes, I may say so," said Simon, with a hearty laugh. "I reckon there's as little soft in me as in any one going. Tell you, nobody comes it over me! Niggers never gets round me, neither with squalling nor soft soap,—that's a fact."

"You have a fine lot there."

"Real," said Simon. "There's that Tom, they telled me he was suthin' uncommon. I paid a little high for him, taddin' him for a driver and managing chap; only get the notions out that he's learnt by bein' treated as niggers never ought to be, he'll do prime! The yellow woman I got took in in. I rather think she's sickly, but I shall put her through for what she's worth; she may last a year or two. I don't go for savin' niggers. Use up and buy more's my way;—makes you less trouble, and I'm quit sure it comes cheaper in the in the end;" and Simon sipped his glass.

"And how long do they generally last?" said the stranger.

"Well, donno; 'eorn' a. their constitution is, Stout fellers last six or sev; trashy ones gets worked up in two or three. I used to, when I first begun, have considerable trouble fussin' with 'em and trying to make 'em hold out,—doctorn' on 'em up when they's sick, and givin' on 'em clothes and blankets, and what now, tryin' to keep 'em decent and comfortable. Law, 'twasn't no use; I lost money on 'em, and 'twas heap o' trouble. Now, you see, I just put 'em straight through sick or well. When one nigger's d... , I buy another; and I find it comes cheaper and easier, every way."

THE SQUIREN.—My countryman, Yorick, spakes the truth, when he says—"Slavery, thou art a bitter draught!" I wish I had the wiping down of that same Legree with an oaken towel, for a few seconds!

THE DOCTOR.—Do not forget, Squiren, however, that all planters are not so bad as Legree.

THE MAJOR.—'Tis true 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true!"

THE DOCTOR.—Pray expound your paradox, Crabtree!

THE MAJOR.—I shall let Mrs. Stowe do so for me. The stranger above referred to is accosted by a gentleman, who remarks:

The stranger turned away, and seated himself

beside a gentlemen, who had been listening to the conversation with repressed uneasiness.

"You must not take that fellow to be any specimen of Southern planters," said he.

"I hope not," said the young gentleman, with emphasis.

"He is a mean, low, brutal fellow!" said the other.

"And yet your laws allow him to hold any number of human beings subject to his absolute will, without even a shadow of protection; and, low as he is, you cannot say that there are not many such."

"Well," said the other, "there are also many considerate and humane men among planters."

"Granted," said the young man; but, in my opinion, it is you considerate, humane men, that are responsible for all the brutality and outrage wrought by these wretches; because, if it were not for your sanction and influence, the whole system could not keep foot-hold for an hour. If there were no planters except such as that one," said he, pointing with his finger to Legree, who stood with his back to them, "the whole thing would go down like a mill-stone. It is your respectability and humanity that licenses and protects his brutality."

"You certainly have a high opinion of my good nature," said the planter, smiling; "but I advise you not to talk quite so loud, as there are people on board the boat who might not be quite so tolerant to opinion as what I am. You had better wait till I get up to my plantation, and there you may abuse us all, quite at your leisure."

THE DOCTOR.—Have you seen the Chevalier Bunsen's Memoirs of Niebuhr?

THE MAJOR.—I have glanced an eye over them, but it would require more time than I can afford just at present, idle though I seem to be, to enter fully into the consideration of a life wound round with so much to charm the intellect, and captivate the feelings.

THE LARD.—I have heard tell o' his great Roman history, but I never for-gathered with it nor with the buik ye noo speak o'. Is it an unco learned wark?

THE DOCTOR.—It is a mirror in which we see reflected the various phases of a character essentially German, and in which are made to pass before us, with life-like similitude, the circuitous stances of an eventful life.

THE MAJOR.—Who did you say had undertaken the task of holding this mirror up to view?

THE DOCTOR.—The Chevalier BUNSEN assisted by Professors BRUNNEN and LORRELL, very incorrectly spelt *Lorbell* in the American edition which I obtained at our publisher's. They have executed their task well, in the several departments which it is to be presumed they undertook. We can hardly suppose, that any one individual would be equally familiar with all the points either of the history or character of such a man. There are four different aspects under which we may view him, each of which is in itself a study. As a historian, a diplomatist, a traveller, and a

member of the social circle. To encounter him in the first would be a task of magnitude, one which has staggered some of the boldest of our British critics; with the second the generality of readers are not familiar; and the third and last are so graphically portrayed in his letters, that we cannot read them without becoming inspired as it were with a strong desire to know all of him. To many, the time required to cull from correspondence the items of general interest, is a serious impediment to the pursuit. He, however, who wishes to gain a clear knowledge from a brief account, will do well to read the review of this work in *Blackwood* for May. The principal points are brought out in a very pleasing manner by a skilful hand.

**THE MAJOR.**—On the subject of Niebuhr's social and domestic life, I happened to meet with an anecdote of much interest in the *Athenæum* the other day and marked the passage. It is as follows:

"Madame Hensler's relations to Niebuhr were very curious and very German. During his residence at Kiel, she became a young and beautiful widow. He was an extremely shy and nervous boy—though a man already in ripeness of character and in grasp of intellect; and in reference to his first interview with Dorah Hensler, he wrote to his father:

"I felt to a painful degree, my timidity and bashfulness before ladies; however much I improve in either society, I am sure I must get worse and worse every day in their eyes.' Dorah's father-in-law, Dr. Hensler, was a profoundly learned man; but he was even then astonished at the bashful boy's extraordinary knowledge of the ancient world, and at his faculty for historical divination. In his family circle Niebuhr was soon at home. The ladies were very kind to him—and he made the young Madame Hensler an offer of his hand. She—a Pietist in religion—had made a vow at her husband's grave never to marry again—and as she was disposed to keep her vow, as she could not marry Niebuhr herself, he asked her to choose a wife for him,—and after some thought she selected her own sister Amelia. In his Union with this lady, Niebuhr was happy for some years. He succeeded in the world—served the state in very high offices—acquired the friendship of the first men in Germany—and, through the delivery of his lectures on Roman History at Berlin, raised himself to a high place in the intellectual hierarchy of Europe. His wife died—and he again solicited Dorah Hensler to accept his hand.—But she adhered to her vow; and again failing in his suit, he again requested her to provide a substitute. It would seem that the vow only stood between her and himself—for she still retained him in the family. This time she selected her cousin Gretchen, and,—strange as all this seems to us—he married her.—Dorah's refusals do not appear, therefore, to have caused any, even momentary suspension of the friendship between Niebuhr and herself. His letters to her—ever kind, serene, affectionate—presents an unbroken series."

VOL. I.—M

**THE DOCTOR.**—He seems to have invested the persons of his wives with a veil or covering of sentiment alone.—This idealism of love is something of which we know nothing in practical every day intercourse, and is perhaps more than anything else demonstrative of the elements of that philosophy, which controls in so remarkable a degree the German mind.

**THE LAMB.**—Hoot man! we dinna want ony o your far-fetched pheelosophical disquisitions. At ony rate it is time to be aff. McLearn gie's your arm, you're strong enouch to support me down the hill.

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### COLONIAL CHIT-CHAT.

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The Home Government have come to the resolution of sending some of H. M. ships to protect our Colonial Fisheries in the North Eastern waters. This is a most judicious determination. Though hitherto the encroachments of the United States fishermen have not been manifested in any very glaring act of aggression, still an evil of this description is most easily checked in the bud. "A stitch in time, saves nine," says the sage old adage, and most applicable is the dictum to the case in question.

The following is the speech of Sir Gaspard Le Marchant at the close of the Legislative Session of Newfoundland, which has excited so much sensation in that Province:

"In closing this the last Session of the present General Assembly, I must express my deep regret, that in the place of the harmony and concord that marked the earlier part of our Legislative career, party contentions, and acrimonious debates have occupied the time, which might have been usefully devoted to the development of the resources of the island, and the promotion of the welfare of its inhabitants; and I may also add, that I feel disappointment, that after four years Legislation I have it not in my power to congratulate Newfoundland on the benefits derived from your labours, being commensurate with the length of time consumed in your deliberations, or with the necessary expense with which the same have been attended."

In January last, Mr. Dulmage a custom officer, (as we learn from the *Brockville Recorder*), seized at Maitland the horse, cutter and merchandize of an American oyster peddler named Putten who had been dealing without a license. The seizure being reported to Government was approved of, and the articles sold accordingly. Some time after

Mr. Dulmage had occasion to visit Ogdensburgh. While there he was arrested on a charge of having seized and sold the above property and applying the proceeds to his own use. The case was tried before an American magistrate, and although the facts above stated were proved, and the argument urged that Dulmage had acted on the part of the government and not for himself, the magistrate in spite of justice, and all acts of the Canadian legislature bearing on the subject, held Dulmage to bail for the amount claimed, and he was subsequently committed to gaol for 31 days. The matter we learn is under the consideration of Government, and should the facts above stated be correct, we trust that prompt measures will be adopted to procure reparation.

In our last we commenced our Colonial Chronicles with the details of a disastrous fire which had devastated the fair city of Montreal. With feelings of sorrow, we are constrained this month to record the particulars of a second visitation of a similar nature which has befallen that devoted city. Montreal engrosses the sympathy of the whole Province, and aspirations, we doubt not, are abundantly offered that phoenix-like she may soon start from her ashes with renewed beauty, and increased vigour. For the details which follow we are indebted to the *Herald*:

It is our melancholy duty to record the greatest disaster which ever befall this city, or probably, any city on the continent. We are writing on Friday morning more than twenty-four hours after the conflagration began, and the fire burns as fiercely as it did yesterday, and promises to stop, only when all the fuel which it may find in its way, shall be exhausted. In the course of the past day and night, it has traversed a mile in length, by a breadth ranging from probably something like one eighth to one half of a mile.

INSURANCES.—The following are supposed to be the amounts of Insurance effected on property destroyed by the fire of Thursday, viz:—

The *Equitable . . . . .	£18,000
The Etna Protection and Hartford together . . . . .	25,000
The Globe, Mr. Ryan. . . . .	8,000
Mr. Chapman . . . . .	3,500
The Phoenix . . . . .	6,300
North Western . . . . .	1,125
Royal . . . . .	300
Liverpool . . . . .	6,000
Mutual not yet made up.	

\*£9,000 on Bishop's Church and buildings.

It remains for us to record the steps which have been adopted by the authorities, to aid and relieve the crowds of homeless and impoverished sufferers, who, by it, have been thrown upon the humanity of their more fortunate fellow-citizens. In the meantime, we are happy to say that no exertion has been spared, to supply our poor and houseless fellow-citizens with temporary shelter, and the necessary supplies of bread, biscuit and water. With so vast a portion of our city laid in ashes, and at least ten thousand of our inhabitants burned out, we need not say that some difficulty has been experienced in providing them with mere temporary protection from the weather; fortunately, however, the emigrant sheds, at Point St. Charles are now unoccupied and have been promptly placed at their disposal by the Hon. John Young, the Commissioner of Public Works, who met the members of the City Council yesterday morning, and on the part of the government, most promptly and effectually aided them with their arrangements. Mr. Furniss, too, in the most liberal manner, has placed at the disposal of the authorities a large building belonging to him in Amherst Street, which will accommodate a number of families. Two hundred tents have also been obtained from the military authorities, and have been pitched in well chosen locations—50 on the Côte à Barron, 100 in the neighbourhood of the Papineau Road, &c.—and, considering the awful character of the calamity, we think we may safely say that, every exertion has been made to meet it.

The Orange Saturnalia of the 12th of July, passed off in Canada this year without disturbance. In various localities large processions took place which met with no molestation or annoyance. We deeply regret to state however, that in Hamilton a party of Orangemen who had assisted at the demonstration in Toronto, were attacked by a hostile body, upon the 13th, as they were returning. A person named McPhillips having been resisted in his attempt to seize a drum carried by Thomas Campbell one of the Orangemen, seriously wounded the latter with a large knife. Campbell upon this fired and McPhillips being shot in the back expired almost immediately. The Coroners Jury returned a verdict of *manslaughter* against Campbell, who was committed accordingly, but has since been admitted to bail. We learn that the Right Reverend the Roman Catholic Bishop of Toronto, so highly disapproved of the conduct of McPhillips that he interdicted the rites of burial from being performed over his remains. It is devoutly to be wished that a catastrophe of a similar nature may never again darken the annals of our Province.



THERE is not much to engage attention from the Continent of Europe. The principal topics of interest being embraced in the speech from the Throne.

#### ROYAL SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

“MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

“I am induced by considerations of public policy to release you at an earlier period than usual from your Legislative duties.

“The zeal and diligence, however, with which you have applied yourselves to your Parliamentary labours, have enabled me, in this comparatively short Session, to give my assent to many measures of high importance, and, I trust, of great and permanent advantage.

“I receive from all Foreign Powers assurances that they are animated by the most friendly dispositions towards this country; and I entertain a confident hope that the amicable relations happily subsisting between the principal European States, may be so firmly established as, under Divine Providence, to secure to the world a long continuance of the blessings of peace. To this great end my attention will be unremittingly directed.

“I rejoice that the final settlement of the affairs of Holstein and Schleswig, by the general concurrence of the Powers chiefly interested, has removed one cause of recent difference and of future anxiety.

“The amicable termination of the discussions which have taken place between the sublime Porte and the Pasha of Egypt, afford a guarantee for the tranquillity of the East, and an encouragement to the extension of commercial enterprise.

“The refusal, on the part of the King of Ava, of redress, justly demanded for insults and injuries offered to my subjects at Rangoon, has necessarily led to an interruption of friendly relations with that Sovereign. The promptitude and vigour with which the Gov. Gen. of India has taken the measures thus rendered unavoidable, have merited my entire approbation; and I am confident that you will participate in the satisfaction with which I have observed the conduct of all the naval and military forces, European and Indian, by whose valour and discipline the important captures of Rangoon and Martaban have been accomplished; and in the hope which I entertain that these signal successes may lead to an early and honourable peace.

“Treaties have been concluded by my naval commanders with the King of Dahomey and all the African Chiefs whose rule extends along the Bight of Benin, for the total abolition of the Slave Trade, which is at present wholly suppressed upon that coast.

“I have had great satisfaction in giving my assent to the measure which you have wisely adopted for the better organisation of the Militia; a constitutional force, which, being limited to purposes of internal defence, can afford no just ground of jealousy to neighbouring powers; but which, in the event of any sudden and unforeseen disturbance of my foreign relations, would at all times contribute essentially to the protection and security of my dominions.

“GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

“I thank you for the liberal provision which you have made for the exigence of the public service. The expenditure which you have authorised shall be applied with a due regard to economy and efficiency.

“The recent discoveries of extensive gold-fields have produced, in the Australian Colonies, a temporary disturbance of society, requiring prompt attention. I have taken such steps as appeared to be most urgently necessary for the mitigation of this serious evil. I shall continue anxiously to watch over the important results which must follow from these discoveries. I have willingly concurred with you in an Act which, by rendering available to the service of those Colonies the portion arising within them of the hereditary revenue placed at the disposal of Parliament on my accession to the Throne, may enable them to meet their necessarily increased expenditure.

“MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

“I have gladly assented to the important bill which you have passed for effecting reforms, long and anxiously desired, in the practice and proceedings of the Superior Courts of Law and Equity, and generally for improving the administration of justice. Every measure which simplifies the forms, and diminishes the delay and expense of legal proceedings, without introducing uncertainty of decision, impairing the authority of the Courts, or lowering the high standard of the Judicial Bench, is a valuable boon conferred upon the community at large.

“I hope that the measure which you have adopted for promoting extramural interment of the dead, and for improving the supply of water,

may be found effectual for the remedy of evils the existence of which has long been a reproach to this great metropolis, and may conduce to the health and comfort of its inhabitants.

"The extension of popular rights and legislative powers to my subjects resident in the Colonies is always to me an object of deep interest; and I trust that the representative institutions which, in concert with you, I have sanctioned for New Zealand, may promote the welfare and contentment of the population of that distant but most interesting Colony, and confirm their loyalty and attachment to my Crown.

"It is my intention, without delay, to dissolve this present Parliament, and it is my earnest prayer, that, in the exercise of the high functions which according to our free Constitution will devolve upon the several constituencies, they may be directed by an all-wise Providence to the selection of representatives whose wisdom and patriotism may aid me in my unceasing endeavours to sustain the honour and dignity of the Crown, to uphold the Protestant institutions of the country, and the Civil and Religious Liberty which is their natural result; to extend and improve the National Education; to develop and encourage Industry, Art, and Science; and to elevate the moral and social condition, and thereby promote the welfare and happiness of my people."

THE PARLIAMENTARY SESSION OF 1852.—The fifth session of the Parliament whose career terminated on Thursday, though comparatively a brief one, has endured longer than at one period could have been anticipated. It was opened by the Queen in person on the 3rd of February, and has therefore lasted four calendar months and 28 days, being one month and six days shorter than its predecessor of 1851. The House of Commons has sat during that period on 80 days, their sittings occupying in all 580 hours, or an average of 7¼ hours each. The number of hours sat past midnight was 55¼. The Lords during the same time have sat only 69 days, and their sittings occupied 157 hours, being an average of 2¼ hours each. The first session of the defunct Parliament assembled on the 18th of November, 1847. The last Parliament, which was dissolved on the 23rd of July, 1847, was in existence 5 years eleven months and four days, which was the longest period since the 7th George IV. In a recently-issued document by the house of Lords it is stated, "that the average duration of a Parliament may be estimated at four years." According to the new act, Parliament may be appointed to meet 35 days after the proclamation for the assembling of the same.

There has been a serious riot at Stockport arising out of the religious animosity existing between Protestants and Roman Catholics, brought into play by the recent Government proclamation against Roman Catholic processions. Great destruction of property and severe loss of life was the result of this unfortunate disturbance.

#### A MINIATURE IMITATION OF THE YACHT AMERICA.

On Thursday last the first race of the season for the yachts of the first class of this club took place upon the Mersey. Four boats were entered for the race, viz—the *Fairy Queen*, two tons, J. Watkins, Esq.; the *Polly and Anne*, schooner, five tons, John Holme, Esq.; the *Truant*, sloop, three-and-a-half tons, R. W. Grinnell, Esq.; the *Quiz*, sloop, three tons, Hamilton Laird, Esq. The steamboat *Cleveland*, on board of which was the commodore and a select party of ladies and gentlemen, left the Monk's Ferry soon after two o'clock, and the boats having been signalled to make ready, the starting gun was fired at half past two o'clock precisely, and the whole of them got immediately under weigh. The start was very good, sail being made quickly, and all the boats getting fairly into the race in less time than it takes to tell it. There was very little wind, but, with great spread of canvass, the boats made good way, and soon took up relative positions, which continued to the end of the race.

The race finally concluded off the flag-boat Monk's Ferry; the commodore's gun announcing the arrival of the boats at the following times:—

<i>Truant</i> . . . . .	4h. 7m. 24s.
<i>Quiz</i> . . . . .	4h. 23m. 20s.
<i>Polly and Anne</i> . . . . .	4h. 27m. 20s.
<i>Fairy Queen</i> . . . . .	4h. 30m. 30s.

The winning boat was greeted with three cheers from the party on board the steamer, and the owner, who had sailed her, came on board to receive the congratulations of his friends. The *Fairy Queen* appeared to lose her place by hauling down her gaff topsail. And it should also be observed that a large yacht not in the race, very improperly stood in the way of the *Quiz*, by sailing as much to windward of her as she could place herself.

Much interest was felt in the race, as was evinced by a large concourse of spectators at Rock Ferry and also at the Potteries. A band of music was on board the steamer, which played appropriate airs throughout the race.

After the whole of the yachts had come in, a circle was formed around the commodore, Mr. Hamilton Laird, who handed the prize to Mr. Grinnell, consisting of two handsome silver goblets, suitably chased and inscribed, and who said, in handing them to the fortunate competitor, that it was a pleasing duty to him to present the prize to Mr. Grinnell, the owner of the beautiful craft the *Truant*, and at the same time to congratulate him on the seamanlike manner in which he had sailed her. It might have been more gratifying if an English boat had taken the prize; but still he considered it no small honour to hand the prize to the son of a gentleman who had a more than English—a European—reputation, for the gallant manner in which he had sent out a squadron in search of Sir John Franklin's fleet; and he was sure that every member of that club would join him in saying that if anything enhanced the pleasure, it was the perfect harmony which had prevailed throughout, and he thought that all who had lost would bear it with a good grace. To this address Mr. Grinnell replied that he felt gratified by the cordial manner in which he had been received as a stranger, and by the John Bull way

in which they had met him; and after a compliment to the good feelings which had been displayed, he concluded by proposing the health of the ladies who had honoured the race with their presence. Both these little speeches were received with applause, and Mr. Grinnell filled and re-filled his cups with Champagne, for the delectation of the company.

Though these boats are small, there is a great fact involved, for this race is a repetition of the great race with the yacht *America*, though on a smaller scale. The winning boat was built in New York, and was brought over in the ship *New World*, by Capt. Knight for her owner. She is almost as broad as she is long. She is very sharp forward, and has not a hollow line in her. Her sails are cut much like those in the *America*, and her draught of water does not exceed six inches. Though the other barks, especially that of the Commodore's, were well sailed, the *Truant* did not give them a chance, and her tacks round the flag boat showed that she could sail very close to the wind. The *Truant* is 20 feet long, upwards of seven feet wide, depth inside from bottom plank to deck two feet one inch, and she has a deep sliding keel.

The club will have a much larger fleet next year, and we believe that a much finer class of boats will be ready by that period. Mr. Grinnell intends to bring over one of the small size model yachts, measuring six feet long, from New York, with which he will run for the prize awarded to boats of that class, so that the club will have something to do to maintain a position, the race being England against America, and both against the world.

The latest intelligence brings us also the account of the prorogation of the French Legislative body, with the speech of LOUIS NAPOLEON on the occasion.

The French forces have been so much increased, and the English forces so much reduced, on the Pacific station, that our neighbours and

rivals muster in the Pacific about 50 guns more than the British Navy.

From India the latest intelligence is also devoid of interest. The Burmese war still continues, although since the affair of Rangoon and Martaban there has not been any decided point gained. The season will more than probably put a stop to the hostilities for some time, the rains having commenced.

The news from Australia continues to be of the same character. The gold fields would appear to be almost limitless in supply, and the numbers employed in this traffic daily on the increase. The average weekly arrival at Melbourne being 1000 persons. The number of licenses to dig issued by the Government Commissioner of Crown Lands up to October 31, 1851, was 12,186. The average production at Mount Alexander is confirmed at 12,000 ounces per week or at the rate of about £2,500,000 per annum. Apprehensions seemed to be entertained that there would be a scarcity of provisions during the rainy season, and the prices were raising. Several robberies had taken place, but the establishment of a well organized system of police would cure the evil.

Louis Kossuth, with Madame Kossuth and a portion of his suite, sailed on Wednesday for Liverpool in the Cunard Steamer *Africa*. His intention to proceed by that conveyance was previously kept as a profound secret, and this secrecy has been by some journals attributed to a desire to escape quietly from the inconvenience of pecuniary liabilities.



We have known men who were exceedingly jealous of "their rights." Rather than be defrauded of a half dollar, they would rush into a law-suit costing twenty times that sum. Rather than lose "the best end of a bargain," they would resort

to a great many very inconvenient and troublesome expedients. Rather than submit to furnish a neighbor's hog with a single meal of undug potatoes, they would incur perpetual resentment. But strange things have not yet come to an end,



for these are the very same men that submit with most admirable patience to the invasions and waste of thousands of elder bushes and burdocks, tens of thousands of mulleins and horse-thistles, and 100,000 Canada thistles, and 1,000,000 red-root plants. It would be an interesting inquiry, to look into the actual losses sustained through the whole country by the growth of weeds. How many tons on an average are grown by each of the thousand farmers of the British Provinces? Three, five, or ten? If the former only, the aggregate crop would be enough to load a continued train of farm wagons three thousand miles long—or twenty thousand canal boats—or, more than ten times all the whale ships belonging to the country,—with this useless herbage. A single weed—the Red Root,—has been estimated to have occasioned greater loss in some counties than if every dwelling house had been consumed by fire. Is not the subject one worthy of some attention?

Now, there are two ways in which all this evil comes upon us. The first is by the increase of seeds—the second, the want of prompt destruction when once the evil has commenced. The increase by seeds, under favorable circumstances, almost exceeds belief. We have counted the grains on a single moderate sized plant of chess, and found over three thousand. An equal increase the second year would produce nine millions; the third year, twenty-seven thousand millions; the fourth—but we will let some of our young arithmetical readers carry out the reckoning for ten years, and see if there is not enough seed by that time to turn the whole wheat crop of the globe into chess. A full grown adult pig-weed, will yield eight thousand seeds,—which may increase in a few years to countless myriads, just because, as Prof. Lindley says, the cultivator was unwilling to make “a single flexure of his vertebral column,” in extracting the first young weed from the soil.

**THOUGHTS AND EXPERIENCE.**—It is astonishing to us that farmers do not read agricultural works. It is uniformly the case, that when a man takes THE CULTIVATOR, or any other good work of the kind, you can tell it at once by the appearance of his place. Talk with him, and it will soon be evident whether he is a friend of improvement, for a man who never reads is never a wise man.

**HOW TO POPULARIZE THE TASTE FOR PLANTING.**  
How to popularize the taste for rural beauty, which gives to every beloved home in the country its greatest outward charm, and to the country itself its highest attraction, is a question which must often occur to many of our readers. A traveller never journeys through England without lavishing all the epithets of admiration on the rural beauty of that gardenesque country; and his praises are as justly due to the way-side cottages of the humble laborers, (whose pecuniary

condition of life is far below that of our numerous small house-holders,) as to the great palaces and villas. Perhaps the loveliest and most fascinating of the “cottage homes,” of which Mrs. HEMANS has so touchingly sung, are the clergymen’s dwellings in that country; dwellings for the most part, of very moderate size, and no greater cost than are common in all the most thriving and populous parts of Canada—but which, owing to the love of horticulture, and the taste for something above the merely useful, which characterizes their owners, as a class, are, for the most part, radiant with the bloom and embellishment of the loveliest flowers and shrubs.

The contrast with the comparatively naked and neglected country dwellings that are the average rural tenements of our country at large, is very striking. Undoubtedly, this is, in part, owing to the fact that it takes a longer time, as Lord BACON said a century ago, “to garden finely than to build stately.” But the newness of our civilization is not sufficient apology. If so, we should be spared the exhibition of gay carpets, fine mirrors and furniture in the “front parlor,” of many a mechanic’s, working-man’s and farmer’s comfortable dwelling, where the “bare and bald” have pretty nearly supreme control in the “front yard.”

What we lack, perhaps, more than all, is, not the capacity to perceive and enjoy the beauty of ornamental trees and shrubs—the rural embellishments alike of the cottage and the villa, but we are deficient in the knowledge, and the opportunity of knowing how beautiful human habitations are made by a little taste, time, and means, expended in this way.

In the country at large, however, even now, there cannot be said to be anything like a general taste for gardening, and embellishing the houses of the people. We are too much occupied with *making a great deal*, to have reached that point when a man or a people thinks it wiser to understand how to enjoy a little well, than to exhaust both mind and body in getting an indefinite *more*. And there are also many who would gladly do something to give a sentiment to their houses, but are ignorant both of the materials and the way to set about it. Accordingly, they plant *odoriferous* *Alianthus* and filthy poplars, to the neglect of graceful elms and salubrious maples.

If, by simple means our great farm on this side of the Atlantic, with the water privilege of inland seas, could be made to wear a little less the air of Canada-thistle-down, and show a little more sign of blossoming like the rose, we should look upon it as a step so much nearer the millennium. In Saxony, the traveller beholds with no less surprise and delight, on the road between Wissenfels and Halle, quantities of the most beautiful and rare shrubs and flowers, growing along the foot-paths, by the sides of the hedges which line the public promenades. The custom prevails there, among private individuals who have beautiful gardens, of annually planting some of their surplus *material* along these public promenades, for the enjoyment of those who have no gardens. And the custom is met in the same beautiful spirit by the people at large; for in the main, those embellishments that turn the highway into pleasure grounds, are respected, and grow and bloom as if within the enclosures.

Does not this argue a civilization among those "down-trodden nations" of Central Europe, that would not be unwelcome in this, our land of equal rights and free schools?

## BIRDS.

It is a common belief that birds are great benefactors of man in the destruction of pestiferous insects. To this belief we are inexorable infidels. Who ever saw one of the whole race touch the caterpillar, which, at this season, infests our orchards; or that other kindred nuisance, which, later in the season, appears on all the trees indiscriminately, often wholly enveloping them in its mighty net-work; or the slimy slug; or a single living atom of the endless legion of plant lice; or the turnip flea; or the striped cucumber bug; or that most vile of all disgusting creatures, the large black pumpkin bug; or, finally, the curculio?

Show us that entire species of bird, the whole end and aim of whose existence is to war exclusively upon one of the above races of insects, and, for the good-will they manifest, we will join you in prayers for legal enactments for their protection, if need be; though our faith in the extermination of the vermin, as the consequence of their enmity, would not be of that buoyant nature effectual to sustain one's head above water, when the remembrance should come over us that angle worms are still plenty, in spite of the determined persistence of the whole generation of robbers in the apparently single purpose to gormandize them all. Nevertheless, sir, the birds find in us a zealous protector, and they *know* it. In our own little domain, they are almost as fearless of us and ours, as are the chickens themselves. The pugnacious little wren takes up his habitation in a nook over the front door, and assumes all the bustling importance of one well to do in the world, scolding tremendously at all in-comers and out-goers, by virtue, to be sure, of his being the lawfully taxable proprietor of the premises; the robin hurries down from the tree to pick up the worm we toss him in compensation for the Jenny Lind touches he half strangles himself in trying to imitate, and feeds confidently within a few feet of us in the garden; while we are fairly obliged to walk around the little chirping bird at the kitchen door, to avoid treading on him, so tame have they all become in consequence of gentle deportment towards them. Birds appreciate kindness quickly, and seem even to comprehend the pleasant words that are spoken to them. Though we owe them nothing for preserving our plums and cherries, yet woe to the urchin that molests them within the boundaries of our principality. Their cheerful companionship, their graceful sportings, their varied attempts to express their joyfulness in song, from the ludicrous enthusiasm with which one note is continually cachinated, to very tolerable approaches to successful modulation, give them social claims upon us which compensate a thousand fold for all they destroy, and all they do not.

**PRUNING IN AUTUMN.**—The late W. S. Cole, who strongly recommended autumnal pruning for fruit trees, says, "Thirty-two years ago, in September, we cut a very large branch from an apple tree, on account of an injury by a gale. The tree was old, and it has never healed over, but it is

now sound, and almost as hard as horn, and the tree perfectly hard around it. A few years before and after, large limbs were cut from the same tree in spring, and where they were cut off the tree has rotted, so that a quart measure may be put in the cavity."

**APPLE-ORCHARDS.**—A paint of very thin soft soap, is far better for the bark of trees than white-wash, because it actually kills all insects and their eggs in the crevices of the bark, and because its good effects continue through the whole season instead of ending as soon as it becomes dry.

**DRYING TOMATOES.**—The Ohio *Cultivator* says, (early last summer,) "We ate some very fine tomatoes not long since, dried in the following manner:—Fruit fully ripe, was scalded, strained through a sieve, slowly cooked half an hour, spread on clean plates, and dried in an oven, the whole process requiring about two days before the fruit was ready to pack away."

**GARDEN WALKS.**—The growth of weeds in gravel walks has been securely prevented, by forming a solid bottom beneath the gravel, of marl and coarse gravel or small stones, rammed down hard, and through which no weeds nor grass can penetrate.

**BUDDING ROSES.**—*Esther*, (Lancaster.) Commence budding roses immediately. The Prairie roses will take any of the everblooming sorts—but the harder kinds of Bourbons, such as Madam Desprez, Gen. Dubourg, Souvenir de Malmaison, &c., are the best. If the plants are growing in a situation exposed to the sun, you will have to tie some shade, in the shape of matting, straw or branches of evergreens, over the budded portion in winter to prevent injury by the sun. If growing on the north side of the building or fence, it will not be necessary. If you wish continual bloom on your monthly rose beds—never allow any seeds to grow—cut off the hips as fast as they form, and peg down any long shoots that run up. This will force up new shoots, and along with these new flowers. You can hardly make the beds of everblooming roses too rich in this climate, where fully exposed—the more growth, the more bloom—especially if the soil is deep.

**INSECTS ON CURRANT BUSHES.**—Three years ago, our *currant bushes* were attacked by a small bright green caterpillar, from  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch in length; which devours every leaf; and if it does not kill, greatly weakens the bush. At first it was only on a few old trees, which from the great abundance of fruit we always had, we thought little of; but now they have increased so much, that last year we had not a gallon of fruit to eat. The only remedy I know of is hand picking, which is very tedious; can you tell me of a more expeditious plan? I have tried *tobacco, plaster, and lime*, without its having any sensible effect.

**SHOULD TIN ROOFS BE PAINTED.**—It is said, that if the roofs are painted, they will not last so long as if left bright. If some of your readers can answer the question by having experienced it, it will be a favor to the public.



The short extract we give below, relating to the "Wave" principle of Marine Architecture, will not, we think, be uninteresting to our readers, at a time when the performance of the far-famed "America" is still fresh in their memory and while Commodore Stephens' "Maria" yet remains to be competed with. If Fame for once speak truth, the "Maria" is as far superior in sailing qualities to the "America," as that vessel was found to excel her late competitors in England:—

"THE "WAVE" PRINCIPLE OF MARINE ARCHITECTURE.—The term "wave principle," often used, is little understood, except by those who have studied naval architecture as a science, although all the fastest ships, whether propelled by sails or steam, have adopted the principle. According to the old principle, it was considered that vessels should be built with the water line nearly straight, the run of the vessel a fine line, and that there never should be a hollow line, except a little in the run of the ship, and that there should on no account be any hollow line in the bow, but that the water lines should be either straight, or rather convex. Some years ago, at the request of the British Association for the Promotion of Science, Mr. Scott Russell and the late Dr. Robinson, of Edinburgh, undertook a series of experiments, with the view of ascertaining the form which would enable a vessel to move most quickly through the water. These experiments lasted for years, and established a set of facts which were reduced into rules in ship-building. They began by upsetting the old rule that the length of a vessel should be four times its breadth, as they found that the greater the speed required, the greater should be the length, and that the vessel should be built merely of the breadth necessary to stow the requisite cargo. The second great improvement was, that the greatest width of the water line, instead of being *before* the middle, should be *abaft* the middle of the vessel—in fact, two-fifths from the stern and three-fifths from the bow. The next great improvement was, substituting for broad, bluff or cod's-head bow, hollow water lines, called wave-lines, from their particular form; and, also, instead of the old fine run abaft and cutting it away, you might, with advantage,

have a fuller line abaft, provided it was fine under the water. By these improvements the form of the old vessel was nearly reversed. All the fast steamboats, accomplishing from 16 to 17 miles an hour, are built on this principle.

Edinburgh is in a wild state of enthusiastic admiration about the bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, the work of Mr. John Steel. The statue was the labour of twelve years, and was to be "inaugurated," or finally opened to the public on its proper pedestal and final resting-place, on the 18th of July. It is colossal in its proportions—with the horse in action—and the hue of the bronze of the natural colour, left to the action of time to give it the due gradation of light and shade. The cost of the statue was 10,000*l.*, and the weight, it is said, is nearly ten tons. The site is opposite the Register house.

The next Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, will commence, in Belfast, on Wednesday, the 1st of September,—and attract, no doubt, to the North of Ireland that tide of touring interest which the Industrial Exhibition at Cork has for the present determined to the South. The preliminary proceedings have, it is announced, been very spirited on the part of the influential residents at Belfast,—and there is a peculiar feature in the arrangements which deserves notice. All the Sections into which the Association divides itself for convenience of discussion will hold their sittings under one roof,—the excellent building of Queen's College; which, as well as all the public buildings in Belfast likely to be useful to this great gathering of British Science, has been placed at the disposal of the Managing Committee.—"Invited on this occasion," says the Prospectus before us, "to the centre of Academical Instruction and Commercial Industry in the North of Ireland, the Association will assemble in a district full of natural beauty, rich in geological phenomena, offering many attractions to the botanist and zoologist, and facts of importance to Statisticians and Ethnologists. Excursions to embrace these objects may be conveniently undertaken after the meeting."

The sum of £1,100 has, we hear, already been subscribed in Ireland towards erecting a public monument to the late Thomas Moore in his native city. In London a Committee has been

formed, with Lord Lansdowne at its head and Mr. Thomas Longman for its Treasurer, to promote the same object.

We understand that the Admiralty have complied with the recommendation of the Council of the Royal Society for the continuation of the Tidal Investigations in the North Sea, so successfully carried on last year by Captain Beechey—the valuable and interesting results of which have been published by the Royal Society in the “Philosophical Transactions.”

Mr. J. R. Hind has announced that a few nights ago he “discovered a new planet on the borders of the constellations Aquila and Serpens, about 5 degrees east of the star Tau in Ophiuchus. It shines as a fine star of between the eighth and ninth magnitudes, and has a very steady yellow light. At moments it appears to have a disc, but the night was not sufficiently favourable for high magnifiers. At 13h. 13m. 16s. mean time its right ascension was 18h. 12m. 58.8s., and its north polar distance 98 deg. 16m. 0.9s. The diurnal motion in R. A. is about 1m. 2s. towards the west, and in N. P. D. two or three minutes towards the south.”

It appears that the Hudson's Bay Company have determined on sending Dr. Rae to the northern coasts of America to complete various discoveries in those regions. Although Dr. Rae has been subjected to the hardships of several Arctic winters, his health is unimpaired, and he is both willing and anxious to continue those researches in the Arctic regions which have already made his name celebrated among Arctic voyagers.

Mr. John W. Audubon, the artist, has commenced the publication of a series of Illustrations of his Mexican and California Tours; the admirable letter-press of which we reserve for notice in another issue of the Magazine. The engravings are of the large quarto size, and are finely executed

lithographs by Gildemeister, from drawings by Mr. Audubon, which have the authenticity of the camera lucida. A Fourth of July Camp, a Night Watch, the Canon Jesu Maria, and the Village of that name are the well chosen subjects of the four engravings in the first number. They are richly colored, and have each of them a genuine sentiment. The terraced little town of Jesu Maria would be a brilliant picture among M. Sattler's picturesque Austrian Alps. Mr. Audubon appeals to the public for the continuance of this enterprise, but there can surely be no doubt of its success.

In the Committee on the Estimates in the House of Commons Lord Mahon suggested, with reference to some very trivial vote for the Fine Arts, that a National Gallery of British Portraits would be a noble and cheap acquisition to the country. The Chancellor of the Exchequer supported this suggestion,—but did not offer any money in aid of the undertaking.

#### COMPARATIVE STRENGTH OF PLAIN AND CORRUGATED METAL.

SOME experiments have been recently made in Philadelphia, to test the comparative strength of plain and corrugated metal. Two pieces of copper, of equal surface and thickness, were formed into arches of about 15 inches in length; the one had a flat surface, and the other two corrugated arches. The arch with the flat surface gave way under a weight of a few pounds, while the corrugated arch withstood the weight of two men, who violently surged upon it, without making the least impression. In another experiment, made upon a larger scale, and under equal conditions, the plain arch gave way with 3,126 lbs. of pig iron upon its crown, while the corrugated arch bore the weight of 16,094 lbs. of the same metal for 48 hours, without the least perceptible deflection. This was afterwards increased to 27,000 lbs., which also remained for 48 hours, without the least deflection perceptible to the eye.

## MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

### THE PARIS AND LONDON FASHIONS.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

*Morning Walking Dress, suitable for the country or the sea-side.*—High dress of printed jaconet muslin. The ground white and the pattern small pink sprigs. The dress is one of those printed in the new style, with a front trimming consisting of two rows of a running pattern, or wreath of pink flowers. The skirt is finished at the bottom merely by a broad hem, and the corsage is drawn in. Round the waist is worn a ceinture of pink ribbon, fastened in a small bow in front. The sleeves are open at the ends and finished with a border similar to that which runs up the front of the skirt. Under-sleeves of clear white muslin, drawn at the wrists on bands of needle-work. Bonnet of open fancy straw, lined with pink silk, and trimmed with pink ribbon. Under-trimming small bouquets of roses. Yellow kid gloves.

*Costume for a little boy from three to six years of age.*—Frock and jacket of nankeen. The frock very short, and finished at the bottom of the skirt by a few rows of narrow white cotton braid, of graduated widths. The jacket is trimmed in corresponding style, and is fastened in front by three white double buttons and loops. Waistcoat of white piqué, buttoned up to the throat by small white fancy buttons. The sleeves of the jacket are demi-long and sloped up in front of the arm. Under-sleeves of white cambric muslin, gathered at the wrists on plain bands. Short trousers of white coutil, edged with broad scalloped needle-work of an open pattern. Short white stockings, and boots of drab-coloured cashmere tipped with black leather. A round hat of Leghorn, with bows and strings of white sarcenet ribbon. A long white ostrich feather is fastened on the left side, and after passing across the front of the hat, droops on the right side.

A bonnet remarkable for its *distingué* effect,

is of very fine Leghorn, the crown small: the outside trimming consists of two yellow roses, each fixed in the centre of a cockade of black lace, and placed one at each side of the bonnet. The under trimming is black lace intermingled with yellow rose buds. The strings are of ribbon of a very showy and peculiar kind; the middle being a broad stripe of yellow gros de-naples, edged on each side with a beautiful open border in black and yellow.

Another bonnet of Leghorn is simply trimmed with violet coloured ribbon of a peculiar bright beautiful hue, and having a yellow running pattern in the middle, consisting of a wreath of wheat ears. This ribbon is passed round the crown of the bonnet and fastened on the left side in a bow and flowing ends. The under trimming of this bonnet consists of a few loops of the same ribbon as that on the outside, intermingled with wheat ears and oats made in straw and violet coloured velvet.

Very pretty summer cloaks for infants are made of white muslin or cambric, with a long, full skirt, and a round hood, lined with silk, instead of a cape. They will be found very convenient; and we have seen several of exquisite embroidered muslin, lined through with white Florence silk. The hood was also embroidered with a wreath, and drawn up with a broad bow and pendants of white pearl-edged ribbon. The edge was trimmed with costly Valenciennes, and the whole effect was wonderfully airy and delicate.

Winter cloaks are composed mostly of plain-colored cashmeres and merinos, embroidered either in braid or silk. A favorite style is a cloak made in the ordinary way, with a sacque with sleeves over it, that can also be removed and worn separately in warmer weather. The embroidery surrounds the cloak, cape, and sleeves, the edge being a deep button-hole scollop.

#### HOME EXERCISES.

We refer again to the "home exercises" introduced in our last number, in the hope that sufficient interest has already been excited in the minds of parents and youthful readers to induce them to accompany us a step or two further in the investigation. A professional gentleman of considerable eminence, writing on this subject, gives it as his opinion, founded upon experience and practice, that by exercises alone can deformities connected with the spine, such as curvatures, high and narrow shoulders, hollow, contracted, or pigeon-shaped chests, malformations, etc., be effectually removed. Weak and delicate youths, and others who are allowed to indulge in sedentary and enervating habits; ladies early inured to the fashionable practice of wearing stays tightly laced, all grow up more or less weak and semi-developed in body; and some who are prone to disease, the muscles shrivel and the bones soften; deformity, as a natural consequence, gradually takes place, first of the spine—the keel of the frame-work—then of the chest; and, if not arrested in time by judicious exercise and disuse of all impediments to the growth and development of the body, such as stiff or tightly-laced stays, disease will inevitably follow, which will as certainly end in a miserable and premature death.

The most precarious period of life is said to

vary from the ages of ten to twenty-one years, when the frame is most prone to deformity; but particularly from ten to fifteen, the pubescent stage, when the body is in its most active state of growth. The most frequent cause of deformity at this most dangerous period, is the over exercise of the mind, to the neglect of the body, augmented in the female sex by the baneful use of stays. Many are the children, says the physician referred to, who have been born healthy and robust, the pride and hope of fond parents, having rosy hue of health upon the cheek, the sparkling eye and laughing mouth; happiness and enjoyment, the certain attendants upon robust health, plainly marked upon their countenances; the voice—yea, the active romping motion of the body—confirm it; but wait a little while, until the approach of the insidious age, the period when the body is at its highest progress of upward growth, the muscular fibres being still lax, the bones comparatively soft, when the powers of the system are so severely tried, nature requiring to be supported by the most careful watching and utmost aid of science, in supplying and regulating the quality and quantity of air, food, and, and exercise, so requisite at this period: whereas, instead of such judicious attention, we often find that the too fond parent, ever and wholly absorbed with the mental education of his offspring, to the entire neglect and even sacrifice of his bodily frame, at this most dangerous stage of his life, often fancies that it is the best age for mental training and activity; consequently, taxes both the mind and the body of the youth to the utmost, by forcing him to employ all the hours of the day, by attending class upon class, almost without remission, to which is added a corresponding number of tasks to be learnt at night; and, as a matter of course, that no time should be lost, a tutor comes in the evening, whose avocation is to urge on the languid brain that has been already worn out and exhausted; whilst the foolish parent flatters himself that he is doing all in his power in order to cause his child to acquire the greatest amount of mental education within the shortest time, and presumes upon the fact that, as he has always enjoyed good health since his infancy, therefore no danger can accrue from a few years' over-exercition. The result of all this oppression the author proceeds to describe, change after change, as they gradually creep over the laughing child, until he has grown into a peevish, morose youth; until the bright, sporting eye has become dull and sombre; the full, ruddy cheek, hollow and colourless; the laughing mouth, the rosy lip pale, heavy and expressionless; his previously ravenous appetite now requiring to be tempted and excited by numberless condiments; and his former robust health exchanged for headaches, dyspepsia, etc., until, finally, death closes his prolonged suffering.

#### SUGGESTIONS TO WOMEN.

WE have much yet to do for a class whom it is a shame to name, and that much *ought to be done by women*—by women, themselves *sans tache, sans reproche*. It is not enough that we repeat our Saviour's words, "Go and sin no more:" we must give the sinner a refuge to go to. Asylums calculated to receive such ought to be more suffi-

ciently provided everywhere. One lady, as eminent for her rare mental powers as for her charity and great wealth, is now trying an experiment that does her infinite honour; she has set a noble example to others who are rich and ought to be considerate; safe in her high character, her self-respect, and her virgin purity, she has provided shelter for many "erring sisters"—in mercy beguiling,

"By gentle way, the wanderer back."

Of all her numerous charities, this is the truest and best; like the fair Sabrina, she has heard and answered the prayers of those who seek protection from the most terrible of all dangers—

"Listen! for dear honour's sake,  
Listen—and save!"

—Mrs. S. C. Hall.

#### IDLE HOURS.

It is to Miss Leslie who says, "We would think a lady never had but two dresses in her life before marriage, by the quantity purchased and made for the bridal." We do not quote the words exactly, perhaps, but such is the sentiment. And a very natural conclusion it seems; this inundation of dresses is a custom as fixed and unalterable as that which insists on every stitch in the whole trousseau being set, leaving the poor bride nothing but folded hands after the wedding-day is over. The hurry of six months is succeeded by an appalling calm; there is not even the lace of a cap or handkerchief to be sewn on, or an apron to be hemmed; and listless ennui threatens the bride of a month.

We have lately heard of one—a sober, New England citywoman—who was discovered sitting on the carpet of her elegantly furnished apartment playing *solitaire*, the cards spread out upon an ottoman before her. What a picture to illustrate our theme—the husband gone to business, the wife tired of the piano, too heedless for reading, and with an empty work-basket! We should have prescribed a set of house-linen immediately; there is nothing like the needle to tranquilize the mind and raise the spirits, if taken moderately. It reminds one of the old song—

I don't care two and sixpence now,  
For anything in life;  
My days of fun are over now,  
I'm married and a wife!  
I'm sick of sending wedding cake,  
And eating wedding-dinners,  
And all the fun that people make  
With newly-wed beginners.

I wonder if this state be what  
Folks call the honey-moon?  
If so, upon my word, I hope  
It will be over soon!  
I cannot read, I cannot think,  
All plans are at an end;  
I scarcely know one thing to do—  
My time I cannot spend!

Think of it, ye fair *fiancées*, and, by the warning, do not exhaust your stock of work and plans; for, where idleness is, discontent is sure to creep in.

#### WORSTED WORK.

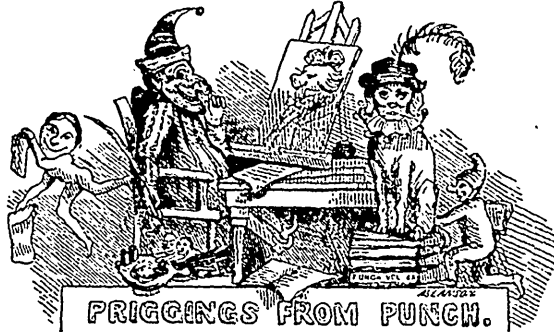
Have you seen yet a new material which has just been invented here for tapestry work? It is sure to have an immense success, as it saves all the tedious process of grounding. It is a woollen stuff, made in all colors, with the grain sufficiently marked to enable you to work upon it, and count the stitches as easily as in canvass; and the effect of the pattern, when worked, is even better, as the comparative thickness and closeness of the stuff make it look much richer and more raised. The time and trouble it saves are of course prodigious, and there is no doubt that it will quite supersede the common canvass for most purposes; though whether it will wear as well for chair-seats, and such articles of furniture as are exposed to hard usage, yet remains to be proved; it will at least outlast the freshness of the work.

**BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS.**—This is the name of a new article for the toilet, extracted from plants and flowers, and which is of the most agreeable perfume and peculiarly pleasant in its operation. It would be impossible, in a brief notice, to detail all the uses to which it may be applied, or one-half the benefits which are said to result from its application. Suffice it to say that it imparts, as we have been told, a delightful softness to the skin; removes cutaneous eruptions; is an emollient for the hair, giving it a soft and glossy richness; it is not surpassed by any dentifrice for arresting the decay of teeth, in preserving them, and rendering them clean and white as alabaster; for shaving, also, it is superior; and, in short, answers the purpose of some half a dozen compounds now designed for the toilet, the nursery, and the bath, and for all which it has been recommended by the faculty of London and Paris.

#### DELICATE DISHES.

In Mr. Honan's very entertaining work, recently published, we find a receipt for preparing a **COTELETTA DI VITELLO A LA MILANESE**:—

First take your cutlet, and beat it well with the flat side of the cleaver, or with a rolling-pin; beat it for at least five minutes; then, having thrown a quantity of butter, eggs, and flour, into a frying-pan, when the mixture is hissing hot, fling your cutlet in, and there let it stew. The mixture penetrates to the core, and is imbibed in every part, and when the dish is laid steaming before you, your olfactory sense is refreshed, and your palate is delighted with veal, not insipid, as veal generally is, but with a morsel moist with odoriferous juices, having the same relation to an ordinary chop, as buttered toast at Christmas time has to dry hard bread, or a well-larded woodcock served at the *Trois Frères* to a red-legged partridge roasted to the fibre in Spain.—Serve with Tomato Sauce.



## OUR RACING PROPHECY.

If the Betting Offices are not put down before next year, we should suggest something like the following as a programme for the next Cup day at Ascot:

The Footman's Plate—of three dozen spoons and half a dozen forks, by subscription of a spoon or a fork each. Every subscriber to remove the initials and crest, or forfeit one shilling.

The Tradesmen's Cup—by subscription of half-a-crown each from their masters' tills by the London shopmen.

The Butchers' Stakes—of one hundred pounds, open to all the metropolitan butchers' boys.

The betting will be limited to the Betting Offices, and the final settling will take place at one of the penal settlements.

THE YOUNGEST MEMBER IN THE HOUSE.—A lady declares that if Mr. Anstey were to remain in the House of Commons all his life, he would still be the youngest member in it; "for it is perfectly clear," she says, alluding to his accustomed habit of counting out the House, "that so long as he retains the faculty of speech, he will never be able to reach forty."

## A FAVOURABLE SYMPTOM.

We must congratulate our contemporary, the *Mark Lane Express*, upon having made a pun. We are refreshed to find that in speaking of the EARL OF DERBY's late speech upon "Compromise," its comments end, somewhat naively, thus:

"We can only express our sincere hope that the tenant farmers may not find themselves in the end *compromised*."

The italics, it is needless to say, are not ours. They denote emphatically the maiden effort, and so disarm our criticism. But in truth we are too happy to be critical. We have heard such grievous stories (literally such, we begin to fear) of agricultural depression lately, that it indeed immeasurably rejoices us to find the farmers' oracle can still produce a joke, and its distressed readers even yet afford—to laugh at it.

## TAPPING A BEER BARREL FOR THE TRUTH.—

Mr. Pepper has been lecturing at the Polytechnic upon the qualities of the different beers of Allsopp, Bass, and Salt. It strikes us as being a curious way of proving that these beers are not adulterated, when we actually have before us the admission that both Pepper and Salt are mixed up largely in their composition.

## WHAT IS AN ENGAGEMENT?

"Something that does not last."

Answers WAGNER; and also the Irish PRIMA DONNA, who, too, has broken her engagement.



A NEW definition of the word engagement is sadly wanted to suit the Vocalists' books. We will not say it is like piecrust, or a boy's drum, or a young lady's heart, only made to be broken, but we will define it simply, thus:

"AN ENGAGEMENT is like a general invitation—given very freely, but with the full understanding that it is never meant to be kept. Such engagements, like elopements, are only runaway engagements. 'Come and sing,' is about synonymous with 'Come and see me any day, I shall be happy to see you.' The singer is no more expected to sing, than the foolish fellow who has been so liberally invited is expected to call upon you. It's only a form—just as putting your name to a

bill is 'only a form'—and a form which any one who takes his stand upon it is sure to have to pay for the breaking of it."

THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER REPRESENTED!—The Marquis of Granby said, in the Commons—"I represent the agricultural labourer!" *Punch* has received several letters from agricultural labourers protesting against any such misrepresentation.

CABINET NEWS.—"Ministers are to eat their white-bait dinner next week."—*Daily News*. They have already eaten their words.—*Punch*.

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.—A Cockney Tradesman, when he was shown the Niagara Falls, exclaimed with the greatest enthusiasm—"What a magnificent Shower Bath!"

MOTTO FOR DR. NEWMAN.

"Infelix puer, atque impar congressus Achilli."  
—*Æneid* I., 475.

THE POLITICAL SHOE-BLACK.

AUSTRIA. "What's your charge?"  
LORD M—LS—BURY. "Oh, I make no charge; any little compensation will do for me."

A PROPHECY ALL BUT FULFILLED.—Mr. Disraeli's celebrated prophecy of "The day will come gentlemen, when you shall hear me," wants but one thing now to make it complete. It only wants a House of Commons in which Mr. DISRAELI can be heard.



to pay the fine; and thus, assaults being a matter of money, to be permitted the enjoyment of his ferocity of will, whether exercised upon his wife or his neighbour.

But one example is worth a hundred associations. At once we take a case, decided lately at Worship Street. A man named Frederick Laborde is charged, in the strong language of the reporter, with "a murderous attack upon his wife, and also with having violently assaulted a married woman, named Wood." Mr. Laborde had previously given the wife of his bosom "a violent blow on the eye:" after which—

"He then caught up a ponderous wooden mallet, which he was in the habit of using in his trade, and brandishing it over his head, brought it down with all his force upon her nose, which caused the blood to gush down over her dress, and felled her to the floor."

The lodgers interfered, when Mr. Laborde attacked them all indiscriminately, beating one, however, "unmercifully." Well, the Magistrate—understand, the Magistrate, can only dispense the law—

"Mr. Hammill ordered the prisoner to pay a penalty of £5, or to be committed for two months

The attentive reader of the Police Reports, must have been frequently impressed with magisterial sentences on individuals convicted of assault. "Being unable to pay the fine—[40s., or £5, as the injury dealt may be]—the prisoner was conveyed to prison in the police van."

The Projectors of EVERY MAN HIS OWN BRUTE, &c.,—call the attention of the humbler classes of society, and especially claim the consideration of Husbands addicted to the Personal Chastisement of Wives, to the principles of the above Association, whose object it is to guarantee every insurer—at the least possible scale of payment—from the inconvenience and the ignominy of incarceration—enabling him to the House of Correction, for assaulting his wife; in addition to which he must pay a second fine of £5 for the other assault, or undergo a further term of two months' imprisonment."

Mr. Laborde, not having the £5, was committed. Had he been a man of means, he might have broken his wife's nose, or the nose of any other woman at his pleasure, paying for the enjoyment; but the poor fellow had not the money, when the relentless law consigned him to the discomfort of a gaol.

Now, it is here, where the agency of our Association—that of EVERY MAN HIS OWN BRUTE—proposes to assert itself. Why, we ask, assault being a matter of money—bruises, contusions, smashed noses, scattered teeth, being purchasable—why should not the poor man be enabled to pay for them; why should he be sent to prison, not for the assault—let that always be borne in mind—but for not being able to pay for the assault?

Further particulars will be duly announced. In the meanwhile, prospectuses are to be had at every Police Office.

TARQUIN BRUIN, Secy.



# SING, OLD BARD!

## A Song.

THE POETRY FROM THE "MAPLE LEAF:" THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND DEDICATED TO MISS THOMAS,

BY J. P. CLARKE, MUS. BAC.

SLOW, WITH EXPRESSION.

Voice.-----

Piano-forte. *pia.*

The first system of the musical score. It consists of a voice line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The time signature is 3/4. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The voice line begins with a rest followed by a quarter note. The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (*pia.*) dynamic and features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

Sing, old Bard, some homely breathing, Such as Love forgetteth

The second system of the musical score. It includes the lyrics "Sing, old Bard, some homely breathing, Such as Love forgetteth" under the voice line. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and bass lines as the first system.

last; True heart—music kindly wreathing Flowers that blossom'd in the Past!

The third system of the musical score. It includes the lyrics "last; True heart—music kindly wreathing Flowers that blossom'd in the Past!" under the voice line. The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass line in the left hand.

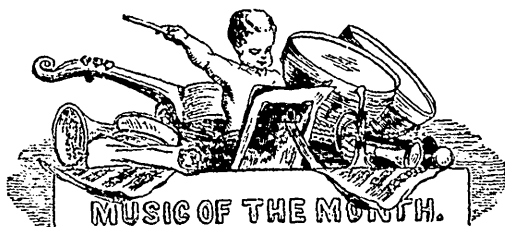
Be it mournful—be it lone - ly—Be its cadence dark and

low, All we ask is—be it on - ly What we heard long, long a -

go!

At its notes cold eyes will glisten,  
 Lips will smile with quivering art,  
 Memory's quicken'd ear will listen,  
 Morn's lost freshness light the heart ;  
 These are thoughts or mystic fashion  
 That will greet its tearful strain,  
 Thoughts of madness—beauty—passion,  
 Such as dreams bring not again.

Oh ! sing on, that voice may falter,  
 Calling back Life's happiest times,  
 Flowers that glowed on Love's old altar  
 Passions told in pleasant rhymes ;  
 Cease it not—the lonely bosom  
 Drinks its Music glad and free,  
 Memory of lost bud and blossom,  
 Take not from the wither'd tree.



We have been requested to announce that the *Musical World*, and the *Musical Times* of New York, are united, and, henceforth will be published under a new title, namely, *The Musical World and New York Musical Times*, by OLIVER DYER, and RICHARD STORRS WILLIS. On Saturday, September 4th, a new volume of *The Musical World and New York Musical Times* will be commenced; and, thereafter, it will be published weekly, and will contain sixteen pages. Each number will contain at least four pages of the best music that can be obtained—much better than has yet appeared in any musical paper in this country. The music will consist of Songs, Duets, Choruses, Instrumental pieces for the Piano and Guitar, new and choice Church Music, &c., &c.; embracing classical music, romantic music, Italian music and popular music.

An important and valuable feature of *The Musical World and The New York Musical Times* will be its INSTRUCTION DEPARTMENT; which will embrace a complete course of musical studies for the million.

This instruction will have the advantage of being accompanied by musical exercises, the student being able to correct his *own examples*, by the rules afforded, and by the *corrected exercises* forwarded every week.

This enterprise commends itself to musical students, to music and school teachers, to amateurs, and to all well educated persons, who (without even writing the exercises) would like to gain general information on a deeply interesting science, which, connected, as it is, with the most favorite accomplishment, and the most universal passion of the world, is yet almost wholly unknown.

Each of these Journals has a wide circulation throughout this Continent, and the urbanity and thorough knowledge of music possessed by Mr. Black, the Travelling Agent, and one of the Editors, (well posted up, too, in the musical events of the day), has materially contributed to effect this.

Our musical readers are doubtless familiar with the name of R. STORRS WILLIS, long the able and scientific critic and contributor to the Musical department of the *Albion*. Mr. O. DYER, known in Toronto as a Phonographist, is associated with the above named gentlemen.

The Liverpool papers announce that Madame Otto Goldschmidt, who has been sojourning there, declines every present proposal of professional engagement:—among others, the offer made by the committee of noblemen and gentlemen who are understood to be the present managers of *Her Majesty's Theatre*. This may, however, prove simply the prelude to her re-appearance there;—which for some time past has been confidently promised in "polite society."

It is said that Signor Lablache intends to winter at the opera of St. Petersburg. We understand that his dread of that most horrible of maladies—sea sickness will prevent his visiting this continent.

Application has been made by Miss Catherine Hayes, in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, for an injunction enabling her to evade payment of the full forfeiture to which she was liable by her breach in America of the contract made by her with Mr. Beale before she left England. This was refused. In the management of Mr. Beale's argument, his advocate pleaded the large sums which Mr. Beale had paid to agents for publishing and circulating laudatory notices of the singing and acting of Miss Catherine Hayes, by which "sounding of her praises" her reputation and market-value as a singer were notoriously increased.—Such a plain exposition of the manner in which sympathy and enthusiasm are manufactured should by no means be overlooked in support of those who may have no means to buy, and of those who have no will to sell, praises.

#### M A B E R L I N I.

It is said that the Roussett Family have made overtures to Maberlini, Badiali, and others, to form an Italian Opera troupe, to perform alternately with them at Castle Garden. The last puff of Maberlini announced that she would appear at Montreal, and her great success in Boston and the South are extolled. Now, we are told by the *N. Y. Herald* that she has just arrived from Italy, and is to sing at Castle Garden. Nearly a year ago, Maberlini came from Germany to Boston, gave one concert there, and failed as a vocalist—went to Charleston and failed again. When in Boston, she was unwell, might have been so in Charleston. She may be yet proved a great singer, but the presumption is against her, so far.



SIR THOMAS MORE.—See page 225.