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THE
BRITISH COLONIAL MAGAZINE.

Conducted by W. H. SMITH, Author of the "Canadian Gazetteer," &c. &c.

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ODD LONDON CHARACTERS OF FORMER
TIMES.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

Foote—the unscrupulous Mathews of the last century, and one of the most singular men ever produced in England—was born in 1721, at Truro in Cornwall. He could boast of being at least a gentleman by birth, for his father was a land-proprietor and magistrate of ancient descent, while his mother was the daughter of Sir Edward Goodere, Bart., who at one time represented the county of Hereford in parliament. His wit was developed in his very childhood; and his power of mimicry is said to have been suddenly brought into play, when a boy of twelve, in consequence of a discussion arising at his father's table respecting a rustic who had fallen under the observation of the parochial authorities. He on this occasion gave so lively an image of the demeanour and language which three of the justices were likely to assume when the culprit should be brought before them, that his father, one of the individuals taken off, rewarded him for the amusement he had given the company, and thus unintentionally encouraged a propensity which was afterwards to lead the youth into a mode of life which no father could have helped regretting. He was educated at Worcester College, Oxford, which had been founded by one of his near relations, and of which the superior, Dr. Gower, was unfortunately an apt subject for his humour. Observing that the rope of the chapel bell was allowed to hang near to the ground in an open space where cows were sometimes turned for the night, he hung a wisp of straw to the end of it; the unavoidable consequence was, that some one of the animals was sure to seize the straw in the course of the night, and thus

cause the bell to toll. A solemn consultation was held, and the provost undertook with the sexton to sit up in the chapel all night, for the purpose of catching the delinquent. They took their dreary station: at the midnight hour the bell tolled as before; out rushed the two watchmen, one of whom, seizing the cow in the dark, thought he had caught a gentleman commoner; while the doctor, grasping the animal by a different part of its body, exclaimed that he was convinced the postman was the rogue, for he felt his horn. Lights were speedily brought, and disclosed the nature of the jest, which served Oxford in laughter for a week.

Foote was an idle student, for which he was sometimes punished by having severe tasks imposed on him, as if one who would not study the ordinary proper time could be expected to give his mind to an uninteresting pursuit for an extraordinary time. When summoned before the provost, in order to be reprimanded for his junketings, the wag would come with a vast folio dictionary under his arm; the doctor would begin, using, as was his custom, a great number of quaint learned words, on hearing which Foote would gravely beg pardon for interrupting him—look up the word in the dictionary—and then as gravely request him to go on. There could be no reasonable hope of such a youth as a student; yet he was sent to the Temple, with a view to his going to the bar. He is said to have here made no proficiency except in fashionable vices and dissipation. In 1741, he married a young lady of good family in Worcestershire, and immediately after went with his spouse to spend a month with his father in Cornwall.

Foote, having shortly after outrun his fortune, was induced by a bookseller, on

a promise of ten pounds, to write a pamphlet in defence of his uncle Goodere, who was at that time in prison, previous to his trial for the inhuman murder of his brother, and for which he was afterwards executed. Perhaps some of the amiable prejudice called family pride aided in making him take up his pen in behalf of one who seems to have been as ruthless a monster as ever breathed. It must also be recollected that he was now only twenty. Whatever was the morality of the transaction—and indeed it is almost absurd to discuss such a point, considering the general nature of the man—it is related that when he went to receive the wages of his task, he was reduced so low as to be obliged to wear his boots to conceal that he wanted stockings. Having got the money, he bought a pair of stockings at a shop as he passed along. Immediately after, meeting a couple of boon companions, he was easily persuaded to go to dine with them at a tavern. While the wine was afterwards circulating, one of his friends exclaimed, "Why, hey, Foote, how is this? You seem to have no stockings on!" "No," replied the wit, with great presence of mind, "I never wear any at this time of the year, till I am going to dress for the evening; and you see (pulling out his recent purchase) I am always provided with a pair for the occasion." His mother succeeded by the death of her brother, Sir John D. Goodere, to five thousand per annum, but does not seem to have remained free from pecuniary embarrassments more than her son. The celebrated correspondence between her and Foote, given in the jest-books, is quite authentic, but rather too laconically expressed. An authentic copy is subjoined:—

"Dear Sam—I am in prison for debt; come and assist your loving mother,

E. FOOTE."

"Dear Mother—So am I; which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother by her affectionate son,

SAM. FOOTE.

P. S.—I have sent my attorney to assist you; in the meantime, let us hope for better days."

It is not impossible that Mrs. Foote's imprisonment took place before her accession of fortune was realized, and when she was a widow, for her husband died

soon after Sam's marriage. This lady lived to eighty-four, and is said to have been much like her son, both in body and mind—witty, social, and fond of a pretty strong joke. From the character of her brothers, it seems not unlikely that, with the humour she gave her son, she also communicated a certain degree of insanity, the source of the many eccentricities which he displayed through life.

The necessities arising from pure prodigality drove Foote to the stage in 1744. He appeared at the Haymarket Theatre, as Othello, Macklin supporting him in Iago; but the performance was a failure.

But when I played Othello, thousands swore
They never saw such tragedy before—

says a rival wit in a retributory burlesque of the mimic. He tried comedy, and made a hit in the character of "Fondlewife." His salary proving unequal to his expenditure, he again became embarrassed, but relieved himself by an expedient, of which we will not attempt to estimate the morality. A lady of great fortune, anxious to be married, consulted the wit as to what she should do. He, recollecting his boon companion Sir Francis Delaval, who was as embarrassed as himself, recommended the lady to go to the conjuror in the Old Bailey, whom he represented as a man of uncommon skill and penetration. He employed another friend to personate the wise man, who depicted Sir Francis at full length, and described the time when, the place where, and the dress in which she would see him. The lady was so struck with the coincidence of all the circumstances, as to marry the broken-down prodigal in a few days. An ample reward signalized the ingenuity of the adviser, and enabled him once more to face the world.

It was in spring 1747 that Foote commenced, in the Haymarket Theatre, his career as the sole entertainer of an audience, and thus was the originator of that kind of amusement which Dibdin, Mathews, and others, afterwards practised with success. The piece, written by himself, and styled the "Diversions of the Morning," consisted chiefly of a series of imitations of well-known living persons. It met with immense applause, and soon raised the jealousy of the two great theatres of the metropolis, through whose intervention his career was stopped by the

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Westminster justices. In this dilemma he took it upon him to invite the public one evening TO TEA: multitudes came; and while all were wondering what he would do, he appeared before them, and mentioned that, "as he was training some young performers for the stage, he would, while tea was getting ready, proceed, if they had no objection, with his instructions." This, it may easily be conceived, was nothing else than a plan for taking off the players who were persecuting him, at the same time that he evaded the consequences of their rancour. His invitations to tea brought splendid audiences, and much money, but were interrupted by his receipt of a large legacy, which kept him for five years in the condition of an idle voluptuary. In 1753, he once more became connected with the stage, for which he produced a comedy in two acts, entitled "Taste," which experienced great success, and was followed by a similar production entitled "The Author." He had here caricatured, under the name of Cadwallader, a Welsh gentleman of his acquaintance, who was noted for pride of pedigree. Honest Mr. Aprice, for that was his real name, was present at the play several times, without suspecting that, in Cadwallader, he saw another self; but at length, when he found every body calling him by that name, he began to perceive the joke, which enraged him so much that he applied to the Lord Chamberlain for an interdict against the play, which was granted. It is rather odd that the wit himself was characterized by the same foible, and not less blind to it than Mr. Aprice. Some of his friends, knowing this, resolved to make it the subject of a jest at his expense. As they were laughing at persons piquing themselves on their descent, one of them slyly observed that, however people might ridicule family pretensions, he believed there never was a man well descended who was not proud of it. Foote, snapping the bait, replied, "No doubt, no doubt; for instance, now, though I trust I may be considered as far from a vain man, yet, being descended from as ancient a family as any in Cornwall, I am not a little proud of it, as, indeed, you shall see I may be;" and accordingly ordered a servant to bring the genealogical tree of the family, which he began to elucidate with

all the absurdity that he so felicitously ridiculed in Cadwallader.

The spirit of these and other early compositions of Foote was to seize some point of fashionable folly, and expose it in a few scenes of broad humour, with the addition of the mimetic representation, by the author himself; of some noted real character. There was little of plot or contrivance in the pieces, but strong caricature painting, and ludicrous incidents, which rendered them extremely diverting. He took a somewhat higher aim when, in 1760, he burlesqued methodism in "The Minor," a play which excited some angry controversy, but proved attractive to the public. His "Mayor of Garratt," produced in 1763, was the nearest approach he made to legitimate comedy: its merits have kept it in vogue as one of the stock pieces of the British stage down almost to the present time.

In 1757, Foote paid a visit to Dublin, along with Tate Wilkinson, and the united mimicry of the two attracted large audiences. On this occasion Wilkinson mimicked even his companion, who, with the usual thin-skinnedness of the professed jester, did not relish the joke, and said it was the only attempt of his friend which did not succeed. At the end of this year, we find Foote engaged in a totally new speculation in the Irish capital. He set up as a fortuneteller, in a room hung with black cloth, and lighted by a single lantern, the light of which was scrupulously kept from his face: he succeeded so far, it is said, as to realize on some occasions £30 a-day, at half-a-crown from each dupe. In 1759, when out at elbows in London, he paid his first visit to Scotland, borrowing a hundred pounds from Garrick to defray the expenses of his journey. He was well received in Edinburgh society, and by the public in general. Yet the Scots did not escape his sarcasm. One day, an old lady who was asked for a toast, gave "Charles the Third," meaning, of course, the Pretender. "Of Spain, madam?" inquired Foote. "No, sir," cried the lady, pettishly, "of England." "Never mind her," said one of the company; "she is one of our old folks who have not got rid of their political prejudices." "Oh, dear sir, make no apology," cried

Foote ; " I was prepared for all this, as, from your living so far north, I suppose none of you have yet heard of the Revolution." He afterwards paid several visits to Scotland, where, during 1771, he was manager of the Edinburgh theatre for a season, clearing a thousand pounds by the venture. He found that the Scotch, with all their gravity, have some little drollery amongst them. Robert Cullen, son of the eminent physician, and a noted mimic, and the Laird of Logan, not less distinguished as a wit, became his intimate friends. Another of the native humourists encountered him in a somewhat extraordinary way. This was Mr. M'Culloch of Ardwell, in the stewarty of Kirkcudbright, whose sayings are to this day quoted in his native province. In travelling from his country residence to Edinburgh with his own carriage, Mr. M'Culloch spent, as usual, a night in the inn at Moffat, and next day proceeded to ascend the terrible hill of Erickstane, which connects two great districts of Scotland, and forms decidedly the most difficult and dangerous piece of road in the whole country. A deep snow had fallen during the night, and Mr. M'Culloch, after proceeding three or four miles, was compelled to turn back. When he regained his inn, he found a smart carriage, with a gentleman in the inside, standing at the door, while the horses were getting changed: this he ascertained to be the equipage of Mr. Foote, the celebrated comedian. The Laird of Ardwell immediately went up to the panel and wrote upon it in chalk, the words—

Let not a single Foote profane
The sacred snows of Erickstane.

Foote, surprised to see a punch little man writing on his carriage, came out to read the inscription, which amused him so much that he immediately went and introduced himself to the writer. Further explanation then took place, which readily convinced him of the impossibility of proceeding farther that day; and the consequence was, that the two gentlemen resolved to make themselves as happy as possible where they were. The snow lay long; the terrors of Erickstane relented not for a fortnight; but the viands and liquors of the inn were good, and the conversation of the two storm-delayed gentlemen was like knife sharpening knife.

In short, they spent the fortnight together in the utmost good fellowship, and were friends ever after.

One other trait of the Scottish wit which came under Foote's attention may be noticed. At the close of an unsuccessful piece of law business, when the agent of the opposite party called to get payment of the expenses, observing that that person was prepared for a journey, the comedian inquired where he was going. "To London," was the answer. "And how do you mean to travel?" asked the manager. "On foot," replied the wily agent, significantly depositing the cash in his pocket at the same moment.

As Foote was always ready to seize on any passing folly, either of the public or of individuals, as a means of attracting audiences, it is not surprising that the hoax of the Cock Lane Ghost, which took place in 1762, furnished him with a theme. Samuel Johnson being one of those who inclined to believe in the statements of the deceiving party, Foote resolved to bring that august character upon the stage. Johnson, dining one day at the house of Mr. Thomas Davies, the bookseller, was informed of the design entertained by Foote, and knowing very well the kind of remonstrance to which alone the mimic was accessible, he asked his host if he knew the common price of an oak stick. Being answered, sixpence, he said, "Why, then, sir, give me leave to send your servant to purchase me a shilling one. I'll have a double quantity, for I am determined the fellow shall not take me off with impunity." Foote soon received information of this avowal of the Herculean lexicographer, and was further told that it was Johnson's intention "to plant himself in the front of the stage-box on the first night of the proposed play, and, if any buffoon attempted to mimic him, to spring forward on the stage, knock him down in the face of the audience, and then appeal to their common feelings and protection." It is almost unnecessary to add, that Johnson's character was omitted. Johnson was not an admirer of Foote. He, very absurdly we think, termed his mimicry not a power, but a vice; and alleged that he was not good at it, being unable, he said, to take off any one unless he had some strong peculiarity. He allowed, however, that he had wit,

fertility of ideas, a considerable extent of information, and was "for obstreperous broadfaced mirth without an equal." "The first time," said Dr. J., "that I was in company with Foote, was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back in my chair, and fairly laugh it out." He also told the following anecdote, still more strongly illustrative of the power of the wit:—"Amongst the many and various modes which he tried of getting money, he became a partner with a small-beer brewer, and he was to have a share of the profits for procuring customers among his numerous acquaintances. Fitzherbert was one who took his small beer, but it was so bad that the servants resolved not to drink it. They were at some loss how to notify their resolution, being afraid of offending their master, who they knew liked Foote much as a companion. At last they fixed upon a little black boy, who was rather a favourite, to be their deputy, and deliver their remonstrance; and having invested him with the whole authority of the kitchen, he was to inform Mr. Fitzherbert, in all their names, upon a certain day, that they would drink Foote's small beer no longer. On that day Foote happened to dine at Fitzherbert's, and this boy served at the table; he was so delighted with Foote's stories that when he went down stairs, he told them, 'This is the finest man I have ever seen. I will not deliver your message. I will drink his small beer.'"

When in Dublin in 1763, Foote produced his play of "The Orators," in which he burlesqued Shefidan the elocutionist, and George Faulkner, an eminent printer in the Irish capital. This last gentleman, who, from egotism and every kind of coxcombry, is said to have been a rich subject for Foote's genius, prosecuted him for libel, and gained large damages. Here also some hot Hibernian spirit so far resented being made a subject of ridicule by the wit, as to kick

him openly on the street. Dr. Johnson's remark on this last circumstance was bitterness steeped in bitterness—"Why, Foote must be rising in the world; when he was in England, no one thought it worth while to kick him." By his various talents, Foote was now in the enjoyment of a large income; but his invincible extravagance kept him always poor. He had a maxim, that to live in a state of constant effort to restrain expense is the nearest thing to absolute poverty. He had a town and country house, and a carriage, and entertained great numbers of all kinds of people in the most superb style. On one occasion, after the successful run of one of his plays, he expended twelve hundred pounds on a service of plate—remarking, when the act was spoken of by a friend with surprise, that, as he could not keep his gold, he was resolved to try if he could keep silver. On another occasion, when at Bristol, on his way to Dublin, falling into play, in which he was at all times a great dupe, he lost seventeen hundred pounds, being all that he had to commence operations with in Ireland, and was obliged to borrow a hundred to carry him on his way. In 1766, when riding home from a gentleman's house where he had been entertained in Hants, he was thrown, and had one of his legs broken in two places. He bore the amputation of the limb, not only with fortitude, but with jocularly. While the accident did not materially mar his efficiency as an actor, it procured him a positive advance in fortune. The Duke of York, brother to George III., having been present when it happened, was so much interested in consequence in behalf of the unfortunate mimic, that he obtained for him a royal patent, which enabled him to keep the Haymarket Theatre open for the four summer months as long as he lived.

With Garrick our hero was occasionally on such good terms as to borrow money from him. At other times, professional rivalry made them bitter enemies. In the year 1769, Mr. Garrick made a great hit by bringing out the celebrated Stratford Jubilee on the stage, himself appearing as one of the most important persons in the procession. Foote, pining with envy, resolved to burlesque an affair certainly very open to ridicule,

*Boswell.

and in a mock procession to introduce Garrick with all his masquerading paraphernalia, while some droll was to address him in the following lines of the jubilee laureate—

A nation's taste depends on you,
Perhaps a nation's virtues too—

whereupon the puffed-up manager was to clap his arms like the wings of a cock, and cry out

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Garrick heard of the scheme, and for some time was like to go distracted with vexation, anticipating the utter ruin of his fame. Foote, meanwhile, borrowed from him five hundred pounds, which Garrick was probably glad to give, in the hope that his kindness would soften the satirist. Soon after, Foote pettishly gave back the money, on hearing it reported that he was under obligations to Garrick. The situation of the latter gentleman was now so miserable, that some friends interfered to obtain assurance from Foote that he would spare Garrick. If it be strange to contemplate a man of such secure reputation as Garrick writhing under the fear of ridicule, it is infinitely more curious to learn that Foote, who was so impartial, as Johnson called it, as to burlesque and tell lies of every body, never took up a newspaper without dreading to meet with some squib upon himself.* After the two managers had been reconciled, Garrick paid Foote a visit, and expressed some gratification at finding a bust of himself above the bureau of his brother actor. "But," said Garrick, "how can you trust me so near your gold and bank notes?" "Oh, because you have got no hands," replied the irrepressible Foote.

In 1775, Foote being understood to have written a play called "The Trip to Calais," in which he had ridiculed the Duchess of Kingston as Lady Kitty Crocodile, that eccentric lady commenced a fierce altercation with him, which it would now be vain to describe at length. Its consequence was the withdrawal of the character from the play. When the piece was subsequently presented, a Dr. Jackson, who conducted a newspaper, and was secretary to the duchess, took deadly offence at being ridiculed in it, and commenced a course of vindictive proceedings against the author. A servant of

Foote was tempted to make a charge against him of so degrading a nature, that the poor mimic, although honourably cleared, sank under the pain of mind which it had occasioned him. He scarcely afterwards could muster strength to appear on the stage, and it soon became necessary that he should seek health in a milder climate. Having sold his interest in the theatre to Mr. Colman for an annuity of fifteen hundred a-year, he prepared to leave London. About an hour before stepping into his chaise to proceed to Dover, he walked through his house, and took a careful survey of his pictures, which were numerous and excellent. On coming before the portrait of a deceased intimate and fellow-actor, he gazed on it for ten minutes, and then turned away, saying, "Poor Weston!" Immediately he added, in a tone of self-reproach, "Poor Weston! It will very soon, I fear, be Poor Foote!" He was right. After an ineffectual visit to Paris, he returned to London, and expired on the 21st of October 1777. His remains were interred in Westminster Abbey.

It would be absurd to weigh such a man as Foote in ordinary balances. Such persons are mere sports of nature, which she sends apparently for no other purpose than to promote the salutary act of laughter among the species. Yet, while Foote wanted all moral dignity, he is allowed to have been upon the whole a humane and generous man. That impartiality, also, in the distribution of his ridicule, of which Johnson spoke, might be considered as in some degree a redeeming clause in his character. And it really seems to have often served to obviate the offence which would have otherwise been taken against him. Cumberland tells in his Memoirs, that, having four persons one day at dinner, and one having gone behind a screen, Foote, conceiving that he had left the house, began to play off his jokes against him; whereupon the subject of his ridicule cried out, "I am not gone, Foote; spare me till I am out of hearing; and now, with your leave, I will stay till these gentlemen depart, and then you shall amuse me at their cost, as you have amused them at mine." With such a man it was vain to fall into a passion. He was a being to be laughed at or with—serious censure would have been thrown away upon him,

* Davies's Memoirs of Garrick.

and playful sarcasm would have only vexed him, without teaching him from his own to pity another's pains. If it be thought proper to condemn poor Foote upon the score of principle, we frankly own that ours is not the pen which can frame the verdict.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*.

RAMBLES IN MEXICO.

GOLD AND SILVER MINES.

The great vein of silver ore called Biscaina, lying in the porphyric rock of this chain, was one of the earliest and most productive of those opened by the Spaniards. It was worked by them with great advantage nearly two hundred years, but circumstances at the beginning of the last century gave rise to its temporary abandonment. It was, however, re-opened, and other shafts commenced towards the close of the same century by the Count of Regla, who in the excavation of an adit, or subterraneous canal, to carry off the waters from the mines, is said to have realized eleven millions of dollars; such being the richness of ore with which he accidentally came into contact. Subsequently, difficulties have constrained his descendants to cede his right, as before mentioned; and the Real del Monte Company, after the complete repair of the old works, and the construction of new—the cost and labor of which has been enormous—has at length so far attained its object, that at present the actual proceeds of the mines exceed the expenditure, which here and at Regla is estimated at thirty thousand dollars monthly. The energy and skill of our countrymen in the construction of new shafts, and the substitution of steam for animal power—the great roads constructed to Regla and to Vera Cruz, whence all their heavy machinery has been transported on its arrival from England; and the order and wisdom evident in all the operations, are not unworthy of the British name.

At the same time, there is something about mining speculations in any country, and more than all in a country like New Spain, where justice and reason have so little sway, which would make me advise any friend of mine to take a slower but surer way of making his fortune.

In consequence of the number of artificers and miners transported hither, an English colony has sprung up in Real del Monte, and it was moving for me to see the flaxen hair and blue eyes, and hear the prattle of many English children, gambolling in close vicinity to the swarthy offspring of the mixed races of the country.

From the eminence to the south of Real del Monte, an excellent bird's eye view is attained of the general disposition of the works.

The great vein runs through this elevated mountain mass, nearly in a direction of east and west underlying south, with a variation of 24 degrees. All the works are to the south of the town. And are seen disposed up the slope of the main ridge.

The lowest shaft is the Dolores, 330 varas* deep, then follows San Cyetano, 347 varas; Santa Teresa, 335; Terrero, 379; Guadaloupe, 210. Santa Agatha and San Franciscoe are the highest shafts in the series. The great adit, to the level of which the water is brought up by steam engines from the bottom of the mines, lies 242 varas below the mouth of the Terrero shaft. It is throughout 2½ varas high, and 1½ wide, and runs for two miles and a half, with a very gentle fall, to its opening in the vale of Moran below. Hitherto, steam power has only been applied to the purposes here stated, the ore and rubbish being raised to the surface by horse power applied to a windless.

But now, if you choose, you may accompany us to the mouth of the Dolores shaft, when, having garbed in miners' dresses, with heads well defended with a kind of a felt helmet, we began our descent by ladders, accompanied by two of the English captains or overseers, and went down, down, down into the bowels of the earth. We passed the mouth of the adit; and reaching the bottom of the mine, in our progress from one shaft to another, visited every part of the "workings." To gain and examine some of these required a certain degree of strength and resolution, from the defective and dangerous means of descent and exit. They were various in appearance, sometimes a

* Vara, or Mexican yard, is two feet nine inches English.

shapeless excavation, and at other times wrought into the form of a gallery, according as the rock has been rich or poor in the ore, which is found in a quartz matrix, embodied in the prophyry rock, of which the whole chain consists. •

The system of mining struck me as peculiar. The common miners are, for the most part, of the Indian race. A few of them band together to work in company, and take their equal shares of the proceeds. They are paid four rials a day by the company, and take as their further perquisite, one-eighth of the ore extracted.

On issuing from the mouth of the mine, the confederates themselves divide the lumps of ore, rich and poor, into eight heaps in the presence of one of the overseers, and that overseer determines which of the eight shall be given up to them. There are subterraneous offices where the tools and candles are kept, and regularly served out and reclaimed by an officer charged with that particular duty. Blasting and other operations are carried on as in other mines.

There are upon an average about three hundred Indians constantly thus engaged in the different parts of the mine; and the scenes presented in those gloomy caves, where they work by the red light of their tapers, with scarcely any covering, are far beyond my describing.

The ascent of the great shaft of the Terreors, from the depth of nearly a thousand feet below the surface, by means of a series of perpendicular ladders, thirty-two in number, was one of the most fatiguing exploits which I ever undertook. We were, nevertheless, highly gratified by our adventure. It may yet be mentioned that the ore is transported to Regla, where it goes through the necessary processes for being converted into bullion, after which it is carried to the city of Mexico, and coined into dollars at the government mint. In this form it is exported.

The lust for gold which possessed the souls of the conquerors, condemned the aborigines of these central portions of America to a system of oppression and tyranny in times past, which is almost inconceivable. As there was no personal danger to which the quest after the precious metals might expose the

Spaniard that he would not dare; so there was no depth of cruelty to which he would not descend to further his debasing passion. Of this the traditions of the Indians preserve many striking illustrations.

I give you one anecdote—whether told before or not, I do not know—which was related to me, with others of the kind in the mining district, where such tales abound.

In an Indian village, farther to the north, say the Indians, there lived in the old Spanish times a padre: a man of simple and retired habits, who labored to convert and maintain the inhabitants in the Catholic faith.

He was beloved by the simple tribe among whom he was domesticated, and they did not fail to prove their good will by frequent presents of such trifles as they found agreeable to him. They say that he was a great writer; and occasionally received from the Indians of his parish a small quantity of finely colored dust, which he made use of to dry his sermons and letters. Knowing how much the padre loved writing, they seldom returned from the mountains without bringing him some. It happened that once upon a time he had occasion to write to a friend of his living in the capital, who was a jeweller, and did not fail to use his sand box. In returning an answer his knowing friend, to his great surprise, bantered him with his great riches, seeing that he dried the very ink on his paper with gold dust! This opened the simple padre's eyes. He sent for his Indian friends, and without divulging his newly acquired knowledge, begged them to get him more of the fine bright sand. They, nothing doubting, did so. The demon of avarice began to whisper in the old man's ear, and warm the blood of his heart. He begged for more, and received it—and then more—till they had furnished him with several pounds. All entreaty that they would show him the locality where this bright dust was gathered, was resisted with calmness and steadiness for a long time. Alternate cajolling and menace was employed with equally as bad success. At length, wearied out, they told him that, as they loved him, and saw he was disturbed in mind, they would yield to his desire and show him the spot,

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on the condition that he would submit to be led to and from the place blindfold. To this he greedily consented, and was in course of time taken upon their shoulders and carried, whither he knew not, by many devious ways, up and down mountain and barranca, for many hours, into the recesses of the cordillera, and there, in a cave through which a stream issued from the breast of the mountain, they set him down and unbound him. They there showed him quantities of the gold dust intermingled with large lumps of virgin ore, while their spokesman addressed him thus:—"Father, we have brought you here at your urgent request, because you so much desired it, and because we loved you; take now what you want to carry away with you—let it be as much as you can carry, for here you must never hope to come again: you will never persuade us more!" The padre seemingly acquiesced, and after disposing as much of the precious metal about his person as he could contrive to carry, he submitted to be blindfolded, and was again taken in the arms of the Indians to be transported home. The tradition goes on to relate how the good curé, upon whom the cursed lust of gold had now seized, thought to outwit his conductors by untying his rosary, and occasionally dropping a bead on the earth. If he flattered himself that any hope existed of his being thus able to thread the blind maze through which he passed, and find the locality, one may imagine his chagrin, when once more arrived and set down at his own door, the first sight that met his uncovered eyes was the contented face of one of his Indian guides, and an outstretched hand, containing in its hollow the greater part of the grains of his rosary; while the guileless tongue of the finder expressed his simple joy at having been enabled to restore such a sacred treasure to the discomfited padre.

Entreaties and threats were now employed in vain. Gentle as the Indians were, they were not to be bent. Government was apprised of the circumstances, and commissioners were sent down to investigate the affair. The principal inhabitants were seized, and menace being powerless, torture, that last argument of the tyrant was resorted to—all in vain, not a word could be wrung from them!

Many were put to death; still their brethren remained mute; and the village became deserted under the systematic prosecution of the oppressors. The most careful researches, repeatedly made from time to time by adventurers in search of the rich deposit, have all resulted in disappointment; and to this day all that is known is, that somewhere in the recesses of those mountains lies the gold mine of La Navidad.

STATE OF SOCIETY.

We had not been many days in the city of Mexico, when we made the discovery, that notwithstanding the excellent letters of introduction with which we had been furnished in Europe and the United States—as far as the *natives* of the country were concerned, we should have to be the contrivers of our own amusements.

It is true, our calls were returned and our cards acknowledged. We exchanged compliments; bartered bows, polite speeches, and grateful acknowledgments, for the boiling-hot rapturous expressions of ecstasy of our Mexican acquaintances, at the unlooked-for happiness of seeing us in this world. We smiled in delight, in the very extremity of gratitude, at the devotion with which the palaces, the houses, the very lives of our noble male friends, were seemingly placed at our command without any reserve.

It appeared as if every other duty or pleasure was to be relenquished for the felicity of cultivating our friendship. We received a thousand compliments, which the gayest of our European admirers never had the wit to conceive, or the effrontery to utter. On one or two occasions, we had the ecstasy of presenting a comely black eyed dama or signorita with a balmy *cigarita*; and of receiving it again from her delicate hand, after it had been consecrated by a preliminary whiff.

And how then?—why, after our first interview some of the most impassioned of our acquaintances were never heard of. Others evidently kept out of our way. Two or three who had travelled in Europe were again met with in society, at the houses of European residents, where of course they behaved with the proper reserve, staid decorum, and cool nonchalance of civilized and well bred men:

and the greatest attention which we met with during our stay, from any individual—with the exception of one single family connected by marriage with Europeans was an occasional impromptu invitation to come and sit for an hour in an evening, "quite in a family way." This was laughable; and more so, as we found it was the general experience among foreigners of all grades.

There was those among the diplomatic corps, whose object it has been from the commencement of their residence in this city to cultivate a friendly and social spirit with the families of natives of so-called education, attached to whatever party they might be; but a series of the most ludicrous vexations and disappointments showed them the total impossibility—the chimerical nature of the scheme; and we found the society at these houses literally reduced to the superior class of Europeans, and half a dozen of Mexicans, whose visits to Europe had rendered them a little more susceptible of the advantages of a different state of society, from that afforded by their own country.

The European merchants were equally unfortunate, and found in the constant display of jealousy, and in the low intrigues of their rivals among the natives, no opening for a more liberal state of feeling and conversation. Consequently, they are kept aloof from each other.

Then came the lower orders of foreign speculators. All found themselves the subject of jealous hatred in Mexico. "How does monsieur like Mexico?" said a garrulous French barber to me, the very morning of my arrival. "Fine streets, fine houses fine churches, fine clothes!—but the people—they are all, all, all, from the president to the leper, what we in France call *canaille*, monsieur." "Ma foi, qu'ils sont bete ces Mexicans," said the Belgian host of a meson at Tacubaya: "all, from the highest to the lowest, are as ignorant as that bottle!"—and he pointed to an empty one. "You ask a question, 'Quien sabe!' * is all you can get for an answer. You show them something they never saw before, 'Santa Maria,' que bonito!" is their only exclamation."

But the most eloquent was a little German saddler, who wound up a long High-

Dutch tirade against the miserable inhabitants of the country, their mode of living, their ignorance, dishonesty, and the hard lot which compelled him to cast his life away among such wretches, by saying, "There's not von man here so honest as my tog Spitz—Carampa!"

But in our case, besides this known feeling of jealousy of the Mexican towards the foreigner, something was to be laid to the charge of the season of Lent, during which it seemed that there was neither bullfights nor tertullia.

In addition the veteran Galli, the faded Pelligrini, in short the whole *corps d'opera Italienne* was out of humour. And they might well be. They had been invited to charm the eyes and ears of the Mexicans for the season, under certain conditions. The government had bound itself to ensure them a certain amount of remuneration; that is, whatever sum their professional receipts might fall short of it, it had pledged itself to make good. Now, as it happened, the people were in poor spirits, and had neither time nor ears for them. Their receipts fell far short of their hopes, and in utter distress they applied to the liberal government. Government responded to their application in rather a cavalier manner; for, instead of hard dollars, it sent a file of passports regularly made out, from the prima donna to the scene shifter and candle suffer, and the advice to take their departure forthwith. This was poor satisfaction; but singers are proverbially unfortunate in Mexico. There was, for example, Garcia, who, travelling, was set upon by a banditti and pillaged, even to his snuff-box, diamond ring, and pantaloon: after which, the robbers insisted that he should sing for them. He did so—and was hissed most obstreperously by his lawless auditory! It is said that he bore the pillaging with becoming temper, but the hissing he never forgot or forgave.

Thus situated, we made the best of our position, and determined to enjoy ourselves in our own way: riding out every morning, frequently dining and spending the afternoon at the house of one or other of our European acquaintances, and passing the evening at the paséo, or on the elevated azotea of one of the fine palaces, which, now half warehouse

* Who knows?

and half dwelling house, are many of them in the occupation of foreigners. The scale of the interior arrangement of these princely structures corresponds with the stately exterior. They contain suites of elevated apartments, now despoiled of their rich furniture, and melancholy from their vast extent and want of inhabitants; but evincing in their fresh gay gilding, carved works, panelling, and painted ceilings, both the past glories of which they have been the scene, and the extreme purity of the atmosphere which circulates within their lofty walls. The views from the more elevated, over the flat roofs and the numerous domes of the city, and the complete panorama of mountains, were of a beauty which is indescribable.

There are certain thoroughfares and places of resort, in Mexico, which seem to pour one incessant stream of human beings, from sunrise to sunset. Such are the main streets leading to the causeways; the vicinity of Parian and Plaza Mayor, where the bulk of the business of the capital is concentrated; the various markets; and the quarters where the canals from the lakes terminate:

Numberless light canoes laden with fruits, flowers, vegetables, maize, and straw, meat, wild ducks, and game of various descriptions, approach the centre of the city by the latter channels; frequently accompanied by the Indian speculators, and their families, young and old. Thence the cargoes are transported on the back, through the press of rival mules, trooping in from the *calzadas*; and are deposited in the spacious market near the university.

The spectacle afforded by this crowded area was a never failing source of interest—whether our observation was directed to the habits of the Indian, the varied picturesque costumes, the nature of the commodities exposed for sale, or the peculiarities of individual character.

The Mexican and Otomie Indian possesses very distinct features from his North American brethren. He has a shorter face, and thicker lips, and the cheek bone is much more protuberant.

During the early hours, good humor evidently pervaded the press; and the public spirit seemed to harmonise with the freshness of the flowers—of which,

as in the days of Cortez, there is here always an inexhaustible profusion; with the bright colors of the fresh-culled fruits and vegetables; and the orderly arrangement of the various piles of calico, hides, earthenware, baskets, ropes and matting. The toil of their journey, and that of subsequent arrangements being over, the Indian and his family might be seen seated at their morning meal of *tortillas* and *chile*, in peace; and in satisfied expectation of the approach of a customer.

I never failed to remark, however, an exception to this tranquility in the person and demeanor of an old grotesque alguazil, who appeared to have the duty of maintaining order—or rather, of stirring up disorder, in that part of the market which lay opposite to the university. He usually lost his temper at sunrise; and, as far as I could discover, never found it till after sunset—swearing most grievously the live-long day; thumping the cruppers of the mules, and the heads and shoulders of the Indians; overturning hampers, kicking over the baskets, knocking down the piles of merchandise, in dogged determination to see all go according to rule and square. He seemed perfectly careless of consequences: and he met the oburgation and vociferous upbraidings of the dark-eyed and dark-haired female whose arrangements he had invaded, with the same recklessness with which he braved the sullen scowl of hatred from her swarthy mate.

The heat of noon brought comparative silence. Multitudes had departed; and those who maintained their stand were dozing: but a little later, the old alguazil, with uplifted staff and voice, might be seen at his unwelcome labor: goading bipeds and quadrupeds; twitching the hair of the one, and the tails of the other; and dispensing execrations upon both. Unfortunately, I must allow, at this hour there was reason for his interference; as the numberless *pulquerias* in the vicinity of the market, to which many of the males had retired in the morning, while their wives carried on the business, now poured forth their inebriated occupants; and many a family group which had entered the city in harmony, was seen retiring to their canoe amid violence and lamentations.

The shops in Mexico do not make any

great figure; they are in general open, and of small dimensions. Certain quarters are devoted to distinct lines of business. Thus the jewellers have their streets; the sellers of *mangas* theirs; and so forth. Coachmaking is among the most important of the mechanical trades of the capital; and, perhaps the most lucrative after that of gold and silver smiths; but no trade can be very bad, if we consider the price asked for almost every article. Saddlery, confectionary, millinery and tailoring flourish. The vender of medicines seems to have a stirring business. The Parian, which I have before named, forms a depository of a great proportion to the home manufactured goods; and the hire of the stalls brings in a large revenue to government. This alone can be pleaded in defence of maintenance, to the destruction of the beauty of the Plaza Mayor. It is also the principal resort of the *evangelistas*, writers of letters, memorials, and billets-deux, for the unlearned of the city. Many foreign artisans have of late years settled in Mexico, but are always regarded with jealous dislike by the natives.

The works in wax are celebrated; and there is an artist, Hidalgo by name, whose models of national character and costumes are of rare beauty and fidelity. There is evidently much native talent of an imitative kind; but the disadvantages under which the country labors are sufficient to crush and extinguish it.

Owing to the causes before alluded to, I am totally unable to give you the smallest insight into the manner in which the best classes of the natives employ themselves during the early part of the day. Soon after sunrise, the churches held their proportions of worshippers of all ranks. The hour of prayer over and gone, while we suppose that the males repaired to their ordinary occupations, private or official, the higher classes of females disappeared altogether. Among the crowds in the great thoroughfares, at the market, under the great arcades, or on the promenades—it was a rare occurrence to descry the *mantilla* of a lady of condition.

Now and then, it is true, a solitary maiden, followed by her watchful duenna, might cross your path, saluting your nostrils by a gentle whiff from the lighted

cigarita, which like the glance of her black eye, was but half shrouded by the ample *mantilla*; but this was not a usual apparition.

It was evident that they neither went out shopping nor visiting, nor gillivanting, but staid within doors—which, on the charitable supposition that they were properly employed, was well enough; but hereof deponent saith not.

It was far otherwise in the evening. Then all, young and old, came out of their hiding places, and the Alameda and paséos before sunset, and the portales after dark, swarmed with damas and signoritas of the city.

The number of carriages which repair to the evening promenade is very great; and there is certainly considerable taste and luxury displayed among them.

They are in general capacious vehicles, with bodies well and substantially built, if not exactly after the present European taste; generally decorated and painted in the old sumptuous style in vogue two centuries ago; but the huge scaffolding on which they are pendant defies description. This, from one extremity to another, cannot frequently be less than fourteen or sixteen feet—I like to keep within bounds. I should esteem it impossible to overturn them by any lawful means. They are drawn by two or four steeds, or mules, heavily caparisoned; and when once in motion, may be seen soberly trotting around the Alameda, or even the paséo for a brief space; when they draw in solemn stateliness side by side, in one of the open spaces, to allow the occupants a full opportunity to see and to be seen. The gentlemen on horseback, meanwhile, course up and down, with much the same object in view; halting and chatting with their acquaintances, or rapidly exchanging, or passing, that friendly little gesture with the fingers, which passes current among the familiars of this country. I will not deny that you see some fine horses, and some striking costumes; and further, some handsome faces; and that there is a kind of excitement produced by the bustle of evening promenades, particularly when they take place on the Paséo de las Vigas; but whether it was that I love not crowds, and am given to seek more quiet pleasure, and to prefer scenes of

less glare and dust; or was apt to be too strongly reminded by them of the vanity of the world; or, lastly, that I was conscious that *Pinto* was one of the shabbiest steeds in the city to look at, in spite of the daily care of Don Floresco, and that my cutting a dash was out of the question—I soon grew tired of attending the promenade, and used to gird on my weapon and slink off in another direction. Several times a week, about sunset, the band of the artillery regiment quartered in the city played for half an hour in the vicinity of the barracks; and many of the loungers, both mounted and on foot, were accustomed to repair thither: and to do them justice, I have heard far worse military bands in Europe. It was whispered that the music was by far the best feature of the regiment, and I think, with every probability of truth. Like all other portions of the Mexican army which come in our way, the officers were gaudily dressed in very bad taste, and the men looked more like footpads than soldiers.

And now the scene of this fashionable promenade changes to the portales, where some hundreds of dames and gallants form into two dense lines, from which, when once entangled, you cannot extricate yourself; and continue defiling up and down with monotonous regularity and at a funeral pace, for half an hour or more; while the dirty steps at the doorway of the shops opening under the arcades, upon which the beggars and the lepers have been reclining during the day, are now, to your astonishment, covered with luxuriously dressed females, chatting and smoking with their beaux. This is perfect Mexican—just as an acquaintance described to me his morning visit to a noble lady to whom the preceding evening he had been presented at the opera, where she shone in lace and diamonds—when he found her in the most complete dishabille; all her French finery thrown aside; without stockings, and eating *tortillas* and *Chile*, out of the common earthenware plate of the country. I must do the Mexican gallants the credit to say that some time ago a proposal was started to provide chairs. The offer was indignantly refused by the belles; and there they squat to this very day, according to the custom of their mothers and grandmothers.

At this hour the *mantilla* was almost universally laid aside. The females of this country cannot be said to be distinguished for personal beauty. They are short in person, and seldom the possessors of elegant form or features. Their eyes are generally fine, and the majesty of their gait, which is remarkable, is characteristic of the admixture of the Spanish and Indian blood. In their style of dress, they have now adopted the French fashion; always preserving the *mantilla*, however, as before mentioned, in the earlier part of the day.—*Latrobe*.

MICHAELMAS WEEK IN THE COUNTRY.

The mention of Michaelmas rarely conveys to the mind of the thorough-paced citizen of the metropolis any other ideas than the savory ones connected with the anticipations or reminiscences of roast goose, duly seasoned with sage and onions, and served up with the appropriate garniture of apple-sauce and rich gravy; in the appearance of which viands at his board, he humbly conceives the orthodox observance of the feast of St. Michael and all angels consists. Wofully, however, would that man be disappointed, who should unwittingly visit those lands of geese, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Lincolnshire, at that awful period, in the expectation of feasting to perfection on the orthodox Michaelmas fare. Alack, my masters, that day is, in these counties, for reasons good, a more meagre fast than a Romish Ash-Wednesday; and those who venture to anticipate festivities thereon, will reckon without their host.

It is an anniversary of fusses, fidgets, and all disquiets to which the domestic *regime* can be exposed—a day on which servants are changed, removals are effected, scot and lot paid, and rent demanded, and often extorted from the moneyless, by the confiscation of household goods. It is a day on which the quiet, peace-loving, and sensitive-eared members of a family suffer annual purgatory for their sins, and the active, bustling, sharp-tongued vixens of the household, whether their station be in parlour or kitchen, hold their yearly saturnalia, and the conscious lares and penates frown ominously on all intruders. Intruders! do I say? Those who know anything of country customs would as soon leap into the crater of a volcano, by way of a visit of inquiry, as venture their persons into a strange house in or about the Michaelmas week, which is in these eastern counties, and has been from time immemorial, a week devoted to sweeping, scrubbing, and whitewashing; and those who ignorantly thrust themselves into the focus of such doings, will not fail to pay a pretty severe penalty for their folly.

My worthy metropolitan cousin once amused me with a ludicrously pathetic account of the inconveniences he experienced from having inadvertently selected Michaelmas week, old style.

as the season for paying a visit to some friends in Norfolk, who had often complimented him with pressing invitations to come and see them without ceremony, and stay as long as possible. But I cannot do better than relate this brief passage of his autobiography in his own words: "It happened last summer that I was attacked with a serious fit of the *maladie du Londres*, as a friend of mine from the healthful south of France terms those distressing nervous complaints which invade alike the dissipated and studious residents of the crowded metropolis. I lost my appetite, my spirits failed me; I could neither sleep nor study; I became querulous and impatient, rebuked my housekeeper without just cause, execrated the dustmen and their bells; gave orders that I should be denied to all the world, and then upbraided my friends for not coming to see me; yawned in my clients' faces when they came for opinions, and advised them not to go to law about such nonsense, to their infinite indignation. Finally, I consulted my physician, and quarrelled with him for candidly assuring me 'that a prescription would only aggravate my symptoms, since country air and exercise was all I wanted.' Just at that moment a friend of mine, who had recently experienced the same bodily languor and *vis inertiae* under which I was labouring, called upon me on his return from a month's visit in the country, in so complete a renovation of health and spirits, that I resolved not to lose another day in following the same line of conduct which had produced so beneficial an effect on his constitution. Accordingly, I ordered a few changes of linen to be put into my portmanteau, hastily threw myself into a post-chaise, and commenced my journey to Greenwood vale in Norfolk; the residence of Sylvester Chapman, Esq., to whom I had long pledged my word that my first visit, if ever I did turn my steps eastward, should be made.

"I did not consider the formality of announcing my intention by letter by any means necessary; assuring myself, in the simplicity of my heart, that I should afford my good friends a pleasing surprise by popping upon them unexpectedly; and in the very improbable possibility of my visit proving inconvenient to Mrs. Chapman, I provided in my own mind to remove after the repose of a night and day to the house of his brother, who resided in a country town about twenty miles distant from Greenwood Vale. I had, moreover, two other friends with whom I proposed spending a little time; but they dwelt in a more remote part of the country, and at any rate my first visit was, as I before observed, promised to my friend Sylvester, and to his house I therefore proceeded.

"My spirits improved during the journey, in the course of which I feasted my imagination with the most refreshing pictures of rural pleasures and domestic peace; and, above all, with anticipating the delicious quiet I should enjoy during a month's residence in the country. How my heart leaped within me when the bustling, noisy, restless metropolis was left far in the distance, and my delighted eyes reposed on

'Verdant lawns and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray.'

quiet villas with their pleasant gardens, and waving woods, rich with the mellow tints of a gracious autumn. The heavens were so intensely blue, too, and the air so clear and reviving, that I mentally exclaimed, 'It is less than absolute insanity for a man to voluntarily forego scenes like this, to be pent up within narrow dusty lines of brick prison-houses, in a gloomy city, where every breath is laden with life-destroying vapours, and even light is a stunted thing, not to be enjoyed even by the wealthy who have paid the assessment for its passage into their magnificent mansions without grudge or hesitation; impure reservoirs, in any form but that of the pure element for which the fevered invalid pines in vain?'

It was about noon on the second day of my journey, that I arrived within the precincts of Greenwood Vale; delicious name! and how well deserving of it appeared the pastoral village where each white cottage had its neatly kept, productive garden, blooming with monthly roses, and gay with all the showy flowers of the autumnal season, and where the tired labourer might repose himself at noon under the shade of his own fruit-trees, whose loaded branches promised a mine of wealth to the happy industrious peasant.

Groups of smiling rosy children, not like the meagre squalid broods reared in the abject misery of London cellars and garrets, but such as Rubens and Teniers might have delighted to paint, were to be seen in every lane gathering blackberries and elderberries, or bearing home their rich purple treasures in loaded baskets.

"Happy, happy season!" ejaculated I, my eyes filling with an involuntary gush of tears, the overflowings of a heart overpowered with those sweet feelings which proceed from the contemplation of the felicity of others, and a scene which to my fond fancy appeared to realize all that poets have sung of the delights of the golden age, and the pure unsophisticated pleasures of the country.

As I sprang from the postchaise at the gate of my friend's pretty shrub-bordered lawn, where every thing appeared arranged by the hand of taste, and kept by that of neatness, I could scarcely forbear from exclaiming aloud, "Here let me live and die; for I have found the haven of rest for which I have vainly searched in the haunts of luxury or the shades of pride."

I was still under the intoxication of this romantic feeling when I discharged, the postillion, and taking my light circular *valisae* in my hand, approached the entrance of the mansion. "By the bye," thought I, as I drew near the open door, "I have just arrived in time to make one in a rural *fete*, for which I perceive active preparations are making. The apple-gathering feast, I suppose; though, methinks, it is getting rather the coldest for a collation out of doors; and yet it must be so, or what else can be the meaning of this medley of chairs and tables on the lawn?"

In truth, a confused variety of parlour furniture was arranged, without much regard to

the picturesque, on the lawn before the windows, and I could account for the phenomenon on no other supposition. A few minutes, however, sufficed to convince me of my error, for while I stood knocking long and lustily at the entrance door, my ears were greeted by the ominous music of the scrubbing-brush, playing all its variety of tunes in every apartment of the house, from the cellar to the attic. I started back impulsively at the sound, for I have always entertained an unconquerable aversion to newly-washed floors; and who knows, thought I, but the very chamber in which I am doomed to sleep this night may be undergoing such formidable ablutions?

I looked around for the vehicle in which I had arrived with a sort of vague undefined intention of effecting a precipitate retreat, but it was gone, and already out of sight; and I had no alternative left but to obtain admittance if I could.

My application to the knocker was for a long time ineffectual, but at length a vigorous rattat-tat occasioned a sudden cessation in the operations of one of the scrubbing-brushes, and the next moment a dirty slip-shod girl, in a wet apron, with a cap all awry, displaying a host of slovenly curl-papers, peered over the window, and starting back with a look of unfeigned horror at my appearance, screamed out to some one above—

“Oh, lauk-a daisy, Marm, here be a right-on gentleman, lumping at the door like mad.”

“A gentleman, Molly?” responded a shrill voice; “who is he? and whence did he come?”

“Marm, I don’t know who he be, but he must be somebody grand, for he comed in a real *po-shay*, and have got his trunk in his hand, and that’s all I can tell about’n, for I never see’d his face before,” replied Molly, in rather a mysterious tone.

“Came in a post-chaise, and got a trunk with him you say?” rejoined the mistress; “there must be some mistake, for I am sure no person of sense would choose such a time for a visit.”

“Shall I call master to see’n?” demanded the sagacious Molly.

“Yes—no—he’ll be asking him to dinner if you do; for you, know, Molly, your master has no consideration about proper times and seasons,” said the mistress in a sort of confidential manner, to her handmaid, who resumed as follows:—

“Well, marm, then I ’spose I had best go to the door myself, and ax his name and business; though, to be sure, I isn’t fit to be seen.”

“No! nor you never are, Molly,” responded her lady, in a very *aigre* tone. “However, I shall get rid of you, and that other lazy worthless baggage Sally, to-morrow; that’s one good thing.”

“I’m sure you can’t be gladder to get rid of me, than we shall be to go,” rejoined the damsel, with answering scorn. “For my part,” added she, “I never valued your place, marm; and if so be that I hadn’t been letten from Michaelmas to Michaelmas, I’d never have staid with you a year, that I promise you.”

“Hold your saucy tongue, you insolent hussy, and remember all the things you have broken since last Michaelmas,” exclaimed the wrathful mistress; “but you shall pay for them all, mark that—or I’ll stop them all out of your wages.”

“Sure, and if you do,” sobbed Molly, “I’ll hand you up before the justice sitting; for I arn’t going to pay for all the things that were broken by the cats, and dogs, and chickens, and pigs.”

“Who left the things in the way of the cats, and dogs, and chickens, and pigs?” demanded her mistress, angrily; both parties having apparently become, in the heat of their mutual recriminations, forgetful of the necessity of answering the door.

For my part, I had heard enough to extinguish the last particle of my cherished *beau idéal* of country quiet and country delights. I stood for a moment as one astonished, and then was about to make a hasty retreat from the saturnalia of St. Michael and all Angels, before my devoted person should be identified as the unwelcome gentleman who was knocking at the door on such a day; but I was unluckily recognised before I could carry this prudent design into effect; I was recognised by no less a personage than my friend Chapman himself, who had been for some moments reconnoitring me from behind the door of his own stable, which commanded a sidelong view of the front entrance of the mansion, which it seems no guest could approach unseen. As soon as I caught his eye, he advanced from his observatory, and greeted me with a great appearance of pleasure and surprise; but, nevertheless, I could not avoid perceiving that my presence caused him some little disquiet, and methought he had a certain crest-fallen, careful look, very different from his usual frank, hearty manner; and I observed, withal, that he bestowed extra pains in scraping and rubbing his shoes, before he ventured to impress a single step on the freshly washed stones of the vestibule. I, of course, as a matter of common prudence, imitated his example; not, indeed, solely in compliance with the request indicated by his beseeching looks, but because I am a person of the neatest habits, and make a point of conscience neither to occasion unnecessary trouble in my own feminine establishment, nor to defile other people’s houses at any time or season.

“My dear friend,” said I, as we stood looking like two fools on the wet boards of the empty parlour, into which he had led the way with a melancholy air, “I fear I have chosen a most inconvenient time for my visit.”

“My dear sir,” responded the unfortunate spouse of the most cleanly of all housewives, with a deep sigh, “I regret, on your own account, that you should of all weeks in the year have stumbled on the Michaelmas-week for that purpose, as Mrs. Chapman will not be able, I fear, to pay you that attention which you deserve, for it unluckily happens that she is changing both her servants at this time, and she always makes a point of having her house cleaned from the cellar to the attics before the

new servants come, lest, she says, they should take example by the sluttish habits of their predecessors; and, like all notable women, instead of going coolly to work, and getting the extra business performed by degrees, she is for having it all done at once, and has turned the furniture out of every room in the house, so that I have not, literally speaking, a single place to ask you to sit down in."

"I should be happy," said I, "as I am somewhat of an invalid, to retire to a chamber, and endeavour to recruit myself with an hour's repose or so after the fatigue of a journey which my desire of being with you as early as possible induced me to perform with unusual expedition."

Mr. Chapman shook his head with a melancholy look. "The thing is, I regret to say, impossible," responded he, "Mrs. Chapman has unluckily taken down every bed in the house, and the floors of all the chambers have either been or are in process of being scrubbed, and it would be more than either of our heads were worth were we to attempt to set a foot on the newly-cleaned stairs before night."

"Cannot we go to the kitchen fire, then?" demanded I, after a continuous fit of sneezing which afforded me sufficient intimation that I had already experienced the inimical effects of standing on wet boards in a room whereof every door and window was set open for the purpose of occasioning counter currents of air to absorb the damp.

"My dear friend," replied Mr. Chapman, "I should have had great pleasure in conducting you thither, had it not been," he added, in a dolorous tone, "that Mrs. Chapman, as if to complete my miseries, has made an appointment with a chimney-sweeper this morning, who is at this moment in the chimney. The floor is covered with soot, and all the chairs and tables are turned into the yard. There is not a fire in the house, and when we shall have dinner I know not, and dare not inquire; for it is as much as a man's life is worth to mention such a thing to the mistress of a house in the Michaelmas-week.

"I trust," pursued he, looking on the ground in some confusion, "it is unnecessary for me to assure you how extremely happy I am to see you in Norfolk, and I hope, after these family *muddles* have somewhat subsided, that I shall be able to have the things a little comfortable for you; but at present, my dear friend, the only place into which I can safely introduce you is the stable, where I have been standing the whole morning, and esteemed myself fortunate in possessing such a place of refuge from the housequakes and tornadoes within. In fact, I want to return thither just now; and if you will accompany me, I shall take it very kindly of you, for I was engaged in looking over my saddles, bridles, gig and cart harness, and gardening and farming implements, to ascertain whether anything were missing, before I settle finally with my men-servants, who leave me on Michaelmas-day, and was in the very height of the business when I had the pleasing surprise of perceiving you at my door."

"And is it for this that I have exchanged mysug chambers in Chancery-Lane, my warm fire, my luxurious easy-chair and footstool, and all the other comforts and conveniences with which I was surrounded?" thought I, as I followed the hasty steps of Mr. Chapman to his equestrian city of refuge, who most unseasonably, as I thought, hummed the popular air of "Home, sweet Home," as we turned our backs upon the house.

A stable in good truth was never a place much to my taste. I take no delight in the society of either horses or grooms, and consider the savour of both to be anything rather than agreeable. I have heard of grooms reading "Lord Byron," and horses lodged almost as luxuriously as the fairy stud of Fortunatus, in stables with French windows and Venetian blinds; but my friend Chapman's establishment was of a very different order from anything of this kind. His groom, who had been a parish-apprentice, was guiltless of knowing a letter in the book; and his stable, in its present state of litter and confusion, strewed from end to end with all the miscellaneous articles of which he recently spoke, had a decidedly *Augean* appearance.

I was hungry, weary, and malcontent; but I had voluntarily exposed myself to the inconveniences I suffered, and, therefore, had no excuse for venting my mortification in words expressive of my dissatisfaction, but, with a rueful air, seated myself on a dirty three-legged stool, which my friend produced for my accommodation from under the manger, and submitted, with as good a grace as my internal vexation would permit me to assume, to the doom which my malign fates had prepared for me of listening quietly for three hours to the wrangling between my friend Chapman and his serving men, on the wrongs and robberies he had sustained at their hands, in the articles of bridles, stirrups, cart-whips, and other whips, dutphens, collars, plough-lines, pitch-forks, rakes, hoes, scuppits, spades, and a variety of other implements, whose names I have forgotten.

In the course of this scene I discovered that Mr. Chapman was quite as tenacious respecting his out-door property, as his worthy spouse had been with regard to the devastations committed by her damsels in her glass and crockery-ware. Which was the most violent, unreasonable, and exacting of the twain, I am at a loss to say; neither were his men a whit more respectful than her handmaid Molly had been. Reproaches, taunts, and threats, were mutually bandied, till I, weary of the clamour, and apprehensive of increasing my cold, rose from my stool (which in good sooth had been to me a stool of repentance in the most literal sense of the word), and, with a suppressed yawn, made a bold attempt to effect my escape from a scene at once so noisy and uninteresting.—My purpose was, however, detected by my friend, who poured forth a volume of apologies on the score of his having been too much engaged to pay me proper attention. "But business, you see, my dear sir," added he

"business must not be neglected, and Michaelmas is such a time!" He then entreated five minutes further indulgence, which five minutes appeared to me perfectly interminable, and lasted till the dirty slipshod damsel before alluded to brought us a summons to dinner. I was then presented in due form to the mistress of the house, who, almost as much in dishabille as her maid, received me in a very ungracious demeanour, and made a series of the most embarrassing apologies for every circumstance of my reception and entertainment. I will not enter into the minutiae of the cold ill-served meal which she designated dinner, and which was laid out in a wet room, with no other furniture than a table and three chairs. Scarcely was it concluded, before Mrs. Chapman rose from her seat and begged me to excuse her, "as she was so much engaged with her domestic affairs that she had not a moment to spare for company, nor should she have for a week to come."

This declaration afforded me too good an opening for effecting an honourable retreat to be neglected, and after apologising for the unseasonableness of a visit which I resolved should never be repeated, I rang the bell for the purpose of remanding, if possible, the vehicle in which I arrived to the door, but not even for that purpose could I obtain the attendance of a servant, and at length, after some unmeaning compliments, Mr. Chapman consented to accompany me to the little inn, the only one that the village could boast, where he concluded my post lad would be found, refreshing himself and his cattle.

Taking my portmanteau in my hand, I set forth with my friend on this peregrination, and used unwearied expedition, in hopes of reaching the inn in time to avail myself of the opportunity of departing in the post-chaise; but notwithstanding all my exertions, like Jean Jacques Rousseau, I arrived too late. The postillion had finished his refection, and was gone. No other conveyance could be procured nearer than a town eight miles distant, to which Mr. Chapman could not send a servant that evening, so that I was fairly left in the lurch.

My distaste to my late quarters was so great, that I would fain have spent the rest of the day and the night at the inn; but alas, the inhospitable influence of St. Michael extended even to that place of entertainment for man and beast. The beds were taken down, a general uproar of cleaning and whitewashing was going on. The landlady was about to change her servants the next day; she had half a dozen cross children running in every one's way, and was in the very act of pommelling a sturdy rebel of nine years old, who was kicking, screaming, and protesting against the castigation when we arrived.

"You cannot stay here," observed my friend Sylvester, with a look of sincere regret. I assented with a melancholy nod, and we retraced our steps.

My return, portmanteau in hand, did not sweeten the acerbity of the lady of the house. I spent an afternoon, such as may be conceived

by those who have been unfortunate enough to pay a visit as unseasonable as this. When the hour of repose arrived, I was ushered into a wet, comfortless, carpetless, curtainless chamber, destitute of all conveniences. I dreaded retiring to the bed; all doubt respecting whether the sheets had been aired being banished by a complete certainty that they had not. I had, however, only the alternative of sitting with my feet on the wet boards, or going to bed between the damp sheets; for some minutes I stood dubious, but bodily fatigue at length prevailed over caution and reluctance. I resigned myself to the chance of all evils that might result from sleeping so circumstanced, and threw myself on the bed without undressing, and slept, truth to tell, more soundly than I had done for the last six months.

I awoke with a bad cold, attended with toothache and sore throat. The morning was very rainy. We had a shabby starvation sort of breakfast. No fire; but an abundance of sour looks from Mrs. Chapman, who began to suspect that I meant to trespass on her hospitality during the Michaelmas term of misery. From this fear she was happily relieved by the arrival of a post-chaise, which I had privately hired a special messenger to order from the nearest place where such a conveyance was to be procured. No enfranchised prisoner ever bounded into the open air at a gaol delivery with greater glee than I experienced in crossing, for the last time, the threshold of Chapman's domicile, and leaping into the superannuated rattle-trap vehicle that was to carry me to some more genial place of abode. I was regardless of jolting, broken windows, jaded cattle, pouring rain, and every other inconvenience, so delighted was I in the enjoyment of my own dear freedom once more.

Three hours' ride brought me to the town of _____, in the suburbs of which dwelt Mr. James Chapman, the younger brother of my friend Sylvester, an eminent coal and corn merchant, in comfortable circumstances, a married man, with a family of eight children. But here my condition was no way improved, for the family were busy moving. In an agony of vexation, though inclined to laugh at my miseries, I bade the driver take the London road with all speed, and scarcely appeared to draw a free breath till I found myself once more quietly seated in my own peaceful chambers in Chancery-Lane, which I had so rashly abandoned; and I take every opportunity of cautioning the inexperienced never to make such unseasonable geese of themselves as to venture a visit in any part of the eastern counties on or about Michaelmas-week, old style.—*Miss Agnes Strickland.*

A STEAMBOAT ROMANCE.

The signal-bell at the end of the Chain Pier of New Haven was tolling its final peal, announcing the arrival of the hour for the departure of the good steambot "The Morning Star" for Stirling, when a young lady hurried forward just in time to be received into the

number of the vessel's passengers. The ding-dong ceased, the pure white vapour issuing from the chimney of the steamer was exchanged for a stream of sooty smoke, and in a few moments the prow of the Morning Star was briskly pushing its way through the waves of the Firth. The morning being a beautiful one of June, crowds of passengers filled the deck, presenting a most promiscuous assemblage, and one that afforded much curious food for a contemplative eye and mind. Here sat a merry group, gay and smiling, laughing ever and anon "the heart's laugh." There stood a sorrowing widow, her eye fixed upon the bright waves, but all unobservant of their beauty; for her thoughts were wandering at the moment through the long vista of departed years, and conjuring up hours of bliss—fled for ever! Hard by sat a grey-haired countryman, stroking with affectionate hand the shaggy coat of his faithful dog, beloved the more at that instant because affording a memorial of herds and flocks far, far away. By the countryman's side sat his daughter, bending with looks of unutterable love over the rosy face of the infant that slumbered on her knees. This pair looked as if returning from a visit—perhaps their first—to the capital; and, judging from the pleased yet arch smile which played upon the old man's countenance, we might imagine him musing upon the looks of wonder which would attend his fireside descriptions of all the grand things he had seen.

To describe, however, all the individuals and groups assembled on the deck of the Morning Star on the sunny day of June, would be tiresome, and, moreover, unnecessary, since it is with two personages only that we have at present to do. One of these was a young man, dressed ambitiously and elaborately, and who made himself conspicuous by walking up and down the deck, humming a little French air, which seemed to please him remarkably. At times he would stop and examine his boots, pointing his toes, and turning the foot outwards and inwards, as if the contour of the whole appeared to his eye a fine exemplification of those "lines of beauty" spoken of by artists. At other moments, the points of his fingers, and the buttons of his surtout, became the objects of equally satisfactory examination. By way of varying these processes, he would occasionally switch his fishing-rod in the air, or raise his pendant eye-glass, and examine, with a smile of patronising condescension, the faces of all on board. Such was one of the two individuals already alluded to. The other was a young lady—the same whose entrance into the steamboat had taken place immediately before the final tinkle of the Chain Pier bell. Mary Greme (for such was her name) had just reached the interesting age of seventeen. She was now returning home, after having spent a winter in Edinburgh, whither she had gone for the purpose of receiving her educational finish, or "getting finished," as the more common phrase is. Unfortunately for herself, Mary, who was naturally warm-hearted, sensitive, and generous, had been left

an orphan in infancy, and had fallen under the care of a maiden aunt, a person who had long survived the sentimental period of life, yet who had accustomed herself to depend for daily food and excitement upon the pages of romance. This lady most injudiciously permitted her niece to resort from childhood to the same quarter for mental occupation. Naturally fond of reading, Mary devoured all the marvels of fiction that came before her; and hence it was, that, as she grew up to womanhood, her little brain became a most extraordinary labyrinth, where ideas of "crossed affections," "ill-fated love," and "broken hearts," were mixed and mingled in most admirable disorder. The winter which Mary had spent in Edinburgh had given her a taste of somewhat better training, but the period was too short to eradicate the ideas which had been planted in her mind for years. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that one of the principal causes of regret to Mary Greme at this very time, while she was on her way homewards in the Morning Star, was, that all her days had hitherto passed away without her ever having been once in love, or having met with a single adventure.

Mary Greme had not been long on board the steamboat, until the gentleman with the fishing-rod, surtout, and boots, became the object of her especial observation. She at once traced a resemblance between him and the hero of the last novel she had read—a tale, by the bye, which had particularly delighted her, from the circumstance of its ending with the deaths of no less than four unhappy couples, who were immediately followed to the grave, according to rule, by their sorrowing parents; thus creating a mortality of some twenty-four persons in all, not to mention a few grandfathers and grandmothers, who were extinguished on the same lamentable occasion. The leading character of this tale of woe was just such a person, Mary was sure, as the gentleman with the fishing-rod. Perhaps this disciple of Walton had seen the young lady's glance of interest, for, ere the vessel had gone far, he came near her, and, opening a volume of engravings, offered them for her inspection. How could she refuse a piece of civility accompanied by a bow so graceful, so respectful, and so insinuating? The plates were looked at. Remarks on the scenery they depicted were unavoidable. Then followed some converse on the weather, on the scenery of the Forth; and in less than an hour, Mary and the stranger were discoursing with the animation and intimacy of old friends. He of the fishing-rod spoke, with the taste of an amateur, of the effects of light and shade, and the harmony of colours; he related many anecdotes of adventure, and told how often he used to wander alone in the lonely Highland glens, where no living being was within miles of him, though he often longed (he confessed) for the company of some one to sweeten solitude—for the society, in short, (and here he looked tenderly upon Mary) of a "kindred spirit." The pair talked of music, and on this subject the stranger delivered himself in terms of rapture, dilating on the beauty of foreign music, and

speaking of "amor mio" and "di tanti palpiti" in a way that proved to Mary his complete familiarity with the arcana of this elegant art. When the young lady gave her preference to the Scottish music, the stranger only looked an interesting negation. "He is good-tempered, as well as intelligent and accomplished. And then so elegant in appearance he is! So pale—so interestingly pale! Such dark locks! And eyes so expressive!" Such were Mary's thoughts of this casual companion of the steamboat.

The subject of novels served the pair to talk about till Stirling Castle came in view, and found Mary more impressed than ever, for she had discovered her new acquaintance to be as well-read as herself in works of fiction. When the vessel neared the castle, the stranger's looks became overcast with sadness. Nor was the cause left in doubt or mystery. He would fix his eyes on the young lady, repeat emphatically some line upon "separations" and "farewells," openly express the hope that they would meet again, and repeatedly declare the passing day to have been the happiest of his life. All this was new, as it was pleasing, to the girl of seventeen. Her timidity kept her silent; but the stranger read her feelings in her looks. He told her again and again how severe a pang it gave him to part from her. The unsophisticated and romantic Mary dropped a tear—and this was all her reply. At length the vessel reached the shore, and Mary saw happy faces smiling and nodding to her from the old phaeton which waited her arrival. They were the family of her elder sister, who now inhabited with her husband the house in which Mary had been born. The stranger turned to her and bade her adieu, and in a few moments Mary had landed and found herself whirling along the road towards the home of her infancy, which she had not visited for some years, and then only for a short time along with the aunt formerly mentioned. It was with some difficulty that Mary could rouse herself from thoughts of her late adventure so far as to reply with attention to the numerous questions which were put to her by her present companions. The sight of her ancient home, which they came in sight of after a drive of considerable length, was effectual for a time in withdrawing Mary from all thoughts of the stranger of the fishing-rod. She could not look on the ivy clustering around the window of the room—the nursery where a deceased mother had hung over her cradle—without feelings of fond regret and veneration being awakened in her bosom, to the exclusion of all others for the moment. Even an incident which occurred before the phaeton reached the door of the old house could not banish these natural remembrances. A gentleman on horseback passed the carriage, so like, so very like the stranger, that Mary was almost sure it was he. But the phaeton next moment turned up the avenue, and Mary was speedily in the arms of her sister.

It was late in the same evening when Mary retired to rest. Before she laid her head on the pillow, the whole details of the steamboat

adventure were poured into the ear of her intimate friend Miss Stanley, a young lady of congenial disposition, and who had come on a visit to the house for the very purpose of meeting Mary. Miss Stanley listened with breathless attention, and then the friends entered with their whole heart and soul into the question, "Who can he be?" Various professions were suggested as suitable to the character he had displayed. He might be a poet or an artist, either professionally or as an amateur. Whatever he might be, Mary was sure that he was a gentleman, because he had related so many anecdotes connected with people of rank and fortune. "I know of no one," said Miss Stanley, "at all suiting his description in this neighbourhood, excepting Lord Castlefynne, the eldest son of the Earl of Moredun. This young nobleman came over the other day from the continent, and I haven't had a chance of seeing him yet, but they say he is handsome and accomplished. By the bye, I heard a servant say that he rode past the house to-day just about the time of your arrival. What a pity that you did not see him!" "I did see him," cried Mary; "it must be Lord Castlefynne!" She then told Miss Stanley that a person, at least extremely like the stranger of the boat, had passed the carriage just when it arrived. The friends were brought to conviction by this circumstance. The interesting gentleman with the fishing-rod must have been Lord Castlefynne, and he must have procured a horse for the very purpose of following the carriage and discovering Mary's residence. Mary went to bed, and dreamt all night of castles, coronets, and fishing-rods.

On descending at rather a late hour next morning to the breakfast-room, the two friends found a basket of fruit on the table, which had been sent to Miss Mary Grene at an early hour, without note or name. "It must be from him," whispered Miss Stanley; "you know the distance from Moredun Park is a mere trifle." The idea was delightful; and as Mary indulged the ambitious thoughts which followed in its train, she almost wondered how her sister could look so happy with a husband who had neither wealth nor title. On the evening of the same day, Mary and Miss Stanley took a ramble to a neighbouring hill, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. From its summit Moredun Park was visible, glowing in beauty beneath the western sun. Being, as we have said, equally romantic as her friend, Miss Stanley's converse only served to nourish in Mary's breast the hope of being one day mistress of this beautiful region—Countess of Moredun. On returning home, the young ladies heard a proposal made that they should go on the following Sunday to a church at some distance. As it was the church attended by the Moredun family, Mary consented to the proposal with an eagerness which she could with difficulty conceal. Sunday came, and, arrayed in her most elegant attire, our heroine set out for church with her friends. The morning was delightfully tranquil, and invited naturally to the thoughts which are congenial

to the day of rest; but Mary's thoughts were all turned upon one point—the anticipation of seeing the unknown one. The party entered the church. Mary looked timidly at all the principal pews. He of the fishing-rod was not to be seen. The service was about to begin, and at the same moment the sunbeams burst through the old windows with golden splendour, shedding a sidelong light upon the time-worn pulpit and its crown-like canopy. The rays played among the white locks of the venerable clergyman, as he rose and read the psalm. When he had finished, the precentor rose, and in doing so brought his head also fully into the line of the sun's radiance. As his voice sounded the first note, Mary Greme raised her startled head, and saw—in the precentor's box—the unknown! At first, she doubted. “No! it cannot be he!” she thought; “it must be merely a resemblance!” But she looked and looked again, and conviction of the identity of the man before her with the hero of her late dreams fell crushingly upon her mind and heart. It was too much for the poor girl to bear. The dream was too abruptly broken! Her breast heaved, and a dazzling sensation passed over her eyes. All seemed moving; the pulpit receded from her view; and in a few moments after the discovery, she fainted!

When she recovered consciousness, she found herself in the cottage of an old dame, who lived near the church. Mary's sister and Miss Stanley were with her, and pressed her to explain to them the cause of her swoon. Mary attributed it to a little sickness merely from some trivial cause, for not even to her dear confidante could she reveal the mortifying discovery which she had made. Shame for her folly and weakness pressed heavily on the mind of the poor girl. To divert attention from her own situation, she listened to the talk of the old woman, who showed the garrulousness of age in sufficient force. Mary encouraged her in the desire she evinced to tell all about herself. She had been the wife of a sailor, who had perished in the deep sea, and left her alone in the world—but for Johnny. “Is Johnny your son?” asked Miss Stanley. “Deed an' he is, mem,” replied the old woman; “he's just my son. But he does na care for me—that is, he does na care for me as he might do.” “Is he not your own child?” exclaimed Miss Stanley, with surprise; “not care for his aged parent!” “I'm no braw enough for him, mem,” returned the dame; “he's no a bad-hearted callant, but he wad fain be a gentleman, and I hae nae buik gear; sae Johnny thinks na muckle o' his auld mither. It maun be nae great thing to be a gentleman, if to be sae, ane maun lichtly her that bore him. Oh! had he but the true heart o' his faither—his brave, honest faither!” As she said this, the poor woman put her apron to her eyes, and in a minute or two afterwards a lady came from church, and entered the cottage. She was an old friend of Mary and of the family, and now expressed her regret at observing Mary's swoon, which had caused herself to leave the church before service was concluded. “I have not had time to call for you

yet, my dear Mary,” continued the lady, “but the moment I heard of your arrival, I sent a basket of fruit as a token that I had not forgot you. I was sure, my love, you would at once know from whom it came. “Why, Mary, my dear, you are still very pale!” “Oh no! better, better! thank you,” murmured Mary; but in reality her emotion was renewed by this speech, which, she knew, would reveal to Miss Stanley the folly of their mutual conjectures, in one point at least.

What with Mary's indisposition, and the old woman's talkativeness, more than an hour had passed away since the party had entered the cottage. When our heroine felt herself able to go away, the congregation were seen leaving the church. The old woman went with her visitors to the door of the phaeton, which was waiting for them. Mary turned to bid the dame a grateful adieu, when, behold! the object of her last week's idolatry appeared in the act of crossing the street towards them. A suspicion on the instant passed through Mary's mind. Almost involuntarily she kept her eye upon him. He approached the poor old woman; and one look, one word, was sufficient to assure Mary of the relationship between the parties—to convince her, in short, that the interesting stranger—her perfect gentleman—her exalted hero—her insinuating attendant of the steamboat—was no other than the widow's “Johnny” and the precentor!

As in these utilitarian days a story is naught without a moral, we are happy to have it in our power to say that these incidents formed a memorable lesson to the party chiefly concerned, and we may therefore hope that others may extract from them the like benefit. They taught poor Mary to long less eagerly for romantic adventures, to form acquaintances and attachments with more caution, and to seek always for better grounds of judging than appearances. In fact, the young lady (for she is still a very young lady) is now in a fair way of becoming a good, common-place sort of a body; and a certain worthy gentleman, of the most quiet and domestic habits, is firmly of opinion that she will make an excellent wife. He means shortly, we believe, to put his opinions to the proof; and from what we have observed, we are strongly impressed with the belief that Mary will grant him the opportunity of witnessing the practical operation of the conjugal virtues he conceives her to possess.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

TO DESTROY SLUGS.—A correspondent of the *Gardener's Magazine* states, that after in vain trying salt, lime, and dabbling holes for preserving young cauliflowers and cabbages from slugs, he succeeded by spreading some well cut chaff round the plants under hard glasses, and some round the outsides of the glasses. The slugs in their attempt to reach the plant, find themselves immediately enveloped in the chaff, which prevents their moving, so that when he raised the glasses to give the plants air, he found hundreds of disabled slugs round the outside of the glasses, which he took away and destroyed.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

Come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm and snows:
Seasons may roll
But the true soul
Burns the same where'er it goes.
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;
'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where *thou* art not.
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same where'er it goes.
Was not the sea
Made for the free,
Land for courts and chains alone?
Here we are slaves,
But, on the waves,
Love and liberty's all our own.
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us—
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm and snows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul,
Burns the same where'er it goes. *Moore.*

SERENADE.

Love, art thou waking or sleeping?—
Shadows with morning should flee:—
Love, art thou smiling or weeping?—
Open thy lattice to me!—
Sun-light each sorrow beguiling,
Youth should be fearless and free:—
Oh! when all nature is smiling,
Wilt thou not smile upon me?
Think on our last blissful meeting,—
Sunshine dissolving in tears;
Oh! when love's pulses are beating,
Moments are precious as years!
Think on the hope that, soft-wiling,
Lured me, unbidden, to thee:—
Oh! when all nature is smiling,
Wilt thou not smile upon me?
Roses, thy temples once wreathing,
Now on my bosom lie dead;—
In their pale beauty still breathing
Fragrance of hours that have fled!
Thus, through my heart sweetly thrilling,
Memory whispers to me:—
"Oh, when all nature is smiling,
Ella will smile upon thee!" *J. Bird*

TO ———.

When I lov'd you, I can't but allow
I had many an exquisite minute;
But the scorn that I feel for you now
Hath even more luxury in it.
Thus, whether we're on or we're off,
Some witchery seems to await you;
To love you was pleasant enough,
And, oh! 'tis delicious to hate you.

Moore.

SONG.

When on a lonely summer's eve,
I wander by the wild lake shore,
I dream of hours once spent with thee;
And muse of joys that are no more:
At such a time, in such a scene,
Thou oft dost think of me, I ween.
Upon the golden sparkling sands
Thy precious name I love to trace,
Though each bright wave that silent flows,
The treasured characters efface:
Yet still I write, and smile to see
The word I love so tenderly.
I paint thee to my fancy's eye,
Wandering along thy distant shore,
Now pausing to inscribe the name
Of her thou never wilt see more:
The *South-sea* listens to thy sigh,
Ontario hears my mournful cry.

J. H.

MY NATIVE HOME.

I'm back again,—I'm back again
My foot is on the shore;
I tread the bright and grassy plain
Of my native home once more.
My early love! my early love!
Oh, will she love me now?
With a darken'd tinge upon my cheek,
And scar upon my brow.
Yes, that she will,—yes, that she will!
The flame her youth confess'd
Will never lack its warmth, within
Her pure and constant breast.
I'm back again,—I'm back again!
My foot is on the shore;
I tread the bright and grassy plain
Of my native home once more.
My early friend! my early friend!
Oh, will he stretch his hand,
To welcome back the wanderer
To his long forsaken land?
Yes, that he will,—yes, that he will!
The vow in boyhood spoken—
The vow so fond, so true as ours,
Can ne'er be lightly broken.
Hail, native clime! hail, native clime!
Land of the brave and free!
Though long estranged, the exile ranged,
His heart comes back to thee.
I'm back again,—I'm back again!
My foot is on the shore;
I tread the bright and grassy plain
Of my native home once more. *Eliza Cook.*

THE GARLAND I SEND THEE.

The garland I send thee was cull'd from those bowers
Where thou and I wander'd in long vanish'd hours;
Not a leaf or a blossom its bloom here displays
But bears some remembrance of those happy days.
The roses were gathered by that garden gate,
Where our meetings, tho' early, seemed always too late;
Where ling'ring full oft through a summer-night's moon,
Our partings, tho' late, appeared always too soon.
The rest were all cull'd from the banks of that glade,
Where, watching the sunset, so often we've stray'd,
And mourned, as the time went, that love had no power
To bind in his chain even one happy hour. *Moore.*

THE FRENCH EMPEROR.

HIS CHARACTER, INTENTIONS, AND NECESSITIES.

(From the London Economist.)

Now that Louis Napoleon is fairly seated on the throne to which he has aspired through so many years of disappointment, exile, imprisonment, and intrigue, it becomes a matter of the deepest interest and the most vital moment to English statesmen and English citizens thoroughly to understand the character, wishes, and intentions of the man who thus wields without control the enormous military power of their nearest neighbour; to penetrate, as far as possible, the designs which he may entertain; the ulterior career which he proposes to himself; and those necessities of his position that may drive him to courses which of his free will he never would have adopted. These are difficult problems for solution; on this subject, as on most others, accurate knowledge is not easy of attainment in France: "Truth," as Barrow says, "cannot be discerned amid the smoke of wrathful expressions;" and the passions of those nearest to the scene of action, and, therefore, most favourably placed for observation, are still so violent and angry that their statements and opinions are rather misleading than informing. Nevertheless, having had opportunities of ascertaining the sentiments of most parties in France respecting the new Emperor, and having, it is fair to state, conversed with five of his enemies for one of his friends, we shall endeavour to lay before our readers what in our judgment is the real state of the case.

In the first place, it is quite certain, and is now beginning to be admitted even by his bitterest enemies, that Louis Napoleon is not the foolish imbecile it was so long the fashion to consider him. Those who aided in recalling him to France and elevating him to the Presidency under the impression that one so silly and *borne* would be rendered a pliant tool in their hands soon found that they reckoned without their host. His mind, it is true, is neither capacious, powerful, nor well stored; but his moral qualities are of a most rare and serviceable kind. His talents are ordinary, but his perseverance, tenacity, power of dissimulation, and inflexibility of will, are extraordinary. He is a memorable and most instructive example that great achievements are within the reach of a very moderate intellect, when that intellect is concentrated upon a single object and linked with unbending and undaunted resolution. Moreover, his mental endowments, though neither varied nor comprehensive, are very vigorous. He is naturally shrewd, secret, and impregnable. He has the invaluable faculty of silence. He has, too, been a patient and a wide observer. He has studied politics in Switzerland, in America, and in England. He has devoted his mind to that one subject. He is, too, a deep thinker. He ponders much, which few Frenchmen do. His six years' captivity in Ham matured and strengthened, by silent meditation, whatever natural capacities he may have possessed. He writes well and

speaks well; and all his writings and speeches, even where they betray the narrow limits of his knowledge, indicate an eminently thoughtful mind. He has brooded over the history, politics, and social condition of France, till on these subjects he is probably one of the best informed men in the country, though, like most of his countrymen, wedded to many absurd and impracticable crotchets which a better knowledge of political economy would explode.

It is certain, also, that whatever he does and says is his own. He acts and speaks for himself without interference and without assistance. He listens to every one, asks advice from no one, gives his interlocutors no idea whether or not their arguments have made the least impression upon him, but revolves his plans in the gloomy recesses of his own brain, and brings them forth matured, homogeneous, and unexpected. The minutest details of the *coup d'état* were arranged by himself. All those, from Changarnier and Thiers down to Faucher, who have endeavoured to lead, drive, or govern him, have all been baffled, outwitted, and cast aside. When he rose at the table of Bordeaux to make his recent celebrated speech, he observed to his Minister for Foreign Affairs, who sat next him—"Now, I am going to astonish you not a little." When he announced his intention of visiting Abd-el-Kader at Amboise, General St. Arnaud expressed his hope that Louis Napoleon would not think of liberating him, made a long speech expository of all the evils that would result from such a piece of Quixotic generosity, and quitted the President quite satisfied that he had succeeded in banishing any such scheme from his thoughts. Nor was it till he actually heard Louis Napoleon announcing to his captive his approaching freedom that he was aware how much good argument he had thrown away. Whatever, therefore, of sagacity or wisdom is displayed in the language or conduct of the new Emperor must be credited to himself alone.

But we shall greatly and dangerously misconceive Louis Napoleon if we regard him as a man of shrewdness, reflection, and calculation only. The most prominent feature of his character is a wild, irregular, *romanesque* imagination; which often overrules all his reasoning and reflective faculties, and spurs him on to actions and attempts which seem insane if they fail, and the acme of splendid audacity if they succeed. The abortions of Strasbourg and Boulogne, and the *coup d'état* of last December, were equally the dictates—alike the legitimate progeny—of the same mental peculiarity. He believes, too, in his "star." He is even a blinder and rasher fatalist than his uncle. From early childhood he believed himself destined to restore the Dynasty of the Buonapartists and the old glories of the Empire. He brooded over this imagined destiny during long years of exile, and in the weary days and nights of his imprisonment, till it acquired in his fancy the solidity and dimensions of an ordained fact. He twice attempted to pluck the

pear before it was ripe. His ludicrous failure in no degree discouraged him or shook his conviction of ultimate success. He only waited for another opportunity, and prepared for it with more sedulous diligence and caution. He "bided his time:" the time came; he struck and won. After such success—after having risen in four years from being an impoverished exile to being Emperor of France—after having played the boldest stroke for empire known in modern history—after having discomfited, deceived, and overpowered the cleverest, the most popular, the most eminent, and the most experienced men in France,—we may well believe that his faith in his "destiny" is confirmed and rooted almost to the pitch of monomania, and that no future achievement, no further pinnacle of greatness, will seem wild or impossible to him after a past so eventful, marvellous, and demoralizing.

Another peculiarity of his character is, that he never abandons an idea or a project he has once entertained. If he meets with difficulties and opposition, he dissimulates or postpones; he never really yields or changes. Cold, patient, and inscrutable, he waits and watches, and returns to his purpose when the favourable moment has arrived. History affords few examples of such a pertinacious, enduring, relentless, inexorable will. This, of itself, is a species of greatness of the most formidable kind. If, then, to this delineation we add that, reserved and silent as he is, he has the art of attaching warmly to him those who have been long about him and who have lived intimately with him;—that, like most fatalists, he is wholly unscrupulous and unhesitating as to his agents and means;—and that he entertains and has deliberately matured the most extensive, deep-laid, and magnificent schemes of foreign policy; we have exhausted nearly all that we can speak of as certain and reliable regarding this remarkable man; and assuredly we have said enough to satisfy our readers that France has given to herself a master whom it concerns all European statesmen—those of this country especially—to study closely and to watch unresistingly. Cool, daring, imperturbable, cunning, and profoundly secret—a perplexing compound of the sagacious calculator and the headstrong fanatic—with a large navy, an unrivalled army, and a prostrate and approving nation—what is there which he may not attempt, and might not achieve?

One other feature of Louis Napoleon's mind must be noticed before we can be in a position rightly to estimate the probabilities of his future career. He is a close and servile copyist of his uncle. He has studied profoundly not only the history of the first Napoleon, but his opinions on all matters of policy and administration. He believes, and we think justly, that Napoleon understood more thoroughly than any Frenchman of his day the nature of the government which France needed, and the degree of self-government which she could manage and would bear; that his sagacity and *justesse d'esprit* on nearly all subjects of administration approached to inspiration; and that if he

treads in his footsteps he may aspire to emulate his glory. (We do not, however, extend this remark to Napoleon's warlike conduct and achievements.) This is a sentiment eminently misleading and full of danger. The talents of the two men are so wholly different, the internal condition and to a great extent the character and feelings of the nation have been so changed by 35 years of peace and free institutions, that maxims and modes of proceedings sound and expedient then may be utterly inapplicable now. The dazzling fame and the wonderful sagacity of Napoleon I. may be the *ignis fatuus* which will lure astray Napoleon III. to discomfiture and ruin.

ANECDOTE OF JEROME BONAPARTE.—Previously to his elevation to the sovereignty, Jerome Bonaparte led a life of dissipation at Paris, and was much in the habit of frequenting the theatres, and other public places of amusement. He had formed an intimacy with some young authors at that time in vogue, for their wit and reckless gaiety. On the evening after his nomination to the crown of Westphalia, he met two of his jovial companions just as he was leaving the theatre. "My dear fellows," said he, "I am delighted to see you! I suppose that you know I have been created King of Westphalia?" yes, sire, permit us to be among the first to"—"Eh! what! you are ceremonious, methinks: that might pass were I surrounded by my court; but at present, away with form, and let us be off to supper." Jerome upon this took his friends to one of the best restaurateurs in the Palais Royal. The trio chatted and laughed, and said and did a thousand of those foolish things which, when unpremeditated, are so delightful. Conversation, it may be supposed, was not kept up without drinking. When the wine began to take effect, "My good friends," said Jerome, "why should we quit each other? If you approve of my proposal, you shall accompany me. You, C., shall be my secretary; as for you P., who are fond of books, I appoint you my librarian." The arrangement was accepted, and instantly ratified over a fresh bottle of Champagne. At last the party began to think of retiring, and called for the bill. Jerome produced his purse; but the King of Westphalia, whose royal treasury had not as yet been established on regular footing, could only find but two louis, which formed but a small portion of two hundred francs, the amount of the restaurateur's demand. The new dignitaries by clubbing their wordly wealth, could muster about three francs. What was to be done? At one o'clock in the morning where could resources be found? It was at last deemed expedient to send for the master of the house, and to acquaint him how matters stood. He seemed to take the frolic in good part, and merely requested to know the names of the gentlemen who had done him the honor to sup at his house. "I am secretary to the King of Westphalia," and "I librarian to his majesty." "Excellent," cried the restaurateur, who now

set his customers down as sharpers; "and that noodle yonder, is no doubt the King of Westphalia himself?" "Precisely," said Jerome; "I am the King of Westphalia." "Gentlemen, you are pleased to be facetious, but you shall see presently how the commissary of police will relish the joke." "For heaven's sake!" exclaimed Jerome, who began to dislike the aspect of the affair, "make no noise; since you doubt us, I leave you my watch, which is worth ten times the amount of your bill," at the same time giving the host a magnificent watch which had been a present from Napoleon, and on the back of which was the Emperor's cipher in brilliants. The friends were then allowed to leave the house. On examining the watch, the restaurateur concluded that it had been stolen, and took it to the commissary of police. The latter recognising the imperial cipher, ran with it to the prefect. The prefect flew with it to the minister of the interior. The minister to the Emperor, who was at St Cloud. The result of the whole was, that on the following morning, the Moniteur contained an ordonnance, in which the king of Westphalia was enjoined to his government forthwith, and prohibited from conferring any appointments till his arrival in his capital.—*Translated from a recent French publication.*

A PRACTICAL JOKE PUNISHED.—An old coal-dealer who had made a great deal of money by retailing coals, and living in a very penurious way, conceiving that he had at last sufficient to enable him to leave off business, and live like a gentleman, built himself a neat villa in the country, to which he retired. But such is the force of habit, that (to the great annoyance of his family, who wished him to "sink the shop") he was always unhappy unless in the cellar measuring his coals. Among others who often had expostulated with him on the impropriety of so doing, was a favorite nephew, to whom he had given a good education, and supported in the first style. One morning, walking in his garden with his nephew, he said to him, "Henry, I want a motto, or something of that kind, to put up in front of my house; but I don't like your Grove House—Prospect Palace—this Villa, and t'other Lodge. Come you are a scholar, give me one, and let it be in Latin." "Well," replied the nephew, "what think you of—*Thus is industry rewarded!*" "The very thing," says the uncle, "if you'll only put it into Latin." The nephew, then taking out a pencil, wrote on a slip of paper, *Otium sine dignitate* (Ease without dignity), which he gave his uncle, who read it thus:—*Hottum sinne dignitate.* "Ay, Henry," said the old man, "that'll do famously!" The next day he sent for a painter, who happened to know as little of the dead languages as himself, and the words were painted in large characters on a conspicuous part of the house. On the Sunday following, he happened to have a large party; and after dinner, as the company was strolling about the garden to view his improvements, some read the words, but said nothing, (not wishing, probably, to show their ignorance),—some said they were prodigiously

fine"—"so novel"—"so appropriate;" and to those who did not exactly happen to observe them, he was kind enough to point them out, and to explain the meaning, saying, "Thus is industry rewarded," and that he was not ashamed of having gained a competency in trade." However among the company there happened to be a charter-house boy, who told the old gentleman that there must be some mistake, for they were the last words he should like to put upon a house of his. This brought about an explanation; and the poor coal-dealer was so struck with the malice and ingratitude of his nephew, that he instantly destroyed a codicil to his will, in which he had left him £500, took to his bed, and died in a fortnight!—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

MAHOGANY is of universal use for furniture, from the common tables of a village inn to the splendid cabinets of a regal palace. But the general adoption of this wood renders a nice selection necessary for those articles which are costly and fashionable. The extensive manufacture of piano-fortes has much increased the demand for mahogany. This musical instrument, as made in England, is superior to that of any other part of Europe; and English piano-fortes are largely exported. The beauty of the case forms a point of great importance to the manufacturer. This circumstance adds nothing, of course, to the intrinsic value of the instrument; but it is of consequence to the maker, in giving an adventitious quality to the article in which he deals. Spanish mahogany is decidedly the most beautiful; but occasionally, yet not very often, the Honduras wood is of singular brilliancy; and it is then eagerly sought for, to be employed in the most expensive cabinet-work. A short time ago, Messrs. Broadwood, who have long been distinguished as makers of piano-fortes, gave the enormous sum of 3,000*l.* for three logs of mahogany. These logs, the produce of one tree, were each about fifteen feet long and thirty-eight inches wide. They were cut into veneers of eight to an inch. The wood, of which we have seen a specimen, was peculiarly beautiful, capable of receiving the highest polish; and, when polished, reflecting the light in the most varied manner, like the surface of a crystal; and, from the wavy form of the fibres, offering a different figure in whatever direction it was viewed. A new species of mahogany has been lately introduced in cabinet-work, which is commonly called Gambia. As its name imports, it comes from Africa. It is of a beautiful colour, but does not retain it so long as the Spanish and Honduras woods.

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